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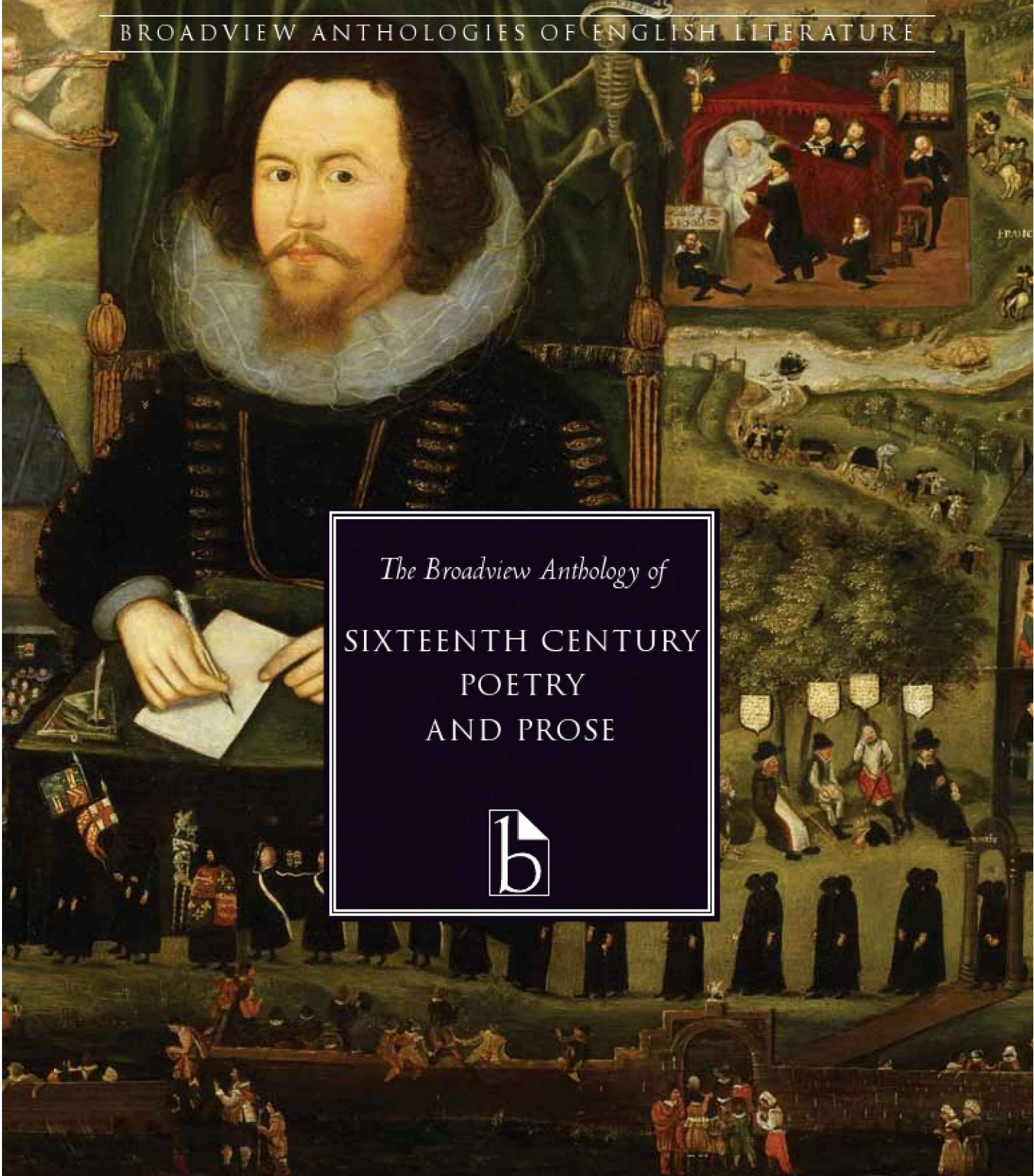

The Broadview Anthology of

SIXTEENTH CENTURY POETRY AND PROSE

EDITED BY MARIE LOUGHLIN, SANDRA J. BELL, & PATRICIA BRACE

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MARIE H. LOUGHLIN, SANDRA BELL, AND PATRICIA BRACE

broadview press

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Editorial Preface

The following principles and concerns have guided us in the presentation and annotation of these sixteenth-century texts:

1) We have sought to make available not only extensive selections from the works of canonical writers, but also substantial extracts from writers who have either been neglected in earlier anthologies or who have only relatively recently come to the attention of scholars and teachers.

These largely neglected writers include primarily (though not exclusively) authors of popular prose and fiction, such as Thomas Deloney, Thomas Lodge, George Gascoigne, Barnabe Riche, Robert Greene, William Baldwin, and Thomas Nashe. Given the difficulties of incorporating substantial pieces of prose and fiction into even relatively expansive anthologies such as this one, it is not surprising that many such collections have long presented, and thus readers still perceive, that early modern writing is mainly comprised of courtly poetry. To provide balance, this anthology includes a range of writing, such as (for example) selections from popular romances, merchant fiction, sensation pamphlets, religious satires, sermons, ballads, jest books, martyrdom accounts, and educational treatises. We have tried to make the selections from these texts substantial enough to address a wide variety of thematic, political, social, stylistic, and generic issues. Two pages of William Baldwin's *Beware the Cat* or Hugh Latimer's "Sermon on the Ploughers" may be enough to examine some aspects of style, but it is nowhere near enough to permit a thorough analysis or real appreciation of the period's prose.

Moreover, twentieth-century critics have also rediscovered a range of writers whose gender, choice of subject matter and genre, or methods of disseminating their texts have until recently excluded them from the traditional canon of early modern literature. In particular, women writers have benefitted from the desire to uncover the literature of the 'other Renaissance,' those works whose perceived lack of literary value has long excluded them from the anthology and the classroom. We have tried to provide selections from a wide range of women's writing, from the religious translations and original religious writings of Margaret More Roper, Katherine Parr, and Anne Locke to the autobiographical writings of Anne Askew, Lady Jane Grey, and Lady Margaret Hoby to the richly-varied poetic productions of Mary Sidney Herbert, Mary Stuart (Queen of Scots), Elizabeth I, Isabella Whitney, Anne Dowriche, and Anne Cecil de Vere. We have also aimed at providing selections from a wide variety of the period's works in translation, as well as popular tracts and ballads.

2) We have sought to balance the need for readable, accessible texts with the goal of preserving some of the essential "strangeness" of these works. We have modernized the spelling, capitalization, and punctuation of our selections, except where the individual editor felt that such modernization would interfere (in the case of verse) with basic aspects like rhyme, metre, alliteration, or visual puns. Some sixteenth-century works are rarely if ever modernized, and these writers remain in their original spelling and punctuation here. Spenser's emphasis on his deliberate use of older and sometimes archaic English words and spelling, for example, means that his work cannot be modernized without losing much of its essential and original import; for reasons relating more to the difficulty of maintaining original scansion and rhyme, John Skelton's works likewise usually remain in their original spelling and punctuation, although here we have partially modernized spelling while being careful to avoid any changes that might interfere with the technical aspects of the verse. While selections from the various manuscripts included here have been modernized, many selections also include an example of some unmodernized text. It should be noted that one result of this decision is to 'smooth out' the differences between manuscript and print, as well as inadvertently to cast the period's poetry as

somehow more archaic than its prose. However, our key objective remained the accessibility of sixteenth-century writing to modern-day readers, and in general this objective took priority over other concerns.

3) Our desire to make these texts accessible to contemporary readers also led us to our final editorial principle: when in doubt, annotate. The generous annotations result from our shared perception as teachers of early modern literature that certain kinds of information are enormously helpful to readers. These include:

a) notes that define words, concepts, and customs that are now obsolete. We have also concentrated on defining those words still in use in modern English whose meanings have shifted dramatically. For example, the word 'inconvenience' today means "the quality or state of being annoying or troublesome" (*OED*); in the sixteenth century it usually meant a far more serious harm or injury. We have also annotated certain words, phrases, and proverbs which some may feel are still part of a common English idiom. This decision was fuelled by our joint experience that even relatively recent British idioms and diction are no longer the primary and common linguistic milieu of an increasingly Americanized and multicultural readership.

b) notes that offer explanations of the basic religious, cultural, historical, and social realities informing various selections. Some of these notes are fairly extensive, as in the case of Hugh Latimer, whose "Sermon on the Ploughers" requires background information on topics such as Purgatory, the Rosary, and church statuary. This information is found on the same page as the selection itself rather than at the end, in an appendix.

4) We have largely worked from early editions. The date following each work in the Table of Contents indicates its first print edition, unless otherwise noted. For example, sometimes composition dates are given instead, particularly for manuscript material that did not make its way into print in the sixteenth century, or perhaps has never been published. Each entry includes information about the selections' copy-texts, and the date at the end of each text is (once again) the date of its first print edition, unless otherwise noted.

Reference Works and Abbreviations

This anthology draws on a variety of key reference works. Abbreviations for frequently used works are noted below. Unless otherwise noted, definitions come from *The Oxford English Dictionary* (print and online versions); biographical data from *The Oxford Dictionary of National Biography* (print and online versions); and biblical quotations from *The New Oxford Annotated Bible with the Apocrypha* (Revised Standard Version) and the Authorized Version of the Bible (King James Version [1611]).

While we have generally avoided other kinds of abbreviations, we include below an explanation of those few we have employed.

Reference Works

Brewer's Dict. Phrase and Fable	*Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable.* Millenium Edition. Rev. ed. by Adrian Room. London, 2000.
Catholic Encycl.	*Catholic Encyclopedia.* Online at <http://www.newadvent.org>.
Classical Dict.	*Classical Dictionary.* John Lemprière. 1788. London, 1994.
Dict. Ancient Hist.	*Penguin Dictionary of Ancient History.* Ed. Graham Speake. London, 1994.
Dict. Astronomy	*Oxford Dictionary of Astronomy.* Ed. I. Ridpath. Oxford, 2007. Oxford Reference Online. <http://www.oxfordreference.com>.
Dict. British Social Hist.	*Dictionary of British Social History.* L.W. Cowrie. London, 1999.
Dict. Christian Church	*The Oxford Dictionary of the Christian Church.* 2nd ed. Ed. F.L. Cross and E.A. Livingstone. Oxford, 1983.
Dict. Gods and Mortals	*Gods and Mortals in Classical Mythology: A Dictionary.* Ed. M. Grant. Dorset, 1985.
Dict. History 1485-1789	*Penguin Dictionary of English and European History, 1485-1789.* E.N. Williams. Harmondsworth, 1984.
Dict. Middle Ages	*Dictionary of the Middle Ages.* Gen. Ed. Joseph R. Strayer. 14 vols. New York, 1982-1989.
Dict. Saints	*Oxford Dictionary of Saints.* 3rd ed. D.H. Farmer. Oxford, 1992.
Dict. Slang	*A Dictionary of Slang and Unconventional English.* 8th ed. Eric Partridge. Ed. Paul Beale. New York, 2000.
DLB 132	*Sixteenth-Century British Nondramatic Writers.* 1st series. Ed. D.A. Richardson. *Dictionary of Literary Biography.* Vol. 132. Detroit, 1993.

DLB 136	*Sixteenth-Century British Nondramatic Writers.* 2nd series. Ed. D.A. Richardson. *Dictionary of Literary Biography.* Vol. 136. Detroit, 1994.
DLB 167	*Sixteenth-Century British Nondramatic Writers.* 3rd series. Ed. D.A. Richardson. *Dictionary of Literary Biography.* Vol. 167. Detroit, 1996.
DLB 170	*The British Literary Book Trade, 1475-1700. Dictionary of Literary Biography.* Vol. 170. Detroit, 1996.
DLB 172	*Sixteenth-Century British Nondramatic Writers.* 4th series. Ed. D.A. Richardson. *Dictionary of Literary Biography.* Vol. 172. Detroit, 1996.
DNB	*The Dictionary of National Biography.* Ed. L. Stephen and S. Lee. Oxford, 1885-1900.
DNB online	*The Oxford Dictionary of National Biography.* 2nd ed. Ed. H.C.G. Matthew and B. Harrison. Oxford, 2004. Online at <http://www.oxforddnb.com>.
Elizabethan Stage	*The Elizabethan Stage.* E.K. Chambers. 4 vols. Oxford, 1923.
Encycl. Poetry and Poetics	*Princeton Encyclopedia of Poetry and Poetics.* Ed. A. Preminger. Princeton, NJ, 1974.
Encycl. Renaissance	*Encyclopedia of the Renaissance.* Gen. Ed. Paul F. Grendler. 6 vols. New York, 1999.
Encycl. Scotland	*Collins Encyclopaedia of Scotland.* Ed. John Keay and Julia Keay. London, 1994.
Erasmus, Adages	*The Collected Works of Erasmus: Adages.* Ed. M.M. Philips. Toronto, 1982.
Hamilton	*Faerie Queene.* Edmund Spenser. Ed. A.C. Hamilton. Longman, 1977.
Hist. Atlas	*Muir's Historical Atlas: Medieval and Modern.* Ed. R.F. Treharne and H. Fullard. New York, 1964.
Hist. Dict. Spanish Empire	*Historical Dictionary of the Spanish Empire, 1402-1975.* Gen. Ed. J.S. Olson. New York, 1992.
Hist. Dict. Tudor England	*An Historical Dictionary of Tudor England, 1485-1603.* Ed. R.H. Fritze. New York, 1991.
Laertius	Diogenes Laertius. *Lives of the Eminent Philosophers.* Trans. and Ed. R.D. Hicks. 2 vols. London, 1942.
Metamorphoses	*Metamorphoses.* Ovid. Trans. M.M. Innes. London, 1955.
OCD	*Oxford Classical Dictionary.* 3rd ed. Ed. S. Hornblower and A. Spaworth. Oxford, 1996.
OED	*The Oxford English Dictionary.* 2nd ed. Ed. J.A. Simpson and E.S.C. Weiner. 20 vols. Oxford, 1989.

OED online	*The Oxford English Dictionary Online.* 2nd ed. Oxford, 1989. Online at <http://www.dictionaryoed.com>.
Pliny, Natural History	*The History of the World. Commonly Called The Natural History of C. Plinius Secundus.* Pliny the Elder. 2 vols. Trans. Philemon Holland. London, 1601.
Plutarch, Fall	*Fall of the Roman Republic: Six Lives by Plutarch.* Trans. R. Warner. London, 1972.
Plutarch, Lives	*Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans by Plutarch of Chaeronea.* 2 vols. Trans. Sir Thomas North. 1579. New York, 1941.
Plutarch, Nine Lives	*The Age of Alexander: Nine Greek Lives by Plutarch.* Trans. and Ed. I. Scott-Kilvert. London, 1973.
Reuter	*Proverbs, Proverbial Sentences, and Phrases in Thomas Deloney's Works.* Comp. and Ed. O.R. Reuter. Helsinki, 1986.
Shakespeare's England	*Shakespeare's England.* Ed. W.A. Raleigh. 2 vols. Oxford, 1916.
Spenser Encycl.	*The Spenser Encyclopedia.* Ed. A.C. Hamilton. Toronto, 1997.
STC	*A Short-Title Catalogue of Books Printed in England, Scotland, and Ireland [...] 1547-1640.* 2nd ed. Ed. W.A. Jackson, F.S. Ferguson, and K.F. Pantzer. 2 vols. London, 1986.
Survey London	*A Survey of London.* John Stowe. 1603. Ed. C.L. Kingsford. 2 vols. Oxford, 1908.
Tilley	*A Dictionary of the Proverbs in England in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries: A Collection of the Proverbs Found in the English Literature and Dictionaries of the Period.* Comp. and Ed. M.P. Tilley. Ann Arbor, 1966.
Tilley, Eliz. Prov.	*Elizabethan Proverb Lore in Lyly's* Euphues *and Pettie's* Petite Pallace. Comp. and Ed. M.P. Tilley. New York, 1926.
Topographical Dict.	*A Topographical Dictionary to the Works of Shakespeare and his Fellow Dramatists.* E.H. Sugden. 1925. Hildesheim, 1969.
Tudor England	*Tudor England.* J. Guy. Oxford, 1990.
Who's Who	*The Penguin Who's Who in the Ancient World.* B. Radice. London, 1973.
Yale	*The Yale Edition of the Shorter Poems of Edmund Spenser.* Ed. W. Oram et al. New Haven, 1989.

Other Abbreviations

<*>	Occasionally, early modern texts have their own marginal notes. We have included these, prefacing them with this symbol <*> to differentiate them from our own notes. If a note can be confidently attributed to the writer of the text, we do so. For example, Richard Rogers's manuscript diary has his own marginal annotations which we have indicated by [Rogers's note]. For a text like William Harrison's *Historical Description of the Island of Britain*, it is more difficult to ascribe the marginal annotations to the writer, and so the note reads instead [*Description*'s note].
BCE	"before the common era" (the equivalent of BC: "Before Christ").
CE	"common era" (the equivalent of AD: "Anno Domini" [the year of Our Lord]).
MS or ms	manuscript.

John Skelton

c. 1460-1529

Skelton is considered the first major Tudor poet. He was court poet for Henry VII and tutor to the young Prince Henry, and retained his position as court poet when the prince became Henry VIII in 1509. Skelton also had the patronage of the Howards, a powerful Catholic family. In 1498 he became a priest in the Roman Catholic church. He wrote some religious verse, and religion influences much of his other writing, which includes occasional court poems, didactic poems, political satire, and one extant play, an allegorical morality play entitled *Magnificence* (c. 1530). The *Tunning of Elynour Rummyng* (1521) is, as the colophon or final inscription states, a general satire on dissolute women; it is also, as Arthur F. Kinney argues in the *Dictionary of Literary Biography*, a parody of the Mass and other religious ceremonies and figures, as well as a criticism of despotism. The poem may be based on an actual woman, Alianora Romyng, an ale-wife at the Running Horse in Leatherhead, Surrey, who was fined for overcharging for her brew. Written in a style referred to as "Skeltonic verse," with dimetric and trimetric phrasings, it is based on non-metrical plainsong, and is divided into seven "passus" or cantos. Skelton was a popular writer; between 1545 and 1563 there were 21 editions of his work, and *Elynour Rummyng* was reprinted throughout the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. In Elizabeth I's reign, however, the Protestant readership depicted Skelton mainly as a scurrilous Catholic poet, perhaps because of poems such as *Elynour Rummyng*, and made him the foolish protagonist of such jest books as *The Merry Tales of Skelton*.

EDITION: *Here after foloweth certayne bokes, com[m]pyled by mayster Skelton, Poet Laureat whose names here after shall appere. Speke parrot. The deth of the noble prince Kynge Edwarde the fourth. A treatyse of the Scottes. Ware the hawke. The tunnying of Elynour Rummynge*. London: By Richard Lant, for Henry Tab, [1545?]. STC 22598.

from *The Tunning of Elynour Rummyng*[1]

Tell you I chyll[2]
If that ye will
A while be still
Of a comely gyll[3]
That dwelt on a hill
But she is not gryll[4]
For she is somewhat sage
And well worn in age
For her visage
It would assuage
A mannes[5] courage.
Her lothely leer[6]
Is nothing clear
But ugly of cheer
Droupy and drowsy
Scurvy and lowsy[7]
Her face all bowsy[8]
Comely crinkled
Wondersly[9] wrinkled
Like a roast pigges ear
Bristled with here.[10]
Her lewd lippes twain

[1] The spelling in this poem has been partially modernized. Any modernization which could interfere with the dimeter/trimeter phrasings or the rhymes was avoided, and punctuation was kept to a minimum. All quotations marks have been added. Plurals and possessives maintain their extended spellings; *Tunning* Tunning is the art of brewing; a tun is the name of the vessel in which beer is fermented and kept.

[2] *chyll* will.

[3] *gyll* wench.

[4] *gryll* ill-willed, harmful.

[5] *mannes* man's.

[6] *lothely leer* loathsome appearance.

[7] *lowsy* lousy: full of lice, filthy.

[8] *bowsy* boozy, showing the effects of hard drinking.

[9] *Wondersly* wondrously.

[10] *here* hair.

They slaver, men sayne,[1]
Like a ropy rayne[2]
A gummy glare
She is ugly fair
Her nose some dele[3] hooked
And camously[4] crooked
Never stopping
But ever dropping
Her skin loose and slack
Grained like a sack
With a crooked back
Her eyen gowndy[5]
Are full unsoundy
For they are bleered[6]
And she gray heared[7]
Jawed like a jetty[8]
A man would have pity
To see how she is gummed
Fingered and thumbed
Gently jointed
Greased and anointed
Up to the knuckles
The bones her huckles[9]
Like as they were with buckles[10]
Together made fast
Her youth is far past
Footed like a plane[11]
Legges like a crane
And yet she will jet[12]
Like a jolly fet
In her furred flocket[13]
And gray russet rocket[14]
With simper the cocket[15]
Her huke of Lincoln green[16]
It had been hers, I ween[17]
More than forty year
And so it doth appear
For the green bare thredes[18]
Look like sere weeds[19]
Withered like hay
The wool worn away
And yet I dare say
She thinketh herself gay
Upon the holy day
When she doth her array
And girdeth in her getes[20]
Stitched and pranked with pletes[21]
Her kyrtle Bristow red[22]
With clothes upon her head
That they wey a sow of lead[23]
Writhen in a wonder wise[24]
After the Sarazin's guise[25]
With a whim wham[26]
Knit with a trim tram[27]
Upon her brain pan[28]
Like an Egyptian
Capped about
When she goeth out
Herself for to shew[29]

---

1 *slaver* slobber; *sayne* say.
2 *ropy rayne* glutinous or stringy rain, or perhaps rein.
3 *some dele* somewhat.
4 *camously* low and curved, pug-nosed.
5 *eyen gowndy* eyes gummy.
6 *bleered* dimmed, blurred with running.
7 *heared* haired.
8 *jetty* a projection.
9 *huckles* hips or haunches.
10 *with buckles* These lines give the sense that her bones are buckled, bent, perhaps arthritic.
11 *plane* a tool used to smooth wood; her feet are broad and hard.
12 *jet* move quickly.
13 *fet* fat; *flocket* a loose garment with long sleeves.
14 *russet* gray or reddish brown coarse wool; *rocket* cloak, outer garment.
15 *simper the cocket* an affected, coquettish air or smile.
16 *huke* cloak with a hood; *Lincoln green* a bright green cloth made in Lincoln.
17 *ween* suppose or think.
18 *thredes* threads.
19 *sere* withered; *weeds* clothing or garments, but with a play on unwanted plants.
20 *girdeth in her getes* wraps herself in a type of dress or gown.
21 *pranked with pletes* folded or adorned with pleats.
22 *kyrtle* woman's petticoat or gown; *Bristow red* a dye made in Bristol.
23 *wey a sow of lead* are as heavy as a lead ingot.
24 *Writhen in wonder wise* twisted in a wondrous fashion.
25 *After the Sarazin's guise* in the fashion of a Saracen, a general term for an Arab, and therefore a non-Christian or heathen.
26 *whim wham* a fanciful object.
27 *trim tram* ornament of little value, trinket.
28 *brain pan* skull, head.
29 *shew* show.

She driveth down the dew
With a pair of heels
As broad as two wheels.[1]
She hobbles as she goes
With her blanket hose[2]
Over the fallow
Her shoon smeared with tallow[3]
Greased upon dirt
That baudeth her skirt[4]

Primus passus.[5]

And this comely dame
I understand her name
Is Elynour Rummyng
At home in her wonnyng[6]
And as men say
She dwelt in Sothray[7]
In a certain stead
By side Lederhede[8]
She is a tonnishe gib[9]
The devil and she be sib.[10]
But to make up my tale
She breweth noppy[11] ale
And maketh thereof port sale[12]
To travellers, to tinkers
To sweaters, to swinkers[13]
And all good ale drinkers
That will nothing spare
But drink till they stare
And bring them self bare
With "Now away the mare[14]
And let us slay care"
As wise as a hare.
Come who so will
To Elynour on the hill
With "Fill the cup, fill"
And sit there by still
Early and late
Thither cometh Kate
Cisly and Sare[15]
With their legges bare
And also their feet
Hardely full unswete[16]
With their heels dagged[17]
Their kyrtles all to jagged
Their smocks all to ragged
With titters and tatters
Bring dishes and platters
With all their might running
To Elynour Rummyng
To have of her tunning.
She leaneth[18] them of the same
And thus beginneth the game.
Some wenches come unlaced
Some huswives come unbraced
With their naked pappes[19]
That flippes and flappes
It wigges and it wagges
Like tawny saffron[20] bagges
A sort of foul drabbes[21]
All scurvy with scabbes
Some be fly bitten
Some skewed[22] as a kitten
Some with a shoe clout[23]

---

1 The idea is that she leaves a trail in the dewy grass as wide as two cart wheels.
2 *blanket hose* leggings made of woollen cloth.
3 *shoon* shoes; *tallow* animal fat.
4 *baudeth* dirties, perhaps with a pun on bawd or pimp.
5 A passus is a canto. There are seven in total.
6 *wonnyng* dwelling.
7 *Sothray* Surrey.
8 *Lederhede* Leatherhead.
9 *tonnishe* corpulent, perhaps a play on "fashionable," most certainly a play on "tunning"; *gib* a term of reproach, especially for an old woman. It is also associated with the personality of a cat.
10 *sib* related.
11 *noppy* strong, intoxicating.
12 *port sale* usually sale by auction; Elynour gets the highest price she can.
13 *swinkers* labourers.
14 *away the mare* away melancholy.
15 *Cisly and Sare* Cecily and Sarah; the names are all of women.
16 *unswete* unsuited or bare, or perhaps "un-sweet."
17 *dagged* cut or wet.
18 *leaneth* gives or lends.
19 *pappes* breasts.
20 *tawny* brown, yellow, or orange coloured; their skin is also *saffron* yellow.
21 *drabbes* dirty woman or prostitute.
22 *skewed* irregularly marked in colour.
23 *clout* cloth.

Bind their heads about
Some have no hair lace
Their locks about their face
Their tresses untrussed
All full of unlust[1]
Some look strawry[2]
Some cawry mawry[3]
Full untidy tegges[4]
Like rotten egges.
Such a lewd sort
To Elynour resort
From tide to tide
Abide abide
And to you shall be told
How her ale is sold
To mawte[5] and to mold.

Secundus passus

Some have no money
That thither commy[6]
For their ale to pay
That is a shrewd array.[7]
Elynour sweared "Nay
You shall not bear away
My ale for nought
By him that me bought"
With "hey, dogge, hey
Have these dogges away,"
With "get me a staffe
The swine eat my draffe[8]
Strike the hogges with a club
They have drunk up my swilling tub
For be there never so much prese[9]
These swine go to the high dese.[10]
The sow with her pigges
The boar his tail wrigges[11]
His rump also he frigges[12]
Against the high bench"
With "Fo, there is a stench
Gather up thou wench
Seest thou not what is fall
Take up dirt and all
And bear out of the hall
God give it ill preving[13]
Cleanly as evil cheving."[14]
But let us turn plain,
There we left again
For as ill a patch as that.
The hens run in the mashfat[15]
For they go to roost
Straight over the ale joust[16]
And dung when it comes
In the ale tunnes
Then Elynour taketh
The mashe bowl and shaketh
The hennes dung away
And skimmeth it into a tray
Where as[17] the yeast is
With her maungy[18] fists
And sometimes she blens[19]
The dung of her hens
And the ale together
And sayeth "Gossip come hither
This ale shall be thicker
And flower[20] the more quicker
For I may tell you

---

1 *unlust* unpleasantness.
2 *strawry* like straw.
3 *cawry mawry* coarse, rough material.
4 *tegges* sheep in their second year, before their first shearing; the reference again is to the untidiness of their hair.
5 *mawte* malt; Scattergood quotes R.S. Kinsman: "Eleanor's mash is green and still needs to 'malt' … and may even mold from the careless and hasty treatment of the grain" (John Scattergood, *Skelton, the Complete English Poems* [New York, 1983], p. 450, n159).
6 *commy* come.
7 *array* condition, plight.
8 *draffe* dregs, grains of malt after brewing.
9 *prese* crowd.
10 *high dese* the high dais, or high table at a feast. It can also refer to the raised floor on which the pulpit or communion table stands.
11 *wrigges* wriggles.
12 *frigges* rubs in a sexual manner.
13 *preving* proving or trial.
14 *evil cheving* ill fortune.
15 *mashfat* mashing vat: mash is the malt mixed with hot water to form vort (unfermented beer).
16 *joust* A joust or just is a large pot with handles used to hold beer or wine.
17 *Where as* where.
18 *maungy* having the mange, a dirty, scabby condition of the skin.
19 *blens* blends.
20 *flower* scum formed in fermentation.

I learned it of a Jew
When I began to brew
And I have found it trew[1]
Drink now while it is new
And ye may it brook.[2]
It shall make you look
Younger than ye be
Years two or three
For ye may prove it by me."
"Behold" she said "and see
How bright I am of ble[3]
I am not cast away
That can my husband say
When we kiss and play
In lust and in liking
He calleth me his whiting[4]
His mulling and his myting
His nobbes and his conny
His sweeting and his honny
With 'Bass,[5] my pretty bonny
You are worth good and monny.'[6]
This make I my falyre fonny[7]
Till that he dream and dronny[8]
For after all our sport
Then will he rout and snort.[9]
Then sweetly together we lie
As two pigs in a sty."
To cease me seemeth best
And of this tale to rest
And for to leave this letter
Because it is no better
And because it is no swetter[10]
We will no farther rhyme
Of it at this time
But we will turn plain
Where we left again.

Tertius passus.

Instead of coin and money
Some bring her a conny
And some a pot with honey
Some a salt, and some a spoon
Some their hose, some their shoon
Some ran a good trot
With a skillet or a pot
Some fill their pot full
Of good Lemster wool.[11]
An huswife of trust
When she is a thrust[12]
Such a web can spin
Her thrift is full thin.[13]
Some go straight thither
Be it slaty or slyder[14]
They hold the high way[15]
They care not what men say.
Be that as be may
Some loath to be espied
Some start in at the back side
Over the hedge and pale[16]
And all for the good ale.
Some run till they sweat
Bring with them malt or wheat
And Dame Elynour entreat
To byrle[17] them of the best.
Then cometh another guest
She sweared by the rood[18] of rest
Her lippes are so dry
Without drink she must die:
"Therefore fill it by and by

---

[1] *trew* true.
[2] *it brook* profit by it; also the sense of endure it, stomach it.
[3] *ble* colour, complexion.
[4] *whiting* small fish. This and the terms in the following two lines are all terms of endearment; *mulling* darling; *myting* dear, little thing; *conny* "cony" or rabbit.
[5] *bass* perhaps kiss, from "baiser."
[6] *monny* money or many.
[7] *make I my falyre fonny* I make my fellow foolish, infatuated.
[8] *dronny* gets sluggish.
[9] *rout* snore.
[10] *swetter* sweeter.
[11] *Lemster wool* a notably fine wool.
[12] *a thrust* a thirst, thirsty.
[13] *An huswife … full thin* The idea of the sentence is that when a housewife is thirsty, thrift will not stop her.
[14] *slaty* stony; *slyder* slippery, refers to loose stones on a hill.
[15] *They hold the high way* The women walk boldly along the main roads.
[16] *pale* fence.
[17] *byrle* to draw or pour out drink.
[18] *rood* cross.

And have here a peck of rye."
Anon cometh another
As dry as the other
And with her doth bring
Meal, salt, or other thing
Her hervest[1] girdle, her wedding ring
To pay for her scot[2]
As cometh to her lot
Some bringeth her husbandes hood
Because the ale is good
Another brought her his cap
To offer to the ale tap
With flax and with towe[3]
And some brought sour dough
With "hey" and with "ho,
Sit we down a row
And drink till we blow
And pipe tirly-tirlow."[4]
Some laid to pledge
Their hatchet and their wedge[5]
Their hekell and their rele[6]
Their rock, their spinning wheel
And some went so narrow
They laid to pledge their wharrow[7]
Their ribskin and their spindle[8]
Their needle and their thimble.
Here was scant thrift
When they made such shift.
Their thirst was so great
They asked never for meat
But, "Drink still drink
And let the cat wink
Let us wash our gommes
From the dry crommes."

[1] *hervest* either harvest or harnessed.
[2] *scot* her share in the entertainment.
[3] *towe* the fibre of flax prepared for spinning.
[4] *tirly-tirlow* a whirling musical sound.
[5] *wedge* shape of instruments used to split or separate objects; here it might refer to an instrument related to cloth making or sewing, as are many of the objects in the list.
[6] *hekell* instrument used for combing flax; *rele* instrument on which thread is wound.
[7] *wharrow* grooved pulley in the spinning wheel.
[8] *ribskin* leather apron worn when "ribbing" or rubbing flax with a flat tool; *spindle* instrument around which thread is wound when spinning by hand.

Quartus passus

Some for very need
Lay down a skein of threde[9]
And some a skein of yarn
Some brought from the barn
Both beanes and pease
Small chaffer[10] doth ease
Sometime, now and than,
Another there was that ran
With a good brassepan[11]
Her colour was full wan
She ran in all the haste
Unbraced and unlaced
Tawny, swart and sallow[12]
Like a cake of tallow
I swear by all hallow[13]
It was a stale to take
The devil in a brake.[14]
And then came halting Joan
And brought a gam-bone
Of bacon that was resty[15]
But Lord as she was testy
Angry as a waspy
She began to yawn and gaspy
And bad Elynour go bet
And fill in good met
It was deer that was far fet.[16]
Another brought a spyck[17]
Of a bacon flick[18]
Her tongue was very quick
But she spake somewhat thick.
Her fellow did stammer and stut

[9] *skein of threde* bundle of thread.
[10] *chaffer* merchandise.
[11] *brassepan* brass pan.
[12] *swart* swarthy; *sallow* yellowish-brown, though some editions say "swallow," which may also allude to drinking.
[13] *all hallow* everything holy.
[14] *It was a stale … a brake* It was a trap to allure the Devil from the thicket; it was tempting to the devil.
[15] *resty* rancid.
[16] *And bad … far fet* She bid Elynour do better and supply good meat, such as deer.
[17] *spyck* fat meat; lard.
[18] *bacon flick* side of bacon.

But she was a foul slut
For her mouth foamed
And her belly groaned.
Joan said she had eaten a fyest[1]
"By Christ" said she "thou liest
I have as sweet a breath
As thou with shameful death"
Then Elynour said, "Ye callettes[2]
I shall break your palettes
Without ye now cease."
And so was made the drunken peace
Then thither came drunken Ales[3]
And she was full of tales
Of tidings in Wales
And of Saint James in Gales[4]
And of the Portingales
With "Lo, gossip, I wis
Thus and thus it is
There hath been great warre
Between Temple Barre
And the Cross in Cheap
And there came an heap
Of mill stones in a rout."[5]
She speaketh thus in her snout
Snivelling in her nose
As though she had the pose[6]
"Lo, here is an old tippet[7]
And ye will give me a sippet
Of your stale ale
God send you good sale."
And as she was drinking
She fell in a winking[8]

[1] *fyest* fart, foul smell.
[2] *callettes* A calet is a strumpet or a scold.
[3] *Ales* Alice, with an obvious pun in her name.
[4] *Saint James in Gales* the shrine of St. James, in Galicia, a place of pilgrimage.
[5] *And of the Portingales … in a rout* Scattergood provides this explanation for these lines: "Probably a reference to the Evil May Day uprising of 1517 when a London mob attacked foreigners in the city whom they blamed for the depressed state of the economy. The Portuguese ambassador and his attendants had arrived in London on the day the trouble started" (p. 451, notes 355-62). Cheap and Temple Bar are places in London.
[6] *pose* a cold in the head.
[7] *tippet* a type of cape.
[8] *winking* doze.

With a barley-hood[9]
She pissed where she stood
Then began she to weep
And forthwith fell on sleep[10]
Elynour took her up
And blessed her with a cup
Of new ale in corns[11]
Ales found therein no thorns
But supped it up at ones[12]
She found therein no bones.[13]

Quintus passus.

[...]

Then Margery Milk-Duck
Her kyrtle she did up tuck
An inch above her knee
Her legges that ye might see
But they were sturdy and stubbled
Mighty pestles and clubbed
As fair and as white
As the foot of a kite.[14]
She was somewhat foul
Crook necked like an owl
And yet she brought her fees
A cantell[15] of Essex cheese
Was well a foot thick
Full of maggots quick
It was huge and great
And mighty strong meat
For the devil to eat
It was tart and punyete.[16]
Another sort of sluts
Some brought walnuts
Some apples, some pears

[9] *barley-hood* fit of drunkenness.
[10] *on sleep* asleep.
[11] *new ale in corns* ale as drawn off the malt.
[12] *ones* once.
[13] *She found … bones* a play on the proverb "To find no bones in something" or to find nothing wrong or unusual.
[14] *kite* bird of prey.
[15] *cantell* slice or section.
[16] *punyete* pungent.

Some brought their clipping shears
Some brought this and that
Some brought I wot ne're what
Some brought their husbandes hat
Some puddings and links
Some tripes that stinks
But of all this throng
One came them among
She seemed half a leach
And began to preach
Of the Tuesday in the week
When the mare doth keke[1]
Of the virtue of an unset leke[2]
Of her husbandes breke[3]
With the feathers of a quail
She could to burdeou[4] sail
And with good ale barm[5]
She could make a charm
To help with all a stitch[6]
She seemed to be a witch.

[...][7]

But sir among all
That sat in that hall
There was a prick me dainty[8]
Sat like a sainty
And began to painty[9]
As though she would fainty
She made it as coy
As a lege de moy[10]
She was not half so wise
As she was peevish nice
She said never a word

But rose from the board
And called for our dame
Elynour by name.
We supposed I wis
That she rose to piss
But the very ground
Was for to compound
With Elynour in the spence[11]
To pay for her expense.
"I have no penny nor groat[12]
To pay" said she, "God wot
For washing of my throat
But my beads of amber.[13]
Bear them to your chamber."
Then Elynour did them hide
Within her beddes side.
But some then sat right sad
That nothing had
There of their awn[14]
Neither gelt[15] nor pawn.
Such were there many
That had not a penny
But when they should walk
Were fain with a chalk
To score on the balke
Or score on the tail.[16]
God give it ill hail,[17]
For my fingers itch
I have written too mych[18]
Of this mad mumming[19]
Of Elynour Rummyng
Thus endeth the gest[20]
Of this worthy fest.

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1 *keke* kick.
2 *unset leke* a young leek not transplanted.
3 *breke* breeches.
4 *burdeou* presumably Bordeaux.
5 *barm* froth.
6 *stitch* This could be either a sewing stitch (since there are so many references to sewing and cloth making) or a painful pinch or "stitch in the side."
7 The sixth canto and first part of the seventh canto are deleted.
8 *prick me dainty* a finicky, affected dresser.
9 *painty* pant.
10 *lege de moy* the name of a dance.
11 *spence* room where liquor is kept.
12 *groat* equal to four pennies.
13 *beads of amber* her rosary.
14 *awn* own.
15 *gelt* money.
16 *when they should walk ... on the tail* When they left, they recorded their expense by making a mark on a wooden beam or on a pole.
17 *ill hail* bad luck.
18 *mych* much.
19 *mumming* an entertainment in which one disguised oneself; "to make a mumming" of something is to treat it lightly or with contempt.
20 *gest* exploits; time allotted; perhaps also a reference to "jest."

Quod Skelton Laureat.

Laureati Skeltonidis in despectu malignantium distichon

Quamvis insanis quamvis marcescis inanis
Invide cantamus hec loca plena jocis
Bien men souvient
Omnes feminas que vel nimis bibule sunt vel que sordida
labe squaloris aut qua spurca feditatis macula aut verbosa
loquacitate notantur poeta invitat ad audiendum hunc
libellum &
Ebria squalida sordida femina prodiga verbis
Huc currat properet veniat sua gesta libellus
Iste volutabit pean sua plectra sonando
Materiam risus cantabit carmine rauco.[1]

—1521

[1] The Latin colophon appears in all the complete early editions by different printers, and appears to be written by Skelton. It is translated as follows in Scattergood's edition:
"A couplet in contempt of the wicked by Skelton the laureate poet. Jealous man, however mad you are and however you waste away in your vanity, we sing; these places are full of jests. I recall it well. All women who are either very fond of drinking, or who bear the dirty stain of filth, or who have the sordid blemish of squalor, or who are marked out by garrulous loquacity, the poet invites to listen to this little satire. Drunken, filthy, sordid, gossiping woman, let her run here, let her hasten, let her come; this little satire will willingly record her deeds: Apollo, sounding his lyre, will sing them of laughter in a hoarse song" (452).

Sir Thomas More

1478-1535

Sir Thomas More was a well-respected humanist, scholar, and lawyer who filled a number of prominent positions in the Court of Henry VIII. After many years of successful service in England and as a foreign ambassador, he became lord chancellor in 1529, the most senior judicial position in the realm. However, More's political career came to an unhappy end over Henry's desire to divorce his first wife Katherine, who had not yet provided a male heir. More, as a matter of conscience, refused to swear allegiance to the Act of Succession—an act which acknowledged Henry's marriage to Anne Boleyn and made it a treasonable offence to openly criticize it. For this failure of support, More was imprisoned, convicted of treason, and executed in July 1535.

More's most famous work, *Utopia*, was first published in Latin in 1516 and enjoyed many subsequent publications, in Latin and many other languages. As the extended title indicates, *Utopia* is part of a long tradition of discussions of the "best state of a public weal." Book One contains a discussion between the traveller Raphael Hythloday and the character "More" on the necessity of learned counsellors at Court, a discussion firmly grounded in the ancient dialogue over the superiority of either the contemplative or active life. Hythloday supports the separate life of learning and philosophical study, while "More" reminds him of the scholar's obligations to the community. This discussion reflects directly on More's own life and death.

If Book One debates the possibility of an ideal society, Book Two provides a possible example, with an extended description of the island of Utopia, its geography, institutions, and society. This description participates in a number of ancient debates on the best pattern for a commonwealth, drawing on Plato's *Republic* for its view of communal property and his *Laws* for its recognition of the need for a system of law and government, as well as Aristotle and Cicero for their views on the necessity of private property. The opinions of these ancient authors are also used in the discussions about rhetoric as essential to social and political life, or as a tool used mainly to mislead the listeners.

Utopia is a complex and ambiguous text. It participates in a number of genres—travelogue and travel fiction, satire, philosophical dialogue, and political tract—and presents itself as a history, a true account of a real place, and an actual occurrence. More had recently been to Antwerp as an ambassador; real people and historical events are mentioned in the text. In fact the original Latin publication included a letter from the real Peter Giles, implying that he was present at the discussion with "More" and Hythloday. On the one hand, the text is a serious discussion of serious issues, and yet there are many puns and jokes which undermine this seriousness. It is often difficult to determine whether More aligned himself with Hythloday or "More" on different issues. At the end of Book Two, "More" hints at a future discussion, but this is one that would need to be continued by his readers rather than himself.

Ralph Robynson first translated *Utopia* in 1551 in an edition which included a prefatory letter from More to Giles, as well as Robynson's dedicatory letter to William Cecil; however, it excluded Giles's and Erasmus's marginal comments, a number of attached letters, and the various engravings of the early Latin editions. Robynson's 1556 edition made corrections to the text and included the marginalia and—because of the changing political situation—dropped the letter to Cecil in favour of a letter to the reader. The version here uses Robynson's 1556 translation of More's text, the main translation available to English readers until the twentieth century, and includes More's letter to Giles, but excludes Giles's and Erasmus's marginal comments to give modern readers a sense of how an English-literate audience would have first encountered this work.

EDITION: *A frutefull, pleasaunt, & wittie worke, of the best state of a publique weale, and of the new yle, called Utopia.* London: By [Richard Tottel for] Abraham Vele, [1556]. STC 18095/18095.5.

Utopia

Thomas More to Peter Giles, sends greeting.

I am almost ashamed, right well-beloved Peter Giles, to send unto you this book of the Utopian commonwealth well-nigh after a year's space, which I am sure you looked for within a month and a half. And no marvel. For you knew well enough that I was already disburdened of all the labour and study belonging to the invention in this work, and that I had no need at all to trouble my brains about the disposition or conveyance of the matter, and therefore had herein nothing else to do, but only to rehearse those things which you and I together heard Master Raphael[1] tell and declare. Wherefore there was no cause why I should study to set forth the matter with eloquence: forasmuch as his talk could not be fine and eloquent, being first not studied for, but sudden and unpremeditated, and then, as you know, of[2] a man better seen in the Greek language than in the Latin tongue. And my writing, the nigher it should approach to his homely, plain, and simple speech, so much the nigher should it go to the truth, which is the only mark whereunto I do and ought to direct all my travail and study herein. I grant and confess, friend Peter, myself discharged of so much labour, having all these things ready done to my hand that almost there was nothing left for me to do. Else either the invention or the disposition of this matter might have required of a wit neither base, neither at all unlearned, both some time and leisure and also some study. But if it were requisite and necessary that the matter should also have been written eloquently and not alone truly, of a surety that thing could I have performed by no time nor study. But now seeing all these cares, stays and lets were taken away, wherein else so much labour and study should have been employed, and that there remained no other thing for me to do but only to write plainly the matter as I heard it spoken, that indeed was a thing light and easy to be done. Howbeit, to the dispatching of this so little business my other cares and troubles did leave almost less than no leisure. Whiles I do daily bestow my time about law matters, some to plead, some to hear, some as an arbitrator with mine award to determine, some as an umpire or a judge with my sentence finally to discuss; whiles I go one way to see and visit my friend, another way about mine own private affairs; whiles I spend almost all the day abroad among others, and the residue at home among mine own, I leave to myself, I mean to my book, no time. For when I am come home, I must common[3] with my wife, chat with my children, and talk with my servants, all the which things I reckon and account among business, forasmuch as they must of necessity be done, and done must they needs be unless a man will be stranger in his own house. And in any wise, a man must so fashion and order his conditions and so appoint and dispose himself that he be merry, jocund, and pleasant among them whom either nature has provided or chance has made or he himself has chosen to be the fellows and companions of his life, so that with too much gentle behaviour and familiarity, he do not mar them and, by too much sufferance of his servants, make them his masters. Among these things now rehearsed steals away the day, the month, the year. When do I write then? And all this while have I spoken no word of sleep, neither yet of meat,[4] which among a great number does waste no less time than does sleep, wherein almost half the lifetime of man creeps away. I therefore do win and get only that time which I steal from sleep and meat, which time, because it is very little, and yet somewhat it is, therefore have I once at the last, though it be long first, finished *Utopia* and have sent it to you, friend Peter, to read and peruse to the intent that if anything have escaped me, you might put me in remembrance of it. For though in this behalf I do not greatly mis-

[1] *Master Raphael* Raphael Hythloday. The archangel Raphael is traditionally a guide and healer. The name Hythloday is a Greek compound meaning an "expert in nonsense," or perhaps a "nonsense peddler."

[2] *of* by.

[3] *common* commune, communicate.

[4] *meat* more generally, "food."

trust myself (which would God I were somewhat in wit and learning, as I am not all of the worst and dullest memory), yet have I not so great trust and confidence in it that I think nothing could fall out of my mind. For John Clement,[1] my boy, who as you know was there present with us, whom I suffer to be away from no talk wherein may be any profit or goodness (for out of this young bladed and new-shot-up corn, which has already begun to spring up both in Latin and Greek learning, I look for plentiful increase at length of goodly ripe grain), he, I say, has brought me into a great doubt. For whereas Hythloday (unless my memory fail me) said that the bridge of Amaurot,[2] which goes over the river of Anyder,[3] is five hundred paces, that is to say half a mile in length, my John says that two hundred of those paces must be plucked away, for that the river contains there not above three hundred paces in breadth. I pray you heartily call the matter to your remembrance, for if you agree with him, I also will say as you say and confess myself deceived. But if you cannot remember the thing, then surely I will write as I have done and as mine own remembrance serves me. For as I will take good heed that there be in my book nothing false, so if there be anything doubtful, I will rather tell a lie than make a lie, because I had rather be good than wily. Howbeit, this matter may easily be remedied if you will take the pains to ask the question of Raphael himself by word of mouth, if he be now with you, or else by your letters, which you must needs do for another doubt also that has chanced, through whose fault I cannot tell, whether through mine or yours or Raphael's. For neither we remembered to inquire of him nor he to tell us in what part of the new world Utopia is situate[d]. The which thing I had rather have spent no small sum of money than that it should thus have escaped us, as well for that I am ashamed to be ignorant in what sea that island stands whereof I write so long a treatise, as also because there be with us certain men, and especially one virtuous and godly man, and a professor of divinity, who is exceeding[ly] desirous to go unto Utopia, not for a vain and curious desire to see news, but to the intent he may further and increase our religion, which is there already luckily begun. And that he may the better accomplish and perform this his good intent, he is minded to procure that he may be sent thither by the high bishop, yea, and that he himself may be made bishop of Utopia, being nothing scrupulous herein, that he must obtain this bishopric with suit. For he counts that a godly suit which proceeds not of the desire of honour or lucre, but only of a godly zeal. Wherefore I most earnestly desire you, friend Peter, to talk with Hythloday, if you can, face to face, or else to write your letters to him, and so to work in this matter that in this my book there may neither anything be found which is untrue, neither anything be lacking which is true. And I think verily it shall be well done that you show unto him the book itself, for if I have missed or failed in any point, or if any fault have escaped me, no man can so well correct and amend it as he can, and yet that can he not do unless he peruse and read over my book written. Moreover, by this means shall you perceive whether he be well willing and content that I should undertake to put this work in writing. For if he be minded to publish and put forth his own labours and travails himself, perchance he would be loath, and so would I also, that in publishing the Utopian weal public[4] I should prevent him and take from him the flower and grace of the novelty of this his history. Howbeit, to say the very truth, I am not yet fully determined with myself whether I will put forth my book or no. For the natures of men be so diverse, the fantasies of some so wayward, their minds so unkind, their judgements so corrupt, that they which lead a merry and a jocund life, following their own sensual pleasures and carnal lusts, may seem to be in a much better state or case than they that vex and unquiet them-

[1] *John Clement* one of the first students of St. Paul's, the humanist grammar school founded by John Colet about 1509. Clement had joined More's household as a servant and pupil by 1514.

[2] *Amaurot* from Greek, "made dark or dim."

[3] *Anyder* from Greek, "waterless."

[4] *weal public* commonwealth.

selves with cares and study for the putting forth and publishing of some thing that may be either profit or pleasure to others, which others nevertheless will disdainfully, scornfully, and unkindly accept the same. The most part of all be unlearned, and a great number have learning in contempt. The rude and barbarous allow nothing but that which is very barbarous indeed. If it be one that has a little smack of learning, he rejects as homely gear and common ware whatsoever is not stuffed full of old moth-eaten terms and that be worn out of use. Some there be that have pleasures only in old rusty antiquities, and some only in their own doings. One is so sour, so crabbed, and so unpleasant that he can away with no mirth nor sport. Another is so narrow between the shoulders that he can bear no jests nor taunts. Some silly poor souls be so afraid that at every snappish word their nose shall be bitten off that they stand in no less dread of every quick and sharp word than he that is bitten of a mad dog fears water. Some be so mutable and wavering that every hour they be in a new mind, saying one thing sitting and another thing standing. Another sort sit upon their ale benches, and there among their cups they give judgement of the wits of writers, and with great authority they condemn, even as pleases them, every writer according to his writing, in most spiteful manner mocking, louting, and flouting them, being themselves in the mean season safe and, as says the proverb, out of all danger of gunshot. For why they be so smug and smooth that they have not so much as one hair of an honest man whereby one may take hold of them. There be, moreover, some so unkind and ungentle that though they take great pleasure and delectation in the work, yet for all that they cannot find in their hearts to love the author thereof, nor to afford him a good word, being much like uncourteous, unthankful, and churlish guests which, when they have with good and dainty meats well filled their bellies, depart home, giving no thanks to the feast-maker. Go your ways now and make a costly feast at your own charges for guests so dainty-mouthed, so diverse in taste, and, besides that, of so unkind and unthankful natures. But nevertheless (friend Peter) do, I pray you, with Hythloday as I willed you before. And as for this matter I shall be at my liberty afterwards to take new advisement. Howbeit, seeing I have taken great pains and labour in writing the matter, if it may stand with his mind and pleasure, I will, as touching the edition or publishing of the book, follow the counsel and advice of my friends, and specially yours. Thus fare you well right heartily beloved friend Peter, with your gentle wife, and love me as you have ever done, for I love you better than ever I did.

THE FIRST BOOK OF THE COMMUNICATION OF RAPHAEL HYTHLODAY CONCERNING THE BEST STATE OF A COMMONWEALTH.

The most victorious and triumphant king of England, Henry the Eighth of that name, in all royal virtues a prince most peerless, had of late in controversy with Charles, the right high and mighty king of Castile,[1] weighty matters and of great importance. For the debatement and final determination whereof, the King's Majesty sent me ambassador into Flanders, joined in commission with Cuthbert Tunstall,[2] a man doubtless out of comparison and whom the King's Majesty of late, to the great rejoicing of all men, did prefer to the office of master of the Rolls.[3] But of this man's praises I will say nothing, not because I do fear that small credence shall be given to the testimony that comes out of a friend's mouth, but because his virtue of learning be greater and of more excellency than that I am able to praise them, and also in all places so famous and so perfectly well known that they need not, nor ought not, of me to be praised, unless I would seem to show and set

[1] *in controversy … king of Castile* Prince Charles (b. 1500) soon to be king of Castile and then king of Spain. In 1519, he became the Holy Roman Emperor. The "controversy" was mainly about trade between the countries.

[2] *Cuthbert Tunstall* (1474-1559), a noted humanist.

[3] *master of the Rolls* a judge of the Court of Appeal and a member of the Judicial Committee, who has charge of the rolls, patents, and grants that pass the Great Seal, and of all the records of the Court of Chancery.

forth the brightness of the sun with a candle, as the proverb says.

There met us at Bruges (for thus it was before agreed) they whom their Prince had for that matter appointed commissioners, excellent men all. The chief and the head of them was the Margrave[1] (as they call him) of Bruges, a right honourable man, but the wisest and the best spoken of them was George Temsice,[2] provost of Cassel, a man not only by learning but also by nature of singular eloquence, and in the laws profoundly learned, but in reasoning and debating of matters, what by his natural wit and what by daily exercise, surely he had few fellows. After that we had once or twice met, and upon certain points or articles could not fully and thoroughly agree, they for a certain space took their leave of us and departed to Brussels, there to know their Prince's pleasure.

I in the meantime (for so my business lay) went straight thence to Antwerp. While I was there abiding, often times among others, but which to me was more welcome than any other did visit me one Peter Giles, a citizen of Antwerp, a man there in his country of honest reputation and also preferred to high promotions, worthy truly of the highest. For it is hard to say whether the young man be in learning or in honesty more excellent, for he is both of wonderful virtuous conditions and also singularly well learned, and towards all sorts of people exceeding gentle, but towards his friends so kind-hearted, so loving, so faithful, so trusty, and of so earnest affection that it were very hard in any place to find a man that with him in all points of friendship may be compared. No man can be more lowly or courteous; no man uses less simulation or dissimulation; in no man is more prudent simplicity. Besides this, he is in his talk and communication so merry and pleasant, yea, and that without harm, that through his gentle entertainment and his sweet and delectable communication, in me was greatly abated and diminished the fervent desire that I had to see my native country, my wife and my children, whom then I did much long and covet to see, because that at that time I had been more than four months from them. Upon a certain day when I had heard the divine service in Our Lady's Church,[3] which is the fairest, the most gorgeous and curious church of building in all the city, and also most frequented of people, and, the service being done, was ready to go home to my lodging, I chanced to espy this foresaid Peter talking with a certain stranger, a man well stricken in age, with a black sunburned face, a long beard, and a cloak cast homely about his shoulders, whom by his favour and apparel forthwith I judged to be a mariner. But the said Peter seeing me, came unto me and saluted me. And as I was about to answer him, "See you this man," said he (and therewith he pointed to the man that I saw him talking with before), "I was minded," said he, "to bring him straight home to you."

"He should have been very welcome to me," said I, "for your sake."

"Nay," said he, "for his own sake if you knew him, for there is no man this day living that can tell you of so many strange and unknown peoples and countries as this man can. And I know well that you be very desirous to hear of such news."

"Then I conjectured not far amiss," said I, "for even at the first sight I judged him to be a mariner."

"Nay," said he, "there ye were greatly deceived. He has sailed, indeed, not as the mariner Palinurus, but as the expert and prudent Prince Ulysses. Yea, rather as the ancient and sage philosopher Plato.[4] For this same Raphael Hythloday (for this is his name) is very well learned in the Latin tongue, but profound and excellent in the Greek language, wherein he ever bestowed more study than in the Latin because he had given himself

[1] *Margrave* governor.

[2] *George Temsice* Georges de Themsecke (d. 1536), the chief magistrate of Cassel.

[3] *Our Lady's Church* Notre Dame.

[4] *the mariner Palinurus … philosopher Plato* Palinurus, Aeneas's pilot, slept at the helm and fell overboard; Ulysses, the hero of Homer's *The Odyssey*, is both widely travelled and more careful than Palinurus; according to Diogenes Laertius, Plato travelled widely around the Mediterranean.

wholly to the study of philosophy. Whereof he knew that there is nothing extant in Latin that is to any purpose, saving a few of Seneca's and Cicero's doings. His patrimony that he was born unto he left to his brethren (for he is a Portugal born), and for the desire that he had to see and know the far countries of the world, he joined himself in company with Amerigo Vespucci,[1] and in the three last voyages of those four that be now in print and abroad in every man's hands, he continued still in his company, saving that in the last voyage he came not home again with him. For he made such means and shift, what by entreatance and what by importune suit, that he got license of Master Amerigo (though it were sore against his will) to be one of the twenty-four which in the end of the last voyage were left in the country of Gulike.[2] He was therefore left behind for his mind's sake, as one that took more thought and care for travelling[3] than dying, having customably in his mouth these sayings: he that has no grave is covered with the sky;[4] and the way to Heaven out of all places is of like length and distance.[5] Which fantasy of his (if God had not been his better friend) he had surely bought full dear. But after the departing of Master Vespucci, when he had travelled through and about many countries with five of his companions, Gulikians, at the last by marvellous chance he arrived in Taprobane, from whence he went to Calicut,[6] where he chanced to find certain of his country ships, wherein he returned again into his country, nothing less than looked for."

All this, when Peter had told me, I thanked him for his gentle kindness that he had vouchsafed to bring me to the speech of that man whose communication he thought should be to me pleasant and acceptable. And therewith I turned me to Raphael. And when we had hailed each other and had spoken these common words that be customably spoken at the first meeting and acquaintance of strangers, we went thence to my house and there in my garden upon a bench covered with green torves,[7] we sat down talking together. There he told us how that after the departing of Vespucci, he and his fellows that tarried behind in Gulike began by little and little, through fair and gentle speech, to win the love and favour of the people of that country, insomuch that, within short space, they did dwell amongst them not only harmless,[8] but also occupying[9] with them very familiarly. He told us also that they were in high reputation and favour with a certain great man (whose name and country is now quite out of my remembrance) which of his mere liberality did bear the costs and charges of him and his five companions. And besides that gave them a trusty guide to conduct them in their journey (which by water was in boats and by land in wagons) and to bring them to other princes with very friendly commendations. Thus after many days' journeys, he said, they found towns and cities and weal publics full of people governed by good and wholesome laws. For under the line equinoctial,[10] and on both sides of the same as far as the sun does extend his course, lies (said he) great and wide deserts and wildernesses, parched, burned, and dried up with continual and intolerable heat. All things be hideous, terrible, loathsome, and unpleasant to behold: all things out of fashion and comeliness,[11] inhabited with wild beasts and serpents, or, at the leastwise, with people that be no less savage, wild and noisome than the very beasts themselves be. But a little farther beyond that all things begin by little and little to wax pleasant: the

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[1] *Amerigo Vespucci* (1451-1512), a Florentine explorer after whom the Americas are named. He travelled to the Americas under the employ of the King of Portugal and wrote two Latin accounts of his voyages.

[2] This appears to be a fictional place invented by Robynson.

[3] *travelling* "travail" in the original can mean either "travelling" or "work."

[4] *he that has no grave is covered with the sky* from Lucan's *Pharsalia.*

[5] *the way to Heaven … length and distance* from Cicero's *Tusculan Disputations.*

[6] *Taprobane … Calicut* Taprobane is present day Sri Lanka; Calicut is present day Calcutta.

[7] *torves* turfs (of grass).

[8] *harmless* free from harm.

[9] *occupying* living, working.

[10] *line equinoctial* equator.

[11] *fashion* shape; *comeliness* pleasing appearance.

air soft, temperate, and gentle; the ground covered with green grass; less wildness in the beasts. At the last shall you come again to people, cities, and towns wherein is continual intercourse and occupying of merchandise and chaffer,[1] not only among themselves and with their borderers, but also with merchants of far countries, both by land and water. "There I had occasion," said he, "to go to many countries on every side, for there was no ship ready to any voyage or journey, but I and my fellows were into it very gladly received." The ships that they found first were made plain, flat and broad in the bottom, trow-wise.[2] The sails were made of great rushes, or of wickers, and in some places of leather. Afterward, they found ships with ridged keels and sails of canvas, yea, and shortly after, having all things like ours. The shipmen also very expert and cunning, both in the sea and in the weather. But he said that he found great favour and friendship among them for teaching them the feat and the use of the lodestone,[3] which to them before that time was unknown, and therefore they were wont to be very timorous and fearful upon the sea, nor to venture upon it but only in the summertime. But now they have such a confidence in that stone that they fear not stormy winter, in so doing farther from care than danger; insomuch that it is greatly to be doubted lest that thing, through their own foolish hardiness, shall turn them to evil and harm, which at the first was supposed should be to them good and commodious.

But what he told us that he saw in every country where he came, it were very long to declare; neither it is my purpose at this time to make rehearsal thereof. But peradventure[4] in another place I will speak of it, chiefly such things as shall be profitable to be known, as in special be those decrees and ordinances that he marked to be well and wittily provided and enacted among such peoples as do live together in a civil policy and good order. For of such things did we busily inquire and demand of him, and he likewise very willingly told us of the same. But as for monsters, because they be no news, of them we were nothing inquisitive, for nothing is more easy to be found than be barking Scyllas, ravening Celaenos, and Laestrygons,[5] devourers of people, and such like great and incredible monsters. But to find citizens ruled by good and wholesome laws, that is an exceeding rare and hard thing. But as he marked many fond and foolish laws in those newfound lands, so he rehearsed divers[6] acts and constitutions whereby these our cities, nations, countries, and kingdoms may take example to amend their faults, enormities, and errors, whereof in another place (as I said) I will entreat.

Now at this time I am determined to rehearse only that he told us of the manners, customs, laws, and ordinances of the Utopians. But first I will repeat our former communication by the occasion, and (as I might say) the drift whereof he was brought into the mention of that weal public.

For when Raphael had very prudently touched divers things that be amiss—some here and some there, yea, very many on both parts—and again had spoken of such wise laws and prudent decrees as be established and used, both here among us and also there among them, as a man so perfect and expert in the laws and customs of every several country, as though into what place soever he came guestwise, there he had led all his life. Then Peter much marvelling at the man, "Surely Master Raphael," said he, "I wonder greatly why you get you not into some king's court. For I am sure there is no prince living that would not be very glad of you as a man not only able highly to delight him with your profound learning, and this your knowledge of countries and peoples, but also

[1] *continual intercourse ... and chaffer* continual communication or dealings and the business of trade or bargaining.

[2] *trow-wise* A trow is a flat-bottomed boat.

[3] *lodestone* magnetic compass.

[4] *peradventure* perhaps.

[5] *barking Scyllas, ravening Celaenos, and Laestrygons* monsters from Homer's *The Odyssey* and Virgil's *Aeneid*. Scylla is a sea monster; Celaenos is the leader of the Harpies, a race of monstrous bird-women; Laestrygons are cannibals.

[6] *divers* various, diverse.

meet to instruct him with examples and help him with counsel. And thus doing, you shall bring yourself in a very good case,[1] and also be of ability to help all your friends and kinfolk."

"As concerning my friends and kinfolk," said he, "I pass not greatly for them,[2] for I think I have sufficiently done my part towards them already. For these things that other men do not depart from until they be old and sick, yea, which they be then very loath to leave when they can no longer keep, those very same things did I, being not only lusty[3] and in good health, but also in the flower of my youth, divide among my friends and kinfolk. Which I think with this my liberality ought to hold them contented and not to require nor to look that besides this, I should for their sakes give myself in bondage unto kings."

"Nay, God forbid that," said Peter, "it is not my mind that you should be in bondage to kings, but as a retainer to them at your pleasure, which surely I think is the nighest[4] way that you can devise how to bestow your time fruitfully, not only for the private commodity[5] of your friends and for the general profit of all sorts of people, but also for the advancement of yourself to a much wealthier state and condition than you be now in."

"To a wealthier condition," said Raphael, "by that means that my mind stands clean against? Now I live at liberty after my own mind and pleasure, which I think very few of these great states and peers of realms can say. Yea, and there be enough of them that sue for great men's friendships, and therefore think it no great hurt if they have not me, nor three or four such other as I am."

"Well, I perceive plainly, friend Raphael," said I, "that you be desirous neither of riches nor of power. And truly I have in no less reverence and estimation a man of your mind than any of them all that be so high in power and authority. But you shall do as it becomes you, yea, and according to this wisdom, to this high and free courage of yours, if you can find in your heart so to appoint and dispose yourself that you may apply your wit and diligence to the profit of the weal public, though it be somewhat to your own pain and hindrance. And this shall you never so well do, nor with so great profit perform, as if you be of some great prince's council and put into his head (as I doubt not but you will) honest opinions and virtuous persuasions. For from the prince, as from a perpetual wellspring, comes among the people the flood of all that is good or evil. But in you is so perfect learning, that without any experience—and again so great experience, that without any learning—you may well be any king's counsellor."

"You be twice deceived, Master More," said he, "first in me and again in the thing itself. For neither is in me the ability that you force upon me, and if it were never so much, yet in disquieting mine own quietness I should nothing further the weal public. For, first of all, the most part of all princes have more delight in warlike matters and feats of chivalry (the knowledge whereof I neither have nor desire) than in the good feats of peace, and employ much more study how by right or by wrong to enlarge their dominions than how well and peaceably to rule and govern that they have already. Moreover, they that be counsellors to kings, every one of them either is of himself so wise indeed that he needs not, or else he thinks himself so wise that he will not allow another man's counsel, saving that they do shamefully and flatteringly give assent to the fond and foolish sayings of certain great men, whose favours, because they be in high authority with their prince, by assentation[6] and flattery they labour to obtain. And verily it is naturally given to all men to esteem their own inventions best. So both the raven and the ape think their own young ones fairest. Then if a man in such a company, where some disdain and have despite at[7] other men's inventions, and some count their own best, if among such men (I say) a man should bring forth anything that he has

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1 *case* position or circumstance.

2 *I pass not greatly for them* i.e., I am not greatly concerned about them.

3 *lusty* healthy, strong.

4 *nighest* nearest.

5 *commodity* advantage, benefit.

6 *assentation* servile expression or act of assent.

7 *have despite at* have contempt or disdain for.

read done in times past, or that he has seen done in other places, there the hearers fare as though the whole estimation of their wisdom were in jeopardy to be overthrown, and that ever after they should be counted for very dizzards,[1] unless they could in other men's inventions pick out matter to reprehend and find fault at. If all other poor helps fail, then this is their extreme refuge: 'These things' (say they) 'pleased our forefathers and ancestors. Would God we could be so wise as they were.' And, as though they had wittily concluded the matter and with this answer stopped every man's mouth, they sit down again. As who should say it were a very dangerous matter if a man in any point should be found wiser than his forefathers were.

"And yet be we content to suffer the best and wittiest of their decrees to lie unexecuted. But if in anything a better order might have been taken than by them was, there we take fast hold, finding therein many faults. Many times have I chanced upon such proud, lewd, overthwart and wayward judgements, yea, and once in England."

"I pray you, sir," said I, "have you been in our country?"

"Yea, forsooth," said he, "and there I tarried for the space of four or five months together, not long after the insurrection that the western Englishmen made against their King, which by their own miserable and pitiful slaughter was suppressed and ended.[2] In the mean season, I was much bound and beholding to the right reverend father, John Morton,[3] archbishop and cardinal of Canterbury, and at that time also lord chancellor of England: a man, Master Peter (for Master More knows already that I will say), not more honourable for his authority than for his prudence and virtue. He was of a mean stature and, though stricken in age, yet bore he his body upright. In his face did shine such an amiable reverence as was pleasant to behold, gentle in communication, yet earnest and sage. He had great delight many times with rough speech to his suitors to prove, but without harm, what prompt wit and what bold spirit were in every man. In the which, as in a virtue much agreeing with his nature, so that therewith were not joined impudency, he took great delectation. And the same person, as apt and meet to have an administration in the weal public, he did lovingly embrace. In his speech he was fine, eloquent, and pithy; in the law he had profound knowledge; in wit he was incomparable; and in memory wonderful excellent. These qualities, which in him were by nature singular, he by learning and use had made perfect. The King put much trust in his counsel; the weal public also in a manner leaned unto him when I was there. For even in the chief of his youth he was taken from school into the Court, and there passed all his time in much trouble and business, being continually tumbled and tossed in the waves of divers misfortunes and adversities. And so by many and great dangers he learned the experience of the world, which so being learned cannot easily be forgotten.

"It chanced on a certain day, when I sat at his table, there was also a certain layman cunning in the laws of your realm, who, I cannot tell whereof taking occasion, began diligently and earnestly to praise that strait and rigorous justice which at that time was there executed upon felons, who, as he said, were for the most part twenty hanged together upon one gallows. And seeing so few escaped punishment, he said he could not choose but greatly wonder and marvel how and by what evil luck it should so come to pass that thieves nevertheless were in every place so rife and so rank. 'Nay, sir,' said I (for I durst boldly speak my mind before the Cardinal), 'marvel nothing hereat, for this punishment of thieves passeth the limits of justice and is also very hurtful to the weal public, for it is too extreme and cruel a punishment for theft, and yet not sufficient to refrain and withhold men from theft. For simple theft is not so great an offence that it ought to be to punished with death. Neither there is any punishment so

[1] *dizzards* fools.

[2] *the insurrection … ended* the Cornish Rising of 1497. In response to Henry VII's huge taxation, many men marched on London, but were slaughtered at the Battle of Blackheath.

[3] *John Morton* (1420?-1500); as a youth, More served in Morton's household.

horrible that it can keep them from stealing which have no other craft whereby to get their living. Therefore, in this point, not you only, but also the most part of the world be like evil schoolmasters which be readier to beat than to teach their scholars. For great and horrible punishments be appointed for thieves, whereas much rather provision should have been made that there were some means whereby they might get their living so that no man should be driven to this extreme necessity, first to steal and then to die.' 'Yes,' said he, 'this matter is well enough provided for already. There be handicrafts, there is husbandry to get their living by, if they would not willingly be naught.' 'Nay,' said I, 'you shall not escape so, for first of all, I will speak nothing of them that come home out of the wars maimed and lame, as not long ago out of Blackheath field and, a little before that, out of the wars in France. Such, I say, as put their lives in jeopardy for the weal public's or the King's sake, and by reason of weakness and lameness be not able to occupy their old crafts, and be too aged to learn new. Of them I will speak nothing, for as much as wars have their ordinary recourse. But let us consider those things that chance daily before our eyes. First there is a great number of gentlemen which cannot be content to live idle themselves, like dors,[1] of that which other[s] have laboured for: their tenants I mean, whom they poll and shave[2] to the quick by raising their rents (for this only point of frugality do they use, men else through their lavish and prodigal[3] spending, able to bring themselves to very beggary). These gentlemen, I say, do not only live in idleness themselves, but also carry about with them at their tails a great flock or train of idle and loitering serving men, which never learned any craft whereby to get their livings. These men, as soon as their master is dead, or be sick themselves, be incontinent[4] thrust out of doors. For gentlemen had rather keep idle persons than sick men, and many times the dead man's heir is not able to maintain so great a house, and keep so many servingmen as his father did. Then in the mean season,[5] they that be thus destitute of service either starve for hunger or manfully play the thieves. For what would you have them do? When they have wandered abroad for so long until they have worn threadbare their apparel and also appaired[6] their health, then gentlemen, because of their pale and sickly faces and patched coats, will not take them into service. And husbandmen[7] dare not set them to work, knowing well enough that he is nothing meet[8] to do true and faithful service to a[9] poor man with a spade and a mattock[10] for small wages and hard fare which, being daintily and tenderly pampered up in idleness and pleasure, was wont with a sword and a buckler[11] by his side to jet through the street with a bragging look, and to think himself too good to be any man's mate.' 'Nay, by Saint Mary, sir,' said the lawyer, 'not so. For this kind of men must we make the most of. For in them, as men of stouter stomachs, bolder spirits, and manlier courages than handicraftsmen and ploughmen be, does consist the whole power, strength, and puissance[12] of our army when we must fight in battle.' 'Forsooth, sir, as well you might say,' said I, 'that for war's sake you must cherish thieves. For surely you shall never lack thieves while you have them. No, nor thieves be not the most false and faint-hearted soldiers, nor soldiers be not the cowardliest thieves, so well these two crafts agree together. But this fault, though it be much used among you, yet is it not peculiar to you only, but common also almost to all nations. Yet France, besides this, is troubled and infected with a much sorer plague. The whole realm is filled and besieged with hired soldiers in peacetime (if that be peace) which be

1 *dors* drones, lazy idlers, fools.
2 *poll and shave* to cut short (i.e., to plunder or fleece).
3 *prodigal* reckless.
4 *incontinent* immediately.
5 *in the mean season* meanwhile.
6 *appaired* impaired, injured.
7 *husbandmen* farmers, heads of the household.
8 *nothing meet* not fit.
9 *to a* in comparison to a.
10 *mattock* an agricultural tool with a pick on one side and a flat blade on the other.
11 *buckler* shield.
12 *puissance* strength.

brought in under the same colour and pretence that has persuaded you to keep these idle servingmen. For these wisefools and very archdolts thought the wealth of the whole country herein to consist, if there were ever in a readiness a strong and a sure garrison, especially of old practiced soldiers, for they put no trust at all in men unexercised.[1] And therefore they must be forced to seek for war, to the end they may ever have practiced soldiers and cunning manslayers, lest that (as it is prettily said of Sallust)[2] their hands and their minds, through idleness or lack of exercise, should wax dull. But how pernicious and pestilent a thing it is to maintain such beasts, the Frenchmen, by their own harms, have learned, and the examples of the Romans, Carthaginians, Syrians, and of many other countries do manifestly declare. For not only the Empire, but also the fields and cities of all these by diverse occasions have been overrun and destroyed of their own armies beforehand had in a readiness.[3] Now how unnecessary a thing this is hereby it may appear, that the French soldiers, which from their youth have been practiced and inured in feats of arms, do not crack[4] nor advance themselves to have very often got the upper hand and mastery of your new-made and unpracticed soldiers. But in this point I will not use many words, lest perchance I may seem to flatter you. No, nor those same handicraft men of yours in cities, nor yet the rude and uplandish[5] ploughmen of the country, are not supposed to be greatly afraid of your gentlemen's idle servingmen, unless it be such as be not of body or stature correspondent to their strength and courage, or else whose bold stomachs be discouraged through poverty. Thus you may see that it is not to be feared lest they should be effeminated,[6] if they were brought up in good crafts and laboursome works whereby to get their livings, whose stout and sturdy bodies (for gentlemen vouchsafe to corrupt and spill[7] none but picked and chosen men) now either by reason of rest and idleness be brought to weakness, or else by too easy and womanly exercises be made feeble and unable to endure hardness. Truly, howsoever the case stands, this me thinks is nothing available[8] to the weal public, for war's sake, which you never have, but when you will yourselves to keep and maintain an innumerable flock of that sort of men that be so troublesome and noyous[9] in peace, whereof you ought to have a thousand times more regard than of war.

"'But yet this is not only the necessary cause of stealing. There is another which, as I suppose, is proper and peculiar to you Englishmen alone.' 'What is that?' said the Cardinal. 'Forsooth, my lord,' said I, 'your sheep that were wont to be so meek and tame and so small eaters, now, as I hear say, [are] become so great devourers and so wild that they eat up and swallow down the very men themselves. They consume, destroy, and devour whole fields, houses, and cities. For look in what parts of the realm does grow the finest and therefore dearest wool, there noblemen and gentlemen, yea, and certain abbots, holy men no doubt, not contenting themselves with the yearly revenues and profits that were wont to grow to their forefathers and predecessors of their lands, nor being content that they live in rest and pleasure nothing profiting, yea, much annoying the weal public, leave no ground for tillage. They enclose all into pastures;[10] they throw down houses; they pluck down towns and leave nothing standing, but only the church to be made a sheep house. And as though you lost no small quantity of ground by forests, chases,[11] launds, and parks, those good holy men turn all dwelling places and all glebe land[12] into desolation and wilderness. Therefore, that

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1 *unexercised* untrained.

2 *Sallust* Sallust (86-34 BCE) was a Roman historian.

3 *of their own armies beforehand had in a readiness* i.e., by their own ready or standing armies.

4 *crack* boast.

5 *uplandish* rustic, uncultivated, wild.

6 *effeminated* made feminine.

7 *spill* destroy.

8 *available* advantageous, useful.

9 *noyous* annoying.

10 *They enclose all into pastures* The practice of enclosure—enclosing and fencing in common land for the benefit of private landlords—meant the dislocation and poverty of many rural people.

11 *chases* hunting grounds.

12 *glebe land* cultivated fields.

one covetous and unsatiable cormorant[1] and very plague of his native country may compass about and enclose many thousand acres of ground together within one pale or hedge, the husbandmen be thrust out of their own, or else either by covin[2] and fraud, or by violent oppression, they be put besides it, or by wrongs and injuries they be so wearied that they be compelled to sell all. By one means therefore or by other, either by hook or crook they must needs depart away poor, silly,[3] wretched souls: men, women, husbands, wives, fatherless children, widows, woeful mothers with their young babes, and their whole household small in substance and much in number, as husbandry requires many hands. Away they trudge, I say, out of their known and accustomed houses, finding no place to rest in. All their household stuff, which is very little worth though it might well abide the sale, yet being suddenly thrust out, they be constrained to sell it for a thing of naught. And when they have wandered abroad till that be spent, what can they then else do but steal, and then justly pardy[4] be hanged, or else go about to begging? And yet then also they be cast in prison as vagabonds, because they go about and work not, whom no man will set to work, though they never so willingly proffer themselves thereto. For one shepherd or herdsman is enough to eat up that ground with cattle, to the occupying whereof about husbandry many hands were requisite. And this is also the cause why victuals be now in many places dearer. Yea, besides this the price of wool is so risen that poor folks which were wont to work it and make cloth thereof be now able to buy none at all. And by this means very many be forced to forsake work and to give themselves to idleness. For after that so much ground was enclosed for pasture, an infinite multitude of sheep died of the rot, such vengeance God took of their inordinate and unsatiable covetousness, sending among the sheep that pestiferous murrain,[5] which much more justly should have fallen on the sheep-masters' own heads. And though the number of sheep increase never so fast, yet the price falls not one mite,[6] because there be so few sellers. For they be almost all come into a few rich men's hands, whom no need forces to sell before they lust,[7] and they lust not before they may sell as dear as they lust. Now the same cause brings in like dearth of the other kinds of cattle, yea, and that so much the more because that, after farms plucked down and husbandry decayed, there is no man that passes for the breeding[8] of young steer. For these rich men bring not up the young ones of great cattle as they do lambs. But first they buy them abroad very cheap and afterward, when they be fatted in their pastures, they sell them again exceeding dear. And therefore (as I suppose) the whole incommodity hereof is not yet felt, for yet they make dearth only in those places where they sell. But when they shall fetch them away from thence where they be bred faster than they can be brought up, then shall there also be felt great dearth, store beginning there to fail where the ware is bought. Thus the unreasonable covetousness of a few has turned that thing to the utter undoing of your island, in the which thing the chief felicity of your realm did consist. For this great dearth of victuals causes men to keep as little houses and as small hospitality as they possibly may, and to put away their servants: whither, I pray you, but to begging or else (which these gentle bloods and stout stomachs will sooner set their minds unto) to stealing? Now to amend[9] the matter, to this wretched beggary and miserable poverty is joined great wantonness, importunate superfluity,[10] and excessive riot. For not only gentlemen's servants, but also handicraft men, yea, and almost the ploughmen of the

[1] *cormorant* a large and voracious seabird; a symbol of greed.

[2] *covin* deceit, conspiracy.

[3] *silly* helpless, simple.

[4] *pardy* from the French, "par dieu," meaning "by God."

[5] *murrain* disease or plague.

[6] *mite* tiny fragment; a mite was the lowest denomination of English money of account.

[7] *lust* desire, choose.

[8] *no man that passes for the breeding* i.e., no man cares to breed; "steer" might be "store" here, meaning, "breeding stock."

[9] *amend* improve (an ironic statement).

[10] *importunate superfluity* troublesome abundance.

country, with all other sorts of people, use much strange and proud newfangledness in their apparel and too much prodigal riot and sumptuous fare at their table. Now bawds, queans,[1] whores, harlots, strumpets, brothel houses, stews,[2] and yet another stews, wine taverns, ale houses, and tippling houses, with so many naughty, lewd, and unlawful games, as dice, cards, tables,[3] tennis, bowls, quoits,[4] do not all these send the haunters of them straight to stealing when their money is gone? Cast out these pernicious abominations, make a law that they which plucked down farms and towns of husbandry shall re-edify them, or else yield and up-render[5] the possession thereof to such as will go to the cost of building them anew. Suffer not these rich men to buy up all, to engross,[6] and forestall, and with their monopoly to keep the market alone as please them. Let not so many be brought up in idleness; let husbandry and tillage be restored; let cloth-working be renewed that there may be honest labours for this idle sort to pass their time in profitably, which hitherto either poverty has caused to be thieves, or else now be either vagabonds or idle servingmen and shortly will be thieves. Doubtless, unless you find a remedy for these enormities, you shall in vain advance yourselves of executing justice upon felons, for this justice is more beautiful in appearance and more flourishing to the show than either just or profitable. For by suffering your youth wantonly and viciously to be brought up, and to be infected even from their tender age by little and little with vice, then, a[7] God's name, to be punished when they commit the same faults after being come to man's state which from their youth they were ever like to do: in this point, I pray you, what other thing do you than make thieves and then punish them?'

"Now as I was thus speaking, the lawyer began to make himself ready to answer and was determined with himself to use the common fashion and trade of disputers, which be more diligent in rehearsing than answering, as thinking the memory worthy of the chief praise. 'Indeed sir,' said he, 'you have said well, being but a stranger, and one that might rather hear something of these matters than have any exact or perfect knowledge of the same, as I will incontinent by open proof make manifest and plain. For first I will rehearse in order all that you have said; then I will declare wherein you be deceived through lack of knowledge in all our fashions, manners and customs; and last of all I will answer your arguments and confute them every one. First, therefore, I will begin where I promised. Four things you seemed to me—' 'Hold your peace,' said the Cardinal, 'for it appears that you will make no short answer which make such a beginning. Wherefore, at this time you shall not take the pains to make your answer, but keep it to your next meeting, which I would be right glad that it might be even tomorrow next, unless either you or Master Raphael have any earnest let.[8] But now, Master Raphael, I would very gladly hear of you why you think theft not worthy to be punished with death, or what other punishment you can devise more expedient to the weal public, for I am sure you are not of that mind that you would have theft escape unpunished. For if now the extreme punishment of death cannot cause them to leave stealing, then if ruffians and robbers should be sure of their lives, what violence, what fear were able to hold their hands from robbing which would take the mitigation of the punishment as a very provocation to the mischief?'

"'Surely, my lord,' said I, 'I think it not right nor justice that the loss of the money should cause the loss of man's life. For my opinion is that all the goods in the world are not able to countervail man's life. But if they would thus say that the breaking of justice and the transgression of the laws is recompensed with this punishment, and

[1] *queans* prostitutes.
[2] *stews* brothels (associated with bath houses).
[3] *tables* gaming tables, especially backgammon.
[4] *quoits* an iron or rope ring, thrown at a stick (similar to horseshoes).
[5] *up-render* surrender.
[6] *engross* to buy up wholesale.
[7] *a* in.
[8] *earnest let* serious hindrance or impediment.

not the loss of the money, then why may not this extreme and rigorous justice well be called plain injury? For so cruel governance, so strait[1] rules and unmerciful laws be not allowable that if a small offence be committed, by and by the sword should be drawn. Nor so stoical ordinances are to be born withal as to count all offenses of such equality[2] that the killing of a man or the taking of his money from him were both a matter, and the one no more heinous offence than the other, between the which two, if we have any respect to equity, no similitude or equality consists. God commands us that we shall not kill. And be we then so hasty to kill a man for taking a little money? And if any man would understand killing by this commandment of God to be forbidden after no larger wise than man's constitutions define[3] killing to be lawful, then why may it not likewise by man's constitutions be determined after what sort whoredom, fornication, and perjury may be lawful? For whereas by the permission of God no man has power to kill neither himself nor any other man, then if a law made by the consent of men concerning slaughter of men ought to be of such strength, force, and virtue, that they—which contrary to the commandment of God have killed those whom this constitution of man commanded to be killed—be clean quit and exempt out of the bonds and danger of God's commandment, shall it not then by this reason follow that the power of God's commandment shall extend no further than man's law does define and permit? And so shall it come to pass that in like manner man's constitutions in all things shall determine how far the observation of all God's commandments shall extend. To be short, Moses' law, though it were ungentle and sharp, as a law that was given to bondmen, yea, and them very obstinate, stubborn, and stiff-necked, yet it punished theft by the purse and not with death.[4] And let us not think that God, in the new law of clemency and mercy under the which he rules us with fatherly gentleness as his dear children, has given us greater scope and license to the execution of cruelty one upon another. Now you have heard the reasons whereby I am persuaded that this punishment is unlawful. Furthermore, I think there is nobody that knows not how unreasonable, yea, how pernicious a thing it is to the weal public that a thief and an homicide or murderer should suffer equal and like punishment. For the thief, seeing that man that is condemned for theft in no less jeopardy nor judged to no less punishment than him that is convicted of manslaughter, through this cogitation[5] only he is strongly and forcibly provoked and in a manner constrained to kill him whom else he would have but robbed. For the murder being once done, he is in less fear and in more hope that the deed shall not be bewrayed[6] or known, seeing the party is now dead and rid out of the way which only might have uttered and disclosed it. But if he chance to be taken and descrived,[7] yet he is in no more danger and jeopardy than if he had committed but single felony. Therefore while we go about with such cruelty to make thieves afraid, we provoke them to kill good men.

"'Now as touching this question what punishment were more commodious and better, that truly in my judgement is easier to be found than what punishment might be worse. For why should we doubt that to be a good and a profitable way for the punishment of offenders which we know did in times past so long please the Romans, men in the administration of a weal public most expert, politic, and cunning? Such as among them were convicted of great and heinous trespasses, them they condemned into stone quarries, and into mines to dig metal, there to be kept in chains all the days of their life. But as concerning this matter, I allow the ordinance of no nation so well as that which I saw, while I travelled abroad about

[1] *strait* strict.

[2] *stoical ordinances … such equality* The Stoic assertion that all crimes were equal was mocked by Cicero.

[3] *after no larger wise than man's constitutions define* i.e., after no better manner or understanding than humankind's laws.

[4] *Moses' law … not with death* See the opening verses of Exodus 22.

[5] *cogitation* thought, consideration.

[6] *bewrayed* betrayed, exposed.

[7] *descrived* discovered.

the world, used in Persia among the people that commonly be called the Polylerites,[1] whose land is both large and ample and also well and wittily governed, and the people in all conditions free and ruled by their own laws, saving that they pay a yearly tribute to the great king of Persia. But because they be far from the sea, compassed and enclosed almost round about with high mountains, and do content themselves with the fruits of their own land, which is of itself very fertile and fruitful, for this cause neither they go to other countries nor other come to them. And according to the old custom of the land, they desire not to enlarge the bounds of their dominions, and those that they have by reason of the high hills be easily defended, and the tribute which they pay to their chief lord and king sets them quiet and free from warfare. Thus their life is commodious rather than gallant,[2] and may better be called happy or wealthy than notable or famous. For they be not known as much as by name, I suppose, saving only to their next neighbours and borders. They that in this land be attainted[3] and convicted of felony make restitution of that which they stole to the right owner and not (as they do in other lands) to the king, whom they think to have no more right to the thief-stolen thing than the thief himself has. But if the thing be lost or made away, then the value of it is paid of the goods of such offenders, which else remain all whole to their wives and children. And they themselves be condemned to be common labourers and, unless the theft be very heinous, they be neither locked in prison nor fettered in gyves,[4] but be untied and go at large, labouring in the common works. They that refuse labour or go slowly and slackly to their work be not only tied in chains, but also pricked forward with stripes.[5] But being diligent about their work, they live without check or rebuke. Every night they be called in by name and be locked in their chambers. Beside their daily labour, their life is nothing hard or incommodious. Their fare is indifferent good, borne at the charges of the weal public because they be common servants to the commonwealth. But their charges in all places of the land is not borne alike, for in some parts that which is bestowed upon them is gathered of alms.[6] And though that way be uncertain, yet the people be so full of mercy and pity that none is found more profitable or plentiful. In some places certain lands be appointed hereunto of the revenues whereof they be maintained, and in some places every man gives a certain tribute for the same use and purpose. Again in some parts of the land these servingmen (for so be these damned persons called) do no common work, but as every private man needs labourers, so he comes into the market place and there hires some of them for meat and drink and a certain limited wages by the day, somewhat cheaper than he should hire a free man. It is also lawful for them to chastise the sloth of these serving men with stripes. By this means they never lack work and, besides the gaining of their meat and drink, every one of them brings daily something into the common treasury. All and every one of them be apparelled in one colour. Their heads be not polled or shaven, but rounded a little above the ears, and the tip of the one ear is cut off. Every one of them may take meat and drink of their friends, and also a coat of their own colour, but to receive money is death, as well to the giver as to the receiver. And no less jeopardy it is for a free man to receive money of a servingman for any manner of cause, and likewise for servingmen to touch weapons. The servingmen of every several shire be distinct and known from other by their several and distinct badges, which to cast away is death, as it is also to be seen out of the precinct of their own shire or to talk with a servingman of another shire. And it is no less danger to them for to intend to run away than to do it indeed. Yea and to conceal such an enterprise in a

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1 *Polylerites* a fictional people; the name comes from the Greek, "much nonsense."

2 *commodious rather than gallant* convenient, serviceable rather than showy.

3 *attainted* accused.

4 *gyves* shackles.

5 *stripes* lashes (of the whip).

6 *gathered of alms* a gift of charity.

servingman it is death, in a free man servitude. Of the contrary part, to him that opens[1] and utters such counsels be decreed large gifts: to a free man a great sum of money, to a servingman freedom, and to them both forgiveness and pardon of that they were of counsel in that pretence. So that it can never be so good for them to go forward in their evil purpose as by repentance to turn back. This is the law and order in this behalf, as I have showed you. Wherein what humanity is used, how far it is from cruelty, and how commodious it is, you do plainly perceive. Forasmuch as the end of their wrath and punishment intends nothing else but the destruction of vices and saving of men, with so using and ordering them that they cannot choose but be good, and what harm soever they did before, in the residue of their life to make amends for the same. Moreover it is so little feared that they should turn again to their vicious conditions that wayfaring[2] men will for their safeguard choose them to their guides before any other, in every shire changing and taking new. For if they would commit robbery, they have nothing about them meet for that purpose. They may touch no weapons; money found about them should betray the robbery. They should be no sooner taken with the manner, but forthwith they should be punished. Neither they can have any hope at all to escape away by flying, for how should a man that in no part of his apparel is like other men fly privily[3] and unknown, unless he would run away naked? Howbeit, so also flying he should be descrived by the rounding of his head and his ear mark. But it is a thing to be doubted that they will lay their heads together and conspire against the weal public. No, no, I warrant you. For the servingmen of one shire alone could never hope to bring to pass such an enterprise without soliciting, enticing, and alluring the servingmen of many other shires to take their parts, which thing is to them so impossible that they may not as much as speak or talk together or salute one another. No, it is not to be thought that they would make their own countrymen and companions of their counsel[4] in such a matter, which they know well should be jeopardy to the counsellor thereof and great commodity and goodness to the opener and detector of the same. Whereas on the other part, there is none of them all hopeless or in despair to recover again his former state of freedom by humble obedience, by patient suffering, and by giving good tokens[5] and likelihood of himself that he will ever after that live like a true and an honest man. For every year divers of them be restored to their freedom through the commendation of their patience.'

"When I had thus spoken, saying moreover that I could see no cause why this order might not be had in England with much more profit than the justice which the lawyer so highly praised, 'Nay,' said the lawyer, 'this could never be so established in England but that it must needs bring the weal public into great jeopardy and hazard.' And as he was thus saying, he shook his head and made a wry mouth and so he held his peace. And all that were there present with one assent agreed to his saying. 'Well,' said the Cardinal, 'yet it were hard to judge without a proof whether this order would do well here or not. But when the sentence of death is given, if then the king should command execution to be deferred and spared, and would prove this order and fashion, taking away the privileges of all sanctuaries, if then the proof should declare the thing to be good and profitable, then it were well done that it were established, else the condemned and reprieved persons may as well and as justly be put to death after this proof as when they were first cast. Neither any jeopardy can in the mean space grow hereof. Yea, and me thinks that these vagabonds may very well be ordered after the same fashion, against whom we have hitherto made so many laws and so little prevailed.' When the Cardinal had thus said, then every man gave great praise to my sayings, which a little before

[1] *opens* announces.
[2] *wayfaring* travelling.
[3] *privily* privately.
[4] *make their own … counsel* i.e., make their opinions or advice known to their countrymen.
[5] *tokens* signs.

they had disallowed. But most of all was esteemed that which was spoken of vagabonds, because it was the Cardinal's own addition. I cannot tell whether it were best to rehearse the communication that followed, for it was not very sad.[1] But yet you shall hear it, for there was no evil in it, and partly it pertained to the matter before said.

"There chanced to stand by a certain jesting parasite,[2] or scoffer, which would seem to resemble and counterfeit the fool. But he did in such wise counterfeit that he was almost the very same indeed that he laboured to represent; he so studied with words and sayings brought forth so out of time and place to make sport and move laughter that he himself was oftener laughed at than his jests were. Yet the foolish fellow brought out now and then such indifferent and reasonable stuff that he made the proverb true which says, he that shoots oft at the last shall hit the mark. So that when one of the company said that through my communication a good order was found for thieves, and that the Cardinal also had well provided for vagabonds, so that only remained some good provision to be made for them that through sickness and age were fallen into poverty and were become so impotent and unwieldy that they were not able to work for their living, 'Tush,' said he, 'let me alone with them. You shall see me do well enough with them. For I had rather than any good, that this kind of people were driven somewhere out of my sight, they have so sore troubled me many times and often, when they have with their lamentable tears begged money of me, and yet they could never to my mind so tune their song that thereby they never got of me one farthing. For ever more the one of these two chanced: either that I would not, or else that I could not, because I had it not. Therefore now they be waxed[3] wise. For when they see me go by, because they will not leese their labour,[4] they let me pass and say not one word to me. So they look for nothing of me, no in good sooth, no more than if I were a priest or a monk. But I will make a law that all these beggars shall be distributed and bestowed into houses of religion. The men shall be made lay brethren, as they call them, and the women nuns.' Hereat the Cardinal smiled and allowed it in jest, yea, and all the residue in good earnest. But a certain friar graduate in divinity[5] took such pleasure and delight in this jest of priests and monks that he also, being else a man of grisly[6] and stern gravity, began merrily and wantonly to jest and taunt. 'Nay,' said he, 'you shall not so be rid and dispatched of beggars unless you make some provision also for us friars.' 'Why,' said the jester, 'that is done already, for my lord himself set a very good order for you when he decreed that vagabonds should be kept straight and set to work, for you be the greatest and veriest vagabonds that be.' This jest also, when they saw the Cardinal not disprove it, every man took it gladly, saving only the friar, for he (and that no marvel) being thus touched on the quick and hit on the gall,[7] so fret, so fumed, and chafed at it, and was in such a rage that he could not refrain himself from chiding, scolding, railing, and reviling. He called the fellow ribald, villain, javel,[8] backbiter, slanderer, and the child of perdition, citing therewith terrible threatenings out of Holy Scripture. Then the jesting scoffer began to play the scoffer indeed, and verily he was good at it, for he could play a part in that play, no man better. 'Patient yourself, good master friar,' said he, 'and be not angry, for scripture says, in your patience you shall save your souls.'[9] Then the friar (for I will rehearse his own very words), 'No gallow's wretch, I am not angry,' said he, 'or at the least wise, I do not sin, for the psalmist says, be you angry, and sin not.'[10] Then the Cardinal spoke gently to the friar and

1 *sad* serious.

2 *parasite* one who lives off others.

3 *waxed* grown.

4 *leese their labour* lose or waste their time.

5 *graduate in divinity* being a university graduate in theology.

6 *grisly* grim, gray.

7 *touched on the quick and hit on the gall* touched on a sensitive or sore point; irritated.

8 *javel* worthless fellow.

9 *in your patience … souls* Luke 21:19.

10 *be you angry, and sin not* Psalm 4:4.

desired him to quiet himself. 'No my lord,' said he, 'I speak not but of a good zeal as I ought, for holy men had a good zeal. Wherefore it is said, the zeal of thy house has eaten me.[1] And it is sung in the church, The scorners of Elisha, while he went up into the house of God, felt the zeal of the bald,[2] as peradventure this scorning villain ribald shall feel.' 'You do it,' said the Cardinal, 'perchance of a good mind and affection, but me thinks you should do—I cannot tell whether more holily, certes[3] more wisely—if you would not set your wit to a fool's wit and with a fool take in hand a foolish contention.' 'No, forsooth, my lord,' said he, 'I should not do more wisely. For Solomon the wise says, Answer a fool accordingly to his folly,[4] like as I do now, and do show him the pit that he shall fall into if he take not heed. For if many scorners of Elisha, which was but one bald man, felt the zeal of the bald, how much more shall one scorner of many friars feel, among whom be many bald men? And we have also the pope's bulls, whereby all that mock and scorn us be excommunicated, suspended, and accursed.' The Cardinal, seeing that no end would be made, sent away the jester by a privy beck[5] and turned the communication to another matter. Shortly after, when he was risen from the table, he went to hear his suitors and so dismissed us.

"Look, Master More, with how long and tedious a tale I have kept you, which surely I would have been ashamed to have done but that you so earnestly desired me and did after such a sort give ear unto it as though you would not that any parcel of that communication should be left out. Which, though I have done somewhat briefly, yet could I not choose but rehearse it for the judgement of them which, when they had improved and disallowed my sayings, yet incontinent, hearing the Cardinal allow them, did themselves also approve the same: so impudently flattering him that they were nothing ashamed to admit, yea, almost in good earnest, his jester's foolish inventions, because that he himself by smiling at them did seem not to disprove them. So that hereby you may right well perceive how little the courtiers would regard and esteem me and my sayings."

"I ensure you, Master Raphael," said I, "I took great delectation in hearing you. All things that you said were spoken so wittily and so pleasantly. And me thought myself to be in the meantime not only at home in my country, but also through the pleasant remembrance of the Cardinal, in whose house I was brought up of a child, to wax a child again. And, friend Raphael, though I did bear very great love towards you before, yet seeing you do so earnestly favour this man, you will not believe how much my love towards you is now increased. But yet, all this notwithstanding, I can by no means change my mind, but that I must needs believe that you, if you be disposed and can find in your heart to follow some prince's court, shall with your good counsels greatly help and further the commonwealth. Wherefore there is nothing more appertaining to your duty, that is to say to the duty of a good man. For whereas your Plato judges that weal publics shall by this means attain perfect felicity, either if philosophers be kings, or else if kings give themselves to the study of philosophy,[6] how far, I pray you, shall commonwealths then be from this felicity if philosophers will vouchsafe to entrust kings with their good counsel?"

"They be not so unkind," said he, "but they would gladly do it; yea, many have done it already in books that they have put forth, if kings and princes would be willing and ready to follow good counsel. But Plato doubtless did well foresee, unless kings themselves would apply their minds to the study of philosophy, that else they would never thoroughly allow the counsel of philosophers, being themselves before, even from their

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[1] *the zeal of thy house has eaten me* Psalm 69:9.

[2] *The scorners … of the bald* See 2 Kings 2:23-4. Elisha curses children who are mocking his baldness, and two she-bears tear apart forty-two of the boys.

[3] *certes* certainly.

[4] *Answer a fool according to his folly* Proverbs 26:5; but see 26:4: "Answer not a fool according to his folly, lest you be like him."

[5] *beck* gesture.

[6] *your Plato judges … study of philosophy* in Plato's *Republic.*

tender age, infected and corrupt with perverse and evil opinions. Which thing Plato himself proved true in King Dionysius.[1] If I should propose to any king wholesome decrees, doing my endeavour to pluck out of his mind the pernicious original causes of vice and naughtiness, think you not that I should forthwith either be driven away or else made a laughingstock? Well suppose I were with the French King[2] and there sitting in his counsel while in the most secret consultation, the King himself there being present in his own person, they beat their brains and searched the very bottoms of their wits to discuss by what craft and means the king may still keep Milan and draw to him again fugitive Naples; and then how to conquer the Venetians, and how to bring under his jurisdiction all Italy; then how to win the dominion of Flanders, Brabant, and of all Burgundy,[3] with divers other lands whose kingdoms he has long ago in mind and purpose invaded. Here, while one counsels to conclude a league of peace with the Venetians, so long to endure as shall be thought meet and expedient for their purpose, and to make them also of their counsel, yea, and besides that to give them part of the prey, which afterward, when they have brought their purpose about after their own minds, they may require and claim again, another thinks best to hire the Germans. Another would have the favour of the Swissers[4] won with money. Another's advice is to appease the puissant power of the Emperor's Majesty with gold, as with a most pleasant and acceptable sacrifice. Whilst another gives counsel to make peace with the King of Aragon and to restore unto him his own kingdom of Navarre as a full assurance of peace. Another comes in with his five eggs[5] and advises to hook in the King of Castile with some hope of affinity or alliance and to bring to their part certain peers of his court for great pensions. Whilst they all stay at the chiefest doubt of all, what to do in the meantime with England, and yet agree all in this to make peace with the Englishmen and with most sure and strong bands to bind that weak and feeble friendship so that they must be called friends and had in suspicion as enemies. And that therefore the Scots must be had in a readiness, as it were in a standing, ready at all occasions, in aunters the Englishmen should stir never so little, incontinent to set upon them.[6] And moreover privily and secretly (for openly it may not be done by the truce that is taken), privily, therefore, I say to make much of some peer of England that is banished his country, which must claim title to the crown of his realm and affirm himself just inheritor thereof, that by this subtle means they may hold to them the King, in whom else they have but small trust and affiance.[7] Here, I say, where so great and high matters be in consultation, where so many noble and wise men counsel their King only to war, here if I, silly man, should rise up and will them to turn over the leaf and learn a new lesson, saying that my counsel is not to meddle with Italy, but to tarry still at home, and that the kingdom of France alone is almost greater than that it may well be governed of one man, so that the King should not need to study how to get more. And then should propose unto them the decrees of the people that be called the Achorians,[8] which be situate over against the island of Utopia on the southeast side. These Achorians once made war in their King's quarrel for to get him another kingdom which he laid claim unto and advanced himself right inheritance to the crown thereof by the title of an old

[1] *Plato himself … Dionysius* Plato could not turn Dionysius, the younger from his tyrannous ways.

[2] *the French king* In 1515, this was Francis I, but on Hythloday's visit, it would have been either Charles VIII or Louis XII. All were imperialists, and Hythloday's subsequent discourse touches on France's imperialist policies.

[3] areas of Belgium, the Netherlands, and France.

[4] *Swissers* The Swiss were considered the best mercenary soldiers.

[5] *with his five eggs* a saying which means "to break in with an idle or foolish story."

[6] *in aunters … set upon them* "in aunters" means "in case"; this refers to the Scots as the traditional enemies of England and allies of France.

[7] *affiance* confidence.

[8] *Achorians* from Greek, "people without a place or country."

alliance. At the last when they had gotten it and saw that they had even as much vexation and trouble in keeping it as they had in getting it, and that either their new-conquered subjects by sundry occasions were making daily insurrections to rebel against them or else that other countries were continually with divers inroads and foragings invading them, so that they were ever fighting either for them or against them and never could break up their camps; seeing themselves in the mean season palled[1] and impoverished, their money carried out of the realm, their own men killed to maintain the glory of another nation when they had no war, peace nothing better than war by reason that their people in war had so inured themselves to corrupt and wicked manners that they had taken a delight and pleasure in robbing and stealing, that through manslaughter they had gathered[2] boldness to mischief, that their laws were had in contempt, and nothing set by or regarded, that their King being troubled with the charge and governance of two kingdoms could not nor was not able perfectly to discharge his office towards them both; seeing again that all these evils and troubles were endless, at the last laid their heads together and like faithful and loving subjects gave to their King free choice and liberty to keep still the one of these two kingdoms whether he would, alleging that he was not able to keep both and that they were more than might well be governed of half a king, forasmuch as no man would be content to take him for his muleteer,[3] that keeps another man's mules besides his. So this good Prince was constrained to be content with his old kingdom and to give over the new to one of his friends, who shortly after was violently driven out. Furthermore, if I should declare unto them that all this busy preparence to[4] war, whereby so many nations for his sake should be brought into a troublesome hurly-burly when all his coffers[5] were emptied, his treasures wasted, and his people destroyed, should at the length through some mischance be in vain and to none effect, and that, therefore, it were best for him to content himself with his own kingdom of France as his forefathers and predecessors did before him, to make much of it, to enrich it, and to make it as flourishing as he could, to endeavour himself to love his subjects and again to be beloved of them, willingly to live with them, peaceably to govern them, and with other kingdoms not to meddle, saying that which he has already is even enough for him, yea, and more than he can well turn him to, this mine advice, Master More, how think you it would be heard and taken?"

"So God help me not very thankfully," said I.

"Well let us proceed then," said he. "Suppose that some king and his council were together whetting their wits and devising what subtle craft they might invent to enrich the king with great treasures of money. First one counsels to raise and enhance the valuation of money when the king must pay any, and again to call down[6] the value of coin to less [than] it is worth when he must receive or gather any, for thus great sums shall be paid with a little money and where little is due much shall be received. Another counsels to feign war that, when under this colour and pretence the king has gathered great abundance of money, he may, when it shall please him, make peace with great solemnity and holy ceremonies to blind the eyes of the poor commonality, as taking pity and compassion forsooth upon man's blood like a loving and a merciful prince. Another puts the king in remembrance of certain old and moth-eaten laws that of long time have not been put in execution, which because no man can remember that they were made, every man has transgressed. The fines of these laws he counsels the king to require, for there is no way so profitable, nor more honourable, as that which has a hue and colour of justice. Another advises him to forbid many things under great penalties and fines, especially such things as is for the people's profit not be used, and

[1] *palled* enfeebled; this word might be "pilled" (robbed).
[2] *gathered* joined.
[3] *muleteer* mule-driver.
[4] *preparence to* preparation for.
[5] *coffers* treasuries.
[6] *call down* lower.

afterward to dispense for money with them, which by this prohibition sustain loss and damage, for by this means the favour of the people is won and profit rises two ways: first by taking forfeits[1] of them whom covetousness of gains has brought in danger of this statute, and also by selling privileges and licenses, which the better that the prince is, forsooth, the dearer he sells them, as one that is loath to grant to any private person anything that is against the profit of his people, and therefore may sell none but at an exceeding dear price. Another gives the king counsel to endanger unto[2] his grace the judges of the realm, that he may have them ever on his side and that they may in every matter dispute and reason for the king's right. Yea, and further to call them into his palace and to require them there to argue and discuss his matters in his own presence. So there shall be no matter of his so openly wrong and unjust wherein one or other of them, either because he will have something to allege and object or that he is ashamed to say that which is said already, or else to pick a thank[3] with his prince, will not find some hole open to set a snare in wherewith to take the contrary part in a trip. Thus whilst the judges cannot agree amongst themselves, reasoning and arguing of that which is plain enough and bringing the manifest truth in doubt, in the mean season the king may take a fit occasion to understand the law as shall most make for his advantage, whereunto all other for shame or for fear will agree. Then the judges may be bold to pronounce on the king's side, for he that gives sentence for the king cannot be without a good excuse. For it shall be sufficient for him to have equity on his part, or the bare words of the law, or a writhen and wrested[4] understanding of the same (or else, which with good and just judges is of greater force than all laws be) the king's indisputable prerogative. To conclude, all the counsellors agree and consent together with the rich Crassus that no abundance of gold can be sufficient for a prince which must keep and maintain an army;[5] furthermore, that a king, though he would, can do nothing unjustly, for all that all men have, yea, also the men themselves be all his, and that every man has so much of his own as the king's gentleness has not taken from him. And that it shall be most for the king's advantage that his subjects have very little or nothing in their possession as whose safeguard does herein consist, that his people do not wax wanton and wealthy through riches and liberty, because where these things be, there men be not wont patiently to obey hard, unjust, and unlawful commandments. Whereas on the other part, need and poverty do hold down and keep under stout courages and make them patient perforce, taking from them bold and rebelling stomachs. Here again if I should rise up and boldly affirm that all these counsels be to the king dishonour and reproach, whose honour and safety is more and rather supported and upholden by the wealth and riches of his people than by his own treasures, and if I should declare that the commonality chooses their king for their own sake and not for his sake, to the intent that through his labour and study they might all live wealthily, safe from wrongs and injuries, and that therefore the king ought to take more care for the wealth of his people than for his own wealth, even as the office and duty of a shepherd is, in that he is a shepherd, to feed his sheep rather than himself.

"For as touching this, that they think the defence and maintenance of peace to consist in the poverty of the people, the thing itself shows that they be far out of the way.[6] For where shall a man find more wrangling, quarrelling, brawling, and chiding than among beggars? Who be more desirous of new mutations and alterations than they that be not content with the present state of their life? Or finally who be bolder stomached to bring all in a hurly-burly (thereby trusting to get some windfall) than they that have now nothing to lose? And if any

[1] *forfeits* fines.

[2] *to endanger unto* to subject to the absolute control of.

[3] *pick a thank* curry favour.

[4] *writhen and wrested* twisted, distorted.

[5] *the rich Crassus … maintain an army* Crassus, Pompey, and Caesar formed the First Triumvirate (60 BCE).

[6] *they be far out of the way* i.e., they misunderstand the situation.

king were so smally regarded and so lightly esteemed, yea, so behated[1] of his subjects that other ways he could not keep them in awe, but only by open wrongs, by polling and shaving, and by bringing them to beggary, surely it were better for him to forsake his kingdom than to hold it by this means, whereby though the name of king be kept, yet the majesty is lost. For it is against the dignity of a king to have rule over beggars, but rather over rich and wealthy men. Of this mind was the hardy and courageous Fabricius, when he said that he had rather be a ruler of rich men than be rich himself.[2] And, verily, one man to live in pleasure and wealth whiles all other weep and smart for it, that is the part not of a king but of a jailor. To be short, as he is a foolish physician that cannot cure his patient's disease unless he cast him in another sickness, so he that cannot amend the lives of his subjects but by taking from them the wealth and commodity of life, he must needs grant that he knows not the feat how to govern men. But let him rather amend his own life, renounce unhonest pleasures, and forsake pride, for these be the chief vices that cause him to run in the contempt or hatred of his people. Let him live of his own, hurting no man. Let him do cost[3] not above his power. Let him restrain wickedness. Let him prevent vices and take away the occasions of offences by well ordering his subjects and not by suffering wickedness to increase afterward to be punished. Let him not be too hasty in calling again laws which a custom has abrogated, specially such as has been long forgotten and never lacked nor needed. And let him never under the cloak and pretence of transgression take such fines and forfeits as no judge will suffer a private person to take as unjust and full of guile.

"Here if I should bring forth before them the law of the Macarians,[4] which be not far distant from Utopia, whose king, the day of his coronation, is bound by a solemn oath that he shall never at any time have in his treasure above a thousand pounds of gold or silver. They say a very good king, which took more care for the wealth and commodity of his country than for the enriching of himself, made this law to be a stop and a bar to kings from heaping and hoarding up so much money as might impoverish their people. For he foresaw that this sum of treasure would suffice to support the king in battle against his own people, if they should chance to rebel, and also to maintain his wars against the invasions of his foreign enemies. Again he perceived the same stock of money to be too little and insufficient to encourage and enable him wrongfully to take away other men's goods, which was the chief cause why the law was made. Another cause was this: he thought that by this provision his people should not lack money wherewith to maintain their daily occupying and chaffer. And seeing the king could not choose but lay out and bestow all that came in above the prescript[5] sum of his stock, he thought he would seek no occasions to do his subjects injury. Such a king shall be feared of evil men and loved of good men. These, and such other informations, if I should use among men wholly inclined and given to the contrary part, how deaf hearers think you should I have?"

"Deaf hearers, doubtless," said I, "and in good faith no marvel. And to be plain with you, truly I cannot allow that such communication shall be used or such counsel given as you be sure shall never be regarded nor received. For how can so strange informations be profitable or how can they be beaten into their heads, whose minds be already prevented with clean contrary persuasions? This school philosophy[6] is not unpleasant among friends in familiar communication, but in the councils of kings, where great matters be

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1 *behated* hated.

2 *Fabricius ... rich himself* See Plutarch's *Moralia*. Gaius Fabricius Luscinus participated in the wars against Pyrrhus, king of Epirus. Plutarch states that Fabricius's colleague, M. Curius Dentatus, actually made this remark.

3 *do cost* expend.

4 *Macarians* from Greek, "happy" or "blessed."

5 *prescript* prescribed, fixed.

6 *school philosophy* scholastic philosophy; theoretical or intellectual rather than practical or specific. This is a common humanist complaint about scholasticism.

debated and reasoned with great authority, these things have no place."

"That is it which I meant," said he, "when I said philosophy had no place among kings."

"Indeed," said I, "this school philosophy has not, which thinks all things meet for every place. But there is another philosophy more civil which knows, as ye would say, her own stage, and thereafter ordering and behaving herself in the play that she has in hand, plays her part accordingly with comeliness, uttering nothing out of due order and fashion. And this is the philosophy that you must use. Or else, whiles a comedy of Plautus is playing and the vile bondmen scoffing and trifling among themselves, if you should suddenly come upon the stage in a philosopher's apparel and rehearse out of Octavia the place wherein Seneca disputes with Nero,[1] had it not been better for you to have played the dumb person than by rehearsing that which served neither for the time nor place to have made such a tragical comedy or gallimaufry?[2] For by bringing in other stuff that nothing appertains to the present matter, you must needs mar and pervert the play that is in hand, though the stuff that you bring be much better. What part soever you have taken upon you, play that as well as you can and make the best of it, and do not, therefore, disturb and bring out of order the whole matter because that another which is merrier and better comes to your remembrance. So the case stands in a commonwealth, and so it is in the consultations of kings and princes. If evil opinions and naughty[3] persuasions cannot be utterly and quite plucked out of their hearts, if you cannot even as you would remedy vices which use and custom has confirmed, yet for this cause you must not leave and forsake the commonwealth; you must not forsake the ship in a tempest because you cannot rule and keep down the winds. No, nor you must not labour to drive into their heads new and strange informations which you know well shall be nothing regarded with them that be of clean contrary minds. But you must with a crafty wile and a subtle train study and endeavour yourself, as much as in you lies, to handle the matter wittily and handsomely for the purpose, and that which you cannot turn to good, so to order it that it be not very bad. For it is not possible for all things to be well unless all men were good, which I think will not be yet these good many years."

"By this means," said he, "nothing else will be brought to pass, but while that I go about to remedy the madness of others, I should be even as mad as they. For if I would speak things that be true I must needs speak such things, but as for to speak false things, whether that be a philosopher's part or no I cannot tell; truly it is not my part. Howbeit, this communication of mine, though peradventure it may seem unpleasant to them, yet can I not see why it should seem strange or foolishly newfangled. If so be that I should speak those things that Plato feigns in his weal public,[4] or that the Utopians do in theirs, these things though they were (as they be indeed) better, yet they might seem spoken out of place. Forasmuch as here amongst us every man has his possessions several to himself, and there all things be common. But what was in my communication contained that might not and ought not in any place to be spoken? Saving that to them which have thoroughly decreed and determined with themselves to run headlong the contrary way it cannot be acceptable and pleasant, because it calls them back and shows them the jeopardies. Verily, if all things that evil and vicious manners have caused to seem inconvenient and naught should be refused as things unmeet and reproachful, then we must among Christian people wink at the most part of all those things which Christ taught us, and so straitly forbade them to be winked at, that those things also which He whispered in the ears of His disciples He commanded to be proclaimed in

[1] *whiles a comedy of Plautus … Nero* This passage comments on the importance of decorum. Plautus's comedies often involve "low" humour and characters, and would be unsuitable to mix with the serious tragedy *Octavia*.

[2] *gallimaufry* confused jumble.

[3] *naughty* wicked.

[4] *feigns in his weal public* invents or represents in his *Republic*.

open houses. And yet the most part of them is more dissident[1] from the manners of the world nowadays than my communication was. But preachers, sly and wily men, following your counsel (as I suppose) because they saw men evil willing[2] to frame their manners to Christ's rule, they have wrested and wried his doctrine and, like a rule of lead,[3] have applied it to men's manners that by some means at the least way they might agree together. Whereby I cannot see what good they have done, but that men may more sickerly[4] be evil. And I truly should prevail even as little in kings' councils, for either I must say otherways than they say, and then I were as good to say nothing, or else I must say the same that they say, and (as Mitio says in Terence)[5] help to further their madness. For that crafty wile and subtle train[6] of yours, I cannot perceive to what purpose it serves, wherewith you would have me to study and endeavour myself, if all things cannot be made good, yet to handle them wittily and handsomely for the purpose, that as far forth as is possible they may not be very evil, for there is no place to dissemble in nor to wink in.[7] Naughty counsels must be openly allowed and very pestilent decrees must be approved. He shall be counted worse than a spy, yea, almost as evil as a traitor that with a faint heart does praise evil and noisome[8] decrees. Moreover a man can have no occasion to do good, chancing into the company of them which will sooner pervert a good man than be made good themselves, through whose evil company he shall be marred, or else, if he remain good and innocent, yet the wickedness and folly of others shall be imputed to him and laid in his neck.[9] So that it is impossible with that crafty wile and subtle train to turn anything to better. Wherefore Plato by a goodly similitude declares why wise men refrain to meddle in the commonwealth, for when they see the people swarm into the streets and daily wet to the skin with rain, and yet cannot persuade them to go out of the rain and to take their houses, knowing well that if they should go out to them, they should nothing prevail nor win ought by it, but with them be wet also in the rain, they do keep themselves within their houses, being content that they be safe themselves seeing they cannot remedy the folly of the people.[10] Howbeit doubtless, Master More (to speak truly as my mind gives me), where possessions be private, where money bears all the stroke,[11] it is hard and almost impossible that there the weal public may justly be governed and prosperously flourish. Unless you think thus that justice is there executed where all things come into the hands of evil men, or that prosperity there flourishes where all is divided among a few, which few nevertheless do not lead their lives very wealthily,[12] and the residue live miserably, wretchedly and beggarly. Wherefore when I consider with myself and weigh in my mind the wise and godly ordinances of the Utopians, among whom with very few laws all things be so well and wealthily ordered that virtue is had in price and estimation, and yet, all things being there common, every man has abundance of everything. Again, on the other part, when I compare with them so many nations ever making new laws, yet none of them all well and sufficiently furnished with laws; where every man calls that [which] he has gotten his own proper and private goods; where so many new laws daily made be not sufficient for every man to enjoy, defend, and know from another man's that which he calls his own; which thing the infinite controversies in the law, daily rising, never to be ended, plainly declare to be true. These things (I say) when I consider with myself, I hold well with Plato and do nothing

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1 *dissident* different.

2 *evil willing* not very willing.

3 *like a rule of lead* A measuring rod of lead was flexible.

4 *sickerly* surely, certainly.

5 *as Mitio says in Terence* Mitio (or Micio) is a character in Terence's comedy *Adelphi* (or *The Brothers*).

6 *train* scheme.

7 *to wink in* to pretend ignorance.

8 *noisome* harmful.

9 *laid in his neck* imputed or charged to him.

10 *Plato by a goodly similitude … the people* See Plato's *Republic.*

11 *bears all the stroke* rules, has authority.

12 *wealthily* including the meaning "happily" or "well."

marvel that he would make no laws for them that refused those laws whereby all men should have and enjoy equal portions of wealth and commodities. For the wise man did easily foresee this to be the one and only way to the wealth of a commonalty, if equality of all things should be brought in and established, which I think is not possible to be observed where every man's goods be proper and peculiar to himself. For where every man under certain titles and pretences draws and plucks to himself as much as he can so that a few divide among themselves all the whole riches, be there never so much abundance and store, there to the residue is left lack[1] and poverty. And for the most part it chances that this latter sort is more worthy to enjoy that state of wealth than the other be, because the rich men be covetous, crafty and unprofitable.[2] On the other part, the poor be lowly, simple, and by their daily labour more profitable to the commonwealth than to themselves. Thus I do fully persuade myself that no equal and just distribution of things can be made, nor that perfect wealth shall ever be among men, unless this propriety[3] be exiled and banished. For so long as it shall continue, so long shall remain among the most and best part of men the heavy and inevitable burden of poverty and wretchedness which, as I grant that it may be somewhat eased, so I utterly deny that it can wholly be taken away. For if there were a statute made that no man should possess above a certain measure of ground and that no man should have in his stock above a prescript and appointed sum of money, if it were by certain laws decreed that neither the king should be of too great power, neither the people too haughty and wealthy, and that offices should not be obtained by inordinate suit or by bribes and gifts, that they should neither be bought nor sold, nor that it should be needful for the officers to be at any cost or charge in their offices—for so occasion is given to them by fraud and ravin[4] to gather up their money again, and by reason of gifts and bribes the offices be given to rich men which should rather have been executed of[5] wise men—by such laws, I say, like as sick bodies that be desperate and past cure be wont with continual good cherishing to be kept and botched up[6] for a time, so these evils also might be lightened and mitigated. But that they may be perfectly cured and brought to a good and upright state, it is not to be hoped for whiles every man is master of his own to himself. Yea, and while you go about to do your cure of one part, you shall make bigger the sore of another part; so the help of one causes another's harm, forasmuch as nothing can be given to any one unless it be taken from another."

"But I am of a contrary opinion," said I, "for methinks that men shall never there live wealthily where all things be common. For how can there be abundance of goods, or of anything, where every man withdraws his hand from labour? Whom the regard of his own gains drives not to work, but the hope that he has in other men's travails[7] makes him slothful. Then when they be pricked with poverty and yet no man can by any law or right defend that for his own which he has gotten with the labour of his own hands, shall not there of necessity be continual sedition and bloodshed? Specially the authority and reverence of magistrates being taken away, which, what place it may have with such men among whom is no difference, I cannot devise."[8]

"I marvel not," said he, "that you be of this opinion. For you conceive in your mind either none at all or else a very false image and similitude of this thing. But if you had been with me in Utopia and had presently seen their fashions and laws, as I did, which lived there five years and more, and would never have come thence[9] but only to make that new land known here, then doubtless you would grant that you never saw people well ordered, but only there."

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1 *lack* want.
2 *unprofitable* i.e., to the commonwealth.
3 *propriety* property, ownership.
4 *ravin* rapine or theft.
5 *executed of* performed by.
6 *botched up* patched, mended.
7 *travails* labours.
8 *devise* imagine, guess.
9 *come thence* come from there.

"Surely," said Master Peter, "it shall be hard for you to make me believe that there is better order in that new land than is here in these countries that we know. For good wits be as well here as there, and I think our commonwealths be ancienter than theirs, wherein long use and experience have found out many things commodious for man's life, besides that many things here among us have been found by chance which no wit could ever have devised."

"As touching the ancientness," said he, "of commonwealths, then you might better judge if you had read the histories and chronicles of that land, which, if we may believe, cities were there before men were here. Now what thing soever hitherto by wit has been devised or found by chance, that might be as well there as here. But I think, verily, though it were so that we did pass them in wit, yet in study, in travail, and in labboursome endeavour they far pass us. For (as their chronicles testify) before our arrival there, they never heard anything of us, whom they call the ultra-equinoctials,[1] saving that once about 1200 years ago a certain ship was lost by the isle of Utopia which was driven thither by tempest. Certain Romans and Egyptians were cast on land, which after that never went thence. Mark now what profit they took of this one occasion through diligence and earnest travail. There was no craft nor science within the empire of Rome whereof any profit could rise, but they either learned it of these strangers, or else of them taking occasion to search for it, found it out. So great profit was it to them that ever[2] any went thither from hence. But if any like chance before this has brought any man from thence hither, that is as quite out of remembrance as this also perchance in time to come shall be forgotten that ever I was there. And like as they quickly, almost at the first meeting, made their own whatsoever is among us wealthily devised, so I suppose it would be long before we would receive anything that among them is better instituted than among us. And this I suppose is the chief cause why their commonwealths be wiselier governed and do flourish in more wealth than ours, though we neither in wit nor riches be their inferiors."

"Therefore, gentle Master Raphael," said I, "I pray you and beseech you, describe unto us the island. And study not to be short, but declare largely in order their grounds, their rivers, their cities, their people, their manners, their ordinances, their laws, and, to be short, all things that you shall think us desirous to know. And you shall think us desirous to know whatsoever we know not yet."

"There is nothing," said he, "that I will do gladlier, for all these things I have fresh in mind. But the matter requires leisure."

"Let us go in therefore," said I, "to dinner. Afterward we will bestow the time at our pleasure."

"Content," said he, "be it."

So we went in and dined. When dinner was done, we came into the same place again and sat us down upon the same bench, commanding our servants that no man should trouble us. Then I and Master Peter Giles desired Master Raphael to perform his promise. He, therefore, seeing us desirous and willing to hearken to him, when he had sat still and paused a little while, musing and bethinking himself, thus he began to speak.

THE SECOND BOOK OF THE COMMUNICATION OF RAPHAEL HYTHLODAY, CONCERNING THE BEST STATE OF A COMMONWEALTH, CONTAINING THE DESCRIPTION OF UTOPIA, WITH A LARGE DECLARATION OF THE POLITIC GOVERNMENT AND OF ALL THE GOOD LAWS AND ORDERS OF THE SAME ISLAND.

The island of Utopia contains in breadth in the middle part of it (for there it is broadest) two hundred miles, which breadth continues through the most part of the land, saving that by little and little it comes in and waxes narrower towards both the ends, which fetching about a circuit or compass of five hundred miles, do fashion the

[1] *ultra-equinoctials* beyond the equator.

[2] *that ever* whenever.

whole island like to the new moon. Between these two corners the sea runs in, dividing them asunder by the distance of eleven miles or thereabouts, and there surmounts into a large and wide sea, which by reason that the land on every side compasses it about and shelters it from the winds, is not rough nor mounts not with great waves, but almost flows quietly, not much unlike a great standing pool, and makes well-nigh all the space within the belly of the land in manner of a haven, and to the great commodity of the inhabitants receives in ships towards every part of the land. The forefronts or frontiers of the two corners, what with fords and shelves[1] and what with rocks, be very jeopardous and dangerous. In the middle distance between them both stands up above the water a great rock, which therefore is nothing perilous because it is in sight. Upon the top of this rock is a fair and a strong tower built, which they hold with a garrison of men. Other rocks there be lying hid under the water, which therefore be dangerous. The channels be known only to themselves, and therefore it seldom chances that any stranger, unless he be guided by an Utopian, can come into this haven, insomuch that they themselves could scarcely enter without jeopardy, but that their way is directed and ruled by certain landmarks standing on the shore. By turning, translating,[2] and removing these marks into other places, they may destroy their enemies' navies, be they never so many. The outside or utter[3] circuit of the land is also full of havens, but the landing is so surely fenced, what by nature and what by workmanship of man's hand, that a few defenders may drive back many armies. Howbeit, as they say and as the fashion of the place itself does partly show, it was not ever compassed about with the sea. But King Utopus,[4] whose name as conqueror the island bears (for before his time it was called Abraxa),[5] which also brought the rude and wild people to that excellent perfection in all good fashions, humanity, and civil gentleness wherein they now go beyond all the people of the world, even at his first arriving and entering upon the land, forthwith obtaining the victory, caused fifteen miles space of uplandish[6] ground where the sea had no passage to be cut and dug up, and so brought the sea round about the land. He set to this work not only the inhabitants of the island (because they should not think it done in contumely[7] and despite) but also all his own soldiers. Thus the work being divided into so great a number of workmen was with exceeding marvellous speed dispatched, insomuch that the borderers, which at the first began to mock and to jest at this vain enterprise, then turned their derision to marvel at the success and to fear. There be in the island fifty-four large and fair cities or shire towns[8] agreeing all together in one tongue, in like manners, institutions, and laws. They be all set and situate alike and in all points fashioned alike, as far forth as the place or plot suffers.

Of these cities, they that be nighest[9] together be twenty-four miles asunder. Again there is none of them distant from the next above one day's journey afoot. There comes yearly to Amaurot[10] out of every city three old men, wise and well experienced, there to entreat and debate of the common matters of the land. For this city (because it stands just in the midst of the island and is therefore most meet for the ambassadors of all parts of the realm) is taken for the chief and

[1] *fords* areas of shallow water; *shelves* ledges of rock.

[2] *translating* transferring, moving from place to place.

[3] *utter* outer.

[4] *King Utopus* The original Latin does not give Utopus the title of a king; he is referred to only by his name.

[5] *Abraxa* from Greek *Abraxas*, a name associated with the highest of the 365 heavens by the Gnostic Basilides (2nd century CE). The meaning of the name is unknown, though Gnostics consider the repetition of it as a type of charm.

[6] *uplandish* high or hilly.

[7] *contumely* reproach.

[8] *fifty-four large and fair cities or shire towns* including London, there were fifty-four counties in England. There are many parallels between the two countries.

[9] *nighest* nearest.

[10] *Amaurot* from Greek, "made dark or dim."

head city. The precincts and bounds of the shires be so commodiously appointed out and set forth for the cities that none of them all has of any side less than twenty miles of ground, and of some side also much more, as of that part where the cities be of farther distance asunder. None of the cities desire to enlarge the bounds and limits of their shires, for they count themselves rather the good husbands than the owners of their lands.

They have in the country, in all parts of the shire, houses or farms built, well appointed and furnished with all sorts of instruments and tools belonging to husbandry. These houses be inhabited of the citizens which come thither to dwell by course. No household or farm in the country has fewer than forty persons, men and women, besides two bondmen, which be all under the rule and order of the good man and the good wife of the house, being both very sage, discrete, and ancient[1] persons. And every thirty farms or families have one head ruler which is called a philarch,[2] being as it were a head bailiff.[3] Out of every one of these families or farms come every year into the city twenty persons which have continued two years before in the country. In their place so many fresh be sent thither out of the city who, of them that have been there a year already and be therefore expert and cunning[4] in husbandry, shall be instructed and taught. And they the next year shall teach other[s]. This order is used for fear that either scarceness of victuals or some other like incommodity should chance through lack of knowledge, if they should be altogether new and fresh and inexpert in husbandry. This manner and fashion of yearly changing and renewing the occupiers of husbandry, though it be solemn and customably used to the intent that no man shall be constrained against his will to continue long in that hard and sharp kind of life, yet many of them have such a pleasure and delight in husbandry that they obtain a longer space of years. These husbandmen plough and till the ground and breed up cattle and provide and make ready wood which they carry to the city either by land or by water, as they may most conveniently. They bring up a great multitude of pullen[5] and that by a marvellous policy, for the hens do not sit upon the eggs, but by keeping them in a certain equal heat they bring life into them and hatch them. The chickens, as soon as they be come out of the shell, follow men and women instead of the hens. They bring up very few horses, nor none but very fierce ones, and that for none other use or purpose but only to exercise their youth in riding and feats of arms. For oxen be put to all the labour of ploughing and drawing, which they grant to be not so good as horses at a sudden brunt and (as we say) at a dead lift,[6] but yet they hold opinion that oxen will abide and suffer much more labour, pain, and hardness than horses will. And they think that oxen be not in danger and subject unto so many diseases, and that they be kept and maintained with much less cost and charge, and finally that they be good meat when they be past labour. They sow corn[7] only for bread, for their drink is either wine made of grapes, or else of apples or pears, or else it is clear water, and many times mead made of honey or liquorice sodden[8] in water, for thereof they have great store. And though they know certainly (for they know it perfectly indeed) how much victuals the city with the whole country or shire round about it does spend, yet they sow much more corn and breed up much more cattle than serve for their own use, parting the overplus among their borderers. Whatsoever necessary things be lacking in the country, all such stuff they fetch out of the city, where without any exchange they easily obtain it of the magistrates of the city, for every month many of them go into the city on the holy day. When their harvest day draws near and is at hand,

[1] *ancient* older.

[2] *philarch* from Greek, "head of a tribe."

[3] *bailiff* This is Robynson's explanation of philarch. A bailiff is a person charged with public administration and authority, a chief officer.

[4] *cunning* knowledgeable, learned.

[5] *pullen* poultry.

[6] *brunt* movement; *a dead lift* pulling an extremely heavy weight.

[7] *corn* more generally, "grain."

[8] *sodden* soaked.

then the philarchs, which be the head officers and bailiffs of husbandry, send word to the magistrates of the city what number of harvest men is needful to be sent to them out of the city. The which company of harvest men being ready at the day appointed, almost in one fair day dispatches all the harvest work.

Of the Cities and Namely of Amaurot.

As for their cities, who so knows one of them knows them all, they be all so like one to another as far forth as the nature of the place permits. I will describe therefore to you one or other of them, for it skills[1] not greatly which, but which rather than Amaurot? Of them all this is the worthiest and of most dignity, for the residue knowledge it[2] for the head city because there is the council house. Nor to me any of them all is better beloved, as wherein I lived five whole years together. The city of Amaurot stands upon the side of a low hill in fashion almost four square, for the breadth of it begins a little beneath the top of the hill and still continues by the space of two miles until it comes to the river of Anyder.[3] The length of it, which lies by the river's side, is somewhat more. The river of Anyder rises four and twenty miles above Amaurot out of a little spring, but being increased by other small rivers and brooks that run into it, and among other two somewhat big ones, before the city it is half a mile broad, and farther broader, and forty miles beyond the city it falls into the ocean sea. By all that space that lies between the sea and the city, and certain miles also above the city, the water ebbs and flows six hours together with a swift tide. When the sea flows in, for the length of thirty miles it fills all the Anyder with salt water, and drives back the fresh water of the river, and somewhat further it changes the sweetness of the fresh water with saltness. But a little beyond that the river waxes sweet and runs forby[4] the city fresh and pleasant, and when the sea ebbs and goes back again, the fresh water follows it almost even to the very fall into the sea. There goes a bridge over the river made not of piles[5] or of timber, but of stonework with gorgeous and substantial arches at that part of the city that is farthest from the sea, to the intent that ships may pass along forby all the side of the city without let.[6] They have also another river which indeed is not very great, but it runs gently and pleasantly, for it rises even out of the same hill that the city stands upon and runs down a slope through the midst of the city into Anyder. And because it rises a little without[7] the city, the Amaurotians have enclosed the head spring of it with strong fences and bulwarks and so have joined it to the city. This is done to the intent that the water should not be stopped nor turned away or poisoned if their enemies should chance to come upon them. From thence the water is derived and conveyed down in canals of brick diverse ways into the lower parts of the city. Where that cannot be done by reason that the place will not suffer it, there they gather the rain water in great cisterns, which do them as good service. The city is compassed about with a high and thick stone wall full of turrets and bulwarks. A dry ditch, but deep and broad and overgrown with bushes, briers, and thorns, goes about three sides or quarters of the city. To the fourth side the river itself serves for a ditch.

The streets be appointed and set forth very commodious and handsome, both for carriage and also against the winds. The houses be of fair and gorgeous building, and on the street side they stand joined together in a long row through the whole street without any partition or separation. The streets be twenty feet broad. On the backside of the houses through the whole length of the street lie large gardens enclosed round about with the back part of the streets. Every house has two

1 *skills* matters

2 *residue knowledge it* i.e., other cities acknowledge it.

3 *Anyder* from Greek, "waterless."

4 *forby* hard by, near.

5 *piles* posts.

6 *let* hindrance.

7 *without* outside.

doors, one into the street and a postern door on the backside into the garden. These doors be made with two leaves, never locked nor bolted, so easy to be opened that they will follow the least drawing of a finger and shut again alone. Who so will may go in, for there is nothing within the houses that is private or any man's own. And every tenth year they change their houses by lot.[1]

They set great store by their gardens. In them they have vineyards, all manner of fruit, herbs, and flowers, so pleasant, so well furnished, and so finely kept that I never saw thing more fruitful nor better trimmed in any place. Their study and diligence herein comes not only of pleasure, but also of a certain strife and contention that is between street and street concerning the trimming, husbanding, and furnishing of their gardens, every man for his own part. And, verily, you shall not lightly find in all the city anything that is more commodious, either for the profit of the citizens or for pleasure. And, therefore, it may seem that the first founder of the city minded nothing so much as these gardens, for they say that King Utopus himself, even at the first beginning, appointed and drew forth the platform[2] of the city into this fashion and figure that it has now, but the gallant garnishing and the beautiful setting forth of it, whereunto he saw that one man's age would not suffice, that he left to his posterity. For their chronicles, which they keep written with all diligent circumspection, containing the history of 1760 years, even from the first conquest of the island, record and witness that the houses in the beginning were very low and like homely cottages or poor shepherd houses, made at all adventures[3] of every rude piece of timber that came first to hand, with mud walls and ridged roofs thatched over with straw. But now the houses be curiously built after a gorgeous and gallant sort, with three stories one over another. The outsides of the walls be made either of hard flint or of plaster or else of brick, and the inner sides be well strengthened with timber work. The roofs be plain and flat, covered with a certain kind of plaster that is of no cost, and yet so tempered that no fire can hurt or perish it and withstands the violence of the weather better than any lead. They keep the wind out of their windows with glass, for it is there much used, and some here also with fine linen cloth dipped in oil or amber, and that for two commodities, for by this means more light comes in and the wind is better kept out.

Of the Magistrates

Every thirty families or farms choose them yearly an officer, which in their old language is called the syphogrant, and by a newer name the philarch. Every ten syphogrants with all their thirty families be under an officer which was once called the tranibore,[4] now the chief philarch. Moreover, as concerning the election of the prince, all the syphogrants, which be in number two hundred, first be sworn to choose him whom they think most meet and expedient. Then by a secret election they name prince one of those four whom the people before named unto them, for out of the four quarters of the city there be four chosen, out of every quarter one to stand for the election, which be put up to the council. The prince's office continues all his lifetime, unless he be deposed or put down for suspicion of tyranny. They choose the tranibores yearly, but lightly they change them not. All the other officers be but for one year. The tranibores every third day and sometimes, if need be, oftener, come into the council house with the prince. Their council is concerning the commonwealth. If there be any controversies among the commoners, which be very few, they dispatch and end them by-and-by.[5] They take ever two syphogrants to them in counsel, and every day a new

[1] *lot* the casting or drawing of lots; a lottery.

[2] *platform* plan, map.

[3] *at all adventures* at random.

[4] *the syphogrant ... the tranibore* The two names may have Greek roots, though their meanings are uncertain. Syphogrant perhaps means "wise old man," though it might also allude to "old man of the sty"; tranibore perhaps means "devourer."

[5] *by-and-by* immediately; in order.

couple.[1] And it is provided that nothing touching the commonwealth shall be confirmed and ratified unless it have been reasoned of and debated three days in the council before it be decreed. It is death to have any consultation for the commonwealth out of the council or the place of the common election. This statute, they say, was made to the intent that the prince and tranibores might not easily conspire together to oppress the people by tyranny and to change the state of the weal public. Therefore, matters of great weight and importance be brought to the election house of the syphogrants, which open the matter to their families. And afterward, when they have consulted among themselves, they show their devise[2] to the council. Sometimes the matter is brought before the council of the whole island. Furthermore, this custom also the council uses: to dispute or reason of no matter the same day that it is first proposed or put forth, but to defer it to the next sitting of the council, because that no man when he has rashly there spoken that comes to his tongue's end shall then afterward rather study for reasons wherewith to defend and maintain his first foolish sentence than for the commodity of the commonwealth, as one rather willing the harm or hindrance of the weal public than any loss or diminution of his own estimation, and as one that would be ashamed (which is a very foolish shame) to be counted anything at the first overseen in the matter, who at the first ought to have spoken rather wisely than hastily or rashly.

Of Sciences, Crafts, and Occupations

Husbandry is a science common to them all in general, both men and women, wherein they be all expert and cunning. In this they be all instructed even from their youth, partly in their schools with traditions and precepts, and partly in the country nigh the city, brought up as it were in playing, not only beholding the use of it, but by occasion of exercising their bodies practising it also. Besides husbandry, which (as I said) is common to them all, every one of them learns one or other several and particular science as his own proper craft. That is most commonly either clothworking in wool or flax, or masonry, or the smith's craft or the carpenter's science, for there is none other occupation that any number to speak of do use there. For their garments, which throughout all the island be of one fashion (saving that there is a difference between the man's garment and the woman's, between the married and the unmarried), and this one continues for evermore unchanged, seemly and comely to the eye, no let to the moving and wielding[3] of the body, also fit both for winter and summer, as for these garments (I say) every family makes their own. But of the other foresaid crafts every man learns one, and not only the men, but also the women. But the women, as the weaker sort, be put to the easier crafts, as to work wool and flax. The more laboursome sciences be committed to the men. For the most part every man is brought up in his father's craft, for most commonly they be naturally thereto bent and inclined. But if a man's mind stand to any other, he is by adoption put into a family of that occupation which he does most fantasy,[4] whom not only his father but also the magistrates do diligently look to that he be put to a discreet and an honest householder. Yea, and if any person when he has learned one craft be desirous to learn also another, he is likewise suffered[5] and permitted.

When he has learned both, he occupies whether he will, unless the city have more need of the one than of the other. The chief and almost the only office of the syphogrants is to see and take heed that no man sit idle, but that every one apply his own craft with earnest diligence, and yet for all that not to be wearied from early in the morning to late in the evening with continual work, like labouring and toiling beasts.

For this is worse than the miserable and wretched condition of bondmen, which nevertheless is

[1] *They take … new couple* i.e., two new syphogrants come each day.

[2] *devise* i.e., what they have devised.

[3] *wielding* controlling, moving.

[4] *fantasy* fancy, desire.

[5] *suffered* allowed.

almost everywhere the life of workmen and artificers, saving in Utopia. For they, dividing the day and the night into twenty-four just[1] hours, appoint and assign only six of these hours to work before noon, upon the which they go straight to dinner and, after dinner, when they have rested two hours, then they work three hours and upon that they go to supper. About eight of the clock in the evening (counting one of the clock a[s] the first hour after noon) they go to bed; eight hours they give to sleep. All the void[2] time that is between the hours of work, sleep, and meat, that they be suffered to bestow every man as he likes best himself, not to the intent that they should misspend this time in riot or slothfulness, but being then licensed from the labour of their own occupations, to bestow the time well and thriftily upon some other science as shall please them. For it is a solemn custom there to have lectures daily early in the morning, where to be present they only be constrained that be namely chosen and appointed to learning. Howbeit, a great multitude of every sort of people, both men and women, go to hear lectures, some one and some another, as every man's nature is inclined. Yet, this notwithstanding, if any man had rather bestow this time upon his own occupation (as it chances in many whose minds rise not in the contemplation of any science liberal),[3] he is not letted[4] nor prohibited, but is also praised and commended as profitable to the commonwealth. After supper they bestow one hour in play: in summer in their gardens, in winter in their common halls where they dine and sup. There they exercise themselves in music or else in honest and wholesome communication. Diceplay and such other foolish and pernicious games they know not, but they use two games not much unlike the chess. The one is the battle of numbers, wherein one number steals away another. The other is wherein vices fight with virtues, as it were in battle array or a set field, in the which game is very properly showed both the strife and discord that vices have among themselves, and again their unity and concord against virtues; and also what vices be repugnant to what virtues; with what power and strength they assail them openly; by what wiles and subtlety they assault them secretly; with what help and aid the virtues resist and overcome the puissance of the vices; by what craft they frustrate their purposes; and finally by what sleight or means the one gets the victory. But here, lest you be deceived, one thing you must look more narrowly upon. For seeing they bestow but six hours in work,[5] perchance you may think that the lack of some necessary things hereof may ensue. But this is nothing so. For that small time is not only enough but also too much for the store and abundance of all things that be requisite either for the necessity or commodity of life. The which thing you also shall perceive if you weigh and consider with yourselves how great a part of the people in other countries live idle. First, almost all women, which be the half of the whole number, or else, if the women be somewhere occupied, there most commonly in their stead the men be idle. Besides this, how great and how idle a company is there of priests and religious men, as they call them? Put thereto all rich men, especially all landed men, which commonly be called gentlemen and noblemen. Take into this number also their servants: I mean all that flock of stout bragging rush-bucklers.[6] Join to them also sturdy and valiant beggars, cloaking their idle life under the colour of some disease or sickness, and truly you shall find them much fewer than you thought, by whose labour all these things are wrought that in men's affairs are now daily used and frequented.

Now consider with yourself, of these few that do work, how few be occupied in necessary works, for where money bears all the swing,[7] there many vain and superfluous occupations must needs be

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1 *just* equal.

2 *void* unoccupied.

3 *science liberal* liberal knowledge, liberal arts.

4 *letted* hindered.

5 *six hours in work* This total appears also in the Latin original; however, earlier it is stated that the Utopians work nine hours: six before the midday meal and three after.

6 *rush-bucklers* swashbucklers.

7 *swing* sway.

used to serve only for riotous superfluity and unhonest pleasure. For the same multitude that now is occupied in work, if they were divided into so few occupations as the necessary use of nature requires, in so great plenty of things as then of necessity would ensue, doubtless the prices would be too little for the artificers[1] to maintain their livings. But if all these that be now busied about unprofitable occupations, with all the whole flock of them that live idly and slothfully, which consume and waste every one of them more of these things that come by other men's labour than two of the workmen themselves do, if all these (I say) were set to profitable occupations, you easily perceive how little time would be enough, yea, and too much to store us with all things that may be requisite either for necessity or for commodity, yea, or for pleasure, so that the same pleasure be true and natural. And this in Utopia the thing itself makes manifest and plain, for there in all the city, with the whole country or shire adjoining to it, scarcely five hundred persons of all the whole number of men and women that be neither too old nor too weak to work, be licensed and discharged from labour. Among them be the syphogrants (who though they be by the laws exempt and privileged from labour), yet they exempt not themselves, to the intent that they may the rather by their example provoke others to work. The same vacation from labour do they also enjoy, to whom the people, persuaded by the commendation of the priests and secret election of the syphogrants, have given a perpetual license from labour to learning. But if any one of them prove not according to the expectation and hope of him conceived, he is forthwith plucked back to the company of artificers. And, contrariwise, often it chances that a handicraftsman does so earnestly bestow his vacant and spare hours in learning and through diligence so profits therein that he is taken from his handy occupation and promoted to the company of the learned. Out of this order of the learned be chosen ambassadors, priests, tranibores, and finally the prince himself, whom they in their old tongue call Barzanes, and by a newer name, Adamus.[2] The residue of the people being neither idle nor yet occupied about unprofitable exercises, it may be easily judged in how few hours how much good work by them may be done and dispatched towards those things that I have spoken of. This commodity they have also above other, that in the most part of necessary occupations they need not so much work as other nations do. For first of all the building or repairing of houses asks everywhere so many men's continual labour, because that the unthrifty heir suffers[3] the houses that his father built in continuance of time to fall in decay. So that which he might have upholden[4] with little cost, his successor is constrained to build it again anew to his great charge. Yea, many times also the house that stood one man in[5] much money, another is of so nice[6] and so delicate a mind that he sets nothing by it, and it being neglected and therefore shortly falling into ruin, he builds up another in another place with no less cost and charge. But among the Utopians, where all things be set in a good order and the commonwealth in a goodstay,[7] it very seldom chances that they choose a new plot to build a house upon, and they do not only find speedy and quick remedies for present faults, but also prevent them that be like to fall. And by this means their houses continue and last very long with little labour and small reparations, insomuch that this kind of workmen sometimes have almost nothing to do, but that they be commanded to hew timber at home and to square and trim up stoves[8] to the intent that if any work chance, it may the speedilier rise.

Now, sir, in their apparel, mark (I pray you) how few workmen they need. First of all, whilst they be

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1 *artificers* those who make by art or skill; craftspeople.

2 *Barzanes … Adamus* "Barzanes" is from the Hebrew, "son of Zeus"; "Adamus" in the Latin original is "Ademus," from the Greek "without people."

3 *suffers* allows.

4 *upholden* upheld.

5 *stood one man in* cost one man.

6 *nice* fastidious.

7 *goodstay* condition.

8 *stoves* staves, or sticks of wood.

at work they be covered homely[1] with leather or skins that will last seven years. When they go forth abroad they cast upon them a cloak which hides the other homely apparel. These cloaks throughout the whole island be all of one colour and that is the natural colour of the wool. They therefore do not only spend[2] much less woolen cloth than is spent in other countries, but also the same stands them in much less cost. But linen cloth is made with less labour and is therefore had more in use. But in linen cloth only whiteness, in woolen only cleanliness is regarded. As for the smallness or fineness of the thread, that is nothing passed for.[3] And this is the cause wherefore in other places four or five cloth gowns of diverse colours and as many silk coats be not enough for one man. Yea, and if he be of the delicate and nice sort, ten be too few, whereas there one garment will serve a man most commonly two years. For why should he desire more? Seeing if he had them, he should not be the better hapt[4] or covered from cold, neither in his apparel any whit the comelier. Wherefore, seeing they be all exercised in profitable occupations and that few artificers in the same crafts be sufficient, this is the cause that, plenty of all things being among them, they do sometimes bring forth an innumerable company of people to amend the highways if any be broken. Many times also, when they have no such work to be occupied about, an open proclamation is made that they shall bestow fewer hours in work, for the magistrates do not exercise their citizens against their wills in unneedful labours. For why[5] in the institution of that weal public, this end is only and chiefly pretended and minded, that what time may possibly be spared from the necessary occupations and affairs of the commonwealth, all that the citizens should withdraw from the bodily service to the free liberty of the mind and garnishing of the same, for herein they suppose the felicity of this life to consist.

Of Their Living and Mutual Conversation[6] Together

But now will I declare how the citizens use themselves one towards another, what familiar occupying and entertainment there is among the people, and what fashion they use in the distribution of everything. First, the city consists of families; the families most commonly be made of kindreds, for the women, when they be married at a lawful age, they go into their husbands' houses. But the male children, with all the whole male offspring, continue still in their own family and be governed of the eldest and ancientest father, unless he dote for age,[7] for then the next to him in age is placed in his room. But to the intent the prescript number of the citizens should neither decrease nor above measure increase, it is ordained that no family—which in every city be six thousand in the whole, besides them of the country—shall at once have fewer children of the age of fourteen years or thereabout than ten or more than sixteen, for of children under this age no number can be prescribed or appointed. This measure or number is easily observed and kept by putting them that in fuller families be above the number into families of smaller increase. But if chance be that in the whole city the store increase above the just number, therewith they fill up the lack of other cities. But if so be that the multitude throughout the whole island pass and exceed the due number, then they choose out of every city certain citizens and build up a town under their own laws in the next land where the inhabitants have much waste[8] and unoccupied ground, receiving also of the same country people to them if they will join and dwell with them. They thus joining and dwelling together do easily agree in one fashion of living,

1 *homely* plainly, simply.
2 *spend* use up.
3 *nothing passed for* not worried about.
4 *hapt* covered for warmth.
5 *For why* for which reason.
6 *Conversation* society.
7 *dote for age* be in his dotage; be weakened from age.
8 *waste* uncultivated.

and that to the great wealth of both the peoples. For they so bring the matter about by their laws that the ground, which before was neither good nor profitable for the one nor for the other, is now sufficient and fruitful enough for them both. But if the inhabitants of that land will not dwell with them to be ordered by their laws, then they drive them out of those bounds which they have limited and appointed out for themselves. And if they resist and rebel, then they make war against them, for they count this the most just cause of war, when any people holds a piece of ground void and vacant to no good nor profitable use, keeping other from the use and possession of it, which notwithstanding by the law of nature ought thereof to be nourished and relieved. If any chance do so much diminish the number of any of their cities that it cannot be filled up again without the diminishing of the just number of the other cities (which they say chanced but twice since the beginning of the land through a great pestilent plague), then they fulfil and make up the number with citizens fetched out of their own foreign towns, for they had rather suffer their foreign towns to decay and perish than any city of their own island to be diminished.

But now again to the conversation of the citizens among themselves. The eldest (as I said) rules the family. The wives be ministers to their husbands, the children to their parents, and, to be short, the younger to their elders. Every city is divided into four equal parts or quarters. In the midst of every quarter there is a market place of all manner of things. Thither the works of every family be brought into certain houses, and every kind of thing is laid up several in barns or storehouses. From hence the father of every family, or every householder, fetches whatsoever he and his have need of and carries it away with him without money, without exchange, without any gage,[1] pawn, or pledge. For why should anything be denied unto him, seeing there is abundance of all things, and that it is not to be feared lest any man will ask more than he needs? For why should it be thought that that man would ask more than enough, which is sure never to lack? Certainly in all kinds of living creatures either fear of lack does cause covetousness and ravin,[2] or in man only pride, which counts it a glorious thing to pass and excel others in the superfluous and vain ostentation of things. The which kind of vice among the Utopians can have no place. Next to the market-places that I spoke of stand meat markets,[3] whither be brought not only all sorts of herbs and the fruits of trees, with bread, but also fish and all manner of four-footed beasts and wild fowl that be man's meat. But first the filthiness and ordure thereof is clean washed away in the running river without the city in places appointed meet for the same purpose. From thence the beasts be brought in, killed, and clean washed by the hands of their bondmen, for they permit not their free citizens to accustom themselves to the killing of beasts, through the use whereof they think clemency, the gentlest affection of our nature, by little and little to decay and perish. Neither they suffer anything that is filthy, loathsome, or unclean to be brought into the city, lest the air by the stench thereof, infected and corrupt, should cause pestilent diseases. Moreover, every street has certain great large halls set in equal distance one from another, every one known by a several[4] name. In these halls dwell the syphogrants, and to every one of the same halls be appointed thirty families, on either side fifteen. The stewards of every hall at a certain hour come into the meat markets, where they receive meat according to the number of their halls.

But first and chiefly of all respect is had to the sick that be cured in the hospitals. For in the circuit of the city, a little without the walls, they have four hospitals, so big, so wide, so ample, and so large that they may seem four little towns, which were devised of that bigness partly to the intent the sick, be they never so many in number,

[1] *gage* pawn or pledge.

[2] *ravin* robbery (i.e., rapine) or gluttony.

[3] *meat markets* more generally, "food markets."

[4] *several* separate.

should not lie too throng or strait,[1] and therefore uneasily and incommodiously; and partly that they which were taken and holden[2] with contagious diseases, such as be wont by infection to creep from one to another, might be laid apart far from the company of the residue. These hospitals be so well appointed and with all things necessary to health so furnished, and moreover so diligent attendance through the continual presence of cunning physicians is given, that though no man be sent thither against his will, yet notwithstanding there is no sick person in all the city that had not rather lie there than at home in his own house.

When the steward of the sick has received such meats as the physicians have prescribed, then the best is equally divided among the halls according to the company of every one, saving that there is had a respect to the prince, the bishop, the tranibores, and to ambassadors and all strangers if there be any, which be very few and seldom. But they also when they be there have certain several houses appointed and prepared for them. To these halls at the set hours of dinner and supper comes all the whole syphogranty or ward, warned by the noise of a brazen[3] trumpet, except such as be sick in the hospitals or else in their own houses. Howbeit, no man is prohibited or forbid, after the halls be served, to fetch home meat out of the market to his own house, for they know that no man will do it without a cause reasonable. For though no man be prohibited to dine at home, yet no man does it willingly, because it is counted a point of small honesty.[4] And also it were a folly to take the pain to dress a bad dinner at home when they may be welcome to good and fine fare so nigh hand at the hall. In this hall all vile service, all slavery and drudgery with all laboursome toil and base business is done by bondmen. But the women of every family by course have the office and charge of cookery for seething[5] and dressing the meat and ordering all things thereto belonging. They sit at three tables or more, according to the number of their company. The men sit upon the bench next the wall and the women against them[6] on the other side of the table, that if any sudden evil should chance to them, as many times happens to women with child, they may rise without trouble or disturbance of anybody and go thence into the nursery. The nurses[7] sit several alone with their young sucklings in a certain parlour appointed and deputed to the same purpose, never without fire and clean water, nor yet without cradles, that when they will they may lay down the young infants and at their pleasure take them out of their swathing[8] clothes and hold them to the fire and refresh them with play. Every mother is nurse to her own child, unless either death or sickness be the let. When that chances, the wives of the syphogrants quickly provide a nurse, and that is not hard to be done, for they that can do it proffer themselves to no service so gladly as to that, because that there this kind of pity is much praised, and the child that is nourished ever after takes his nurse for his own natural mother. Also among the nurses sit all the children that be under the age of five years. All the other children of both kinds, as well boys as girls, that be under the age of marriage do either serve at the tables or else, if they be too young thereto, yet they stand by with marvellous[9] silence. That which is given to them from the table they eat and other several dinnertime they have none. The syphogrant and his wife sit in the midst of the high table, forasmuch as that is counted the honourablest place and because from thence all the whole company is in their sight, for that table stands overthwart the over end[10] of the hall. To

1 *too throng or strait* too crowded or confined.

2 *holden* detained.

3 *brazen* brass, loud.

4 *is counted a point of small honesty* i.e., shows small regard or respect for others.

5 *seething* boiling.

6 *against them* opposite them or facing them.

7 *nurses* wet nurses (women hired to breastfeed the babies), or, as the next sentence clarifies, the mothers themselves.

8 *swathing* swaddling: swaddling clothes were used to restrict the movements of infants.

9 *marvellous* surprising.

10 *overthwart the over end* across the upper end.

them be joined two of the ancientist and eldest, for at every table they sit four at a mess. But if there be a church standing in that syphogranty or ward, then the priest and his wife sit with the syphogrant as chief in the company. On both sides of them sit young men and next unto them again old men, and thus throughout all the house equal of age be set together and yet be mixed and matched with unequal ages. This, they say, was ordained to the intent that the sage gravity and reverence of the elders should keep the youngers from wanton license of words and behaviour, forasmuch as nothing can be so secretly spoken or done at the table but either they that sit on the one side or on the other must needs perceive it. The dishes be not set down in order from the first place, but all the old men (whose places be marked with some special token to be known) be first served of their meat and then the residue equally. The old men divide their dainties[1] as they think best to the younger on each side of them. Thus the elders be not defrauded of their due honour, and nevertheless equal commodity comes to everyone.

They begin every dinner and supper of[2] reading something that pertains to good manners and virtue, but it is short because no man shall be grieved therewith. Hereof the elders take occasion of honest communications, but neither sad nor unpleasant. Howbeit, they do not spend all the whole dinnertime themselves with long and tedious talks, but they gladly hear also the young men, yea, and purposely provoke them to talk to the intent that they may have a proof of every man's wit and towardness[3] or disposition to virtue, which commonly in the liberty of feasting does show and utter itself. Their dinners be very short, but their suppers be somewhat longer because that after dinner follows labour, after supper sleep and natural rest, which they think to be of more strength and efficacy to wholesome and healthful digestion. No supper is passed without music, nor their banquets lack no conceits nor junkets.[4] They burn sweet gums and spices or perfumes and pleasant smells, and sprinkle about sweet ointments and waters; yea, they leave nothing undone that makes for the cheering of the company, for they be much inclined to this opinion: to think no kind of pleasure forbidden whereof comes no harm. Thus, therefore, and after this sort they live together in the city, but in the country they that dwell alone far from any neighbours do dine and sup at home in their own houses, for no family there lacks any kind of victuals, as from whom comes all that the citizens eat and live by.

Of Their Journeying or Travelling Abroad, with Divers Other Matters Cunningly Reasoned and Wittily Discussed.

But if any be desirous to visit either their friends dwelling in another city or to see the place itself, they easily obtain license of their syphogrants and tranibores, unless there be some profitable let. No man goes out alone, but a company is sent forth together with their prince's letters, which do testify that they have licence to go that journey and prescribes also the day of their return. They have a wagon given them, with a common bondman which drives the oxen and takes charge of them. But unless they have women in their company, they send home the wagon again as an impediment and a let. And though they carry nothing forth with them, yet in all their journey they lack nothing, for wheresoever they come they be at home. If they tarry in a place longer than one day, then there everyone of them falls to his own occupation and is very gently entertained of the workmen and companies of the same crafts. If any man, of his own head and without leave, walk out of his precinct and bounds, [be] taken without the prince's letters, he is brought again for a fugitive or a runaway with great shame and rebuke and is sharply punished. If he be taken in that fault again, he is punished with bondage. If any be

[1] *dainties* delicacies.

[2] *of* with.

[3] *towardness* inclination.

[4] *conceits nor junkets* fancy foodstuffs, sweets.

desirous to walk abroad into the fields or into the country that belongs to the same city that he dwells in, obtaining the goodwill of his father and the consent of his wife, he is not prohibited. But into what part of the country soever he comes he has no meat given him until he has wrought out his forenoon's task or dispatched so much work as there is wont to be wrought before supper. Observing this law and condition, he may go whither he will within the bounds of his own city, for he shall be no less profitable to the city than if he were within it. Now you see how little liberty they have to loiter, how they can have no cloak[1] or pretence to idleness. There be neither wine taverns, nor ale-houses, nor stews, nor any occasion of vice or wickedness, no lurking corners, no places of wicked councils or unlawful assemblies. But they be in the present sight and under the eyes of every man, so that of necessity they must either apply their accustomed labours or else recreate themselves with honest and laudable pastimes.

This fashion and trade of life being used among the people, it cannot be chosen but that they must of necessity have store and plenty of all things. And seeing they be all thereof partners equally, therefore can no man there be poor or needy. In the council of Amaurot, whither, as I said, every city sends three men apiece yearly, as soon as it is perfectly known of what things there is in every place plenty and again what things be scant in any place, incontinent the lack of the one is performed[2] and filled up with the abundance of the other. And this they do freely without any benefit,[3] taking nothing again of them to whom the things is given, but those cities that have given of their store to any other city that lacks, requiring nothing again of the same city, do take such things as they lack of another city to the which they gave nothing. So the whole island is as it were one family or household. But when they have made sufficient provision of store for themselves (which they think not done until they have provided for two years following, because of the uncertainty of the next year's proof),[4] then of those things whereof they have abundance, they carry forth into other countries great plenty, as grain, honey, wool, flax, wood, madder,[5] purple dyed fells,[6] wax, tallow,[7] leather, and living beasts. And the seventh part of all these things they give frankly and freely to the poor of that country. The residue they sell at a reasonable and mean[8] price. By this trade of traffic or merchandise they bring into their own country not only great plenty of gold and silver, but also all such things as they lack at home, which is almost nothing but iron. And by reason they have long used this trade, now they have more abundance of these things than any man will believe. Now, therefore, they care not whether they sell for ready money or else upon trust to be paid at a day and to have the most part in debts. But in so doing they never follow the credence of private men, but the assurance or warranties of the whole city by instruments and writings made in that behalf accordingly. When the day of payment is come and expired, the city gathers up the debt of the private debtors and puts it into the common box, and so long has the use and profit[9] of it until the Utopians their creditors demand it. The most part of it they never ask, for that thing which is to them no profit to take it from other to whom it is profitable, they think it no right nor conscience. But if the case so stand that they must lend part of that money to another people, then they require their debt, or when they have war. For the which purpose only they keep at home all the treasure which they have, to be helped and succoured by it either in extreme jeopardies or in sudden dangers, but especially and chiefly to hire therewith, and that for unreasonable great wages, strange[10] soldiers. For they had

1 *cloak* pretence.
2 *performed* supplied.
3 *benefit* gain, recompense.
4 *proof* issue, results (i.e., harvest).
5 *madder* plant grown for its dye.
6 *fells* animal skins or hides.
7 *tallow* animal fat used in making candles, soaps.
8 *mean* moderate.
9 *use and profit* the interest or profit paid on usury.
10 *strange* foreign.

rather put strangers in jeopardy than their own countrymen, knowing that for money enough their enemies themselves many times may be bought and sold, or else through treason be set together by the ears[1] among themselves. For this cause they keep an inestimable treasure, but yet not as a treasure, but so they have it and use it, as in good faith I am ashamed to show, fearing that my words shall not be believed. And this I have more cause to fear, for that I know how difficultly and hardily I myself would have believed another man telling the same if I had not presently seen it with mine own eyes.

For it must needs be that how far a thing is dissonant and disagreeing from the guise and trade[2] of the hearers, so far shall it be out of their belief. Howbeit, a wise and indifferent esteemer of things will not greatly marvel perchance, seeing all their other laws and customs do so much differ from ours, if the use also of gold and silver among them be applied rather to their own fashions than to ours. I mean in that they occupy[3] not money themselves, but keep it for that chance which, as it may happen, so it may be that it shall never come to pass. In the meantime gold and silver, whereof money is made, they do so use as none of them does more esteem it than the very nature of the thing deserves. And then who does not plainly see how far it is under iron, as without the which men can no better live than without fire and water. Whereas to gold and silver nature has given no use that we may not well lack, if that the folly of men had not set it in higher estimation for the rareness sake. But of the contrary part, nature, as a most tender and loving mother, has placed the best and most necessary things open abroad, as the air, the water and the earth itself, and has removed and hid farthest from us vain and unprofitable things. Therefore, if these metals among them should be fast[4] locked up in some tower, it might be suspected that the prince and the council (as the people is ever foolishly imagining) intended by some subtlety to deceive the commons and to take some profit of it to themselves. Furthermore, if they should make thereof plate and such other finely and cunningly wrought stuff, if at any time they should have occasion to break it and melt it again therewith to pay their soldiers' wages, they see and perceive very well that men would be loath to part from those things that they once began to have pleasure and delight in. To remedy all this they have found out a means which, as it is agreeable to all their other laws and customs, so it is from ours, where gold is so much set by and so diligently kept, very far discrepant and repugnant,[5] and, therefore, incredible, but only to them that be wise.[6] For whereas they eat and drink in earthen and glass vessels which indeed be curiously and properly made and yet be of very small value, of gold and silver they make commonly chamber pots and other vessels that serve for most vile uses, not only in their common halls, but in every man's private house. Furthermore, of the same metals they make great chains, fetters, and gyves wherein they tie their bondmen. Finally, whosoever for any offence be infamed,[7] by their ears hang rings of gold, upon their fingers they wear rings of gold, and about their necks chains of gold, and in conclusion their heads be tied about with gold. Thus by all means possible they procure to have gold and silver among them in reproach and infamy. And these metals, which other nations do as grievously and sorrowfully forego as in a manner their own lives, if they should altogether at once be taken from the Utopians, no man there would think that he had lost the worth of one farthing. They gather also pearls by the seaside and diamonds and carbuncles[8] upon certain rocks, and yet they seek not for them, but, by chance finding them, they cut and polish them, and therewith they deck their young infants, which like as in the first years of their

1 *set together by the ears* put at variance, put at odds.
2 *guise and trade* customs, way of life.
3 *occupy* use.
4 *fast* firmly.
5 *far discrepant and repugnant* different and contradictory.
6 *wise* knowledgeable, experienced.
7 *infamed* branded with infamy, as shameful.
8 *carbuncles* precious stones, usually red or fiery in colour.

childhood they make much and be fond and proud of such ornaments, so when they be a little more grown in years and discretion, perceiving that none but children do wear such toys and trifles, they lay them away even of their own shamefastness, without any bidding of their parents, even as our children, when they wax big, do cast away nuts,[1] brooches, and puppets.[2] Therefore, these laws and customs which be so far different from all other nations, how divers fantasies also and minds they do cause, did I never so plainly perceive as in the ambassadors of the Anemolians.[3]

These ambassadors came to Amaurot while I was there, and because they came to entreat of great and weighty matters, those three citizens a piece out of every city were come thither before them. But all the ambassadors of the next countries which had been there before and knew the fashions and manners of the Utopians, among whom they perceived no honour given to sumptuous apparel, silks to be contemned, gold also to be infamed and reproachful,[4] were wont to come thither in very homely and simple array. But the Anemolians, because they dwell far thence and had very little acquaintance with them, hearing that they were all apparelled alike and that very rudely and homely, thinking them not to have the things which they did not wear, being therefore more proud than wise, determined in the gorgeousness of their apparel to represent very gods, and with the bright shining and glistering of their gay clothing to dazzle the eyes of the silly, poor Utopians. So there came in three ambassadors with an hundred servants all apparelled in changeable[5] colours, the most of them in silks, the ambassadors themselves (for at home in their own country they were noblemen) in cloth of gold, with great chains of gold, with gold hanging at their ears, with gold rings upon their fingers, with brooches and aglets[6] of gold upon their caps which glistered full of pearls and precious stones—to be short, trimmed and adorned with all those things which among the Utopians were either the punishment of bondmen, or the reproach of infamed persons, or else trifles for young children to play withal. Therefore, it would have done a man good at his heart to have seen how proudly they displayed their peacock's feathers, how much they made of their painted sheaths,[7] and how loftily they set forth and advanced themselves when they compared their gallant apparel with the poor raiment of the Utopians, for all the people were swarmed forth into the streets. And on the other side it was no less pleasure to consider how much they were deceived and how far they missed of their purpose, being contrary ways taken than they thought they should have been, for to the eyes of all the Utopians, except very few which had been in other countries for some reasonable cause, all that gorgeousness of apparel seemed shameful and reproachful, insomuch that they most reverently saluted the vilest and most abject of them for lords, passing over the ambassadors themselves without any honour, judging them by their wearing of golden chains to be bondmen. Yea, you should have seen children also that had cast away their pearls and precious stones, when they saw the like sticking upon the ambassadors' caps, dig and push their mothers under the sides, saying thus to them: "Look mother how great a lubber[8] does yet wear pearls and precious stones, as though he were a little child still." But the mother, yea, and that also in good earnest, "Peace, son," says she, "I think he be some of the ambassadors' fools." Some found fault at their golden chains as to no use nor purpose, being so small and weak that a bondman might easily break them, and again so wide and large that, when it pleased him, he might cast them off and run away at liberty whither he would. But when the ambassadors had

[1] *nuts* trifles.
[2] *puppets* dolls.
[3] *Anemolians* from Greek, "windy."
[4] *reproachful* shameful.
[5] *changeable* various.
[6] *aglets* pendants, spangles.
[7] *sheaths* coverings.
[8] *lubber* clumsy, stupid fellow.

been there a day or two and saw so great abundance of gold so lightly esteemed, yea, in no less reproach than it was with them in honour, and besides that more gold in the chains and guise[1] of one fugitive bondman than all the costly ornaments of them three was worth, they began to abate their courage[2] and for very shame laid away all that gorgeous array whereof they were so proud. And especially when they had talked familiarly with the Utopians and had learned all their fashions and opinions.

For they marvel that any men be so foolish as to have delight and pleasure in the doubtful glistering of a little trifling stone, which may behold any of the stars or else the sun itself. Or that any man is so mad as to count himself the nobler for the smaller or finer thread of wool, which selfsame wool (be it now in never so fine a spun thread) a sheep did once wear, and yet was she all that time no other thing than a sheep. They marvel also that gold, which of its own nature is a thing so unprofitable, is now among all people in so high estimation that man himself, by whom, yea, and for the use of whom it is so much set by, is in much less estimation than the gold itself. Insomuch that a lumpish, blockheaded churl,[3] and which has no more wit than an ass, yea, and as full of naughtiness[4] as of folly, shall have nevertheless many wise and good men in subjection and bondage only for this, because he has a great heap of gold. Which if it should be taken from him by any fortune or by some subtle wile and cautel[5] of the law, (which no less than fortune does both raise up the low and pluck down the high) and be given to the most vile slave and abject drivel[6] of all his household, then shortly after he shall go into the service of his servant as an augmentation nor overplus beside his money.[7] But they much more marvel at and detest the madness of them which to those rich men, in whose debt and danger they be not, do give almost divine honours for none other consideration but because they be rich, and yet knowing them to be such niggish penny-fathers[8] that they be sure, as long as they live, not the worth of one farthing of that heap of gold shall come to them.

These and such like opinions have they conceived partly by education, being brought up in that commonwealth whose laws and customs be far different from these kinds of folly, and partly by good literature and learning. For though there be not many in every city which be exempt and discharged of all other labours and appointed only to learning, that is to say such in whom even from their very childhood they have perceived a singular towardness, a fine wit, and a mind apt to good learning, yet all in their childhood be instruct[ed] in learning, and the better part of the people, both men and women, throughout all their whole life do bestow in learning those spare hours which we said they have vacant from bodily labours. They be taught learning in their own native tongue, for it is both copious in words and also pleasant to the ear, and for the utterance of a man's mind very perfect and sure. The most part of all that side of the world uses the same language, saving that among the Utopians it is finest and purest, and according to the diversity of the countries it is diversely altered. Of all these philosophers whose names be here famous in this part of the world to us known, before our coming thither not as much as the fame of any of them was common among them. And yet in music, logic, arithmetic, and geometry they have found out in a manner all that our ancient philosophers have taught. But as they in all things be almost equal to our old ancient clerks,[9] so our new logicians in subtle inventions have far passed and gone beyond them. For they have not devised one of all those rules of restrictions, amplifications and suppositions, very wittily invented in the

[1] *guise* clothing.
[2] *courage* confidence, pride.
[3] *churl* rude, low-bred fellow.
[4] *naughtiness* wickedness.
[5] *wile and cautel* trick and deceit.
[6] *drivel* servant.
[7] *as an augmentation nor overplus beside his money* i.e., as an addition or surplus to his money.
[8] *niggish penny-fathers* niggardly or stingy money-hoarders or misers.
[9] *clerks* scholars.

Small Logicals,[1] which here our children in every place do learn. Furthermore, they were never yet able to find out the second intentions,[2] insomuch that none of them all could ever see man himself in common, as they call him, though he be (as you know) bigger than ever was any giant, yea, and pointed to of us even with our finger.[3] But they be in the course of the stars and the movings of the heavenly spheres very expert and cunning. They have also wittily excogitated[4] and devised instruments of diverse fashions, wherein is exactly comprehended and contained the movings and situations of the sun, the moon, and of all the other stars which appear in their horizon. But as for the amities and dissensions[5] of the planets and all that deceitful divination by the stars, they never as much as dreamed thereof. Rains, winds, and other courses of tempests they know before by certain tokens which they have learned by long use and observation. But of the causes of all these things and of the ebbing, flowing, and saltiness of the sea, and finally of the original beginning and nature of Heaven and of the world, they hold partly the same opinions that our old philosophers hold and partly, as our philosophers vary among themselves, so they also, whiles they bring new reasons of things, do disagree from all them and yet among themselves in all points they do not accord. In that part of philosophy which entreats of manners and virtue, their reasons and opinions agree with ours. They dispute of the good qualities of the soul, of the body, and of fortune, and whether the name of goodness may be applied to all these or only to the endowments and gifts of the soul.

They reason of virtue and pleasure, but the chief and principal question is in what thing, be it one or more, the felicity of man consists. But in this point they seem almost too much given and inclined to the opinion of them which defend pleasure, wherein they determine either all or the chiefest part of man's felicity to rest. And (which is more to be marvelled at) the defence of this so dainty and delicate an opinion they fetch even from their grave, sharp, bitter and rigorous religion. For they never dispute of felicity or blessedness but they join unto the reasons of philosophy certain principles taken out of religion, without the which to the investigation of true felicity they think reason of itself weak and imperfect. Those principles be these and such like: that the soul is immortal and by the bountiful goodness of God ordained to felicity; that to our virtues and good deeds rewards be appointed after this life and to our evil deeds punishments. Though these be pertaining to religion, yet they think it meet that they should be believed and granted by proofs of reason. But if these principles were condemned and disannulled,[6] then without any delay they pronounce no man to be so foolish which would not do all his diligence and endeavour to obtain pleasure by right or wrong, only avoiding this inconvenience: that the less pleasure should not be a let or hindrance to the bigger, or that he laboured not for that pleasure which would bring after it displeasure, grief and sorrow. For they judge it extreme madness to follow sharp and painful virtue, and not only to banish the pleasure of life, but also willingly to suffer grief without any hope of profit thereof ensuing. For what profit can there be if a man, when he has passed over all his life unpleasantly, that is to say miserably, shall have no reward after his death?

But now, sir, they think not felicity to rest in all pleasure, but only in that pleasure that is good and honest and that hereto, as to perfect blessedness,

[1] *Small Logicals* possibly the textbook of logic written by Peter of Spain, who later became Pope John XXI, though a number of similarly titled texts are possible. More is mocking scholastic philosophy.

[2] *second intentions* In logic, second intentions are secondary or abstract conceptions formed by the application of thought to first intentions; first intentions are the primary or direct conceptions of things, formed by the first or direct application of the mind to the things themselves.

[3] *none of them all ... our finger* i.e., they could not think of the idea of humankind, though he is bigger than a giant, even when we pointed to him.

[4] *excogitated* thought out.

[5] *amities and dissensions* friendly and hostile influences.

[6] *disannulled* cancelled.

our nature is allured and drawn even of virtue, whereto only they that be of the contrary opinion do attribute felicity, for they define virtue to be life ordered according to nature, and that we be hereunto ordained of God, and that he does follow the course of nature which, in desiring and refusing things, is ruled by reason. Furthermore, that reason does chiefly and principally kindle in men the love and veneration of the divine majesty, of whose goodness it is that we be, and that we be in possibility to attain felicity. And that secondarily it both stirs and provokes us to lead our life out of care in joy and mirth, and also moves us to help and further all others in respect of the society of nature to obtain and enjoy the same. For there was never man so earnest and painful a follower of virtue and hater of pleasure that would so enjoin[1] you labours, watchings and fastings, but he would also exhort you to ease, lighten and relieve, to your power, the lack and misery of others, praising the same as a deed of humanity and pity. Then if it be a point of humanity for man to bring health and comfort to man, and specially (which is a virtue most peculiarly belonging to man) to mitigate and assuage the grief of others and, by taking from them the sorrow and heaviness of life, to restore them to joy, that is to say to pleasure, why may it not then be said that nature does provoke every man to do the same to himself? For a joyful life, that is to say a pleasant life, is either evil and, if it be so, then thou should not only help no man thereto, but rather, as much as in thee lies, withdraw all men from it as noisome and hurtful, or else if thou not only may, but also of duty art bound to procure it to others, why not chiefly to thyself, to whom thou art bound to show as much favour and gentleness as to other? For when nature bids thee to be good and gentle to others, she commands thee not to be cruel and ungentle to thyself. Therefore, even very nature (say they) prescribes to us a joyful life, that is to say, pleasure as the end of all our operations. And they define virtue to be life ordered according to the prescript of nature. But in that that nature does allure and provoke men, one to help another to live merrily (which surely she does not without a good cause, for no man is so far above the lot of man's state or condition that nature does cark[2] and care for him only, which equally favours all that be comprehended under the communion of one shape, form and fashion), verily she commands thee to use diligent circumspection that thou do not so seek for thine own commodities, that thou procure others incommodities. Wherefore their opinion is that not only covenants and bargains made among private men ought to be well and faithfully fulfilled, observed, and kept, but also common laws, which either a good prince has justly published or else the people, neither oppressed with tyranny, neither deceived by fraud and guile, have by their common consent constituted and ratified, concerning the partition of the commodities of life, that is to say, the matter of pleasure. These laws not offended, it is wisdom that thou look to thine own wealth, and to do the same for the commonwealth is no less than thy duty if thou bear any reverent love or any natural zeal and affection to thy native country. But to go about to let[3] another man of his pleasure whilst thou procures thine own, that is open wrong. Contrariwise, to withdraw something from thyself to give to other, that is a point of humanity and gentleness, which never takes away so much commodity as it brings again. For it is recompensed with the return of benefits and the conscience of the good deed, with the remembrance of the thankful love and benevolence of them to whom thou hast done it, does bring more pleasure to thy mind than that which thou has withholden from thyself could have brought to thy body. Finally (which to a godly disposed and a religious mind is easy to be persuaded), God recompenses the gift of a short and small pleasure with great and everlasting joy. Therefore, the matter diligently weighed and considered, thus they think that all our actions, and in them the virtues themselves, be referred at the last to pleasure as their end and felicity. Pleasure they

[1] *enjoin* prescribe, impose on.

[2] *cark* worry about.

[3] *let* hinder.

call every motion and state of the body or mind wherein man has naturally delectation. Appetite they join to nature, and that not without a good cause, for like as not only the senses but also right reason covets whatsoever is naturally pleasant, so that it may be gotten without wrong or injury, not letting or debarring a greater pleasure, nor causing painful labour, even so those things that men by vain imagination do feign against nature to be pleasant (as though it lay in their power to change the things as they do the names of things), all such pleasures they believe to be of so small help and furtherance to felicity that they count them a great let and hindrance. Because that in whom they have once taken place, all his mind they possess with a false opinion of pleasure, so that there is no place left for true and natural delectations. For there be many things which of their own nature contain no pleasantness, yea, the most part of them much grief and sorrow, and yet through the perverse and malicious flickering enticements of lewd and unhonest desires be taken not only for special and sovereign pleasures, but also be counted among the chief causes of life. In this counterfeit kind of pleasure they put them that I spoke of before, which the better gowns they have on, the better men they think themselves. In the which thing they do twice err, for they be no less deceived in that they think their gown the better than they be, in that they think themselves the better. For if you consider the profitable use of the garment, why should wool of a finer spun thread be thought better than the wool of a coarse spun thread? Yet they, as though the one did pass the other by nature and not by their mistaking, advance themselves and think the price of their own persons thereby greatly increased. And therefore the honour which in a coarse gown they durst not have looked for, they require, as it were of duty, for their finer gown's sake. And if they be passed by without reverence, they take it displeasantly[1] and disdainfully. And again is it not like madness to take a pride in vain and unprofitable honours? For what natural or true pleasure dost thou take of another man's bare head or bowed knees?[2] Will this ease the pain of thy knees or remedy the frenzy of thy head? In this image of counterfeit pleasure, they be of a marvellous madness which, for the opinion of nobility, rejoice much in their own conceit,[3] because it was their fortune to come of such ancestors whose stock of long time has been counted rich (for now nobility is nothing else), specially rich in lands. And though their ancestors left them not one foot of land, or else they themselves have pissed it against the walls,[4] yet they think themselves not the less noble therefore of one here. In this number also they count them that take pleasure and delight (as I said) in gems and precious stones and think themselves almost gods if they chance to get an excellent one, especially of that kind which in that time of their own countrymen is had in highest estimation. For one kind of stone keeps not his price still in all countries and at all times. Nor they buy them not but taken out of the gold and bare,[5] no nor so neither until they have made the seller to swear that he will warrant and assure it to be a true stone and no counterfeit gem. Such care they take lest a counterfeit stone should deceive their eyes instead of a right stone. But why shouldest thou not take even as much pleasure in beholding a counterfeit stone which thine eye cannot discern from a right stone? They should both be of like value to thee, even as to the blind man. What shall I say of them that keep superfluous riches to take delectation only in the beholding and not in the use or occupying thereof? Do they take true pleasure, or else be they deceived with false pleasure? Or of them that be in a contrary vice, hiding the gold which they shall never occupy nor peradventure never see more? And whilst they take care lest they shall lose it, do lose it indeed. For what is it else when they hide it in the ground, taking it both from their own use and perchance from all other

[1] *displeasantly* disagreeably.

[2] *bare head or bowed knees* To remove one's hat and kneel was to show deference to one's superiors.

[3] *conceit* conception, ancestry.

[4] *pissed it against the walls* i.e., squandered or wasted it.

[5] *taken out of the gold and bare* taken out of the setting and laid bare.

men's also? And yet thou, when thou hast hid thy treasure, as one out of all care hopes for joy. The which treasure, if it should chance to be stolen and thou ignorant of the theft should die ten years after, all that ten years space that thou lived after thy money was stolen, what matter was it to thee whether it had been taken away or else safe as thou left it? Truly both ways like[1] profit came to thee.

To these so foolish pleasures they join dicers, whose madness they know by hearsay and not by use—hunters also, and hawkers—for what pleasure is there (say they) in casting the dice upon a table, which thou hast done so often that if there were any pleasure in it, yet the oft use might make thee wary thereof? Or what delight can there be, and not rather displeasure, in hearing the barking and howling of dogs? Or what greater pleasure is there to be felt when a dog follows an hare than when a dog follows a dog? For one thing is done in both, that is to say, running, if thou hast pleasure therein. But if the hope of slaughter and the expectation of tearing in pieces the beast does please thee, thou should rather be moved with pity to see a silly innocent hare murdered of a dog: the weak of the stronger, the fearful of the fierce, the innocent of the cruel and unmerciful. Therefore all this exercise of hunting, as a thing unworthy to be used of free men, the Utopians have rejected[2] to their butchers, to the which craft (as we said before) they appoint their bondmen. For they count hunting the lowest, the vilest, and most abject part of butchery, and the other parts of it more profitable and more honest, as bringing much more commodity, in that they kill beasts only for necessity, whereas the hunter seeks nothing but pleasure of the silly and woeful beasts' slaughter and murder. The which pleasure in beholding death they think does rise in the very beasts, either of a cruel affection of mind or else to be changed in continuance of time into cruelty by long use of so cruel a pleasure. These, therefore, and all such like, which be innumerable, though the common sort of people does take them for pleasures, yet they, seeing there is no natural pleasantness in them, do plainly determine them to have no affinity with true and right pleasure. For as touching that they do commonly move the sense with delectation (which seem to be a work of pleasure), this does nothing diminish their opinion. For not the nature of the thing, but their perverse and lewd custom is the cause hereof, which causes them to accept bitter or sour things for sweet things, even as women with child, in their vitiate and corrupt taste,[3] think pitch and tallow[4] sweeter than any honey. Howbeit, no man's judgement, depraved and corrupt either by sickness, or by custom, can change the nature of pleasure, more than it can do the nature of other things.

They make divers kinds of pleasures, for some they attribute to the soul and some to the body. To the soul they give intelligence and that delectation that comes of the contemplation of truth. Hereunto is joined the pleasant remembrance of the good life past. The pleasure of the body they divide into two parts. The first is when delectation is sensibly felt and perceived, which many times chances by the renewing and refreshing of those parts which our natural heat dries up. This comes by meat and drink, and sometimes whilst those things be expulsed and voided whereof is in the body over-great abundance. This pleasure is felt when we do our natural easement, or when we be doing the act of generation, or when the itching of any part is eased with rubbing or scratching. Sometimes pleasure rises exhibiting to any member nothing that it desires, nor taking from it any pain that it feels, which nevertheless tickles and moves our senses with a certain secret efficacy, but with a manifest motion turns them to it, as is that which comes of music.

The second part of bodily pleasure they say is that which consists and rests in the quiet and upright state of the body, and that truly is every man's own proper health intermingled and disturbed with no grief. For this, if it be not letted

[1] *like* similar (i.e., no profit at all).

[2] *rejected* left.

[3] *vitiate and corrupt taste* impaired and corrupt sense of taste.

[4] *pitch and tallow* tar and animal fat.

nor assaulted with no grief, is delectable of itself, though it be moved with no external or outward pleasure, for though it be not so plain and manifest to the sense as the greedy lust of eating and drinking, yet nevertheless many take it for the chiefest pleasure. All the Utopians grant it to be a right sovereign pleasure and, as you would say, the foundation and ground of all pleasures, as which even alone is able to make the state and condition of life delectable and pleasant, and, it being once taken away, there is no place left for any pleasure. For to be without grief, not having health, that they call insensibility and not pleasure.

The Utopians have long ago rejected and condemned the opinion of them which said that steadfast and quiet health (for this question also has been diligently debated among them) ought not therefore to be counted a pleasure, because they say it cannot be presently and sensibly perceived and felt by some outward motion. But of the contrary part now they agreed almost all in this, that health is a most sovereign pleasure. For seeing that in sickness (say they) is grief, which is a mortal enemy to pleasure even as sickness is to health, why should not then pleasure be in the quietness of health? For they say it makes nothing to this matter whether you say that sickness is a grief or that in sickness is grief, for all comes to one purpose. For whether health be a pleasure itself or a necessary cause of pleasure, as fire is of heat, truly both ways it follows that they cannot be without pleasure that be in perfect health. Furthermore, whilst we eat (say they), then health, which began to be appaired,[1] fights by the help of food against hunger, in the which fight, whilst health by little and little gets the upper hand, that same proceeding and (as ye would say) that onwardness to the wont[2] strength ministers that pleasure whereby we be so refreshed. Health, therefore, which in the conflict is joyful, shall it not be merry when it has gotten the victory? But as soon as it has recovered the pristinate[3] strength, which thing only in all the fight it coveted, shall it incontinent be astonied?[4] Nor shall it not know nor embrace its own wealth and goodness? For where it is said health cannot be felt, this, they think, is nothing true. For what man waking, say they, feels not himself in health but he that is not? Is there any man so possessed with stonish insensibility or with lethargy, that is to say the sleeping sickness, that he will not grant health to be acceptable to him and delectable? But what other thing is delectation than that which by another name is called pleasure?

They embrace chiefly the pleasures of the mind, for them they count the chiefest and most principal of all. The chief part of them they think does come of the exercise of virtue and conscience of good life. Of these pleasures that the body ministers, they give the pre-eminence to health, for the delight of eating and drinking and whatsoever has any like pleasantness they determine to be pleasures much to be desired, but no other ways than for health's sake. For such things of their own proper nature be not so pleasant, but in that they resist sickness privily stealing on. Therefore, like as it is a wise man's part rather to avoid sickness than to wish for medicines, and rather to drive away and put to flight careful griefs than to call for comfort, so it is much better not to need this kind of pleasure than thereby to be eased of the contrary grief. The which kind of pleasure if any man take for his felicity, that man must needs grant that then he shall be in most felicity if he live that life which is led in continual hunger, thirst, itching, eating, drinking, scratching, and rubbing. The which life how not only foul, and unhonest, but also how miserable and wretched it is, who perceives not? These doubtless be the basest pleasures of all, as unpure and unperfect, for they never come but accompanied with their contrary griefs. As with the pleasure of eating is joined hunger, and that after no very equal sort, for of these two the grief is both the more vehement and also of longer continuance, for it begins before the pleasure and ends not until

[1] *appaired* impaired.
[2] *wont* familiar.
[3] *pristinate* original.
[4] *astonied* turned to stone, insensible; astonished.

the pleasure die with it, wherefore such pleasures they think not greatly to be set by, but in that they be necessary. Howbeit, they have delight also in these, and thankfully knowledge[1] the tender love of mother nature, which with most pleasant delectation allures her children to that, to the necessary use whereof they must from time to time continually be forced and driven. For how wretched and miserable should our life be if these daily griefs of hunger and thirst could not be driven away but with bitter potions and sour medicines, as the other diseases be wherewith we be seldomer troubled? But beauty, strength, nimbleness, these as peculiar and pleasant gifts of nature they make much of. But those pleasures that be received by the ears, the eyes, and the nose, which nature wills to be proper and peculiar to man (for no other living creature does behold the fairness and the beauty of the world, or is moved with any respect of savours,[2] but only for the diversity of meats, neither perceives the concordant and discordant distances of sounds and tunes), these pleasures, I say, they accept and allow as certain pleasant rejoicings of life. But in all things this cautel[3] they use, that a less pleasure hinder not a bigger, and that the pleasure be no cause of displeasure, which they think to follow of necessity if the pleasure be unhonest. But yet to despise the comeliness of beauty, to waste the bodily strength, to turn nimbleness into sloughishness,[4] to consume and make feeble the body with fasting, to do injury to health, and to reject the pleasant motions of nature, unless a man neglect these commodities whilst he does with a fervent zeal procure the wealth of others or the common profit, for the which pleasure forborne he is in hope of a greater pleasure at God's hand, else for a vain shadow of virtue for the wealth and profit of no man to punish himself, or to the intent he may be able courageously to suffer adversity which perchance shall never come to him, this to do they think it a point of extreme madness and a token of a man cruelly minded towards himself, and unkind towards nature, as one so disdaining to be in her danger that he renounces and refuses all her benefits.

This is their sentence and opinion of virtue and pleasure, and they believe that by man's reason none can be found truer than this, unless any godlier be inspired into man from Heaven. Wherein, whether they believe well or no, neither the time does suffer us to discuss, neither it is now necessary, for we have taken upon us to show and declare their lores and ordinances,[5] and not to defend them. But this thing I believe verily, howsoever these decrees be, that there is in no place of the world neither a more excellent people, neither a more flourishing commonwealth. They be light and quick of body, full of activity and nimbleness, and of more strength than a man would judge them by their stature, which for all that is not too low. And though their soil be not very fruitful nor their air very wholesome, yet against the air they so defend them with temperate diet, and so order and husband their ground with diligent travail, that in no country is greater increase and plenty of corn and cattle, nor men's bodies of longer life and subject or apt to fewer diseases. There, therefore, a man may see well and diligently exploited and furnished not only those things which husbandmen do commonly in other countries, as by craft and cunning to remedy the barrenness of the ground, but also a whole wood by the hands of the people plucked up by the roots in one place and set again in another place. Wherein was had regard and consideration not of plenty, but of commodious carriage,[6] that wood and timber might be nigher to the sea or the rivers or the cities, for it is less labour and business to carry grain far by land than wood.

The people be gentle, merry, quick, and fine-witted, delighting in quietness and, when need requires, able to abide and suffer much bodily labour, else they be not greatly desirous and fond

[1] *knowledge* acknowledge.

[2] *savours* tastes and smells.

[3] *cautel* precaution, restriction.

[4] *sloughishness* sluggishness.

[5] *lores and ordinances* doctrines and institutions, systems of government and discipline.

[6] *commodious carriage* convenience of transportation.

of it, but in the exercise and study of the mind they be never weary. When they had heard me speak of the Greek literature or learning (for in Latin there was nothing that I thought they would greatly allow besides historians and poets), they made wonderful earnest and importunate suit unto me that I would teach and instruct them in that tongue and learning. I began therefore to read unto them, at the first truly more because I would not seem to refuse the labour than that I hoped that they would anything profit therein. But when I had gone forward a little, I perceived incontinent by their diligence that my labour should not be bestowed in vain, for they began so easily to fashion their letters, so plainly to pronounce the words, so quickly to learn by heart, and so surely to rehearse the same, that I marvelled at it, saving that the most part of them were fine and chosen wits and of ripe age, picked out of the company of the learned men which not only of their own free and voluntary will, but also by the commandment of the counsel, undertook to learn this language. Therefore, in less than three years space there was nothing in the Greek tongue that they lacked. They were able to read good authors without any stay,[1] if the book were not false.[2] This kind of learning, as I suppose, they took so much the sooner because it is somewhat alliant[3] to them. For I think that this nation took their beginning of the Greeks because their speech, which in all other points is not much unlike the Persian tongue, keeps divers signs and tokens of the Greek language in the names of their cities and of their magistrates. They have of me (for when I was determined to enter into my fourth voyage, I cast into the ship in the stead of merchandise a pretty fardel[4] of books, because I intended to come again rather never than shortly), they have, I say, of me the most part of Plato's works, more of Aristotle's, also Theophrastus of plants, but in divers places (which I am sorry for) unperfect. For whilst we were a-shipboard, a marmoset[5] chanced upon the book as it was negligently laid by, which wantonly playing therewith plucked out certain leaves and tore them in pieces. Of them that have written the grammar, they have only Lascaris, for Theodorus I carried not with me, nor never a dictionary but Hesichius and Dioscorides.[6] They set great store by Plutarch's books, and they be delighted with Lucian's merry conceits and jests.[7] Of the poets, they have Aristophanes, Homer, Euripides, and Sophocles in Aldus small print.[8] Of the historians, they have Thucydides, Herodotus, and Herodian.[9] Also my companion, Tricius Apinatus,[10] carried with him physic[11] books, certain small works of Hippocrates, and Galen's Microtechne,[12] the which book they have in great estimation. For though there be almost no nation under Heaven that has less need of physic than they, yet this notwithstanding, physic is nowhere in greater honour because they count the knowledge of it among the goodliest and most profitable parts of philosophy. For whilst they by the help of this philosophy search out the secret mysteries of nature, they think themselves to receive thereby not only wonderful great pleasure, but also to obtain great thanks and favour of the author and

1 *stay* difficulties.

2 *false* i.e., flawed by errors.

3 *alliant* related.

4 *pretty fardel* considerable collection.

5 *marmoset* small monkey.

6 *Lascaris … Dioscorides* Constantine Lascarus and Theodorus of Gaza both wrote books of grammar; Hesichius (c. 5th century CE) wrote a Greek dictionary; Dioscorides (1st century CE) wrote a treatise on the medical properties of plants.

7 *Plutarch's books … jests* Plutarch (c. 50-120 CE) wrote a work on ethics, *Moralia*, as well as a work on the lives of important Greeks and Romans; Lucian wrote works in which serious ideas were discussed under the guise of jests, which fulfils the notion that literature should teach and delight (as does *Utopia*).

8 *Aldus small print* Aldus Manutius (1449-1515) was a Venetian printer known for his publication of Greek texts in Greek type, including editions of all the poets listed.

9 *Thucydides … Herodian* Thucydides (c. 460-c. 400 BCE) and Herodotus (c. 480-c. 425 BCE) are Greek historians; Herodian of Syria (c. 175-250 CE) wrote a history of Roman emperors.

10 *Tricius Apinatus* His name means "trifles and toys" and is drawn from Martial's *Epigrams*.

11 *physic* medicine.

12 *Hippocrates … Microtechne* Hippocrates (5th century BCE) and Galen (c. 199-129 BCE) were influential Greek writers of medical texts.

maker thereof, whom they think, according to the fashion of other artificers, to have set forth the marvellous and gorgeous frame of the world for man with great affection intentively to behold, whom only he has made of wit and capacity to consider and understand the excellency of so great a work. And therefore he bears (say they) more goodwill and love to the curious and diligent beholder and viewer of his work and marveller at the same, than he does to him which, like a very brute beast without wit and reason or as one without sense or moving, has no regard to so great and so wonderful a spectacle.

The wits, therefore, of the Utopians, inured[1] and exercised in learning, be marvellous quick in the invention of feats helping anything to the advantage and wealth of life. Howbeit, two feats they may thank us for, that is the science of imprinting and the craft of making paper. And yet not only us but chiefly and principally themselves. For when we showed to them Aldus his print[2] in books of paper, and told them of the stuff whereof paper is made and of the feat of graving[3] letters, speaking somewhat more than we could plainly declare (for there was none of us that knew perfectly either the one or the other), they forthwith very wittily conjectured the thing. And whereas before they wrote only in skins, in barks of trees, and in reeds, now they have attempted to make paper and to imprint letters. And though at the first it proved not all of the best, yet by often assaying the same they shortly got the feat of both, and have so brought the matter about that, if they had copies of Greek authors, they could lack no books. But now they have no more than I rehearsed before, saving that by printing of books they have multiplied and increased the same into many thousands of copies.

Whosoever comes thither to see the land, being excellent in any gift of wit or through much and long journeying well experienced and seen in the knowledge of many countries (for the which cause we were very welcome to them), him they receive and entertain wondrous gently and lovingly, for they have delight to hear what is done in every land, howbeit very few merchant men come thither. For what should they bring thither unless it were iron, or else gold and silver, which they had rather carry home again? Also such things as are to be carried out of their land, they think it more wisdom to carry that gear themselves than that other should come thither to fetch it, to the intent they may the better know the outlands on every side of them and keep in ure[4] the feat and knowledge of sailing.

Of Bondmen, Sick Persons, Wedlock, and Divers Other Matters.

They neither make bondmen of prisoners taken in battle, unless it be in battle that they fought themselves, nor of bondmen's children, nor, to be short, of any such as they can get out of foreign countries though he were there a bondman, but either such as among themselves for heinous offences be punished with bondage, or else such as in the cities of other lands for great trespasses be condemned to death. And of this sort of bondmen they have most store. For many of them they bring home, sometimes paying very little for them, yea, most commonly getting them for gramercy.[5] These sorts of bondmen they keep not only in continual work and labour, but also in bands.[6] But their own men they handle hardest whom they judge more desperate and to have deserved greater punishment, because they being so godly brought up to virtue in so excellent a commonwealth could not for all that be refrained from misdoing. Another kind of bondmen they have when a vile drudge, being a poor labourer in another country, does choose of his own free will to be a bondman among them. These they entreat and order honestly and entertain almost as gently

[1] *inured* accustomed.

[2] *Aldus his print* Aldus's print. On Aldus Manutius, see p. 57, note 8; he introduced italic type.

[3] *graving* engraving.

[4] *in ure* in use.

[5] *for gramercy* "for a thank you," for next to nothing.

[6] *bands* bonds, shackles.

as their own free citizens, saving that they put them to a little more labour as thereto accustomed. If any such be disposed to depart thence (which seldom is seen), they neither hold him against his will, neither send him away with empty hands.

The sick (as I said) they see to with great affection and let nothing at all pass concerning either physic or good diet whereby they may be restored again to their health. Such as be sick of incurable diseases they comfort with sitting by them, with talking with them, and, to be short, with all manner of helps that may be. But if the disease be not only incurable but also full of continual pain and anguish, then the priests and the magistrates exhort the man, seeing he is not able to do any duty of life and by overliving his own death is noisome and irksome to others and grievous to himself, that he will determine with himself no longer to cherish that pestilent and painful disease, and seeing his life is to him but a torment, that he will not be unwilling to die, but rather take a good hope to him and either dispatch himself out of that painful life as out of a prison or a rack of torment, or else suffer himself willingly to be rid out of it by other. And in so doing they tell him he shall do wisely, seeing by his death he shall lose no commodity, but end his pain. And because in that act he shall follow the counsel of the priests, that is to say of the interpreters of God's will and pleasure, they show him that he shall do like a godly and a virtuous man. They that be thus persuaded finish their lives willingly, either with hunger or else die in their sleep without any feeling of death. But they cause none such to die against his will, nor they use no less diligence and attendance about him, believing this to be an honourable death. Else he that kills himself before that the priests and the council have allowed the cause of his death, him as unworthy either to be buried or with fire to be consumed, they cast unburied into some stinking marsh.

The woman is not married before she be eighteen years old. The man is four years older before he marry. If either the man or the woman be proved to have actually offended before their marriage with another, the party that so has trespassed is sharply punished, and both the offenders be forbidden ever after in all their life to marry, unless the fault be forgiven by the prince's pardon. But both the goodman and the goodwife of the house where that offence was committed, as being slack and negligent in looking to their charge, be in danger of great reproach and infamy. That offence is so sharply punished because they perceive that unless they be diligently kept from the liberty of this vice, few will join together in the love of marriage, wherein all the life must be led with one, and also all the griefs and displeasures coming therewith patiently be taken and borne. Furthermore, in choosing wives and husbands they observe earnestly and straitly a custom which seemed to us very fond and foolish. For a sad[1] and an honest matron shows the woman, be she maid or widow, naked to the wooer. And likewise a sage and discreet man exhibits the wooer naked to the woman. At this custom we laughed and disallowed it as foolish. But they, on the other part, do greatly wonder at the folly of all other nations which in buying a colt,[2] whereas a little money is in hazard, be so chary[3] and circumspect that though he be almost all bare, yet they will not buy him unless the saddle and all the harness be taken off, lest under those coverings be hid some gall or sore. And yet in choosing a wife, which shall be either pleasure or displeasure to them all their life after, they be so reckless that all the residue of the woman's body being covered with clothes, they esteem her scarcely by one hand-breadth (for they can see no more but her face), and so do join her to them not without great jeopardy of evil agreeing together if anything in her body afterward should chance to offend and mislike them.

For all men be not so wise as to have respect to the virtuous conditions of the party, and the endowments of the body cause the virtues of the mind more to be esteemed and regarded, yea, even in the marriages of wise men. Verily, so foul defor-

1 *sad* serious.

2 *colt* More's first wife was Jane Colt (d. 1511).

3 *chary* cautious.

mity may be hid under those coverings that it may quite alienate and take away the man's mind from his wife when it shall not be lawful for their bodies to be separate again. If such deformity happen by any chance after the marriage is consummate and finished, well, there is no remedy but patience. Every man must take his fortune well-a-worth.[1] But it were well done that a law were made whereby all such deceits might be eschewed[2] and avoided beforehand.

And this were they constrained more earnestly to look upon because they only of the nations in that part of the world be content every man with one wife apiece. And matrimony is there never broken but by death, except adultery break the bond or else the intolerable wayward manners of either party. For if either of them find themselves for any such cause grieved, they may by the license of the council change and take another, but the other party lives ever after in infamy and out of wedlock. Howbeit, the husband to put away his wife for no other fault but for that some mishap is fallen to her body, this by no means they will suffer. For they judge it a great point of cruelty that anybody in their most need of help and comfort should be cast off and forsaken and that old age, which both brings sickness with it and is a sickness itself, should unkindly and unfaithfully be dealt withal. But now and then it chances, whereas the man and the woman cannot well agree between themselves, both of them finding other with whom they hope to live more quietly and merrily, that they by the full consent of them both be divorced asunder and married again to other. But that not without the authority of the council, which agrees to no divorces before they and their wives have diligently tried and examined the matter. Yea, and then also they be loath to consent to it, because they know this to be the next way to break love between man and wife, to be in easy hope of a new marriage.

Breakers of wedlock be punished with most grievous bondage. And if both the offenders were married, then the parties which in that behalf have suffered wrong, being divorced from the avoutrers,[3] be married together, if they will, or else to whom they lust. But if either of them both do still continue in love toward so unkind a bedfellow, the use of wedlock is not to them forbidden if the party faultless be disposed to follow in toiling and drudgery the person which for that offence is condemned to bondage. And very oft it chances that the repentance of the one and the earnest diligence of the other does so move the prince with pity and compassion that he restores the bond person from servitude to liberty and freedom again. But if the same party be taken eftsoons[4] in that fault, there is no other way but death. To other trespassers no prescript punishment is appointed by any law, but according to the heinousness of the offence, or contrary, so the punishment is moderated by the discretion of the council. The husbands chastise their wives and the parents their children, unless they have done any so horrible an offence that the open punishment thereof makes much for the advancement of honest manners. But most commonly the most heinous faults be punished with the incommodity of bondage, for that they suppose to be to the offenders no less grief and to the commonwealth more profit than if they should hastily put them to death and so make them quite out of the way. For there comes more profit of their labour than of their death, and by their example they fear[5] others the longer from like offences. But if they, being thus used, do rebel and kick again, then forsooth they be slain as desperate and wild beasts whom neither prison nor chain could restrain and keep under. But they which take their bondage patiently be not left all hopeless, for after they have been broken and tamed with long miseries, if then they show such repentance as thereby it may be perceived that they be sorrier for their offence than for their punishment, sometimes by the prince's prerogative and sometimes by the voice and

[1] *well-a-worth* for what it's worth; as it comes.

[2] *eschewed* avoided.

[3] *avoutrers* adulterers.

[4] *eftsoons* again.

[5] *fear* frighten.

consent of the people their bondage either is mitigated or else clean released and forgiven. He that moves to avoutry[1] is in no less danger and jeopardy than if he had committed avoutry indeed, for in all offences they count the intent and pretenced purpose as evil as the act or deed itself, thinking that no let ought to excuse him that did his best to have no let.

They have singular delight and pleasure in fools. And as it is a great reproach to do any of them hurt or injury, so they prohibit not to take pleasure of foolishness, for that, they think, does much good to the fools. And if any man be so sad and stern that he cannot laugh neither at their words nor at their deeds, none of them be committed to his tuition,[2] for fear lest he would not entreat them gently and favourably enough to whom they should bring no delectation (for other goodness in them is none), much less any profit should they yield him. To mock a man for his deformity or for that[3] he lacks any part or limb of his body is counted great dishonesty and reproach, not to him that is mocked, but to him that mocks, which unwisely does embraid[4] any man of that as a vice that was not in his power to eschew.

Also, as they count and reckon very little wit to be in him that regards not natural beauty and comeliness, so to help the same with paintings[5] is taken for a vain and a wanton pride, not without great infamy. For they know even by very experience that no comeliness of beauty does so highly commend and advance the wives in the conceit of their husbands as honest conditions and lowliness.[6] For as love is oftentimes won with beauty, so it is not kept, preserved, and continued but by virtue and obedience.

They do not only fear their people from doing evil by punishments, but also allure them to virtue with rewards of honour. Therefore, they set up in the marketplace the images of notable men and of such as have been great and bountiful benefactors to the commonwealth for the perpetual memory of their good acts, and also that the glory and renown of the ancestors may stir and provoke their posterity to virtue. He that inordinately and ambitiously desires promotions is left all hopeless for ever attaining any promotion as long as he lives.

They live together lovingly, for no magistrate is either haughty or fearful.[7] Fathers they be called and like fathers they use themselves. The citizens (as it is their duty) willingly exhibit unto them due honour without any compulsion. Nor the prince himself is not known from the other by princely apparel or a robe of state, nor by a crown or diadem royal or cap of maintenance,[8] but by a little sheaf of corn carried before him. And so a taper of wax is borne before the bishop, whereby only he is known.

They have but few laws, for to people so instruct and institute[9] very few do suffice. Yea, this thing they chiefly reprove among other nations, that innumerable books of laws and expositions upon the same be not sufficient. But they think it against all right and justice that men should be bound to those laws which either be in number more than be able to be read or else blinder and darker than that any man can well understand them. Furthermore, they utterly exclude and banish all attorneys, proctors, and sergeants-at-the-law, which craftily handle matters and subtly dispute of the laws, for they think it most meet that every man should plead his own matter and tell the same tale before the judge that he would tell to his man of law. So shall there be less circumstance of words and the truth shall sooner come to light whilst the judge with a discreet judgement does weigh the words of him whom no lawyer has instruct[ed] with deceit, and whilst he

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1 *avoutry* adultery.

2 *tuition* guardianship, education.

3 *for that* because.

4 *embraid* upbraid, taunt.

5 *to help the same with paintings* to improve one's appearance with cosmetics.

6 *conceit* opinion; *lowliness* meekness, humility.

7 *fearful* a source of fear.

8 *cap of maintenance* A "cap of maintenance" was formerly worn as a symbol of official dignity or high rank; sometimes it was carried before the individual in processions.

9 *instruct and institute* educated and established.

helps and bears out simple wits against the false and malicious circumventions of crafty children. This is hard to be observed in other countries in so infinite a number of blind and intricate laws. But in Utopia every man is a cunning lawyer, for (as I said) they have very few laws and the plainer and grosser that any interpretation is, that they allow as most just. For all laws (say they) be made and published only to the intent that by them every man should be put in remembrance of his duty. But the crafty and subtle interpretation of them (forasmuch as few can attain thereto) can put very few in that remembrance, whereas the simple, the plain, and gross[1] meaning of the laws is open to every man. Else as touching the vulgar sort of the people, which be both most in number and have most need to know their duties, were it not as good for them that no law were made at all as, when it is made, to bring so blind an interpretation upon it that without great wit and long arguing no man can discuss it? To the finding out whereof neither the gross judgement[2] of the people can attain, neither the whole life of them that be occupied in working for their livings can suffice thereto.

These virtues of the Utopians have caused their next neighbours and borderers, which live free and under no subjection (for the Utopians long ago have delivered many of them from tyranny), to take magistrates of them, some for a year and some for five years space, which, when the time of their office is expired, they bring home again with honour and praise and take new again with them into their country. These nations have undoubtedly very well and wholesomely provided for their commonwealths. For seeing that both the making and the marring of the weal public does depend and hang upon the manners of the rulers and magistrates, what officers could they more wisely have chosen than those which cannot be led from honesty by bribes (for to them that shortly after shall depart thence into their own country, money should be unprofitable), nor yet be moved either with favour or malice towards any man, as being strangers and unacquainted with the people? The which two vices of affection and avarice, where they take place in judgements, incontinent they break justice, the strongest and surest bond of a commonwealth. These peoples which fetch their officers and rulers from them, the Utopians call their fellows, and others to whom they have been beneficial they call their friends.

As touching leagues,[3] which in other places between country and country be so oft concluded, broken, and renewed, they never make none with any nation. For to what purpose serve leagues, say they? As though nature had not set sufficient love between man and man. And who so regards not nature, think you that he will pass for[4] words? They be brought into this opinion chiefly because that in those parts of the world, leagues between princes be wont to be kept and observed very slenderly. For here in Europa,[5] and especially in these parts where the faith and religion of Christ reigns, the majesty of leagues is everywhere esteemed holy and inviolable, partly through the justice and goodness of princes, and partly at the reverence and motion of the head bishops,[6] which like as they make no promise themselves but they do very religiously perform the same, so they exhort all princes in any wise to abide by their promises, and them that refuse or deny so to do, by their pontifical power and authority they compel thereto. And surely they think well that it might seem a very reproachful thing if in the leagues of them which by a peculiar name be called faithful, faith should have no place. But in that newfound part of the world, which is scarcely so far from us beyond the line equinoctial as our life and manners be dissident from theirs, no trust nor confidence is in leagues. But the more and holier ceremonies the league is knit up with, the sooner it is broken by some cavillation[7] found in

[1] *gross* obvious.

[2] *gross judgement* general (implied inferior) opinion.

[3] *leagues* alliances.

[4] *pass for* care about.

[5] *Europa* Europe.

[6] *the head bishops* The Latin text refers to popes here.

[7] *cavillation* frivolous objection.

the words, which many times of purpose be so craftily put in and placed that the bands can never be so sure nor so strong, but they will find some hole open to creep out at and to break both league and truth. The which crafty dealing, yea, the which fraud and deceit, if they should know it to be practised among private men in their bargains and contracts, they would incontinent cry out at it with an open mouth and a sour countenance as an offense most detestable and worthy to be punished with a shameful death, yea, even very they[1] that advance themselves authors of like counsel given to princes. Wherefore it may well be thought either that all justice is but a base and a low virtue, and which avails itself far under the high dignity of kings, or at the leastwise, that there be two justices: the one meet[2] for the inferior sort of the people, going afoot and creeping low by the ground and bound down on every side with many bands, because it shall not run at rovers;[3] the other a princely virtue, which like as it is of much higher majesty than the other poor justice, so also it is of much more liberty, as to the which nothing is unlawful that it lusts after.

These manners of princes (as I said), which be there so evil keepers of leagues, cause the Utopians, as I suppose, to make no leagues at all, which perchance would change their mind if they lived here. Howbeit, they think that though leagues be never so faithfully observed and kept, yet the custom of making leagues was very evil begun. For this causes men (as though nations which be separate asunder by the space of a little hill or a river were coupled together by no society or bond of nature) to think themselves born adversaries and enemies one to another, and that it were lawful for the one to seek the death and destruction of the other if leagues were not, yea, and that after the leagues be accorded, friendship does not grow and increase. But the license of robbing and stealing does still remain, as far forth as, for lack of foresight and advisement in writing the words of the league, any sentence or clause to the contrary is not therein sufficiently comprehended. But they be of a contrary opinion: that is, that no man ought to be counted an enemy which has done no injury, and that the fellowship of nature is a strong league, and that men be better and more surely knit together by love and benevolence than by covenants of leagues, by hearty affection of mind than by words.

Of Warfare

War or battle, as a thing very beastly and yet to no kind of beasts in so much use as to man, they do detest and abhor. And contrary to the custom almost of all other nations, they count nothing so much against glory as glory gotten in war. And therefore, though they do daily practise and exercise themselves in the discipline of war, and not only the men but also the women upon certain appointed days, lest they should be to seek in[4] the feat of arms if need should require, yet they never go to battle but either in the defence of their own country or to drive out of their friends' land the enemies that have invaded it, or by their power to deliver from the yoke and bondage of tyranny some people that be therewith oppressed, which thing they do of mere pity and compassion. Howbeit, they send help to their friends not ever in their defence, but sometimes also to requite and revenge injuries before to them done. But this they do not unless their counsel and advice in the matter be asked whiles it is yet new and fresh. For if they find the cause probable, and if the contrary part[5] will not restore again such things as be of them justly demanded, then they be the chief authors and makers of the war, which they do not only as oft as by inroads and invasions of soldiers' preys and booties be driven away,[6] but then also much more mortally when their friends' merchants in any land, either under the pretence of

[1] *very they* these very persons.
[2] *meet* proper.
[3] *at rovers* at random.
[4] *to seek in* without skill in.
[5] *contrary part* opposition.
[6] *not only … driven away* not only when soldiers invade and take prey and "booties," or treasures.

unjust laws or else by the wresting and wrong understanding of good laws, do sustain an unjust accusation under the colour of justice. Neither the battle which the Utopians fought for the Nephelogetes against the Alaopolitans,[1] a little before our time, was made for any other cause, but that the Nephelogete merchant men, as the Utopians thought, suffered wrong of the Alaopolitans under the pretence of right. But whether it were right or wrong, it was with so cruel and mortal war revenged, the countries round about joining their help and power to the puissance and malice of both parties, that most flourishing and wealthy peoples, being some of them shrewdly shaken and some of them sharply beaten, the mischiefs were not finished nor ended until the Alaopolitans at the last were yielded up as bondmen into the jurisdiction of the Nephelogetes, for the Utopians fought not this war for themselves. And yet the Nephelogetes before the war, when the Alaopolitans flourished in wealth, were nothing to be compared with them. So eagerly the Utopians prosecute the injuries done to their friends, yea, in money matters, and not their own likewise. For if they by covin or guile be wiped besides[2] their goods—so that no violence be done to their bodies—they wreak their anger by abstaining from occupying[3] with that nation until they have made satisfaction. Not for because they set less store by their own citizens than by their friends, but that they take the loss of their friends' money more heavily than the loss of their own, because that their friends' merchant men, forasmuch as that [which] they lose is their own private goods, sustain great damage by the loss. But their own citizens lose nothing but of the common goods and of that which was at home plentiful and almost superfluous, else had it not been sent forth; therefore no man feels the loss. And for this cause they think it too cruel an act to revenge that loss with the death of many, the incommodity of the which loss no man feels neither in his life nor yet in his living. But if it chance that any of their men in any other country be maimed or killed, whether it be done by a common or a private council, knowing and trying out the truth of the matter by their ambassadors, unless the offenders be rendered unto them in recompense of the injury they will not be appeased, but incontinent they proclaim war against them. The offenders yielded, they punish either with death or with bondage. They be not only sorry, but also ashamed to achieve the victory with bloodshed, counting it great folly to buy precious wares too dear. They rejoice and avaunt[4] themselves if they vanquish and oppress their enemies by craft and deceit. And for that act they make a general triumph, and as if the matter were manfully[5] handled, they set up a pillar of stone in the place where they so vanquished their enemies in token of the victory. For then they glory, then they boast and crack that they have played the men indeed when they have so overcome as no other living creature but only man could, that is to say by the might and puissance of wit. For with bodily strength (say they) bears, lions, boars, wolves, dogs, and other wild beasts do fight, and as the most part of them do pass us in strength and fierce courage, so in wit and reason we be much stronger than they all. Their chief and principal purpose in war is to obtain that thing which, if they had before obtained, they would not have moved battle. But if that be not possible, they take so cruel vengeance of them which be in the fault that ever after they be afraid to do the like.

This is their chief and principal intent which they immediately and first of all prosecute and set forward, but yet so that they be more circumspect in avoiding and eschewing jeopardies than they be desirous of praise and renown. Therefore, immediately after that war is once solemnly denounced,[6] they procure many proclamations signed with their own common seal to be set up

[1] *Nephelogetes* from Greek, "people born in the clouds"; *Alaopolitans* from Greek, "people without a country."

[2] *wiped besides* robbed of.

[3] *occupying* trading.

[4] *avaunt* praise.

[5] *manfully* bravely.

[6] *denounced* announced.

privily at one time in their enemy's land in places most frequented. In these proclamations they promise great rewards to him that will kill their enemy's prince, and somewhat less gifts, but them very great also, for every head of them whose names be in the said proclamations contained. They be those whom they count their chief adversaries next unto the prince. Whatsoever is prescribed unto him that kills any of the proclaimed persons, that is doubled to him that brings any of the same to them alive, yea, and to the proclaimed persons themselves if they will change their minds and come into them, taking their parts, they proffer the same great rewards with pardon and surety of their lives. Therefore it quickly comes to pass that their enemies have all other men in suspicion, and be unfaithful and mistrusting among themselves one to another, living in great fear and in no less jeopardy. For it is well known that divers times the most part of them (and specially the prince himself) have been betrayed of them in whom they put their most hope and trust, so that there is no manner of act nor deed that gifts and rewards do not enforce men unto, and in rewards they keep no measure. But remembering and considering into how great hazard and jeopardy they call them, endeavour themselves to recompense the greatness of the danger with like great benefits, and therefore they promise not only wonderful great abundance of gold, but also lands of great revenues lying in most safe places among their friends. And their promises they perform faithfully without any fraud or covin. This custom of buying and selling adversaries among other people is disallowed as a cruel act of a base and a cowardish mind. But they in this behalf think themselves much praiseworthy, as who, like wise men, by this means dispatch great wars without any battle or skirmish. Yea they count it also a deed of pity and mercy because that by the death of a few offenders the lives of a great number of innocents, as well of their own men as also of their enemies, be ransomed and saved which in fighting should have been slain. For they do no less pity the base and common sort of their enemies' people than they do their own, knowing that they be driven and enforced to war against their wills by the furious madness of their princes and heads. If by none of these means the matter go forward as they would have it, then they procure occasions of debate and dissension to be spread among their enemies, as by bringing the prince's brother or some of the noblemen in hope to obtain the kingdom. If this way prevail not, then they raise up the people that be next neighbours and borderers to their enemies and them they set in their necks[1] under the colour of some old title of right, such as kings do never lack. To them they promise their help and aid in their war, and, as for money, they give them abundance. But of their own citizens they send to them few or none, whom they make so much of and love so entirely that they would not be willing to change any of them for their adversary's prince. But their gold and silver, because they keep it all for this only purpose, they lay it out frankly and freely, as who should live even as wealthily if they had bestowed it every penny. Yea, and besides their riches which they keep at home, they have also an infinite treasure abroad, by reason that (as I said before) many nations be in their debt.

Therefore, they hire soldiers out of all countries and send them to battle, but chiefly of the Zapoletes.[2] This people is five hundred miles from Utopia eastward. They be hideous, savage, and fierce, dwelling in wild woods and high mountains where they were bred and brought up. They be of an hard nature, able to abide and sustain heat, cold, and labour, abhorring from all delicate dainties,[3] occupying no husbandry nor tillage of the ground, homely and rude both in building of their houses and in their apparel, given unto no goodness, but only to the breeding and bringing up of cattle. The most part of their living is by hunting and stealing. They be born only to war, which they diligently and earnestly seek for, and when they have gotten it, they be wondrous glad thereof.

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1 *set in their necks* put on top of or close by them.

2 *Zapoletes* from Greek, "busy sellers."

3 *abhorring from all delicate dainties* disliking or shunning all ease and delicacy.

They go forth of their country in great companies together and whosoever lacks soldiers, there they proffer their service for small wages. This is only the craft they have to get their living by. They maintain their life by seeking their death. For them whom with they be in wages they fight hardily, fiercely, and faithfully, but they bind themselves for no certain time. But upon this condition they enter into bonds that the next day they will take part with the other side for greater wages, and the next day after that they will be ready to come back again for a little more money. There be few wars thereaway wherein is not a great number of them in both parties. Therefore, it daily chances that nigh kinsfolk which were hired together on one part, and there very friendly and familiarly used themselves one with another, shortly after being separate in contrary parts, run one against another enviously and fiercely, and forgetting both kindred and friendship thrust their swords one in another. And that for none other cause but that they be hired of contrary princes for a little money, which they do so highly regard and esteem that they will easily be provoked to change parts for a half-penny more wages by the day. So quickly they have taken a smack in[1] covetousness, which for all that is to them no profit, for that [which] they get by fighting immediately they spend unthriftily and wretchedly in riot. This people fights for the Utopians against all nations because they give them greater wages than any other nation will. For the Utopians, like as they seek good men to use well, so they seek these evil and vicious men to abuse, whom, when need requires, with promises of great rewards they put forth into great jeopardies, from whence the most part of them never come again to ask their rewards. But to them that remain alive they pay that which they promised faithfully that they may be the more willing to put themselves in like danger another time. Nor the Utopians pass not how many of them they bring to destruction, for they believe that they should do a very good deed for all mankind if they could rid out of the world all that foul stinking den of that most wicked and cursed people.

Next unto these they use the soldiers of them for whom they fight, and then the help of their other friends, and last of all they join to their own citizens, among whom they give to one of tried virtue and prowess the rule, governance, and conduction[2] of the whole army. Under him they appoint two others, which, whilst he is safe, be both private and out of office.[3] But if he be taken or slain, the one of the other two succeeds him as it were by inheritance. And if the second miscarry, then the third takes his room, lest that (as the chance[4] of battle is uncertain and doubtful) the jeopardy or death of the captain should bring the whole army in hazard.

They choose soldiers out of every city, those which put forth themselves willingly, for they thrust no man forth into war against his will because they believe if any man be fearful and faint-hearted of nature, he will not only do no manful and hardy act himself, but also be occasion of cowardice to his fellows. But if any battle be made against their own country, then they put these cowards (so that[5] they be strong-bodied) in ships among other bold-hearted men, or else they dispose them upon the walls[6] from whence they may not fly. Thus, what for shame that their enemies be at hand and what for because they be without hope of running away, they forget all fear. And many times extreme necessity turns cowardice into prowess and manliness. But as none of them is thrust forth of his country into war against his will, so women that be willing to accompany their husbands in times of war be not prohibited or letted. Yea, they provoke and exhort them to it with praises. And in set field[7] the wives do stand every one by their own husband's side. Also every man is compassed next about with his

1 *taken a smack in* developed a taste for.

2 *conduction* leadership.

3 *whilst he is safe, be both private and out of office* i.e., while the ruler is safe, the two others hold no official position.

4 *chance* outcome.

5 *so that* as long as.

6 *walls* i.e., the city walls.

7 *in set field* in the order of battle.

own children, kinsfolks, and alliance, that they whom nature chiefly moves to mutual succour, thus standing together, may help one another. It is a great reproach and dishonesty for the husband to come home without his wife or the wife without her husband or the son without his father. And therefore, if the other part stick so hard by it that the battle come to their hands, it is fought with great slaughter and bloodshed even to the utter destruction of both parts. For as they make all the means and shifts that may be to keep themselves from the necessity of fighting, or that they may dispatch the battle by their hired soldiers, so when there is no remedy but that they must needs fight themselves, they do as courageously fall to it as before, whiles they might, they did wisely avoid and refuse it. Nor they be not most fierce at the first brunt,[1] but in continuance by little and little their fierce courage increases with so stubborn and obstinate minds that they will rather die than give back an inch. For that surety of living which every man has at home being joined with no careful anxiety or remembrance how their posterity shall live after them (for this pensiveness oftentimes breaks and abates courageous stomachs) makes them stout and hardy and disdainful to be conquered. Moreover, their knowledge in chivalry and feats of arms puts them in a good hope. Finally, the wholesome and virtuous opinions wherein they were brought up even from their childhood, partly through learning and partly through the good ordinances and laws of their weal public, augment and increase their manful courage. By reason whereof they neither set so little store by their lives that they will rashly and unadvisedly cast them away, nor they be not so far in lewd and fond love therewith that they will shamefully covet to keep them when honesty bids leave them.

When the battle is hottest and in all places most fierce and fervent, a band of chosen and picked young men, which be sworn to live and die together, take upon them to destroy their adversaries' captain, whom they invade now with privy wiles, now by open strength. At him they strike both near and far off. He is assailed with a long and a continual assault, fresh men still coming in the wearied men's places. And seldom it chances (unless he save himself by flying) that he is not either slain or else taken prisoner and yielded to his enemies alive. If they win the field, they persecute not their enemies with the violent rage of slaughter, for they had rather take them alive than kill them. Neither they do so follow the chase and pursuit of their enemies, but they leave behind them one part of their host[2] in battle array under their standards. Insomuch that if all their whole army be discomfited and overcome, saving the rearward, and that they therewith achieve the victory, then they had rather let all their enemies escape than to follow them out of array.[3] For they remember it has chanced unto themselves more than once, the whole power and strength of their host being vanquished and put to flight, whilst their enemies rejoicing in the victory have persecuted them, flying some one way and some another, a small company of their men[4] lying in an ambush, there ready at all occasions, have suddenly risen upon them thus dispersed and scattered out of array, and through presumption of safety unadvisedly pursuing the chase, and have incontinent changed the fortune of the whole battle and, spite of their teeths,[5] wresting out of their[6] hands the sure and undoubted victory, being a little before conquered, have for their part conquered the conquerors. It is hard to say whether they be craftier in laying an ambush or wittier in avoiding the same. You would think they intend to fly when they mean nothing less. And contrariwise, when they go about that purpose you would believe it were the least part of their thought, for if they perceive themselves either overmatched in number or closed in too narrow a place, then they

[1] *brunt* assault.

[2] *their host* i.e., their own army.

[3] *array* order, formation.

[4] *their men* i.e., the Utopians.

[5] *spite of their teeths* in defiance of or notwithstanding the opposition.

[6] *their* i.e., the enemy's.

remove their camp either in the night season with silence, or by some policy they deceive their enemies, or in the daytime they retire back so softly that it is no less jeopardy to meddle with them when they give back than when they press on.

They fence and fortify their camp surely with a deep and a broad trench; the earth thereof is cast inward. Nor they do not set drudges and slaves a-work about it; it is done by the hands of the soldiers themselves. All the whole army works upon it, except them that keep watch and ward in harness before the trench for sudden adventures.[1] Therefore, by the labour of so many, a large trench closing in a great compass of ground is made in less time than any man would believe.

Their armour or harness which they wear is sure and strong to receive strokes and handsome[2] for all movings and gestures of the body, insomuch that it is not unwieldy to swim in, for in the discipline of their warfare among other feats they learn to swim in harness. Their weapons be arrows aloof,[3] which they shoot both strongly and surely, not only footmen but also horsemen. At hand strokes they use not swords but poleaxes, which be mortal as well in sharpness as in weight, both for foins[4] and downstrokes. Engines for war they devise and invent wondrous wittily, which when they be made they keep very secret, lest if they should be known before need require they should be but laughed at and serve no purpose. But in making them hereunto they have chief respect that they be both easy to be carried and handsome to be moved and turned about.

Truce taken with their enemies for a short time they do so firmly and faithfully keep that they will not break it, no not though they be thereunto provoked. They do not waste nor destroy their enemies' land with foragings, nor they burn not up their corn. Yea, they save it as much as may be from being overrun and trodden down either with men or horses, thinking that it grows for their own use and profit. They hurt no man that is unarmed unless he be an espial.[5] All cities that be yielded unto them they defend, and such as they win by force of assault they neither despoil nor sack, but them that withstood and dissuaded the yielding up of the same they put to death; the other soldiers they punish with bondage. All the weak multitude they leave untouched. If they know that any citizen's counselled to yield and render up the city, to them they give part of the condemned men's goods. The residue they distribute and give freely among them whose help they had in the same war, for none of themselves takes any portion of the prey. But when the battle is finished and ended, they put their friends to never a penny cost of all the charges that they were at, but lay it upon their necks that be conquered. Them they burden with the whole charge of their expenses, which they demand of them partly in money to be kept for like use of battle and partly in lands of great revenues to be paid unto them yearly forever. Such revenues they have now in many countries, which by little and little rising of divers and sundry causes be increased above seven hundred thousand ducats[6] by the year. Thither they send forth some of their citizens as lieutenants to live there sumptuously like men of honour and renown. And yet, this notwithstanding, much money is saved which comes to the common treasury, unless it so chance that they had rather trust the country with the money, which many times they do so long until they have need to occupy it. And it seldom happens that they demand all. Of these lands they assign part unto them which, at their request and exhortation, put themselves in such jeopardies as I spoke of before. If any prince stir up war against them, intending to invade their land, they meet him incontinent out of their own borders with great power and strength, for they never lightly make war in their own country, nor they be never brought into so extreme necessity as to take help out of foreign lands into their own island.

[1] *harness* armour; *adventures* attacks.

[2] *handsome* easy to handle.

[3] *arrows aloof* shot from a distance, probably long bows.

[4] *foins* thrusts.

[5] *an espial* a spy.

[6] *ducats* gold coins; seven hundred thousand would be a fortune.

Of the Religions in Utopia

There be divers kinds of religion not only in sundry parts of the island, but also in divers places of every city. Some worship for god, the sun; some, the moon; some, some other of the planets. There be [those] that give worship to a man that was once of excellent virtue or of famous glory, not only as a god, but also as the chiefest and highest god. But the most and the wisest part (rejecting all these) believe that there is a certain godly power unknown, everlasting, incomprehensible, inexplicable, far above the capacity and reach of man's wit, dispersed throughout all the world, not in bigness, but in virtue and power. Him they call the father of all. To him alone they attribute the beginnings, the increasings, the proceedings, the changes and the ends of all things. Neither they give any divine honours to any other than to him. Yea, all the other also, though they be in divers opinions, yet in this point they agree altogether with the wisest sort, in believing that there is one chief and principal god, the maker and ruler of the whole world: whom they all commonly in their country language call Mythra.[1] But in this they disagree, that among some he is counted one and among some another. For every one of them, whatsoever that is which he takes for the chief god, thinks it to be the very same nature, to whose only divine might and majesty the sum and sovereignty of all things by the consent of all people is attributed and given. Howbeit, they all begin by little and little to forsake and fall from this variety of superstitions and to agree together in that religion which seems by reason to pass and excel the residue. And it is not to be doubted but all the others would long ago have been abolished, but that whatsoever unprosperous thing happened to any of them as he was minded to change his religion, the fearfulness of people did take it not as a thing coming by chance, but as sent from god out of Heaven. As though the god whose honour he was forsaking would revenge that wicked purpose against him.

But after they heard us speak of the name of Christ, of his doctrine, laws, miracles, and of the no less wonderful constancy of so many martyrs whose blood willingly shed brought a great number of nations throughout all parts of the world into their sect, you will not believe with how glad minds they agreed unto the same: whether it were by the secret inspiration of God or else for that they thought it nighest unto that opinion which among them is counted the chiefest. Howbeit, I think this was no small help and furtherance in the matter that they heard us say that Christ instituted among his[2] all things common, and that the same community does yet remain amongst the rightest Christian companies. Verily, howsoever it came to pass, many of them consented together in our religion and were washed in the holy water of Baptism. But because among us four (for no more of us was left alive, two of our company being dead) there was no priest, which I am right sorry for, they, being entered and instructed in all other points of our religion, lack only those sacraments which here none but priests do minister.[3] Howbeit, they understand and perceive them and be very desirous of the same. Yea, they reason and dispute the matter earnestly among themselves, whether without the sending of a Christian bishop, one chosen out of their own people may receive the order of priesthood. And truly they were minded to choose one, but at my departure from them they had chosen none.

They also which do not agree to Christ's religion fear[4] no man from it, nor speak against any man that has received it, saving that one of our company in my presence was sharply punished. He, as soon as he was baptized, began, against our wills, with more earnest affection than wisdom to reason of Christ's religion, and began to wax so hot in his matter that he did not only prefer our

[1] *Mythra* or Mithra: one of the chief gods of the ancient Persians, in later times often identified with the sun.

[2] *among his* i.e., among his followers.

[3] *those sacraments … minister* In the Catholic Church, a layperson can perform baptisms, but other sacraments required a priest. Ordination is performed by a bishop.

[4] *fear* frighten.

religion before all other, but also did utterly despise and condemn all other, calling them profane and the followers of them wicked and devilish and the children of everlasting damnation. When he had thus long reasoned the matter, they laid hold on him, accused him, and condemned him into exile, not as a despiser of religion, but as a seditious person and a raiser up of dissension among the people.

For this is one of the ancientest laws among them, that no man shall be blamed for reasoning in the maintenance of his own religion. For King Utopus, even at the first beginning, hearing that the inhabitants of the land were before his coming thither at continual dissension and strife among themselves for their religions, perceiving also that this common dissension (whilst every several sect took several parts in fighting for their country) was the only occasion of his conquest over them all, as soon as he had gotten the victory first of all he made a decree that it should be lawful for every man to favour and follow what religion he would, and that he might do the best he could to bring others to his opinion so that he did it peaceably, gently, quietly, and soberly, without hasty and contentious rebuking and inveighing against other. If he could not by fair and gentle speech induce them unto his opinion, yet he should use no kind of violence and refrain from displeasant and seditious words. To him that would vehemently and fervently in this cause strive and contend was decreed banishment or bondage. This law did King Utopus make not only for the maintenance of peace, which he saw through continual contention and mortal hatred utterly extinguished, but also because he thought this decree should make for the furtherance of religion. Whereof he durst define and determine nothing unadvisedly, as doubting whether God, desiring manifold and diverse sorts of honour, would inspire sundry men with sundry kinds of religion; and this surely he thought a very unmeet[1] and foolish thing, and a point of arrogant presumption, to compel all others by violence and threatenings to agree to the same that thou believe to be true. Furthermore, though there be one religion which alone is true and all others vain and superstitious, yet did he well foresee (so that the matter were handled with reason and sober modesty) that the truth of its own power would at the last issue out and come to light. But if contention and debate in that behalf should continually be used, as the worst men be most obstinate and stubborn and in their evil opinion most constant, he perceived that then the best and holiest religion would be trodden underfoot and destroyed by most vain superstitions, even as good corn is by thorns and weeds overgrown and choked. Therefore, all this matter he left undiscussed and gave to every man free liberty and choice to believe what he would, saving that he earnestly and straightly charged them that no man should conceive so vile and base an opinion of the dignity of man's nature as to think that the souls do die and perish with the body, or that the world runs at all adventures governed by no divine providence. And, therefore, they believe that after this life vices be extremely punished and virtues bountifully rewarded.

Him that is of a contrary opinion they count not in the number of men, as one that has avaled[2] the high nature of his soul to the vileness of brute beasts' bodies, much less in the number of their citizens whose laws and ordinances, if it were not for fear, he would nothing at all esteem. For you may be sure that he will study either with craft privily to mock or else violently to break the common laws of his country, in whom remains no further fear than of the laws, nor no further hope than of the body. Wherefore, he that is thus minded is deprived of all honours, excluded from all common administrations in the weal public, and thus he is of all sorts despised as of an unprofitable and of a base and vile nature. Howbeit, they put him to no punishment because they be persuaded that it is in no man's power to believe what he list.[3] No, nor they constrain him not with threatenings to dissemble his mind and

[1] *unmeet* improper.

[2] *avaled* lowered.

[3] *list* chooses, wills.

show countenance contrary to his thought. For deceit and falsehood and all manners of lies, as next unto fraud, they do marvellously detest and abhor. But they suffer him not to dispute in his opinion, and that only among the common people. For else apart among the priests and men of gravity they do not only suffer but also exhort him to dispute and argue, hoping that at the last that madness will give place to reason.

There be also others, and of them no small number, which be not forbidden to speak their minds, as grounding their opinion upon some reason, being in their living neither evil nor vicious. Their heresy is much contrary to the other, for they believe that the souls of brute beasts be immortal and everlasting, but nothing to be compared with ours in dignity, neither ordained nor predestinate to like felicity.

For all they believe certainly and surely that man's bless[1] shall be so great that they do mourn and lament every man's sickness, but no man's death, unless it be one whom they see depart from his life carefully[2] and against his will. For this they take for a very evil token, as though the soul being in despair and vexed in conscience, through some privy and secret fore-feeling of the punishment now at hand, were afraid to depart. And they think he shall not be welcome to God which, when he is called, runs not to him gladly, but is drawn by force and sore against his will. They, therefore, that see this kind of death do abhor it, and them that so die they bury with sorrow and silence. And when they have prayed God to be merciful to the soul and mercifully to pardon the infirmities thereof, they cover the dead corpse with earth.

Contrariwise, all that depart merrily and full of good hope, for them no man mourns, but follows the hearse with joyful singing, commending the souls to God with great affection. And at the last, not with mourning sorrow but with a great reverence, they burn the bodies, and in the same place they set up a pillar of stone with the dead man's titles therein graved.[3] When they be come home, they rehearse his virtuous manners and his good deeds, but no part of his life is so oft or gladly talked of as his merry death. They think that this remembrance of the virtue and goodness of the dead does vehemently provoke and enforce the living to virtue, and that nothing can be more pleasant and acceptable to the dead, whom they suppose to be present among them when they talk of them, though to the dull and feeble eyesight of mortal men they be invisible. For it were an inconvenient thing that the blessed should not be at liberty to go whither they would, and it were a point of great unkindness in them to have utterly cast away the desire of visiting and seeing their friends to whom they were in their lifetime joined by mutual love and amity, which in good men after their death they count to be rather increased than diminished. They believe therefore that the dead be presently conversant among the quick as beholders and witnesses of all their words and deeds. Therefore, they go more courageously to their business as having a trust and affiance[4] in such overseers. And this same belief of the present conversation of their forefathers and ancestors among them fears them from all secret dishonesty. They utterly despise and mock soothsayings and divinations of things to come by the flight or voices of birds, and all other divinations of vain superstition, which in other countries be in great observation. But they highly esteem and worship miracles that come by no help of nature as works and witnesses of the present power of God, and such they say do chance there very often. And sometimes in great and doubtful matters, by common intercession and prayers, they procure and obtain them with a sure hope and confidence and a steadfast belief.

They think that the contemplation of nature, and the praise thereof coming, is to God a very acceptable honour. Yet there be many so earnestly bent and affectioned to religion that they pass

[1] *bless* bliss.
[2] *carefully* full of care.
[3] *graved* engraved.
[4] *affiance* confidence.

nothing for[1] learning, nor give their minds to any knowledge of things.[2] But idleness they utterly forsake and eschew, thinking felicity after this life to be gotten and obtained by busy labours and good exercises. Some, therefore, of them attend upon the sick, some amend highways, cleanse ditches, repair bridges, dig turfs, gravel, and stones, fell and cleave wood, bring wood, corn and other things into the cities in carts, and serve not only in common works, but also in private labours as servants, yea, more than bondmen. For whatsoever unpleasant, hard, and vile work is anywhere from the which labour, loathsomeness, and desperation does fray[3] others, all that they take upon them willingly and gladly, procuring quiet and rest to others, remaining in continual work and labour themselves, not embraiding[4] others therewith. They neither reprove other men's lives nor glory in their own. These men, the more serviceable they behave themselves, the more they be honoured of all men.

Yet they be divided into two sects. The one is of them that live single and chaste, abstaining not only from the company of women, but also from eating of flesh and some of them from all manner of beasts, which, utterly rejecting the pleasures of this present life as hurtful, be all wholly set upon the desire of the life to come by watching and sweating,[5] hoping shortly to obtain it, being in the mean season merry and lusty.[6]

The other sect is no less desirous of labour, but they embrace matrimony, not despising the solace thereof, thinking that they cannot be discharged of their bounden duties towards nature without labour and toil, nor towards their native country without procreation of children. They abstain from no pleasure that does nothing hinder them from labour. They love the flesh of four-footed beasts because they believe that by that meat they be made hardier and stronger to work. The Utopians count this sect the wiser, but the other the holier, which in that they prefer single life before matrimony and that sharp life before an easier life, if herein they grounded upon reason[7] they would mock them, but now, forasmuch as they say they be led to it by religion, they honour and worship them. And these be they whom in their language by a peculiar name they call Buthrescas,[8] the which word by interpretation signifies to us men of religion or religious men.

They have priests of exceeding holiness, and therefore very few, for there be but thirteen in every city according to the number of their churches, saving when they go forth to battle, for then seven of them go forth with the army, in whose steads so many new be made at home. But the other at their return home again re-enter every one into his own place; they that be above the number, until such time as they succeed into the places of the other at their dying, be in the mean season continually in company with the bishop, for he is the chief head of them all. They be chosen of the people, as the other magistrates be, by secret voices for the avoiding of strife. After their election they be consecrate of their own company. They be overseers of all divine matters, orderers of religions, and, as it were, judges and masters of manners. And it is a great dishonesty and shame to be rebuked or spoken to by any of them for dissolute and incontinent living. But as it is their office to give good exhortations and counsel, so is it the duty of the prince and the other magistrates to correct and punish offenders, saving that the priests whom they find exceeding vicious livers, them they excommunicate from having any interest in divine matters.[9] And there is almost no punishment among them more feared,

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1 *pass nothing for* care nothing about.

2 *things* i.e., worldly things.

3 *fray* frighten.

4 *embraiding* upbraiding.

5 *watching and sweating* as devotional exercises, keeping vigils.

6 *mean season* meanwhile; *lusty* joyful.

7 *if herein they grounded upon reason* i.e., if the members of the sect based their actions on reason (rather than faith).

8 *Buthrescas* from Greek, "exceedingly religious."

9 *the priests … divine matters* This is a convoluted sentence; it is not the priest who lives a dishonourable life, but the priest excommunicates those he finds live dishonestly, which is why they must "approve" or "prove" that they have amended their ways later in the text.

for they run in very great infamy and be inwardly tormented with a secret fear of religion and shall not long scape[1] free with their bodies. For unless they by quick repentance approve the amendment of their lives to the priests, they be taken and punished of the council as wicked and irreligious.

Both childhood and youth is instructed and taught of them. Nor they be not more diligent to instruct them in learning than in virtue and good manners, for they use with very great endeavour and diligence to put into the heads of their children, whilst they be yet tender and pliant, good opinions and profitable for the conservation of their weal public, which when they be once rooted in children, do remain with them all their life after and be wondrous profitable for the defence and maintenance of the state of the commonwealth, which never decays but through vices rising of evil opinions.

The priests, unless they be women (for that kind is not excluded from priesthood, howbeit few be chosen and none but widows and old women), the men priests, I say, take to their wives the chiefest women in all their country, for to no office among the Utopians is more honour and pre-eminence given. Insomuch that if they commit any offence, they be under no common judgement, but be left only to God and themselves, for they think it not lawful to touch him with man's hand, be he never so vicious, which after so singular a sort was dedicate and consecrate to God as a holy offering. This manner may they easily observe because they have so few priests and do choose them with such circumspection. For it scarcely ever chances that the most virtuous among virtuous, which in respect only of his virtue is advanced to so high a dignity, can fall to vice and wickedness. And if it should chance indeed (as man's nature is mutable and frail), yet by reason they be so few and promoted to no might nor power, but only to honour, it were not to be feared that any great damage by them should happen and ensue to the commonwealth. They have so rare and few priests, lest if the honour were communicated to many, the dignity of the order, which among them now is so highly esteemed, should run in contempt, especially because they think it hard to find many so good as to be meet for that dignity, to the execution and discharge whereof it is not sufficient to be endued with mean virtues.

Furthermore, these priests be not more esteemed of their own countrymen than they be of foreign and strange countries, which thing may hereby plainly appear, and I think also that this is the cause of it. For whilst the armies be fighting together in open field, they a little beside, not far off, kneel upon their knees in their hallowed vestments, holding up their hands to Heaven, praying first of all for peace, next for victory of their own part, but to neither part a bloody victory. If their host get the upper hand, they run in to the main battle and restrain their own men from slaying and cruelly pursuing their vanquished enemies, which enemies, if they do but see them and speak to them, it is enough for the safeguard of their lives. And the touching of their clothes defends and saves all their goods from ravin and spoil. This thing has advanced them to so great worship and true majesty among all nations that many times they have as well preserved their own citizens from the cruel force of their enemies as they have their enemies from the furious rage of their own men. For it is well known that when their own army has reculed[2] and in despair turned back and run away, their enemies fiercely pursuing with slaughter and spoil, then the priests coming between have stayed the murder and parted both the hosts, so that peace has been made and concluded between both parts upon equal and indifferent conditions. For there was never any nation so fierce, so cruel, and rude,[3] but they had them in such reverence that they counted their bodies hallowed and sanctified, and therefore not to be violently and irreverently touched.

They keep holy the first and the last day of every month and year, dividing the year into

[1] *scape* escape.

[2] *reculed* recoiled or retreated.

[3] *rude* uncivilized, violent.

months which they measure by the course of the moon, as they do the year by the course of the sun. The first days they call in their language Cynemernes and the last Trapemernes,[1] the which words may be interpreted primifest and finifest, or else in our speech "first feast" and "last feast." Their churches be very gorgeous, and not only of fine and curious workmanship, but also (which in the fewness of them was necessary) very wide and large and able to receive a great company of people. But they be all somewhat dark. Howbeit, that was not done through ignorance in building, but, as they say, by the counsel of the priests, because they thought that overmuch light does disperse men's cogitations, whereas in dim and doubtful light they be gathered together and more earnestly fixed upon religion and devotion, which because it is not there of one sort among all men and yet all the kinds and fashions of it, though they be sundry and manifold, agree together in the honour of the divine nature, as going divers ways to one end; therefore nothing is seen nor heard in the churches but that seems to agree indifferently with them all. If there be a distinct kind of sacrifice peculiar to any several sect, that they execute at home in their own houses. The common sacrifices be so ordered that they be no derogation nor prejudice to any of the private sacrifices and religions. Therefore, no image of any god is seen in the church to the intent it may be free for every man to conceive God by their religion after what likeness and similitude they will. They call upon no peculiar name of God, but only Mythra, in the which word they all agree together in one nature of the divine majesty whatsoever it be. No prayers be used but such as every man may boldly pronounce without the offending of any sect. They come, therefore, to the church the last day of every month and year, in the evening yet fasting, there to give thanks to God for that they have prosperously passed over the year or month, whereof that holy day is the last day. The next day they come to the church early in the morning to pray to God that they may have good fortune and success all the new year or month which they do begin of that same holy day. But in the holy days that be the last days of the months and years, before they come to the church, the wives fall down prostrate before their husbands' feet at home, and the children before the feet of their parents, confessing and acknowledging themselves offenders either by some actual deed or by omission of their duty, and desire pardon for their offence. Thus if any cloud of privy displeasure was risen at home, by this satisfaction it is overblown, that they may be present at the sacrifices with pure and charitable minds, for they be afeared to come there with troubled consciences. Therefore, if they know themselves to bear any hatred or grudge toward any man, they presume not to come to the sacrifices before they have reconciled themselves and purged their consciences, for fear of great vengeance and punishment for their offence.

When they come thither, the men go into the right side of the church and the women into the left side. There they place themselves in such order that all they which be of the male kind in every household sit before the goodman[2] of the house, and they of the female kind before the goodwife.[3] Thus it is foreseen that all their gestures and behaviours be marked and observed abroad of them by whose authority and discipline they be governed at home. This also they diligently see unto, that the younger evermore be coupled with his elder, lest, children being joined together, they should pass over that time in childish wantonness,[4] wherein they ought principally to conceive a religious and devout fear towards God, which is the chief and almost the only incitation to virtue.

They kill no living beast in sacrifice, nor they think not that the merciful clemency of God has delight in blood and slaughter, which has given life to beasts to the intent they should live. They burn

[1] *Cynemernes* from Greek, "dog day"; *Trapemernes* from Greek, "turning day."

[2] *goodman* master or head of the household.

[3] *goodwife* mistress of the household.

[4] *wantonness* extravagancy, unruliness.

frankincense and other sweet savours, and light also a great number of wax candles and tapers, not supposing this gear to be anything available to[1] the divine nature, as neither the prayers of men. But this unhurtful and harmless kind of worship pleases them, and by these sweet savours and lights and other such ceremonies men feel themselves secretly lifted up and encouraged to devotion with more willing and fervent hearts.

The people wear in the church white apparel. The priest is clothed in changeable[2] colours, which in workmanship be excellent, but in stuff not very precious, for their vestments be neither embroidered with gold nor set with precious stones, but they be wrought so finely and cunningly with divers feathers of fowls that the estimation of no costly stuff is able to countervail the price of the work. Furthermore, in these birds' feathers and in the due order of them which is observed in their setting, they say, is contained certain divine mysteries. The interpretation whereof known, which is diligently taught by the priests, they be put in remembrance of the bountiful benefits of God toward them, and of the love and honour which of their behalf is due to God, and also of their duties one toward another. When the priest first comes out of the vestry thus apparelled, they fall down incontinent everyone reverently to the ground, with so still silence on every part that the very fashion of the thing strikes into them a certain fear of God, as though he were there personally present. When they have lain a little space on the ground, the priest gives them a sign for to rise. Then they sing praises unto God, which they intermix with instruments of music, for the most part of other fashions than these that we use in this part of the world. And like as some of ours be much sweeter than theirs, so some of theirs do far pass ours. But in one thing doubtless they go exceeding far beyond us, for all their music, both that they play upon instruments and that they sing with man's voice, does so resemble and express natural affections, the sound and tune is so applied and made agreeable to the thing, that whether it be a prayer or else a ditty of gladness, of patience, of trouble, of mourning, of anger, the fashion of the melody does so represent the meaning of the thing, that it does wonderfully move, stir, pierce, and enflame the hearers' minds.

At the last, the people and the priest together rehearse solemn prayers in words expressly pronounced, so made that every man may privately apply to himself that which is commonly spoken of all. In these prayers every man recognizes and 'knowledges God to be his maker, his governor, and the principal cause of all other goodness, thanking him for so many benefits received at his hand, but namely that through the favour of God he has chanced into that public weal which is most happy and wealthy and has chosen that religion which he hopes to be most true. In the which thing if he do anything err, or if there be any other better than either of them is, being more acceptable to God, he desires him that he will of his goodness let him have knowledge thereof, as one that is ready to follow what way soever he will lead him. But if this form and fashion of a commonwealth be best and his own religion most true and perfect, then he desires God to give him a constant steadfastness in the same and to bring all other people to the same order of living and to the same opinion of God, unless there be anything that in this diversity of religions does delight his unsearchable pleasure. To be short, he prays him that after his death he may come to him, but how soon or late, that he dare not assign or determine. Howbeit, if it might stand with his majesty's pleasure, he would be much gladder to die a painful death and so to go to God than by long living in worldly prosperity to be away from him. When this prayer is said, they fall down to the ground again and a little after they rise up and go to dinner. And the residue of the day they pass over in plays and exercise of chivalry.[3]

[1] *be anything available to* produce a desired result from; be able to reach.

[2] *changeable* various.

[3] *plays and exercises of chivalry* "plays" is more generally entertainment; "chivalry" refers to military exercises.

Now I have declared and described unto you, as truly as I could, the form and order of that commonwealth, which verily in my judgement is not only the best, but also that which alone of good right may claim and take upon it the name of a commonwealth or public weal. For in other places they speak still of the commonwealth, but every man procures his own private gain. Here, where nothing is private, the common affairs be earnestly looked upon. And truly on both parts they have good cause so to do as they do. For in other countries, who knows not that he shall starve for hunger unless he make some several provision for himself, though the commonwealth flourish never so much in riches? And therefore he is compelled even of very necessity to have regard to himself rather than to the people, that is to say, to others. Contrariwise, there where all things be common to every man, it is not to be doubted that any man shall lack anything necessary for his private uses, so that the common storehouses and barns be sufficiently stored, for there nothing is distributed after a niggish[1] sort, neither there is any poor man or beggar, and though no man have anything, yet every man is rich. For what can be more rich than to live joyfully and merrily, without all grief and pensiveness,[2] not caring for his own living, nor vexed or troubled with his wife's importunate complaints, nor dreading poverty to his son, nor sorrowing for his daughter's dowry? Yea, they take no care at all for the living and wealth of themselves and all theirs, of their wives, their children, their nephews, their children's children, and all the succession that ever shall follow in their posterity. And yet besides this there is no less provision for them that were once labourers and be now weak and impotent, than for them that do now labour and take pain.

Here now would I see if any man dare be so bold as to compare with this equity the justice of other nations, among whom I forsake God if I can find any sign or token of equity and justice. For what justice is this that a rich goldsmith or an usurer[3] or, to be short, any of them which either do nothing at all or else that which they do is such that it is not very necessary to the commonwealth, should have a pleasant and a wealthy living either by idleness or by unnecessary business, when in the meantime poor labourers, carters, ironsmiths, carpenters and ploughmen, by so great and continual toil as drawing and bearing beasts, be scant able to sustain, and again so necessary toil that without it no commonwealth were able to continue and endure one year, should yet get so hard and poor a living and live so wretched and miserable a life that the state and condition of the labouring beasts may seem much better and wealthier? For they be not put to so continual labour, nor their living is not much worse, yea, to them much pleasanter, taking no thought in the mean season for the time to come. But these silly poor wretches be presently tormented with barren and unfruitful labour, and the remembrance of their poor indigent and beggarly old age kills them up. For their daily wages is so little that it will not suffice for the same day, much less it yields any overplus that may daily be laid up for the relief of old age. Is not this an unjust and an unkind public weal, which gives great fees and rewards to gentlemen, as they call them, and to goldsmiths and to such other which be either idle persons or else only flatterers and devisers of vain pleasures, and of the contrary part makes no gentle provision for poor ploughmen, colliers,[4] labourers, carters, ironsmiths, and carpenters, without whom no commonwealth can continue? But after it has abused the labours of their lusty and flowering age, at the last when they be oppressed with old age and sickness, being needy, poor, and indigent of all things, then forgetting their so many painful watchings, not remembering their so many and so great benefits, recompenses and acquits them most unkindly with miserable death. And yet besides this the rich men not only by private fraud, but also by common laws do every day pluck and snatch away from the poor some part of their

[1] *niggish* niggardly.

[2] *pensiveness* anxiety or melancholy.

[3] *usurer* moneylender.

[4] *colliers* those who work with coal.

daily living. So whereas it seemed before unjust to recompense with unkindness their pains that have been beneficial to the public weal, now they have to this their wrong and unjust dealing (which is yet a much worse point) given the name of justice, yea, and that by force of a law.

Therefore, when I consider and weigh in my mind all these commonwealths which nowadays anywhere do flourish, so God help me, I can perceive nothing but a certain conspiracy of rich men procuring their own commodities under the name and title of the commonwealth. They invent and devise all means and crafts, first how to keep safely without fear of losing that they have unjustly gathered together, and next how to hire and abuse the work and labour of the poor for as little money as may be. These devices, when the rich men have decreed to be kept and observed under colour of the commonality,[1] that is to say also of the poor people, then they be made laws.

But these most wicked and vicious men, when they have by their insatiable covetousness divided among themselves all those things which would have sufficed all men, yet how far be they from the wealth and felicity of the Utopian commonwealth? Out of the which, in that all the desire of money with the use thereof is utterly secluded and banished, how great a heap of cares is cut away? How great an occasion of wickedness and mischief is plucked up by the roots? For who knows not that fraud, theft, ravin, brawling, quarrelling, brabbling,[2] strife, chiding, contention, murder, treason, poisoning, which by daily punishments are rather revenged than refrained, do die when money dies? And also that fear, grief, care, labours and watchings do perish even the very same moment that money perishes? Yea, poverty itself, which only seemed to lack money, if money were gone, it also would decrease and vanish away. And that you may perceive this more plainly, consider with yourselves some barren and unfruitful year wherein many thousands of people have starved for hunger. I dare be bold to say that in the end of that penury so much corn or grain might have been found in the rich men's barns, if they had been searched as, being divided among them whom famine and pestilence then consumed, no man at all should have felt that plague and penury. So easily might men get their living, if that same worthy princess, Lady Money, did not alone stop up the way between us and our living, which, a God's name, was very excellently devised and invented that by her the way thereto should be opened. I am sure the rich men perceive this, nor they be not ignorant how much better it were to lack no necessary thing than to abound with overmuch superfluity, to be rid out of innumerable cares and troubles than to be besieged and encumbered with great riches.

And I doubt not that either the respect of every man's private commodity[3] or else the authority of our Saviour Christ (which for his great wisdom could not but know what were best, and for His inestimable goodness could not but counsel to that which he knew to be best) would have brought all the world long ago into the laws of this weal public if it were not that one only beast, the princess and mother of all mischief, Pride, does withstand and let it. She measures not wealth and prosperity by her own commodities, but by the misery and incommodities of others; she would not by her good will be made a goddess if there were no wretches left over whom she might, like a scornful lady, rule and triumph, over whose miseries her felicities might shine, whose poverty she might vex, torment and increase by gorgeously setting forth her riches. This hell-hound creeps into men's hearts and plucks them back from entering the right path of life and is so deeply rooted in men's breasts that she cannot be plucked out.

This form and fashion of a weal public, which I would gladly wish unto all nations, I am glad yet that it has chanced to the Utopians, which have followed those institutions of life, whereby they have laid such foundations of their common-

[1] *under colour of the commonality* under the guise of benefitting the commonwealth.

[2] *brabbling* wrangling, quarrelling.

[3] *commodity* benefit, advantage.

wealth as shall continue and last not only wealthily, but also, as far as man's wit may judge and conjecture, shall endure forever. For, seeing the chief causes of ambition and sedition with other vices be plucked up by the roots and abandoned at home, there can be no jeopardy of domestical dissension, which alone has cast under foot and brought to naught the well-fortified and strongly-defenced wealth and riches of many cities. But forasmuch as perfect concord remains and wholesome laws be executed at home, the envy of all foreign princes be not able to shake or move the empire, though they have many times long ago gone about to do it, being evermore driven back.

Thus when Raphael had made an end of his tale, though many things came to my mind which in the manner and laws of that people seemed to be instituted and founded of[1] no good reason, not only in the fashion of their chivalry, and in their sacrifices and religions, and in other of their laws, but also, yea, and chiefly, in that which is the principal foundation of all their ordinances, that is to say in the community of their life and living without any occupying of money, by the which thing only all nobility, magnificence, worship, honour and majesty, the true ornaments and honours, as the common opinion is, of a commonwealth, utterly be overthrown and destroyed. Yet because I knew that he was weary of talking, and was not sure whether he could abide that anything should be said against his mind—specially remembering that he had reprehended this fault in others, which be afraid lest they should seem not to be wise enough unless they could find some fault in other men's inventions—therefore I, praising both their institutions and his communication, took him by the hand and led him in to supper, saying that we would choose another time to weigh and examine the same matters and to talk with him more at large therein. Which would God it might once come to pass. In the meantime, as I cannot agree and consent to all things that he said, being else without doubt a man singularly well learned and also in all worldly matters exactly and profoundly experienced, so must I needs confess and grant that many things be in the Utopian weal public which in our cities I may rather wish for than hope after.

Thus ends the afternoon's talk of Raphael Hythloday concerning the laws and institutions of the island of Utopia.

—Latin edition, 1516; English translation, 2nd corrected edition, 1556

[1] *of* on.

Margaret More Roper
1505-1544

Margaret More Roper was a member of the humanist intellectual elite of the first third of the sixteenth century and, as the eldest of Thomas More's children, exemplified the efficacy of her father's theories of education. Indeed, Roper is something of a cipher: almost everything known about her comes from her father's letters, biographers, and friends. In their home in Chelsea—described by Erasmus as a Platonic Academy of the Christian religion[1]—the More children and a group of cousins and wards were tutored in Latin, philosophy, mathematics, and theology. They were also surrounded by both visiting intellectuals and the young scholars who gathered around More. Richard Hyrde, who authored the preface to Roper's *Devout Treatise upon the Pater Noster*, was one of these and may have acted as tutor to some of the younger children. Through the humanist technique of double translation of texts from Latin to English and back again, Roper developed a remarkable fluency in the language, which she continued to develop through study with tutors after her marriage to William Roper, a young lawyer and admirer of her father, in 1521.[2] During this marriage, she bore at least five children; of these, her daughter Mary followed in her mother's scholarly footsteps.

Roper's unusual education has been seen as evidence of both a humanist revaluation of the status of women and the promotion of the learned woman as a new model for femininity and an object of desire. As Lamb points out, "the figure of the learned woman not only demonstrated the value of humanist learning, but her presence levelled a criticism against the values of an aristocratic culture: hunting, feasting, public displays, even the reading of frivolous books in French."[3] As well, she contributed to the creation of a new class of intellectual bureaucrats by providing a suitable companion for the humanist husband and teacher for their children. Both in theory and practice, however, this new femininity was problematic. On the one hand it granted women considerable linguistic agency; but on the other, this model of femininity was to be contained inside a domestic space. This contradiction appears in both Hyrde's preface, addressed to Frances Staverton (a cousin of the Mores),[4] and More's treatment of his daughter. While Hyrde argues for Roper as a model for Staverton, he also considers one of the virtues of study to be its power to contain the wandering of both mind and body more efficiently than work that engages the hands alone. Effectively, he rearticulates the prevalent notion of chastity, silence, and obedience as ideals of female behaviour. In his letters, More indicates that the audience for Roper's work should be limited to himself and her husband, while at the same time recounting the praises of the significant number of scholars to whom he has shown her writing. With male humanist writers, More employed a similar method of utilizing ostensibly private correspondence to promote a scholarly reputation. However, Roper's fame spread even without her father's assistance, indicated by both English and Continental scholars' references to her emendation of a corrupt passage in St. Cyprian.

Roper's most famous promoter was Desiderius Erasmus, a prolific Dutch scholar and long-time friend of More. Indeed, he is substantially represented in Roper's known works. These works include two letters in English to her father during his imprisonment in the Tower of London; a letter to her cousin Alice Alington that describes a dialogue with More; two Latin letters to Erasmus; and her translation of his treatise, *Precatio dominica in septem portiones distributa* (1523) as *A Devout Treatise upon the Pater Noster*, printed in two editions in 1525 and 1531. The letter to Erasmus presented below is the only extant holograph document by Roper. Her translation of Erasmus's clause-by-clause explication of the Lord's Prayer preceded most of the English translations by sixteenth-century humanists and as a result occupies a significant position in the history of English translation. In it, Roper balances imitation of Erasmus's style of long, involved sentences with the insertion of interjected phrases for clarification and fairly straightforward English diction.

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[1] J.A. Gee, "Margaret Roper's English Version of Erasmus' *Precatio Dominica* and the Apprenticeship behind Early Tudor Translation," *The Review of English Studies* 13 (1937): 264.

[2] Ibid., p. 264.

[3] M.E. Lamb, "Margaret Roper, The Humanist Political Project, and the Problem of Agency," *Opening the Borders: Inclusivity in Early Modern Studies*, ed. P.C. Herman (Newark, 1999), p. 86.

[4] E.E. Reynolds, *Margaret Roper* (New York, 1960), p. 38.

As Verbrugge notes, her independent, personal expression draws out the work's opposing emphases on human unworthiness and the loving kindness of God.[1] At the same time, Roper's style avoids both slavish transliteration as well as excessively free translation of Erasmus's original.

EDITIONS: *A devoute treatise upon the Pater noster.* London: Thomas Berthelet, 1526. STC 10477; *Margaret Roper, to the most learned theologian, Des. Erasmus Roterodamus Clarissimo simul ac doctissimo theologo, D. Erasmo Ro.* Opus Epistolarum Des. Erasmi Roterodamus. Volume VIII. Ed. P.S. Allen, H.M. Allen, H.W. Garrod. Oxford, 1934. pp. 299-300.

from *A Devout Treatise upon the Pater Noster, Made First in Latin by the Most Famous Doctor, Master Erasmus Rotterdamus, and Turned into English by a Young, Virtuous, and Well-Learned Gentlewoman of XIX Year of Age.*

Richard Hyrde unto the Most Studious and Virtuous Young Maid, Frances S.,[2] Sendeth Greeting and Well to Fare.

I have heard many men put great doubt whether it should be expedient and requisite or not [for] a woman to have learning in books of Latin and Greek. And some utterly affirm that it is not only neither necessary nor profitable, but also very noisome[3] and jeopardous, alleging for their opinion that the frail kind of women, being inclined of their own corage[4] unto vice and mutable at every novelty, if they should have skill in many things that be written in the Latin and Greek tongue, compiled and made with great craft[5] and eloquence, where the matter is happily sometime more sweet unto the ear than wholesome for the mind, it would of likelihood both inflame their stomachs a great deal the more to that vice that men say they be too much given unto of their own nature already, and instruct them also with more subtlety and conveyance[6] to set forward and accomplish their froward[7] intent and purpose. But these men that so say do in my judgement either regard but little what they speak in this matter, or else, as they be for the more part unlearned, they envy it and take it sore to heart that the other should have that precious jewel which they neither have themself nor can find in their hearts to take the pain to get. For first, where they reckon such instability and mutable nature in women, they say therein their pleasure of a contentious[8] mind for the maintenance of their matter, for if they would look thereon with one even eye and consider the matter equally they should find and well perceive that women be not only of no less constancy and discretion than men, but also more steadfast and sure to trust unto than they.

For whether, I pray you, was more light and more to be discommended[9] Helen, that with much labour and suit[10] and many crafty means was at the last overcome and enticed to go away with the King's son of Troy, or Paris,[11] which with

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1 R.M. Verbrugge, "Margaret More Roper's Personal Expression in the *Devout Treatise upon the Pater Noster*," *Silent But for the Word: Tudor Women as Patrons, Translators, and Writers of Religious Works*, ed. M.P. Hannay (Kent, OH, 1985), p. 39.

2 *Frances S.* Frances Staverton, daughter of Thomas More's sister, was raised and educated among the More children.

3 *noisome* noxious, harmful.

4 *corage* heart, desire, inclination.

5 *craft* skill, ingenuity.

6 *conveyance* form of expression.

7 *froward* perverse, ungovernable.

8 *contentious* disputatious, controversial.

9 *discommended* disapproved, found fault with.

10 *suit* pursuit.

11 *Helen ... Paris* Paris, son of the King of Troy, was smitten by the beauty of Helen, wife of Menelaus, and the pair eloped. Menelaus and a group of Greek warriors followed them to Troy in an attempt to retrieve Helen. The result was the Trojan War (*Dict. Gods and Mortals*, pp. 265-66).

one sight of her was so doted[1] in her love that neither the great cheer and kindness showed unto him of her husband King Menelaus, nor shame of the abominable deed, nor fear of the peril that was like to come thereupon, nor the dread of God might let[2] him to convey her away contrary to all gentleness, contrary to all right, all laws, and conscience. Nor the woman casteth her mind neither to one nor other of her own proper will, which thing is a sure token of an upright and a steadfast mind, but by the suit and means of the man when he with one look of her is ravished of all his wits. Now if here peradventure[3] a man would say, yes, they be moved as well as men, but they dissemble, forebear,[4] and will not utter their stomachs, neither it is so convenient the woman to speak as the man that shall not help his excuse but rather hinder it, for they be the more worthy to be allowed that will not be so far overseen in that affection which is so naturally given to all things living but that they can remember their duty and honesty, where the man is many times so far beside his reason that he seeth neither where nor when, neither to whom nor how to behave himself, neither can regard what is comely[5] and what is not. For verily it is as unconvenient for the man to demand that thing that is unlawful if he could perceive as for the woman. And if both their vices were all open and showed the man should have much more that he ought to be ashamed of, saving that he is also in that point worse than the woman, inasmuch as she is ashamed of her fault, be it never so small, and he is so far from that virtue that when he hath done nought he rejoiceth of it and advanceth himself as though it were well done. And yet he is so unreasonable in judging the woman that, as Isocrates[6] sayeth, wherein he hath no consideration how oft or how sore he offend his wife, he will not suffer once to be offended himself by her never so little, where he would that she should take his deeds all well in worth. Wherefore[7] indeed women be in gay case[8] and happy if their honesty and praise must hang at the girdles of such people.

Now, as for learning, if it were cause of any evil as they say it is, it were worse in the man than in the woman because (as I have said here before) he can both worse stay[9] and refrain himself than she. And moreover than that, he cometh after and in more occasions than the woman, inasmuch as he liveth more forth abroad among company daily where he shall be moved to utter such craft as he hath gotten by his learning. And women abide most at home, occupied ever with some good or necessary business. And the Latin and the Greek tongue I see not but there is as little hurt in them as in books of English and French, which men both read themself for the proper pastimes that be written in them and for the witty and crafty conveyance of the makings,[10] and also can bear well enough that women read them if they will never so much, which commodities[11] be far better handled in the Latin or Greek than any other language, and in them be many holy doctors' writings so devout and effectuous that whosoever readeth them must needs be either much better or less evil, which every good body, both man and woman, will read and follow rather than other. But as for that that I hear many men lie for the greatest jeopardy in this matter, in good faith to be plain me think it is so foolish that scantly it is worthy either to be rehearsed or answered unto. That is where they say if their wives could[12] Latin or Greek then might they talk more boldly with priests and friars as who sayeth there were no better means (if they were ill disposed) to execute their purposes than by speaking Latin or Greek, either else that priests

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1 *doted* infatuated.

2 *let* prevent, forebear.

3 *peradventure* by chance, as it happened.

4 *forebear* refrain, control feelings.

5 *comely* pleasing, agreeable.

6 *Isocrates* Isocrates (436-338 BCE) was a Greek orator, rhetorical theorist, and teacher (*OCD*).

7 *Wherefore* on which account, therefore.

8 *gay case* fine condition or state.

9 *stay* stop, hold back.

10 *makings* composition.

11 *commodities* properties.

12 *could* knew.

and friars were commonly so well learned that they can make their bargain in Latin and Greek so readily, which thing is also far contrary that I suppose nowadays a man could not devise a better way to keep his wife safe from them than if he teach her the Latin and Greek tongue and such good sciences as are written in them, the which now most part of priests, and specially such as be nought, abhor and fly from, yea as fast in a manner as they fly from beggars that ask them alms in the street. And where they find fault with learning because they say it engendereth[1] wit and craft, there they reprehend it for that that it is most worthy to be commended for and the which is one singular cause wherefore learning ought to be desired, for he that had lever[2] have his wife a fool than a wise woman I hold him worse than twice frantic. Also reading and studying of books so occupieth the mind that it can have no leisure to muse or delight in other fantasies when in all handy works that men say be more meet for a woman the body may be busy in one place and the mind walking in another, and while they sit sewing and spinning with their fingers may cast and compass[3] many peevish[4] fantasies in their minds which must needs be occupied either with good or bad so long as they be waking. And those that be evil disposed will find the means to be nought though they can[5] never a letter on the book, and she that will be good, learning shall cause her to be much the better. For it showeth the image and ways of good living, even right as a mirror showeth the similitude and proportion of the body. And doubtless the daily experience proveth that such as are nought are those that never knew what learning meant. For I never heard tell nor read of any woman well learned that ever was (as plenteous as evil tongues be) spotted or infamed as vicious. But on the other side, many by their learning taken such increase of goodness that many may bear them witness of their virtue, of which sort I could rehearse a great number both of old time and late. Saving that, I will be content as for now with one example of our own country and time, that is this gentlewoman which translated this little book hereafter following, whose virtuous conversation, living, and sad[6] demeanour may be proof evident enough what good learning doth where it is surely rooted, of whom other women may take example of prudent, humble, and wifely behaviour, charitable and very Christian virtue with which she hath with God's help endeavoured herself no less to garnish[7] her soul than it hath liked his goodness with lovely beauty and comeliness to garnish and set out her body. And undoubted is it that to th'increase of her virtue she hath taken and taketh no little occasion of her learning besides her other manifold and great commodities taken of the same, among which commodities this is not the least: that with her virtuous, worshipful, wise and well learned husband she hath by the occasion of her learning and his delight therein such especial comfort, pleasure, and pastime as were not well possible for one unlearned couple either to take together or to conceive in their minds what pleasure is therein. Therefore, good Frances, seeing that such fruit, profit, and pleasure cometh of learning, take no heed unto the lewd words of those that dispraise it, as verily no man doth, save such as neither have learning nor wotteth[8] what it meaneth, which is indeed the most part of men, and as the most part and the best part be not alway of one mind so if this matter should be tried, not by wit and reason but by heads or hands, the greater part is like as it often doth to vanquish[9] and overcome the better, for the best part (as I reckon) whom I accompt[10] the wisest of every age, as among the Gentiles the old philosophers and among the Christian men the ancient doctors of Christ's church, all affirm

1 *engendereth* breeds.
2 *lever* rather.
3 *compass* contrive, devise.
4 *peevish* silly, foolish.
5 *can* know, have learned.
6 *sad* serious, grave.
7 *garnish* clothe, ornament.
8 *wotteth* know.
9 *vanquish* defeat.
10 *accompt* reckon, consider.

learning to be very good and profitable, not only for men but also for women, that which Plato[1] the wise philosopher calleth a bridle for young people against vice. Wherefore, good Frances, take you the best part and leave the most. Follow the wise men and regard not the foolish sort, but apply all your might, will, and diligence to obtain that especial treasure which is delectable in youth, comfortable in age, and profitable at all seasons, of whom without doubt cometh much goodness and virtue. Which virtue whoso lacketh, he is without that thing that only maketh a man, yea, and without the which a man is worse than an unreasonable beast nor once worthy to have the name of a man. It maketh fair and amiable that that is of nature deformed, as Diogenes[2] the philosopher when he saw a young man foul and evil favoured of person[3] but very virtuous of living: "Thy virtue," said he, "maketh thee beautiful." And that that is goodly of itself already it maketh more excellent and bright. Which as Plato the wise philosopher sayeth, if it could be seen with our bodily eyes it would make men wonderfully enamoured and taken in the love of it. Wherefore, unto those especial gifts of grace that God hath lent you and endued[4] you withal,[5] endeavour yourself that this precious diamond and ornament be not lacking, which had shall flourish and lighten all your other gifts of grace and make them more gay, and lacked shall dark and blemish them sore.

And surely the beauty of it, though ye had none other, shall get you both greater love more faithful and longer to continue of all good folks than shall the beauty of the body, be it never so excellent, whose love decayeth together with it that was the cause of it and most commonly before, as by daily experience we may see them that go together for the love of the bodily beauty within a small while when their appetite is satisfied repent themself. But the love that cometh by the means of virtue and goodness shall ever be fresh and increase right as doth the virtue itself.

And it shall you come by none otherwise so readily as if you continue the study of learning which you be entered well in already, and for your time and age I would say had greatly profited, saving that child's age is so frail accompted that it needeth rather monition[6] and continual calling upon than the deserved praise. Howbeit,[7] I have no doubt in you whom I see naturally born unto virtue and having so good bringing up of a babe, not only among your honourable uncle's children of whose conversation and company they that were right evil might take occasion of goodness and amendment, but also with your own mother of whose precepts and teaching and also very virtuous living if you take heed, as I put no fear you will and also do, you cannot fail to come to such grace and goodness as I have ever had opinion in you that ye should. Wherefore, I have ever in my mind favoured you and furthered to my power your profit and increase thereunto and shall as long as I see you delight in learning and virtue no kind of pain or labour refused on my party that may do you good. And as a token of my good mind and an instrument toward your success and furtherance, I send you this book, little in quantity but big in value, turned out of Latin into English by your own forenamed kinswoman, whose goodness and virtue two things there be that let[8] me much to speak of. The one because it were a thing superfluous to spend many words unto you about that matter which yourself know well enough by long experience and daily use.[9] The other cause is for I would eschew the slander of flattery, howbeit I count it no flattery to speak good of them that deserve it, but yet I know that she is as loath to have praise given her as she is worthy to have it and had leaver[10] her praise to rest in men's hearts

1 *Plato* Greek philosopher (c. 429-347 BCE).

2 *Diogenes* "the Cynic" (c. 412/403-324/321 BCE), Greek philosopher, who valued education beyond all material wealth and sought to strip worldly accoutrements from his own life.

3 *person* body.

4 *endued* granted.

5 *withal* as well.

6 *monition* warning, reproof.

7 *Howbeit* nevertheless, however.

8 *let* hinder, prevent.

9 *use* practice, habit.

10 *had leaver* had rather.

than in their tongues or rather in God's estimation and pleasure than any man's words or thought. And as touching the book itself, I refer and leave it to the judgements of those that shall read it, and unto such as are learned, the only name of the maker putteth out of question the goodness and perfection of the work, which as to mine own opinion and fantasy cannot be amended in any point. And as for the translation thereof, I dare be bold to say it that whoso list[1] and well can confer and examine the translation with the original he shall not fail to find that she hath showed herself not only erudite and elegant in either tongue, but hath also used such wisdom, such discreet and substantial judgement in expressing lively the Latin, as a man may peradventure miss in many things translated and turned by them that bear the name of rightwise[2] and very well learned men, and the labour that I have had with it about the printing I yield wholly and freely give unto you, in whose good manners and virtue as in a child I have so great affection, and unto your good mother unto whom I am so much beholden, of whose company I take so great joy and pleasure, in whose godly communication I find such spiritual fruit and sweetness that as oft as I talk with her, so oft me think I feel my self the better. Therefore now, good Frances, follow still on her steps, look ever upon her life to inform your own thereafter, like as ye would look in a glass to tire[3] your body by, yea, and that more diligently insomuch as the beauty of the body though it never be so well attended will soon fade and fall away. Good living and virtue once gotten tarrieth[4] still, whose fruit ye shall feel not only in this world, which is transitory and of short continuance, but also in another. And also it should be great shame, dishonesty, and rebuke unto you born of such a mother and also nourished up with her own teat for to degenerate and go out of kind.[5] Behold her in this age of hers, in this almost continual disease and sickness, how busy she is to learn and in the small time that she hath had how much she hath yet profited in the Latin tongue, how great comfort she taketh of that learning that she hath gotten, and consider thereby what pleasure and profit you may have hereafter, if God lend you life as I pray he do, of the learning that you may have or you come to her age if you spend your time well, which doing you shall be able to do yourself good and be great joy and comfort to all your friends and all that ever would you well, among whom I would you should reckon me for one, not among the least if not among the chief, and so fare you well mine own good, gentle, and fair Frances. At Chelcheth[6] the year of our Lord God a thousand five hundred xxiiii. The first day of October.

The Seventh Petition.

Sed libera nos a malo.[7] O almighty Father, it hath pleased thy mere[8] and liberal goodness once when we were rid from sin to deliver us by thy son Jesus Christ out of the hands of our most foul and unclean father the Devil and to elect and take us into the honour both of thy name and thine inheritance, but yet of this condition, that all the while we live here in earth we should be in continual battle with our enemy, which nothing mistrust but that thou wilt perform that which we desire of thee. Amen.

—1525

[1] *list* wish, desire.
[2] *rightwise* i.e., righteous.
[3] *tire* attire.
[4] *tarrieth* stay, remain.
[5] *kind* character, type.
[6] *Chelcheth* Chelsea, a SW suburb of London where the More family home was located.
[7] *Sed libera nos a malo* Latin, "but deliver us from evil."
[8] *mere* pure.

Letter

Margaret Roper, to the Most Learned Theologian, Des. Erasmus Roterodamus,[1] S.P.D.[2]

Quam illud boni plerumque accidere soleat gratissimum, quo subito quis atque insperato fruatur, id ego nuper, vir omnium eruditissime, verissumum experta sum, quum litteras tuas non minus elegantes quam amantes, certosque studiosi animi tui erga patrem, omnemque eius familiam, testes, Quirinus tuus mihi traderet, quae quanto magis venerunt insperata, tanto merito majorem menti mea vluptatem intulere. Neque enim aut sperare aut exspectare poteram, ut tam multis necessariis studiis assidue occupatissimus, moribs etaim acribus misere perpetuo agitatus, semperque molestia confectus, mihi unquam scripturus esset, in qua nunquam futurum est mereri, ut eo honore dignareris, ad quem litterarum tuarum beneficio evecta sum: quas quoties alicui ostenavero, non mediocrem inde famae meae laudem accessuram intelligo, quae nulla alia magis via illustrari potuit, quam per litteras tuas: quid enim cum illo honore comparandum, quo digna habita sum, quam totius Orbis decus suis litteris dignatus sit? Quare ut mihi rem longe supra meritum meum benignitas tua contulerit, ita me sane pro tam eximio munere dignis agendis gratiis nimis imparem jure confiteor. Quod pictoris tibi adventus tantae voluptati fuit, illo nomine, quod utriusque mei parentis nostrumque omnium effigiem depictam detulerit, ingentibus cum gratiis libenter agnoscimus, nihil ardentius expetentes, quam ut Praeceptorem nostrum cuius eruditis laboribus, quicquid bonarum litterarum imbiberimus, acceptum habemus, felemque patris veteremque amicum coram aliquando colloqui ac contemplari nobis liceat. Vale. Salutat te ex animo D. mater, item totus tuus maritus mens ac frater, ambae soreores meae plurimam tibi salutem mittunt.

Londino 4. Novembris, Anno 1529.

How greatly a good and most welcome thing is delighted in when it takes place suddenly and unexpectedly, as I myself have lately most truly learned by experience, most learned of all men, with your letters, brought to me by your Quirinus,[3] that are no less elegant than affectionate and an assured witness of favourable feeling toward my father and all of his family, which coming more unhoped for the more deservedly brought greater pleasure to my mind. For I could neither hope for nor expect that, so occupied with many unremitting and pressing pursuits, still severely bothered by wretched, ongoing sickness, and always consumed by vexations, you would ever write to me and that you should deem me worthy of such unmerited distinction, to which I am raised by the favour of your letters. Whenever I show them to anyone, I know that from that cause no inconsiderable praise will accrue to my reputation, which can be made more distinguished in no other way than by your letters. Truly, what can be compared to that honour, whereby I, whom the glory of the whole world has honoured with this letter, am deemed worthy? Wherefore, just as your kindness has imputed to me something far beyond my merit, so I acknowledge myself unequal to give thanks for such extraordinary favour. That the arrival of the painter[4] who brought the portrait of all of us and of our parents is for you of greatest pleasure we acknowledge freely and with immense thanks. We desire nothing more ardently than the teacher by whose learned work we received whatever of good letters we have imbibed, and to see and speak personally to the old and faithful friend of our father. Farewell. Greetings to you from our dear mother, likewise my husband, whose mind is yours, and my brother and two sisters send many greetings to you.

London, 4 November 1529.

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[1] *Des. Erasmus Roterodamus* Desiderius Erasmus of Rotterdam (c. 1466-1536), the leading northern European humanist scholar and a close friend of the More family. Thomas More sent some of Margaret's Latin letters to him in order to publicize her linguistic skill.

[2] *S.P.D.* the abbreviation for the common Latin salutation in classical letters *Salutem plurimam dicet* (sends many greetings).

[3] *Quirinus* Quirin Talesius (d. 1572), a young scholar who acted as secretary to Erasmus.

[4] *painter* Hans Holbein (1497-1543), who made a famous portrait of Thomas More surrounded by his family.

William Roper
1495/1498-1578

William Roper, best known as the biographer of Thomas More, came from a family of wealthy landowners with interests in law and politics. His maternal grandfather, John Fineux, served as chief justice of the King's Bench, as did William Roper's father, John Roper, whose will was so complicated that it took five years and an act of Parliament to enact its provisions.[1]

The lives of the Roper and More families intersected at Lincoln's Inn two generations before the 1525 marriage between William Roper and Margaret More, Thomas More's eldest daughter (see pp. 79-85). In 1496, John and Thomas More, father and son, were noted in the Lincoln's Inn records together with John Roper, who appears to have provided the younger More with some of his legal training,[2] while John More and John Roper served together on a number of commissions.[3] By 1518, after receiving an education at one of the universities, William Roper was also admitted to Lincoln's Inn, where he later became a bencher or senior member. In 1523, he acquired the offices of clerk of the pleas and protonotary of the King's Bench, both of which he held for life. Following Thomas More's death, Roper remained an ardent Roman Catholic. He also maintained his interest in public life, sitting during Mary's reign as a member of Parliament for Rochester and Canterbury. Like his father-in-law, Roper's religious conscience drew unwelcome attention when, in 1568, he was summoned before the Privy Council on charges of funding recusants who had fled the country and having books printed against the Queen's government. The problem appears to have been resolved through Roper's entry into a bond to be of good behaviour in 1569. He died in January 1578 and was buried at St. Dunstan's Church, Canterbury.

Much of Roper's young adult life was spent in the household and company of Thomas More, first as a scholar and suitor to his daughter. Later he was a family member living under the spectre of More's opposition to the divorce that Henry VIII had sought from Katherine of Aragon, and More's subsequent execution. Roper's *Life of Sir Thomas More* was written shortly after More's death in 1535.[4]

The work depicts the events of More's life within the conventions of different types of medieval biography. The secular tradition, typified by Lydgate's *Fall of Princes*, emphasizes the uncertainty of worldly wealth and power, which can be lost with a simple turn of Fortune's wheel. Biographies written in this tradition tend to sound very similar because they show a repeated pattern of a rise to power, followed by a sudden fall. Another type of biographical writing in this period is hagiography (the writing of saints' lives), in which details are chosen and arranged in order to demonstrate "the exemplary holiness of the saints' lives."[5] Both of these types of writing tend to be highly patterned, with events from their subjects' lives selected and arranged to foreshadow the necessary outcome. In the case of More, Roper creates symmetry in the story of Thomas More's life by balancing his account around More's resignation of the chancellorship, which leads to his fall. In addition, Roper selects events from More's early life that exemplify the characteristics shown in More's saintly actions in his final days.[6] This sense of an overarching pattern is reinforced by the fact that More's execution took place on July 6, the eve of the day honouring St. Thomas à Becket.[7] The connection is significant because Becket was a former chancellor and archbishop of Canterbury who in 1164 resisted a series of attempts by Henry II to gain political control over spiritual matters. In this way, Thomas More is shown to resemble the earlier St. Thomas.

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1 Pearl Hogrefe, "Sir Thomas More's Connection with the Roper Family," *PMLA* 47 (1932): pp. 529-30.
2 Ibid., p. 524.
3 Ibid., p. 528-29.
4 The biography, however, was not printed until 1626.
5 D.A. Stauffer, *English Biography Before 1700* (Cambridge, MA, 1930), p. 129.
6 J. Anderson, *Biographical Truth: The Representation of Historical Persons in Tudor-Stuart Writing* (New Haven, 1984), p. 43.
7 Ibid., p. 44.

Roper complicates both of the biographical traditions he inherits, however, by emphasizing More's divided political and spiritual interests. On one hand, he details the young More's gift for spontaneous performance and mastery of classical languages. Both of these talents laid the ground for More's role as companion and advisor to his monarch. In this role, academic prowess combined with virtuoso performance in a kind of intellectual entertainment for the King and Queen. Following the tradition of saint's life, however, Roper introduces the spiritual element of More's character early on, in the midst of an account of demands for his presence at court. Roper observes More's desire to retire into prayerful solitude, a personal desire he sacrificed for a greater public good. Roper emphasizes More's spiritual integrity and humility throughout, with frequent repetition of the word "conscience" in the face of Henry's opportunistic use of both spiritual and political power to divorce his wife in order to marry his mistress.[1] As a writer, Roper's position is as divided as the central figure himself, for he is both the biographer and, as a member of More's family, a character in the story he authors. While the authorial self shapes the narrative to reflect an exemplary—if doomed—life, the voice of the son-in-law points out the difficulties created for the family by More's intransigence, as the triumph of More's conscience spawned political and economic disaster for the family members who depended on him.[2]

EDITION: *The mirrour of vertue in worldly greatnes; or the life of Syr T. More.* Paris: St. Omer, 1626. STC 21316.

from *The Life of Sir Thomas More*

Sir Thomas More was born in London of worshipful parents. His father was a student of Lincoln's Inn, and brought him up in the Latin tongue at St. Anthony's School in London, who was very shortly after, by his father's procurement, received into the house of that worthy and learned prelate,[3] Cardinal Morton, where though he was but young in years, he would in the time of Christmas suddenly step in among the players, and there ex tempore,[4] without any study of the matter or least stay or stammering in his speech, make a part of his own present wit amongst them, which was more delightful and pleasing to the nobles and gentlemen that used to be at supper with the Cardinal than all the premeditated parts of the players.

This Cardinal took more delight in his wit and towardness than he did of any other temporal matter whatsoever, and would often say of him unto diverse of his familiar friends who used dinner and supper with him, "This child here waiting at the table, whosoever shall live to see it, will prove a marvellous man." And for his better furtherance in learning he placed him at Oxford, where when he was well instructed in the Greek and Latin tongues, he was then, for the common laws of the kingdom, put to an inn of Chancery,[5] called New Inn, where in small time he profited so well that he was from thence admitted into Lincoln's Inn, with very small allowance, continuing there his study until he was made barrister.

After this, to his high commendations, he read for a good space a public lecture of *St. Augustine de Civitate Dei*[6] in the church of St. Lawrence in the

[1] Ibid., p. 43.

[2] J. Crewe, "The 'Encomium Moriae' of William Roper," *English Literary History* 55 (1988): pp. 295-96.

[3] *prelate* ecclesiastical dignitary of exalted rank and authority (i.e., a bishop).

[4] *ex tempore* unrehearsed, impromptu.

[5] *inn of Chancery* The Inns of Chancery were the home of attorneys who practiced in courts of common law and provided initial training for those who went on to further legal study at the Inns of Court (e.g., Lincoln's Inn, Furnival's Inn) in preparation for being called to the bar.

[6] *St. Augustine de Civitate Dei* St. Augustine's most famous work is *The City of God* (413-26), in which he contrasts the earthly and heavenly cities in order to explain the fall of Rome.

Old Jewry in London,[1] whereunto resorted one Doctor Grocyn,[2] an excellent scholar and a great divine, and all the chief learned in and about the city of London.

Then was he made reader of Furnival's Inn, where he remained for the space of above three years, and then he gave himself wholly to devotion and prayer in the Charterhouse[3] at London, living there religiously four years without vow, during which time he often resorted to the house of one Mr. Colt,[4] a gentleman of Essex, who used many times to invite him thither.

This Mr. Colt had three daughters whose honest and virtuous educations were the chief motives that induced him to place his affection there and albeit[5] his mind was most most inclined towards the second sister, for that he thought her the fairest and best favoured, yet when he considered it would be both a great grief and some shame also to the eldest to see her younger sister preferred in marriage before her, he out of a kind of pity then framed his affection towards the eldest, and shortly after married her. [...]

For his wisdom and learning, he was held in such honour and esteem that before he came to the service of King Henry the Eight, at the suit and instance[6] of our English merchants, he was, with the King's consent, twice sent ambassador about certain business in controversy betwixt them and the Merchants of the Stilliard.[7] Whose wise and discreet dealings therein, to his high commendations, coming unto the King's ear, he called immediately unto him Cardinal Wolsey,[8] then lord chancellor, and willed him by all means to procure and work Mr. More into his service.

Whereupon the Cardinal, according to the King's pleasure, earnestly laboured with him and, amongst many other his persuasions, he alleged unto him how dear his service must needs be to the King, who could not out of honour seem to recompense him with less than he should otherwise yearly lose thereby. Yet was he loath to change his estate,[9] and made such means to the King by the Cardinal to the contrary that his Majesty, at that time, rested well satisfied. [...] And for that he was ever of a merry and pleasant disposition, it pleased the King and Queen very often to send for him at the time of dinner and supper, as also many other times, to come and recreate with them.

But when he perceived the King to take so much delight in his company and discourse that he could not scarce once in a month get leave to go home to his wife and children, nor that he could not be absent from court two days together, without sending for again, he, disliking this restraint of his liberty, did thereupon begin somewhat to dissemble his merry nature, retiring himself by little and little from his accustomed mirth, so that he was from thenceforth sent for orderly by the King, at such times as was convenient. [...]

Amongst many other his virtues, he was of such meekness that if he happened to enter into argument or dispute with any learned man resorting to him from Oxford, Cambridge, or other place, as there did diverse,[10] some for desire of his acquaintance, some for the famous report of his

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1 *St. Lawrence in the Old Jewry in London* church near the centre of London in what was the Jewish quarter prior to the expulsion of Jews from England in 1283.

2 *Doctor Grocyn* William Grocyn (?1446-1519) was reputed to have introduced the study of Greek at Oxford (*DNB online*), where he was More's tutor. Grocyn later became rector of the Church of St. Lawrence Jewry.

3 *Charterhouse* a Carthusian monastery.

4 *Mr. Colt* John Colt, whose eldest daughter, Jane, was married to More in 1505 (*DNB online*).

5 *albeit* although.

6 *instance* urgent entreaty, persistence.

7 *Merchants of the Stilliard* The Steelyard was an area on the N bank of the Thames above London Bridge where the Merchants of the Hanse had their establishment. The Old Hanse was the Fellowship of the London Merchants, which had had a monopoly on the foreign trade of London since Norman times; the New Hanse was the company of Merchant Adventurers, first incorporated in 1497, which received charters from Henry VII in 1505 and Elizabeth in 1566.

8 *Cardinal Wolsey* Thomas, Cardinal Wolsey (c. 1471-1530) wielded both enormous temporal and spiritual power and shaped Henry VIII's foreign policy until his fall in 1529 over the question of Henry's divorce. He was executed in November 1530 for high treason (*DNB online*).

9 *estate* moral or material condition.

10 *diverse* various ones.

wisdom and learning, and some about suits[1] for the universities, although very few were comparable unto him, as well witnesseth Erasmus, and if in discourse he so pressed them that they could not well hold out longer disputation[2] against him, then, lest he should discourage them, as one that sought not his own glory, he would seem conquered and by some wise device courteously break off into some other matter and give over. Of whom, for his wisdom and learning, the King had such an opinion that at such times as he attended his person, in his progress either to Oxford or Cambridge, where he was received with very eloquent orations, his Majesty would always assign Sir Thomas More, as one prompt and ready therein, to make answer thereunto ex tempore. [...]

Thus did Sir Thomas More through the whole course of his life by his actions make it appear that all his travails[3] and pains, without thought of earthly commodity, either to himself or any of his, were only for the service of God, his King, and the commonwealth wholly bestowed and employed. And he was oftentimes, in his latter days, heard to say that he never asked of the King for himself the value of one penny.

His daily custom was, if he were at home, besides his private prayers with his wife, children, and family, often to retire alone and exercise himself in private and godly devotions, as also every night before he went to bed he used to go to his chapel with his whole family aforesaid, and there upon his knees devoutly to say certain litanies,[4] psalms, and collects[5] with them. And because he was always desirous of private exercise, and that he might the better withdraw himself from worldly company, he built himself a lodging a good distance from his mansion house, called the New Building, wherein he placed a chapel, library, and a gallery to walk, spending many days in the week in prayer and study together. And always on the Friday he did usually continue there from morning until night, bestowing his time only in meditation, reading, and such godly exercises.

And the more to stir up and encourage his wife and children to the desire of heavenly things, he would oftentimes use these speeches unto them: "It is no mastery[6] for you, my children, to go to Heaven, for everybody giveth you good counsel, and likewise many show you good examples. You see virtue rewarded and vice punished, so that you are carried up to Heaven even by the chin. But if you live to the time that no man will give you good counsel, nor show you good example, when you shall see virtue punished and vice rewarded, if then you will stand fast, and stick firmly unto God upon pain of my life, though you be but half good, yet God will allow you for wholly good."

If his wife, children, or any of his household had been sick or troubled at any time with any infirmity he would say to them, "We may not look at our pleasure to go to Heaven in featherbeds; it is not the way. For our blessed Lord himself went thither[7] with great pain and by many tribulations, and hard was the pathway wherein he so walked, nor may the servant look to be in better case than his master."

And as he would in this manner always persuade them to take their pains and sickness patiently, so would he in like form teach them to withstand the Devil and his temptations valiantly. [...]

Now, upon the coming home of the Bishop of Durham[8] and Sir Thomas More from Cambrai aforesaid, the King began to renew again his old suit and was very earnest in persuading Sir Thomas More to agree unto the matter of his marriage, using all the ways and means he could devise to draw him to his part and, as it was thought, did the rather for that end soon after

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1 *suits* petitions, entreaties.

2 *disputation* debate, discussion.

3 *travails* efforts, work.

4 *litanies* forms of public prayer in which a leader makes petitions, to which the congregation responds.

5 *collects* short public prayers.

6 *mastery* victory, skill.

7 *thither* there.

8 *Bishop of Durham* Cuthbert Tunstall (1474-1559), scholar, diplomat, and Lord Privy Seal, also resisted Henry VIII's divorce, but when faced with the Oath of Supremacy decided not to oppose it (*DNB online*).

create him lord chancellor[1] of England. And the King said further unto him that though at his going to Cambrai he was in utter despair to obtain dispensation thereof, yet now he had conceived some good hope to compass the same, alleging that, albeit his marriage, being against the positive law of the Church and the written law of God, was holpen by the dispensation,[2] yet is there another thing found out of late, quoth the King, whereby his marriage appeareth so directly against the law of nature that it could in no wise by the Church be dispensable, as Doctor Stokesley,[3] whom he had then newly preferred to the Bishopric of London, can well instruct you, with whom upon this point I would have you to confer.

So they conferred together. But for all this conference, Sir Thomas More could not be induced to change his opinion therein. Yet notwithstanding, did the Bishop in his report of him to the King affirm falsely that he found Sir Thomas More in the King's cause very forward,[4] as being desirous to find some good matter wherewith he might truly serve the King's contentment in that case.

Now, this Bishop Stokesley having a little before been by the Cardinal Wolsey openly rebuked in the Star Chamber[5] and awarded to the Fleet, he not well brooking[6] this contumelious[7] usage, and knowing that forasmuch as the Cardinal, for his backwardness in pursuing the King's divorce, was falling out of his Highness' favour, and that he had now espied a fit opportunity to revenge his quarrel against the Cardinal, and to incense the King further against him, at last prevailed so far that the Cardinal was soon after displaced from his office of high chancellorship and the same was conferred upon Sir Thomas More, hoping thereby to win him to his side, that he would yield his consent for the matter of the divorce. [...]

Whereunto Sir Thomas More, amongst diverse other wise and learned speeches, made answer and replied that although he had good cause to take comfort of his Highness's singular favour towards him, to whom therefore he acknowledged himself deeply bounden, yet nevertheless he must for his own part needs confess that in all those things by the Duke's Grace[8] there alleged he had done nothing but what was his duty. And furthermore said that he was very unfit for that dignity, wherein, considering how wise and worthy a prelate had lately before taken so great a fall, he said he had no great cause to rejoice. And as they had before in the King's behalf charged him to minister justice uprightly and indifferently to the people without corruption or affection, so did he likewise charge them again that if they saw him at any time to disgress in the least thing touching any part of his duty, in that honourable office, even as they would discharge their own duty and fidelity to God and the King, they would not fail to declare the same to his Majesty, who otherwise might have just cause to lay his fault wholly upon them and to their charge. [...]

This lord chancellor, although he was well known, both to God and the world, to be a man of most eminent virtue, though not so considered of every man, yet for the avoiding of singularity[9] would he appear to the eye of the world no otherwise than other men, as well in his apparel as behaviour. And albeit he appeared outwardly honourable, like to one of his dignity and calling, yet

[1] *lord chancellor* highest officer of the Crown and keeper of the Great Seal, the symbol of the monarch.

[2] *dispensation* granting of licence by a pope, archbishop, or bishop, to a person, to do what is forbidden, or omit what is enjoined, by ecclesiastical law or by any solemn obligation.

[3] *Doctor Stokesley* John Stokesley (?1475-1539), bishop of London, wrote in favour of Henry VIII's divorce (*DNB online*).

[4] *forward* ardent, zealous.

[5] *Star Chamber* a court, chiefly of criminal jurisdiction, developed in the 15th century from the judicial sittings of the King's Council in the Star Chamber at Westminster. The judges were the lord chancellor or lord keeper, the lord treasurer, the lord privy seal, and any peers that chose to attend. The rules of procedure of the court rendered it a powerful instrument in the hands of a sovereign or a ministry desirous of using it for purposes of tyranny.

[6] *brooking* tolerating.

[7] *contumelious* reproachful, shameful.

[8] *Duke's Grace* Thomas Howard, third duke of Norfolk (1473-1554), was a leading judge in More's trial (*DNB online*).

[9] *singularity* dissenting from others.

inwardly did he esteem[1] all such things for mere vanity, for next to his naked body he wore almost continually a shirt of hair,[2] the which a young gentlewoman, named Mrs. More, by chance one day espying as he sat in his doublet[3] and hose at dinner in the summer time, and seemed to smile thereat, his daughter Roper[4] perceiving the same, being not ignorant of this his austerity, gave him private notice thereof, and he did presently amend the fault, seeming withal[5] sorry that she had seen it. He also wore another plain coarse shirt without ruff or collar upon his shirt of hair and many times he likewise punished his body with whips made of knotted cords, the which thing was only known to his daughter Roper, who for her secrecy above all the rest he especially trusted, for that as need required she did always wash and mend his shirt of hair, which he would not discover unto any other whatsoever.

Now in this mean[6] space whilst he was lord chancellor of England, the King did one day greatly move him and desire him well to weigh and consider of his great matter, concerning his divorce. Sir Thomas More, falling upon his knees, most humbly besought his Majesty to stand still his gracious sovereign, as ever since his entry into his royal service he had found him, and said that there was nothing in the world more grievous to his heart than that he was not able with the loss of one of his limbs to find anything for that matter whereby he might with safe conscience serve his Majesty's turn. And that he had always borne in mind the most godly words that his Highness spake unto him at his first coming into his royal service, the most virtuous lesson that ever prince taught a subject, to wit, that he should first look unto God, and after God unto his King, as in good faith, said he, "I have most sincerely done or else might your Grace accompt me a most unworthy servant." To this the King replied that if he could not therein with his conscience serve him, he was well content to accept of his service otherwise, and use the advice of some others of his Privy Council, whose consciences would agree well enough therewith, nor would he nevertheless discontinue his gracious favour towards him, nor trouble his conscience any further with that matter for the time forward.

But Sir Thomas More perceived by little and little that the King fully determined to proceed in his marriage with Queen Anne, when he with the bishops and nobles of the Higher House of Parliament were, for the furtherance of that matter, commanded by the King to go unto the Commons of the Lower House[7] and show unto them what the universities, as well of other parts beyond the seas, as of Oxford and Cambridge, had done in that behalf testifying the same with their seals and subscriptions. All which things, at the King's request not showing of what mind he was therein himself, he opened to the Lower House of Parliament.

Nevertheless, doubting greatly lest further inconveniences might follow, into which, contrary to his conscience, by reason of his office he was likely to befall, he made humble suit to the Duke of Norfolk, his singular dear friend, to be a means unto the King, that he might, with his Grace's favour, be discharged from his office of chancellorship, in which for certain infirmities of his body he pretended himself not able any longer to serve.

This good Duke of Norfolk coming on a time to Chelsea[8] to dine with Sir Thomas More, found him in the church singing in the choir with a surplice on his back, to whom, after the Mass was done, as they went towards his house together arm in arm, the Duke said, "God's body, God's body, my Lord Chancellor, what turned parish clerk?[9] You dishon-

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1 *esteem* value.

2 *shirt of hair* prickly garment of cloth made from hair, worn by ascetics and penitents.

3 *doublet* close-fitting body-garment, with or without sleeves.

4 *daughter Roper* Margaret More Roper (1505-44; see pp. 79-85), More's eldest daughter and wife of William Roper (*DNB online*).

5 *withal* moreover, as well.

6 *mean* intervening.

7 *Commons of the Lower House* Parliament, rather than the House of Lords.

8 *Chelsea* W suburb of London where More lived.

9 *what turned parish clerk* i.e., who has sided with the Church rather than with the King.

our the King and his office very much." "Nay," quoth Sir Thomas More, smiling upon the Duke, "your Grace may not think that the King, your master and mine, will be offended with me for serving God his master, or thereby accompt his service any way dishonoured."

Now when the Duke, at the special entreaty and importunate suit of Sir Thomas More, had obtained of the King that he should be discharged of his chancellorship, at a convenient time appointed by the King, he repaired unto the Court to yield up the Great Seal,[1] which his Majesty received of him with praise and thanks for his good service done to his person and the realm in that office. And he further said unto him in a gracious manner that if in any suit he should hereafter have unto him, that either concerned his honour, for that word it pleased the King to use unto him, or appertained to his profit, he should ever find his Highness a very good and gracious lord.

After he had thus resigned the office and dignity of the chancellorship and placed all his gentlemen and yeomen with bishops and noblemen, and his eight watermen[2] with the Lord Audley,[3] who succeeded him in his office, to whom also he gave his great barge, he then called all his children unto him and asked their advises how he might now in the decay of his ability, which by the surrender of his office was so impaired that he could not, as he was wont, maintain them to live all together according to his desire, whereat when he saw them all silent and unwilling in that case to show their opinions unto him, "Why then will I," quoth he, "show unto you my poor mind."

"I have been brought up," said he, "at Oxford, at an inn of Chancery, at Lincoln's Inn, and also in the King's courts, and so forth from the lowest degree to the highest, and yet I have in yearly revenues left me at this present little above a hundred pounds by the year, so that now we must hereafter, if we will live together, be content to become contributors to each other. But by my counsel it shall not be best for us to fall to the lowest fare first. We will not therefore descend to Oxford fare, nor the fare of New Inn, but we will begin with Lincoln's Inn diet, where many right worshipful of good years do live full well, which if we find not ourselves the first year able to maintain, then will we the next year after go one step down to New Inn fare, wherewith many an honest man is well contented. Then if that exceed our abilities, will we the next year after descend to Oxford fare, where many grave, learned, and ancient doctors be continually resident, which if our powers be not able to maintain neither, then may we yet with bags and wallets[4] go a-begging together, hoping that for pity some good people will give us their charity, at their door, to sing 'Salve Regina,'[5] and so still may we keep company together and be as merry as beggars." [...]

In the time before his troubles, he would talk with his wife and children of the joys of Heaven and the pains of Hell, and of the lives of the holy martyrs, of their grievous martyrdoms, of their marvellous patience, and of their sufferings and deaths, and that they died most willingly rather than they would offend God, also what an happy and a blessed thing it was for the love of God to suffer loss of goods, imprisonment, loss of life, and lands. Moreover, he would further say unto them that, upon his faith, if he could but perceive that his wife and children would encourage him to die in a good cause, it would be such a comfort unto him that for very joy thereof, he would run merrily[6] to his death. By this discourse and other such like he gave them feeling what troubles might afterwards chance to happen to him, whereby he had so far encouraged them before the time, that

[1] *Great Seal* chief seal of the King, used to indicate his approval of important state documents, was held by the lord chancellor.

[2] *watermen* boatmen.

[3] *Lord Audley* Thomas Audley (1488-1544) became lord chancellor after More's resignation and presided over his trial.

[4] *wallets* knapsacks.

[5] *'Salve Regina'* one of the four anthems of the Blessed Virgin Mary, its opening line is translated roughly as "Hail, Holy Queen, Mother of Mercy."

[6] *merrily* cheerfully.

afterwards when they happened unto him indeed they seemed a great deal the less.

Now after the resignation of his office there came unto him to Chelsea, Mr. Thomas Cromwell,[1] then in the King's his favour, with a message from his Majesty, about which when they had fully conferred together privately, "Mr. Cromwell," quoth Sir Thomas More, "you are now newly entered into the service of a most royal, wise, and liberal prince and if you follow my poor advice you shall in your counsel-giving ever tell him what he ought to do but never what he is able to do. So shall you show yourself a true and faithful servant and a right worthy counsellor, for if a lion knew his own strength it were hard for any man to rule him."

Within a short time after this there was a commission granted forth and directed to Mr. Cranmer,[2] then archbishop of Canterbury, to determine the matter of the marriage between the King and Queen Katherine at St. Alban's. Where at last it was fully determined and concluded according to the King's desire, and then began he to complain that since he could have no justice at the Pope's hands he would therefore from thenceforth separate himself from the See of Rome,[3] and thereupon he presently married the Lady Anne Boleyn.

Which, when Sir Thomas More understood, he said to Mr. Roper, "God grant, God grant, son Roper, that these matters within a while be not confirmed by oath." [...]

In this Parliament was a statute made for the Oath of Supremacy[4] and lawfulness of the King's marriage, and within a while after all the priests of London and Westminster, and with them Sir Thomas More only and no lay man besides, were cited to appear at Lambeth[5] before the Bishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, and Secretary Cromwell, commissioners appointed there to tender the Oath unto them. [...]

At his coming to Lambeth, he behaved himself so discreetly before the commissioners at the ministration of the foresaid Oath, as may be seen at large in certain letters of his sent to Mrs. Roper, extant in a printed volume of his works, as they had little or nothing to lay unto his charge, yet durst they not, as it seemed, dismiss him, but committed him to the custody of the abbot of Westminster for four or five days, during which time the King consulted with his Council what order were best to be taken with him. And albeit in the beginning it was resolved that he should upon his oath be discharged, yet did Queen Anne, through her importunate clamours so far prevail with the King against him that, contrary to commissioners' expectation, he was committed to the Tower. [...]

After he had remained in the Tower about a month, his daughter Roper, having greatly desired to see her father, made earnest suit and got leave to visit him, at whose coming, after the saying of the seven psalms[6] and litanies which he was ever accustomed to say with her, before they fell into discourse of any other matter he said unto her, "I believe, Meg, that they who have put me here, think they have done me a great displeasure. But I assure thee on my faith, mine own good daughter, if it had not been for my wife and you my children, whom I accompt the chief part of my charge, I would not have failed long ere now to have enclosed myself in a straiter[7] room than this. But since I am come hither without mine own desert,[8] I trust that God of his goodness will disburden me of my care, and with his gracious help

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1 *Mr. Thomas Cromwell* Thomas Cromwell (?1485-1540), formerly secretary to Cardinal Wolsey, was now Henry VIII's chief minister, in charge of both the dissolution of the monasteries and seeing the Act of Supremacy through Parliament (*DNB online*).

2 *Mr. Cranmer* Thomas Cranmer (1489-1556), as archbishop of Canterbury, declared Henry's marriage to Katherine of Aragon void. He went on to engineer the English Reformation and was ultimately martyred under Mary (*DNB online*).

3 *See of Rome* the Vatican (i.e., the Pope's authority).

4 *Oath of Supremacy* This oath recognized Henry VIII as supreme head of the English Church.

5 *Lambeth* Lambeth Palace, at the W end of London, is the home of the archbishop of Canterbury.

6 *seven psalms* The seven penitential psalms (6, 32, 38, 51, 102, 130, and 143) focus particularly on the expression of sorrow for sins and were traditionally recited at times of tribulation.

7 *straiter* narrower, more confined.

8 *desert* deserving.

supply my want amongst you. And had I no cause, I thank God Meg, to reckon myself in worse case here than in mine own house. For methinks in this case God maketh me even a wanton, setting me upon his knee and dandling me."

Thus by his patient suffering and cheerful demeanour in all his tribulations[1] and disasters, it plainly appeared that nothing seemed painful unto him, but rather a profitable exercise for the good of his soul. Then when he had questioned a while with his daughter about his wife, children and household state in his absence, he asked her how Queen Anne did. "Never better, Father," quoth she. "Never better, Meg?" quoth he, "Alas, alas, it pitieth[2] me to remember, into what misery, poor soul, she will shortly come." [...]

Now whereas the Oath above mentioned made to confirm the King's Supremacy and marriage was comprised in few words, the Lord Chancellor and Secretary Cromwell did of their own heads add more words unto it, to make it appear of more force and to sound it better in the King's ear, which Oath so amplified, they had caused to be ministered to Sir Thomas More and to all others throughout the kingdom. The which Sir Thomas More perceiving said one day unto his daughter Roper, "I may tell thee, Meg, they that committed me hither for refusing the Oath, not agreeable to the statute, are not by their own law able to justify my imprisonment. And surely, daughter, it is a great pity that any Christian prince should, by so flexible a Council ready to follow his affections, and by so weak a clergy wanting grace to stand constantly to their religion, with flattery be so grossly abused." But at length the Lord Chancellor and Mr. Secretary, espying their own oversight in that behalf, were glad afterwards to find a mean that another statute should be made for the confirmation of the said Oath so amplified with their additions. [...]

As Sir Thomas More came near unto the Tower, his daughter Roper, desirous to see her father once more before his death, and to receive his last blessing, gave attendance about the Tower Wharf, where he was to pass, and so soon as she saw him, hastening unto him, without respect or care of herself, pressed in among the throng of the Guard, that with halberds[3] went round about him, and there openly in the sight of all, asking him blessing on her knees, embraced him, took him about the neck and kissed him, who with a merry countenance, nothing at all dejected, gave her his fatherly blessing with many godly words of comfort and then departed.

So remained he in the Tower more than eight days after his condemnation, from whence the day before he suffered he sent his shirt of hair, not willing to have it seen, to his said daughter Roper and a letter, written with a coal, printed in the aforesaid book of his works, expressing plainly the fervent desire he had to suffer on the morrow in these words following: "I cumber[4] you, good Margaret, very much, but I would be sorry if it should be any longer than tomorrow, for tomorrow is St. Thomas of Canterbury his even,[5] and the Octave of St. Peter,[6] and therefore tomorrow long I to go to God; it were a day very meet and convenient for me. I never liked your manner better towards me, than when you last embraced me, and when daughterly love and dear charity hath no leisure to look towards worldly courtesy."

Upon the next morrow, according as he wished, early in the morning there came unto him Sir Thomas Pope,[7] his singular friend, with a message from the King and Council that he must before nine of the clock the same morning suffer death, and that he should forthwith prepare himself thereto. [...]

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1 *tribulations* afflictions, miseries.

2 *pitieth* grieves.

3 *halberds* weapons combining a spear with a battle-ax.

4 *cumber* distress, trouble.

5 *St. Thomas of Canterbury his even* The remains of St. Thomas à Becket were placed in a new shrine in the Trinity Chapel of Canterbury Cathedral on 7 July 1220 (*DNB online*), 50 years after his martyrdom. His "even" is the day before.

6 *Octave of St. Peter* seven days after the feast day of St. Peter (June 29) (i.e., 6 July).

7 *Sir Thomas Pope* Pope (1507-59) later founded Trinity College, Oxford.

Then was he by Mr. Lieutenant brought out of the Tower, and from thence led towards the place of execution, upon the Tower Hill, where going up the scaffold, which was weak and ready to fall, he said smilingly to Mr. Lieutenant, "I pray you, good Mr. Lieutenant, see me safe up, and for my coming down let me shift for myself." Then desired he all the people about him to pray for him, and to bear witness, that he should now there suffer death in and for the faith of the holy Catholic Church. Which done, he kneeled down, and after his prayers said, he turned to the executioner, and with a cheerful countenance spake thus merrily unto him: "Pluck up thy spirits, man, and be not afraid to do thine office. My neck is somewhat short. Therefore take heed thou strikest not awry for saving of thine honesty, but if thou doest, upon my word I will not hereafter cast it in thy teeth." So, at one stroke of the executioner, passed Sir Thomas More out of this world to God upon the same day which himself had most desired. 6 July. 1535.

—composed, c. 1535; published, 1626

Juan Luis Vives
1492-1540

Juan Luis Vives, a Spanish humanist writer of numerous treatises, came to England in 1523 to serve Queen Katherine (of Aragon). He became, along with Thomas Linacre, the tutor of Princess Mary (later, Mary I [reigned, 1553-58]). Dedicated to the Queen and commissioned by her, *The Instruction of a Christian Woman* was originally published in Latin in 1523, and translated by Richard Hyrde into English in 1529/30. The text went through more than thirty-six editions (in England and on the Continent), and was translated into six languages before 1700, making it by far the most popular of the Tudor conduct manuals.

The treatise outlines the behaviour and education of the ideal woman through the three stages of her life: as maid, wife, and widow. *The Instruction of a Christian Woman*, however, is not simply an educational manual providing instruction on pedagogy and curriculum, but also a conduct manual providing instruction on dress, deportment, and conversation. Diane Bornstein notes that even a cursory comparison between a text like Thomas Hoby's translation of Castiglione's *The Book of the Courtier* and Vives's *Instruction* reveals that the instruction such manuals offer differs significantly depending on the addressee's gender. While Hoby's treatise presents the model Renaissance courtier as fulfilling his age's own conception of private and public virtues, it also grounds these ideals in the world of antiquity. However, Vives's treatise presents the model Renaissance woman as fulfilling a set of essentially medieval ideals, embodying a chastity, silence, and obedience that would not have been out of place in a fourteenth-century convent.[1] In short, conduct manuals aimed at men depict the ideal man as a soldier, a scholar, an orator, and an active servant of his nation. By contrast, manuals aimed at women describe the ideal woman as a virginal maid, an obedient and chaste wife, and a pious Protestant.[2] However, even in the *Instruction* itself there is tension between Vives's heavily conservative vision—which devotes only two chapters to matters of education and all the rest to matters of conduct—and Richard Hyrde's more liberal, humanist orientation. Hyrde's dedicatory letter to Queen Katherine specifically defends the education of women, as does his dedicatory letter prefacing Margaret More Roper's *A Devout Treatise Upon the Pater Noster* (see pp. 80-84).

EDITION: *A very frutefull and pleasant boke called the Instructio[n] of a Christen woma[n]*. Trans. Richard Hyrde. [London]: Thomas Berthelet, [1529?]. STC 24856.5.

from *The Instruction of a Christian Woman*[3]

[The Epistle Dedicatory]

Unto the Most Excellent Princess Queen Katherine, the Most Gracious Wife unto the Most Noble and Mighty Prince King Henry the VIII, Her Humble Beadman[4] and Orator Richard Hyrde Praying Good Prosperity and Welfare.

Were it not, most excellent Princess, that the consideration of your great goodness and benignity did as much encourage and bold me as the respect and regard of mine own ignorance retardeth me and holdeth back, I never durst[5] presume to dedi-

[1] "Introduction," *Distaves and Dames: Renaissance Treatises For and About Women* (Delmar, NY, 1978), p. v.

[2] Ibid., pp. v-vi.

[3] The actual title and subtitles read: A Very Fruitful and Pleasant Book Called *The Instruction of a Christian Woman*, made first in Latin, and dedicated unto the Queen's good grace by the right famous clerk Master Luis Vives, and turned out of Latin into English by Richard Hyrde. Which book who so readeth diligently shall have knowledge of many things, wherein he shall take great pleasure, and specially women shall take great commodity and fruit toward the increase of virtue and good manners.

[4] *beadman* one whose duty it is to pray for the welfare of others.

[5] *durst* dared.

cate and present unto the majesty of your noble Grace this my rude and simple translation, so much the more uncomely and unmete[1] to be offered in your high presence in how much the eloquence of the author staineth and defaceth the rude speech of the translator. For had I, most gracious Princess, that gift of erudition and utterance that I were able in our English tongue to give this book as much perspicuity, light, life, favour, grace, and quickness as Master Luis Vives hath given it in Latin, then durst I boldly put it forth to your Grace, not without good hope of thank[s], considering the matter to be such as neither a more profitable nor more necessary can lightly come in hand. For what is more fruitful than the good education and order of women, the one half of all mankind and that half also whose good behaviour or evil tatchis[2] giveth or bereaveth the other half almost all the whole pleasure and commodity of this present life, beside the furtherance or hindrance further growing thereupon concerning the life to come? And surely for the planting and nourishing of good virtuous[3] in every kind of women—virgins, wives, and widows—I verily believe there was never any treatise made either furnished with more goodly counsels, or set out with more effectual reasons, or garnished with more substantial authorities, or stored more plenteously of convenient examples, nor all these things together more goodly treated and handled than Master Vives hath done in his book; which book when I read I wished in my mind that either in every country women were learned in the Latin tongue or the book out of Latin translated into every tongue; and much I marvelled, as I often do, of the unreasonable oversight of men, which never cease to complain of women's conditions, and yet having the education and order of them in their own hands not only do little diligence to teach them and bring them up better, but also purposely withdraw them fro[m] learning, by which they might have occasions to wax[4] better by themselves.

But sith[5] this fault is too far gone and over largely spread to be shortly remedied, I thought at the least wise for my part it would do well to translate this book into our English tongue, for the commodity and profit of our own country, which when I had secretly done by myself, I showed it unto my singular good master and bringer-up Sir Thomas More,[6] to whose judgement and correction I use[7] to submit whatsoever I do or go about that I set any store by; who not only for the matter itself was very glad thereof, but also for that (as he then showed me) he perceived that it should be to your noble Majesty—for the gracious zeal that ye bear to the virtuous education of the womankind of this realm, whereof our Lord hath ordained you to be queen—so great and special pleasure that he had intended, his manifold business notwithstanding, to have taken the times to have translated this book himself, in which he was (as he said) very glad that he was now prevented, nor for eschewing of his labour, which he would have been very glad to bestow therein, but for because that the fruit thereof may now sooner come forth than he could have found the time. Howbeit as I answered him, "It were better to bring forth dates in a hundred years (for so long it is or [before] that tree bring forth his fruit) than crabs[8] in four year[s]." And though he reckoned himself eased of the translating, I besought him to take the labour to read it over and correct it, which he right gladly did. Whereby I have been the more encouraged to put forth unto your most noble Grace this translation; to whose Majesty sith the original work was dedicate,[9] I was of very duty methought bounden to dedicate the translation. Wherefore if there be, as I well wote[10] there is, any good in the

1 *unmete* unfitting.

2 *tatchis* tache: stain, stigma, moral blot.

3 *virtuous* i.e., virtue.

4 *wax* grow.

5 *sith* since.

6 *my singular good master and bringer-up Sir Thomas More* Hyrde was a tutor in More's household.

7 *use* am accustomed.

8 *crabs* crab apples.

9 I.e., the original Latin edition of the text.

10 *wote* know, understand.

matter, thank[s] be to Master Vives the maker; if anything be well in this translation, thank[s] be to the labour of my good master. For nothing in this work claim I for mine own but the show of my good zeal to do good to other[s] and service to your noble Grace, whom with the sacred majesty of the most excellent Prince, your dearest spouse, and your noble issue,[1] with increase of more, our Lord long preserve into the weal[2] of yourself, your realm, and all Christendom beside.

The Preface of the Most Famous Clerk Master Lodovic Vives upon His Book Called *The Instruction of a Christian Woman* unto the Most Gracious Princess Katherine, Queen of England.

I have been moved partly by the holiness and goodness of your living, partly by the favour and love that your Grace beareth toward holy study and learning to write something unto your good Grace of the information and bringing up of a Christian woman, a matter never yet entreated[3] of any man among so great plenty and variety of wits and writers. For Xenophon and Aristotle giving rules of housekeeping and Plato making precepts of ordering the commonweal[4] speak many things appertaining unto the woman's office and duty. And Saint Cyprian, Saint Hieronymus,[5] Saint Ambrose, and Saint Augustine have entreated of maids and widows, but in such wise that they appear rather to exhort and counsel them unto some kind of living than to instruct and teach them. They spend all their speech in the lauds and praises of chastity, which is a goodly thing and fitting for those great-witted and holy men. Howbeit,[6] they write but few precepts and rules how to live, supposing it to be better to exhort them unto the best and help them up to the highest than to inform and teach the lower things.

But I will let pass all such exhortations, because everybody shall choose and pick out the ways of living out of these men's authority rather than out of my fantasy, and I will compile rules of living. Therefore, in the first book I will begin at the beginning of a woman's life and lead her forth unto the time of marriage; in the second, from marriage unto widowhood—how she ought to pass the time of her life well and virtuously with her husband; in the last book I inform and teach the widowhood. And because the matter could not be otherwise handled, there be many things told in the first book pertaining unto wives and widows, and much in the second belonging unto unmarried women, and some in the third pertaining unto all. Lest a maid should think that she need to read but only the first book, or a wife the second, or a widow only the third, I will that every of them shall read all, in which I have been more short[7] than many would I should have been. Notwithstanding, who so considereth well the cause of mine intent, and taketh good heed, shall find it done not without a skill. For in giving precepts a man ought specially to be brief, lest he sooner dull the wits of the readers than teach them with long babbling. And precepts ought to be such that everybody may soon con[8] them and bear easily in mind. Nor we should not be ignorant of the laws that Christ and his disciples, Peter, Paul, James, John, and Jude taught us, where we may see that they give us the divine precepts brief and shortly. For who can bear in remembrance those laws which they bear not well in mind that have spent their whole life in study of them? And therefore have I neither thrust in many examples, nor gone out of my matter to entreat generally of vice and virtue, which were a large field to walk in, unto the end that my book might be not only read without tediousness, but also be read often. Moreover, though the precepts for men be innumerable, women yet may be informed with few

[1] *issue* children.
[2] *into the weal* for the well-being/health.
[3] *entreated* treated, handled.
[4] *commonweal* commonwealth, nation.
[5] I.e., Saint Jerome. See p. 103, note 3; p. 109, note 2.
[6] *Howbeit* nevertheless, however, be that as it may.
[7] *short* i.e., brief.
[8] *con* "understand," but also "memorize."

words. For men must be occupied both at home and forth abroad, both in their own matters and for the commonweal. Therefore it cannot be declared in few books, but in many and long, how they shall handle themselves in so many and diverse things. As for,[1] a woman hath no charge to see to but her honesty and chastity, wherefore when she is informed of that she is sufficiently appointed.[2]

Wherefore,[3] their wickedness is the more cursed and detestable that go about to perish that one treasure[4] of women, as though a man had but one eye and another would go about to put it out. Some write filthy and bawdy rhymes, which men I cannot see what honest excuse they can lay for themselves, but that their corrupt mind and swelled with poison can breathe none other thing but venom to destroy them that are near unto it; but they call themselves lovers, and I believe they be so indeed, yea and blind and mad too withal. And though thou love, canst thou not obtain thine own except thou infect all other[s] therefore? In my mind no man was ever banished more rightfully than was Ovid, at least wise if he was banished for writing *The Craft of Love*.[5] For other[s] write wanton and naughty ballads, but this worshipful artificer must make rules in God's name and precepts of his unthriftiness, a schoolmaster of bawdry and a common corrupter of virtue.

Now I doubt not but some will think my precepts oversore and sharp. Howbeit the nature of all things is such that the way of virtue is easy and large unto good men, and the way of vice contrary, strait[6] and rough. But unto ill men neither the way that they go in is pleasant, nor the way of virtue large and easy enough; and seeing it is so, it is better to assent unto good men than ill, and rather to reckon the bad folk's opinion false than the good men's. Pythagoras the philosopher and other[s] of his school in the description of this letter "Y" say that when a man is past the first difficulty of virtue, all after is easy and plain.[7] Plato giveth counsel to choose the best way in living, which way use and custom shall also make pleasant. Our Lord in the Gospel sayeth that the way into the kingdom of Heaven is strait,[8] not because it is so indeed but because few go it—except a man would count his words false, where he sayeth: "My yoke is sweet and my burden light"; or else where he promiseth that there is no man that forgoeth anything for his sake but he shall have far more for it again, yea and that in this life. And what was meant thereby but the pleasures of virtue? Therefore I say unto whom my precepts shall seem rigorous and sharp, that is, young men that be ignorant, wanton and unthrifty, which cannot once bear the sight of a good woman; and like as rank horses neigh unto every mare, so they go about every trifling and peevish wench that hath a pleasure to be looked upon and loved, and they would have their folly to be allowable by the multitude of misdoers—as who sayeth, the agreement and abusion[9] of people might change the nature of things—it is no news that ill folk hate them that advise them well.

[...]

Lo, what manner of men we shall displease with teaching them virtuously: verily such as were a shame and rebuke to please. But sad[10] men, chaste maids, virtuous wives, wise widows, and finally all that are true Christian people, not only in name but also in deed and with their hearts, will stand on our party, which know and agree all in this, that

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1 *As for* however.

2 *appointed* equipped.

3 *Wherefore* thus.

4 *that one treasure* Chastity, maidenhead, or virginity is commonly described in the period as a woman's jewel or treasure.

5 Ovid (43 BCE-17 CE), a popular Roman poet and society figure whom the Emperor Augustus banished to Tomis (Costanza), on the Black Sea, partly in punishment for Ovid's scandalous and witty poem *Ars Amatoria* ("The Art of Love").

6 *strait* narrow.

7 *Pythagoras ... plain* The Greek philosopher Pythagoras (fl. c. 530 BCE) held that the Greek letter Υ ("upsilon") represented the diverging paths of virtue and vice; each man must decide which of the forks in this path to take (*Laertius*, 2.8.32).

8 *strait* difficult.

9 *abusion* corruption.

10 *sad* sober, grave, serious.

nothing can be more mild and gentle than the precepts of our faith. From the which Christ grant us never to decline our mind and purpose one hair's breadth. I have put in remembrance of their duty the good and holy women but slightly; others now and then I take up sharply, because I saw that only teaching availeth but a little unto those that struggle with the leader[1] and must be drawn. Therefore have I spoken sometime the more plainly that they might see the filthiness of their conditions as it were painted in a table, to the intent that they should be ashamed, and at last leave their shameful deeds; and also that good women should be gladder to see themselves out of those vices, and labour more to be further from them, and to enter into the abitacle[2] of virtue. For I had leaver,[3] as Saint Hieronymus counselleth, aventure my shamefastness[4] a little while than jeoparde my matter,[5] so yet that[6] I would not fall into any uncleanness, which were the greatest shame that can be for him that should be a master of chastity; wherefore oftentimes the reader must understand more in sentence[7] than I speak in words.

And this work, most excellent and gracious Queen, I offer unto you in like manner as if a painter would bring unto you your own visage and image most cunningly painted. For like as in that portraiture you might see your bodily similitude, so in these books shall you see the resemblance of your mind and goodness, because that you have been both maid, wife, and widow, and wife again—as I pray God you may long continue—and so you have handled yourself in all the order and course of your life that whatsoever you did might be an example unto other[s] to live after. But you had leaver the virtues to be praised than yourself, howbeit[8] no man can praise the virtues of women but he must needs comprehend you in the same praise; howbeit,[9] your mind ought to be obeyed. Therefore you shall understand that many like unto you be praised here by name expressly, but yourself spoken of continually though you be not named. For virtues can never be praised but they must needs be praised withal that be excellent in them, though their name be not spoken of.

Also your dearest daughter, Mary, shall read these instructions of mine and follow in living, which she must needs do if she order herself after the example she hath at home with her of your virtue and wisdom. Nor there is no doubt but she will do after them, and, except she alone of all other[s] disappoint and beguile every man's opinion, she must needs be both very good and holy that is come of you and noble King Henry VIII, such a couple of mates that your honour and virtue pass all crafts of praising.

Therefore, all other women shall have an example of your life and deeds, and by these books that I have dedicated unto your name, they shall have rules and precepts to live by; and so shall they be bounden unto your goodness, both for that which itself hath done in giving example, and that it hath been the occasion of my writing.

And so I pray God give your good Grace long well to fare. At Bruges the year of our Lord 1523, the 5th day of April.

Of Her First Exercise. The Third Chapter.

When she is of age able to learn anything, let her begin with that which pertaineth unto the ornament of her soul and the keeping and ordering of an house.

[...]

The cherishing and sufferance of the fathers and mothers hurteth much the children, that giveth

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1 *leader* one who leads a person by the hand, or an animal by a cord or halter.

2 *abitacle* perhaps a printer's error for "tabernacle," but perhaps a version of the word "abitacioun" (habitation).

3 *leaver* rather.

4 *aventure my shamefastness* risk my modesty.

5 *jeoparde my matter* jeopardize the soundness of my book's content.

6 *so yet that* so long as.

7 *sentence* meaning.

8 *howbeit* although.

9 *howbeit* nevertheless, however.

them an unbridled liberty unto vice infinite, and specially the maids.

[...]

Therefore let her both learn her book and, beside that, to handle wool and flax, which are two crafts yet left of that old innocent world both profitable and keepers of temperance, which thing specially women ought to have in price.[1] I will meddle here with no low matters lest I should seem to make much ado about things that be too simple for my purpose. But I would in no wise[2] that a woman should be ignorant in those feats that must be done by hand, no not though she be a princess or a queen. For what can she do better, or ought to do rather, what time she hath rid[3] her business in her house? Should she talk with men or other women? And what shall she still talk of? Shall she never hold her peace? Or shall she sit and muse? What I pray you? Woman's thought is swift and for the most part unstable, walking and wandering out from home, and soon will slide, by the reason of it[s] own slipperiness, I wot[4] not how far. Therefore reading were the best, and thereunto I give them counsel specially. But yet when she is weary of reading, I cannot see her idle, as it were the women of Perseland,[5] drowned in volupteis[6] and pleasures, sitting among the company of gelded men, singing and banqueting continually; which pleasures were oft changed and renewed to eschew tediousness, and the end of one pleasure was the beginning of another following.

[...]

Let the maid also learn cookery, not that slubbering and excess in meats to serve a great many full of delicious pleasures and gluttony which cooks meddle with, but sober and measurable, that she may learn to dress meat for her father and mother and brethren while she is a maid, and for her husband and children when she is a wife. And so shall she get her great thank[s] both of the one and the other, when she doth not lay all the labour upon the servants, but herself prepare such things as shall be more pleasant unto her father and mother, brethren and husband and children than if they were dressed by servants. And that the more pleasant if they were sick. Nor let nobody loathe the name of the "kitchen," namely being a thing very necessary, without the which neither sick folks can amend nor whole folks live; the which occupation Achilles, both a king and a king's son and a lord most noble, did not disdain to do. For what time Ulysses and Nestor came to him for agreement between him and Agamemnon, he laid the tables himself, and tucked up his clothes, and went into the kitchen, and prepared their meat to make the noble princes sober and temperate cheer, whom he loved so well.[7]

Also, it is a thing pertaining unto temperance and honesty: for when the mistress or her daughter is by, all thing is done the more diligently. What daintiness of hand is that and what loathing of the kitchen, that they may not abide to handle or see that which their father or mother or husband or brother or else their child must eat! Let them that do so understand that they bewray and file[8] their hands more when they lay them on another man than their own husband than though they babled[9] and blacked them in soot, and that it is more shame to be seen in a dance than in the kitchen, and to handle well tables[10] and cards than meat. And worse becometh a good woman to taste a cup of drink in a feast or a banquet reached unto her

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1 *in price* in value.

2 *no wise* no way.

3 *what time she hath rid* when she has completed.

4 *wot* know.

5 *Perseland* i.e., Persia; Vives draws here on the little that Europeans knew of life in Eastern harems, a life which they saw as morally degraded; the "gelded men" are the eunuchs who served as the guardians of the harem, ensuring that no one but the Sultan had access to its women.

6 *volupteis* volupty: voluptuous delight.

7 *Achilles … loved so well* Homer, *Iliad*, 9.199-221.

8 *bewray and file* betray and defile.

9 *babled* printer's error for "dabbled."

10 *tables* the "men" or pieces used in playing early forms of the board game backgammon.

by another man than to taste a supping in the kitchen to give her husband. Therefore by my counsel a woman shall learn this craft, that she may in every time of her life please her friends and that the meat may come more cleanly unto the table. I have seen in Spain and in France that[1] have mended of their sickness by meats dressed of their wives, daughters or daughters-in-law, and have ever after loved them far the better for it. And again I have seen that have been hated as daughter of the father and daughter-in-law of the father-in-law, and wife of her husband because they have said they could not skill of cookery.[2]

Of the Learning of Maids. The Fourth Chapter.

Of maids some be but little mete[3] for learning. Likewise, as some men be unapt, again some be even born unto it, or at least not unfit for it. Therefore, they that be dull are not to be discouraged, and those that be apt should be hearted and encouraged. I perceive that learned women be suspected of many: as who sayeth, the subtlety of learning should be a nourishment for the maliciousness of their nature. Verily I do not allow in a subtle and a crafty woman such learning as should teach her deceit and teach her no good manners and virtues, notwithstanding the precepts of living, and the examples of those that have lived well, and had knowledge together of holiness, be the keepers of chastity and pureness, and the copies of virtues, and pricks to prick[4] and to move folks to continue in them.

[...]

But you shall not lightly find an ill woman, except it be such one as either knoweth not or at least way considereth not what chastity and honesty is worth; nor seeth what mischief she doth when she forgoeth it; nor regardeth how great a treasure for how foul, for how light and transitory an image of pleasure she changeth; what a sort of ungraciousness she letteth in what time she shutteth forth chastity; nor pondereth what bodily pleasure is, how vain and foolish a thing, which is not worth the turning of an hand, not only unworthy; wherefore she should cast away that which is most goodly treasure that a woman can have. And she that hath learned in books to cast[5] this and such other things, and hath furnished and censed[6] her mind with holy counsels, shall never to do any villainy. For if she can find in her heart to do naughtily, having so many precepts of virtue to keep her, what should we suppose she should do having no knowledge of goodness at all?

And truly if we would call the old world to remembrance and rehearse their time, we shall find no learned woman that ever was ill, where I could bring forth an hundred good: as Cornelia,[7] the mother of Gracchus, which was an example of all goodness and chastity, and taught her children her own self; and Portia,[8] the wife of Brutus, that took of her father's wisdom; and Cleobula,[9]

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1 *that* those who.

2 *they could not skill of cookery* i.e., they had no skill in cooking.

3 *mete* fit, apt.

4 *pricks to prick* encouragers to encourage.

5 *cast* ponder.

6 *censed* The holy counsel is implicitly compared to incense which is absorbed by the reader, just as incense is burned (or "censed") for the benefit of those attending religious services.

7 *Cornelia* (d. by 100 BCE) was the second daughter of Publius Cornelius Scipio Africanus. Her marriage to Tiberius Sempronius Gracchus produced twelve children, although only three survived to adulthood (Tiberius and Gaius became famed tribunes). After her husband's death she remained a widow, refusing all offers of marriage—even reportedly one from Ptolemy VIII—and dedicated herself exclusively to the education of her children (*OCD*, p. 392).

8 Portia (or Porcia) was the daughter of Marcus Porcius Cato (95-46 BCE). In 45, she married Brutus, who headed the assassination of Julius Caesar in 44. In the Renaissance, she had become the type of marital love, loyalty, and chastity. Perhaps "the wisdom" Vives refers to here, which Portia has gathered from her father, is his love of and dedication to republican values, the same values her husband was also believed to have espoused. Her status as a virtuous woman in the Renaissance is somewhat complicated by her suicide, with accounts holding both that she killed herself after and before Brutus's death (*OCD*, p. 1224).

9 *Cleobula* i.e., Cleobulina, daughter of Cleobulus from Lindos on Rhodes, one of the Seven Sages. Famed for her intelligence and learning, she was a poet, an author (like her father) of a number of enigmas or verse riddles (*OCD*, p. 1397; *Classical Dict.*, p. 172).

daughter of Cleobulus, one of the seven wise men, which Cleobula was so given unto learning and philosophy that she clearly despised all pleasure of the body and lived perpetually a maid; at whom the daughter of Pythagoras,[1] the philosopher, took example, which after her father's death was the ruler of his school and was made the mistress of the college of virgins. Also Theano, one of the same sect and school, daughter unto Metapontus,[2] which had also the gift of prophecy, was a woman of singular chastity. And Saint Hieronymus[3] sayeth that the ten Sibyls were virgins. Also Cassandra,[4] and prophetess[es] of Apollo and Juno at Cryssa were virgins, and that was a common thing, as we read, that those women that were prophets were virgins eke.[5]

[...]

Also Sulpitia, wife unto Caleno, left behind her holy precepts of matrimony, that she had used in her living herself, of whom the poet Martial writeth in this wise:

> Readeth Sulpitia all young women
> That cast your mind to please one man.
> Readeth Sulpitia also all men
> That do intend to please one woman.
> Of honest and virtuous love doth she tell,
> Chaste pastimes, plays, and pleasure
> Whose books who so considereth well
> Shall say, "There is none holier."[6]

And it is plainly known that no man in that time was more happy of his wife than was Caleno of Sulpitia.[7] Hortentia, the daughter of Hortentius[8] the orator, did so resemble her father's eloquence that she made an oration unto the judges of the city for the women, which oration the successors of that time did read not only as a laud and praise of women's eloquence, but also to learn cunning[9] of it, as well as of Cicero or Demosthenes'[10] orations.

[...]

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[1] *the daughter of Pythagoras* Damo, whom Laertius celebrates for her filial love and loyalty. At his death, the Greek philosopher Pythagoras entrusted her with his writings, commanding "her never to give them to anyone outside his house." Even in the face of extreme poverty, she refused to sell his writings (*Laertius*, 2.8.42). She also obeyed Pythagoras' command to embrace perpetual virginity, and persuaded others to do so also (*Classical Dict.*, p. 215).

[2] *Theano … daughter unto Metapontus* probably the wife of Pythagoras, but also possibly a daughter or disciple of this Greek philosopher. Some letters and a fragment of a text "On Piety" have been attributed to her (*OCD*, p. 1493). Laertius says simply she "wrote a few things" (2.8.43).

[3] *Saint Hieronymus* St. Jerome (c. 342-420 CE), Biblical scholar, translator of the Bible into Latin from the original languages (the *Vulgate*), and theologian. The Sibyls were oracles or prophetesses, often said to be ten in number, famed for their knowledge of the future. They dwelt at various classical shrines, the most famous of which were at Cumae and Delphi in Italy. For Jerome's statements about virginity, see his "Letter XXII: To Eustochium" and the treatise *Against Jovinian*.

[4] *Cassandra* daughter of the Trojan king Priam and his wife Hecuba. Most famously her prophetic powers, granted her by Apollo in exchange for a promise of sexual favours, became a terrible curse when she later refused the god's advances: her predictions were fated never to be believed.

[5] *eke* also.

[6] *Epigrams*, 10.38.

[7] *Caleno of Sulpitia* Sulpicia (d. between 94 and 98 BCE) was a famed Latin love poet and for 15 years the wife of Calenus. Her verses expressed both "total fidelity and bold sensuality" as aspects of her marriage, a "rare example in Latin poetry of married eroticism." Only a fragment of her work survives, although she is mentioned by later poets and writers. Martial's epigram (above) is one of two he wrote in her honour (*OCD*, p. 1454).

[8] *Hortentia, the daughter of Hortentius* Hortensia was the daughter of the famous Roman orator Quintus Hortensius Hortalus (d. 49 BCE), Cicero's most serious legal and oratorical rival. Reportedly, when the triumvirs ordered 14,000 women to make a list of their possessions so that they might be taxed by the state, Hortensia pleaded the women's case so successfully that she won an exemption for 1,000 of them (*Classical Dict.*, p. 316). She and her orations (which do not survive) are celebrated by Quintilian (c. 35-100 CE), Latin writer and rhetorician, who notes that this particular oration "is still read and not merely as a compliment to her sex" (*Institutio Oratoria*, trans. H.E. Butler, 1.1.6).

[9] *cunning* skill.

[10] *Cicero and Demosthenes* respectively, for Renaissance writers the most famous Latin and Greek orators and rhetoricians of the ancient world.

I need not to rehearse the Christian women, as Tecla, disciple of Paul,[1] a scholar mete[2] for such a noble master; and Catherine of Alexandria,[3] daughter unto Costus, which overcame in disputations the greatest and most exercised[4] philosophers.

[...]

Nor we need not to envy the pagans for their poets, which have in one house four maids all poets, the daughters of Philip.[5] And in Saint Hieronymus' time all holy women were very well learned. Would God that nowadays many old men were able to be compared unto them in cunning.

[...]

It is told me with great praise and marvel in many places of this country that Dame Joanne, the wife of King Philip, mother unto Carolus that now is, was wont to make answer in Latin, and that without any study, unto the orations that were made after the custom in towns unto new princes; and likewise the Englishmen say by their Queen, sister unto the Dame Joanne. The same sayeth everybody by the other two sisters, which be dead in Portugal. The which four sisters,[6] there were no queens by any man's remembrance more chaste of body than they; none of better name; none better loved of their subjects, nor more favoured, nor better loved their husbands; none that more lawly[7] did obey them, nor that kept both them and all theirs better without spot of villainy. There were none that more hated filthiness and wantonness; none that ever did more perfectly fulfil all the points of a good woman.

Now if a man may be suffered among queens to speak of more mean[8] folks, I would reckon among this sort the daughters of S[ir] T[homas] M[ore] (kn[ight]), M[argaret], E[lizabeth], and C[ecily], and with them their kinswoman M[argaret] G[iggs], whom their father not content only to have them good and very chaste, would also they should be well learned, supposing that by that mean they should be more truly and surely chaste.[9] Wherein neither that great wise man is deceived, nor none other that are of the same opinion. For the study of learning is such a thing that it occupieth one's mind wholly, and lifteth it up unto the knowledge of most goodly matters, and plucketh it from the remembrance of such things as be foul. And if any such thought come into their mind, either the mind, well-fortified with the precepts of good living, avoideth them away, or else it giveth none heed unto those things that be vile and foul when it hath other most goodly and pure pleasure wherewith it is delighted. And therefore I suppose that

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[1] *Tecla, disciple of Paul* In the popular apocryphal work "The Acts of Paul and Thecla," St. Paul's sermons in praise of virginity attract the attention of a young pagan gentlewoman, Thecla. Converted by Paul to Christianity and perpetual virginity, she rejects any further contact with her fiancé, Thamyris. Although Thecla's decision leads to Paul's arrest and whipping, and her own condemnation to being burned alive, she is miraculously rescued. Becoming Paul's disciple, Thecla faces other attempted executions (in Antioch she is thrown naked to wild beasts who refuse to touch her), dresses as a boy in order to follow Paul to Lycia, teaches, preaches, and attracts other young women to the celibate life. She is finally miraculously preserved from an attempted gang-rape. See *The Lost Books of the Bible and the Forgotten Books of Eden* (New York, 1974), pp. 99-111.

[2] *mete* fit.

[3] *Catherine of Alexandria* St. Catherine of Alexandria (supposedly 4th century) was "a noble girl, persecuted for her Christianity, who despised marriage with the emperor because she was a 'bride of Christ,' who disputed successfully with fifty philosophers who were called in to convince her of the errors of Christianity." She was finally martyred for her protests against Emperor Maxentius' persecution of her fellow Christians. Her cult was popular in England throughout the Middle Ages (*Dict. Saints*, pp. 88-89).

[4] *excercised* experienced.

[5] Philip I (1478-1506) and Joanna, Queen of Castile (1479-1555) had four daughters: Eleanora, Isabella, Catherine, and Mary.

[6] Katherine of Aragon (the works' dedicatee), had three sisters: Joanna (Juana), Isabella, and Maria. Isabella died in 1498, and Maria in 1517.

[7] *lawly* lawfully.

[8] *mean* less exalted in rank.

[9] All the daughters of More were famed for their learning, but especially Margaret More Roper (1505-1544), who was an early correspondent with and translator of the European humanist Erasmus. See her translation of Erasmus's *A Devout Treatise upon the Pater Noster* (1525), p. 84.

Pallas, the goddess of wisdom and cunning,[1] and all the Muses were feigned in old time to be virgins. And the mind set upon learning and wisdom shall not only abhor from foul lust—that is to say, the most white thing from soot, and the most pure from spots—but also they shall leave all such light and trifling pleasures wherein the light fantasies of maids have delight, as songs, dances, and such other wanton and peevish plays. "A woman," sayeth Plutarch, "given unto learning, will never delight in dancing."[2]

But here peradventure[3] a man would ask, what learning a woman should be set unto? and what shall she study? I have told you: the study of wisdom, the which doth instruct their manners, and inform their living, and teacheth them the way of good and holy life. As for eloquence I have no great care, nor a woman needeth it not, but she needeth goodness and wisdom. Nor it is no shame for a woman to hold her peace, but it is shame for her and abominable to lack discretion and to live ill. Nor I will not here condemn eloquence, which both Quintilian and Saint Hieronymus following him say was praised in Cornelia, the mother of Gracchus, and in Hortentia, the daughter of Hortentius.[4]

If there may be found any holy and well-learned woman, I had leaver have her to teach them.[5] If there be none, let us choose some man either well-aged or else very good and virtuous, which hath a wife, and that right fair enough, whom he loveth well, and so shall he not desire other. For these things ought to be seen unto, forasmuch as chastity in bringing up a woman requireth the most diligence, and in a manner all together.

When she shall be taught to read, let those books be taken in hand that may teach good manners. And when she shall learn to write, let not her example be void[6] verses, nor wanton or trifling songs, but some sad sentence,[7] prudent and chaste, taken out of Holy Scripture or the sayings of philosophers, which by often writing she may fasten better in her memory.

And in learning, as I point[8] none end to the man nor more I do to the woman, saying it is mete[9] that the man have knowledge of many and diverse things that may both profit himself and the commonwealth, both with the use and increasing of learning. But I would the woman should be altogether in that part of philosophy that taketh upon it to inform and teach and amend the conditions.[10] Finally, let her learn for herself alone and her young children or her sisters in our Lord. For it neither becometh a woman to rule a school, nor to live among men, or speak abroad[11] and shake off her demureness and honesty, either altogether or else a great part; which if she be good, it were bett[er] to be at home within and unknown to other folks, and in company to hold her tongue demurely. And let few see her, and none at all hear her. The apostle Paul, the vessel of election, informing and teaching the Church of the Corinthians with holy precepts, sayeth: "Let your women hold their tongues in congregations: nor they be not allowed to speak but to be subject as the law biddeth. If they would learn anything, let them ask their husbands at home."[12] And unto his disciples Timothy he writeth on this wise:[13] "Let a woman learn in silence with all subjection. But I give no license to a woman to be a teacher nor to have authority of the man, but to be in silence. For

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1 *cunning* skill.

2 In his essay "Advice to the Bride and Groom," Plutarch recommends a woman's study of mathematics in particular as a guard against the vice, vanity, and frivolity that he sees as characterized by a love of dancing (*Moralia*, vol. 9, 145C).

3 *peradventure* perhaps.

4 *Quintilian ... Hortentius* Quintilian praises Cornelia's eloquent letters, the style of which her sons have clearly imitated (*Institutio Oratoria*, 1.1.6) as part of his general recommendation that parents (mothers, he emphasizes, as well as fathers) would do well to be educated for the sake of their children; for his comments on Hortensia, see p. 103, note 8.

5 *them* i.e., the young maidens.

6 *void* empty, valueless.

7 *sad sentence* sober, wise sayings.

8 *point* appoint, prescribe.

9 *mete* appropriate, fitting.

10 *conditions* character, moral nature, disposition, temperament.

11 *abroad* publicly.

12 *"Let your women ... at home"* 1 Corinthians 14:34-35.

13 *on this wise* in this way.

Adam was the first made, and after Eve; and Adam was not betrayed, the woman was betrayed into the breach of the commandment."[1] Therefore, because a woman is a frail thing, and of weak discretion, and that may lightly be deceived—which thing our first mother Eve showeth, whom the Devil caught with a light argument—therefore, a woman should not teach, lest when she hath taken a false opinion and believe of anything, she spread it into the hearers by the authority of mastership, and lightly bring other[s] into the same error, for the learners commonly do after the teacher with good will.

What Books to Be Read and What Not. The Fifth Chapter.

[...]

There is a use[2] nowadays worse than among the pagans that books written in our mother's tongues, that be made but for idle men and women to read, have none other matter but of war and love; of the which books I think it shall not need to give any precepts. If I speak unto Christian folks, what need I to tell what a mischief is toward[3] when straw and dry wood is cast into the fire? "Yea, but these be written," say they, "for idle folk," as though idleness were not a vice great enough of itself without firebrands be put unto it, wherewith the fire may catch a man altogether and more hot. What should a maid do with armour (which once to name were a shame for her)? I have heard tell that in some places gentlewomen behold marvellous busily the plays[4] and joustings of armed men, and give sentence and judgement of them, and that the men fear and set more by their judgements than the men's. It cannot lightly[5] be a chaste mind that is occupied with thinking on armour and tournay,[6] and man's valiance. What places among these be for chastity unarmed and weak? A woman that useth those feats drinketh poison in her heart; of whom this care and these words be the plain sayings. This is a deadly sickness, nor yet ought to be showed of[7] me, but to be covered and holden under lest it hurt other[s] with the smell and defile them with the infection. Therefore, when I cannot tell whether it be mete for a Christian man to handle armour, how should it be lawful for a woman to look upon them, yea though she handle them not, yet to be conversant among them with heart and mind, which is worse?

Moreover, whereto readest thou other men's love and glozing[8] words, and by little and little drinkest the enticements of the poison unknowing, and many times ware[9] and wittingly? For many in whom there is no good mind already read those books to keep themselves in the thoughts of love. It were better for them not only to have no learning at all, but also to lose their eyes that they should not read, and their ears that they should not hear. For as our Lord sayeth in the Gospel: "It were better for them to go blind and deaf into life, than with two eyes to be cast into Hell."[10] This maid is so vile unto Christian folks that she is abominable unto pagans. Wherefore I wonder of the holy preachers, that when they make great ado about many small matters many times, they cry not out on this in every sermon. I marvel that wise fathers will suffer their daughters, or that husbands will suffer their wives, or that the manners and customs of people will dissemble and overlook that women shall use[11] to read wantonness.

It were fitting that common laws and officers should not only look upon the courts and matters of suit, but also manners both common and

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1 *"Let a woman ... commandment"* 1 Timothy 2:11-14.

2 *use* custom, usual practice.

3 *is toward* is likely to occur.

4 *plays* activities like fencing.

5 *lightly* perhaps a printer's error for "rightly."

6 *tournay* jousting tournaments where men displayed their skill in various martial feats and contests.

7 *showed of* revealed by.

8 *glozing* lying.

9 *ware* consciously.

10 *"It were better ... cast into Hell"* Matthew 5:29; 18:8-9; Mark 9:43-48. Interestingly, these passages include eyes, hands, and feet, but not ears.

11 *use* be accustomed

private. Therefore it were convenient by a common law to put away foul rebaudy[1] songs out of the people's mouths, which be so used as though nothing ought to be sung in the city but foul and filthy songs that no good man can hear without shame, nor no wise man without displeasure. They that made such songs seem to have none other purpose but to corrupt the manners of young folks, and they do none otherwise than they that infect the common wells with poison. What a custom is this, that a song shall not be regarded but it be full of filthiness? And this the laws ought to take heed of, and of those ungracious books such as be in my country in Spain: Amadise, Florisande, Tirante, Tristane, and Celestina,[2] the bawdy mother of naughtiness. In France: Lancelot du Lake, Paris and Vienna, Ponthus and Sidonia, and Melucyne.[3] In Flanders: Flori and Whitflower, Leonel and Canamour, Curias and Floret, Pyramus and Thisbe.[4] In England: Parthenope, Genarides, Hippomadon, William and Melyour, Libius and Arthur, Guy, Bevis,[5] and many other[s].

1 *rebaudy* ribald, obscene.

2 *Amadise* probably Garcí Rodríguez de Montalvo's *Amadís de Gaula* ("Amadis of Gaul"; 1508), a wildly popular version of the late thirteenth-century French Arthurian tales. de Montalvo's prose romance and its many sequels were quickly translated into French, Italian, German, Dutch, Portuguese, and Hebrew; the first English translation of *Amadis* was published in 1572; *Florisande* Third in the series of sequels to *Amadís de Gaula*, *Florisando* (1510) was not published in English before 1640; *Tirante* Joanot Martorell's posthumously published romance *Tirant lo Blanch* (1490) was not published in English before 1640; *Tristane* perhaps *El cuento de Tristán de Leonís* (c. 1400) or *Herido Está Don Tristán* (15th century), versions of the original Celtic legend about the knight Tristan and his tragic love for Isolde, wife of his uncle, King Mark. Although these particular versions do not seem to have been published in English before 1640, an English ms. version (*Sir Tristrem*, c. 1280) did circulate. The tale could also be found in Malory's *Le Morte d'Arthur* (1470); *Celestina* Fernando de Rojas's prose dialogue *Comedia de Calisto y Melibea* (1499; revised and expanded as *Tragicomedia de Calisto y Melibea*, 1502), which became known as *La Celestina*, after its most famous character, the old bawd Celestina. By turns, erotic, amorous, and satiric, *La Celestina* was enormously popular, and was translated into Italian (1505), German (1520, 1534), French (1527, 1578), English (c. 1525-30, 1631), Dutch (1550), Hebrew (mid-sixteenth century), and Latin (1624). Roundly condemned as obscene by English clergymen, many of these romances seem "to have functioned for educated Elizabethans as something of a sexual primer" (W. Schleiner, "Elizabethan Bawdy," *Encycl. Renaissance*, vol. 1, p. 193).

3 *Lancelot du Lake* perhaps Chrétien de Troye's *Le Chevalier de la Charrette* (*Lancelot*), composed c. 1177-81, part of the Arthurian cycle of chivalric tales, wherein Lancelot's adulterous relationship with Arthur's queen, Guinevere, is recounted. French print versions of *Lancelot of the Lake* circulated in England between 1400 and 1450; *Paris and Vienna* Pierre de la Cépède's chivalric romance *Paris et Vienne*. It was published in English by William Caxton in 1485 (3 more editions: 1492, c. 1505, 1586); *Ponthus and Sidonia* Geoffrey de la Tour Landry's late fourteenth-century prose romance, based on a twelfth-century Anglo-Norman chanson de geste, *Ponthus et la Belle Sidoyne* was published in English as *The Noble History of King Ponthus* (1509?; 2 more editions before 1530: c. 1510 and 1511); *Melucyne* In Jean d'Arras's *Mélusine* (composed, 1393), a romance which emphasizes magic and the fantastical, Mélusine, the Serpent Fairy, marries Raymond de Lusignan and helps found the house of the Lusignans, d'Arras's patrons ("Picard Literature," *Dict. Middle Ages*, vol. 9, p. 634). An English translation was published in 1510.

4 *Flori and Whitflower* Translated from the twelfth-century French, Diederic van Assenede's *Floris ende Blancefloer* (c. 1260) was only one of a number of versions of this popular chivalric romance. It appeared in Flemish, Middle-High, and Middle-Low German, Italian, Anglo-Norman, and Old Norwegian. There was a ms. version in English, *Floris and Blancheflour* (before 1250), but no version was published in England before 1700; *Leonel and Canamour* perhaps *La Hystoria del rey Canamor y de Turian su hijo* (16th century?); *Curias and Floret* perhaps *Een schoon historie van Turias ende Floreta* (Bodleian Library catalogue online); *Pyramus and Thisbe* not identified. None of these romances seems to have been published in an English translation in the sixteenth or seventeenth centuries.

5 *Parthenope* A translation from the twelfth-century French chivalric romance *Partonopeus de Blois*, *Partonope of Blois* circulated in ms. in medieval England, but does not seem to have been published before 1700; *Genarides Generydes* circulated in ms. in medieval England, and was published as *The History of the Excellent Knight Generides* (1504?; 2 more editions before 1530: 1506?; 1518?); *Hippomadon* Hue de Rotelande's Anglo-Norman verse romance *Ipomedon* (written between 1174 and 1191) was published as *The Life of Ipomydon* (c. 1522; c. 1527); *William and Melyour William of Palerne* (translated from the French c. 1350) circulated in ms., but was not published before 1640; *Libius and Arthur Lybeaus Desconus* (sometimes attributed to Thomas Chestre, fl. 1430). Part of the Arthurian cycle of tales, it was based on a now-lost French original (before 12th century). In England, it circulated in ms. but was not published before 1640; *Guy* Based on the Anglo-Norman romance, *Gui De Warewic* (composed, 1232-42), the popular *Guy of Warwick* (c. 1300) was published twice before 1530 (1497?; 1500); and again c. 1553, c. 1565, and c. 1640; *Bevis* A translation of the early thirteenth-century Anglo-Norman adventure romance (in verse) *Boeve de Haumtone*, the popular *Sir Bevis of Hamtoun* (c. 1300) was published six times before 1530 (1500, c. 1500, 1503?, c. 1510, c. 1515, 1533?), and another eight times between 1530 and 1640.

And some translated out of Latin into vulgar speeches, as the unsavoury conceits of Pogius, and of Aeneas Silvius, Eurialus and Lucretia,[1] which books but idle men wrote unlearned, and set all upon filth and viciousness; in whom I wonder what should delight men but that vice pleaseth them so much.

As for learning, none is to be looked for in those men, which saw never so much as a shadow of learning themselves. And when they tell ought, what delight can be in those things that be so plain and foolish lies? One killeth twenty himself alone; another thirty; another, wounded with a hundred wounds and left dead, riseth up again, and on the next day made whole and strong overcometh two giants, and then goeth away laden with gold and silver and precious stones more than a galley[2] would carry away. What a madness is it of folks to have pleasure in these books! Also there is no wit in them, but a few words of wanton lust, which be spoken to move her mind with whom they love, if it chance she be steadfast. And if they be read but for this, the best were to make books of bawds' crafts: for in other things, what craft can be had of such a maker that is ignorant of all good craft? Nor I never heard man say that he liked these books but those that never touched good books. And I myself sometime have read in them, but I never found in them one step either of goodness or wit.

And as for those that praise them, as I know some that do, I will believe them if they praise them after that they have read Cicero and Seneca, or Saint Hieronymus, or Holy Scripture, and have mended their living better. For oftentimes the only cause why they praise them is because they see in them their own conditions as in a glass. Finally, though they were never so witty and pleasant, yet would I have no pleasure infected with poison, nor have no woman quickened unto vice. And verily they be but foolish husbands and mad that suffer their wives to wax more ungraciously subtle by reading of such books.

[...]

But we live now in a Christian country, and who is he that is anything displeased with makers of such books nowadays? Plato casteth out of the commonwealth of wise men, which he made, Homer and Hesiodus[3] the poets. And yet have they none ill thing in comparison unto Ovid's books of love, which we read and carry them in our hands and learn them by heart; yea, and some schoolmasters teach them to their scholars, and some make expositions[4] and expound the vices. Augustus banished Ovid himself,[5] and think you then that he would have kept these expositors in the country? except a man would reckon it a worse deed to write vice than to expound it, and inform the tender minds of young folks therewith. We banish him that maketh false weights and measures, and that counterfeiteth coin, or an instrument. And what a work is made in these things for small matters? But he is had in honour and counted a master of wisdom that corrupteth the young people.

Therefore a woman should beware of all these books, likewise as of serpents or snakes. And if there be any woman that hath such delight in these books that she will not leave them out of her hands, she should not only be kept from them, but also if she read good books with an ill will and loath thereto, her father and friends should provide that she may be kept from all reading, and so by disuse forget learning, if it can be done. For it is better to lack a good thing than to use it ill.

[1] *Pogius* Gian Francesco Poggio Bracciolini (1380-1459), humanist and classical scholar, wrote the *Facetiae*, a popular collection of humorous and bawdy tales. There were many Continental editions in Latin, but it was not published in an English translation before 1530. However, a selection of the *Facetiae* was appended to a Latin edition of *Aesop's Fables* (Southwark [London], 1531?; see *STC* 170.7); *Aeneas Silvius* Enea Silvio Piccolomini (1405-64), diplomat and later Pope Pius II (1458-64), wrote the Latin romance *Historia de Duobus Amantibus Eurialo et Lucrecia* (1444), one of the most popular romances of the fifteenth century. It was published in four separate English translations: Antwerp, 1515? (3 editions: 1553?; 1560; 1567), London, c. 1570; London, 1596; and London, 1639.

[2] *galley* ship.

[3] *Plato casteth out ... Homer and Hesiodus* *Republic*, 10.605A-606.

[4] *expositions* explanations.

[5] *Augustus banished Ovid himself* See p. 99, note 5.

Nor a good woman will take no such books in hand, nor file her mouth with them, and as much as she can, she will go about to make other[s] as like herself as she may, both by doing well and teaching well, and also, as far as she may rule, by commanding and charging.[1]

Now what books ought to be read, some everybody knoweth: as the Gospels, and the Acts and the Epistles of the apostles, and the Old Testament, Saint Hieronymus,[2] Saint Cyprian,[3] Augustine,[4] Ambrose,[5] Hilary,[6] Gregory,[7] Plato,[8] Cicero,[9] Seneca,[10] and such other. But as touching some, wise and sad men

[1] *charging* instructing.

[2] *Saint Hieronymus* In 1530 an English gentlewoman might have had access to Erasmus's Latin edition of Jerome's complete works (1516; revised and reprinted seven times between 1520 and 1565). A Latin edition of one of Jerome's works was published in England in 1478; English translations of individual works appeared in c. 1510, 1535?, and 1538. English language biographies appeared in 1495 and 1499?.

[3] *Saint Cyprian* A pagan rhetorician who was converted to Christianity around 246, Cyprian (d. 258 CE) was elected bishop of Carthage by 248. In 1530 an English gentlewoman might have had access to Erasmus's Latin edition of Cyprian's complete works (1520), including *De Habitu Virginum* (c. 249), in praise of virginity; *De Catholicae Ecclesiae Unitate* (251), on the nature of Church unity; *De Domine Oratione* (c. 252) and *De Opere et Eleemosynis* (c. 253), on the grace which accompanies the act of almsgiving. English translations of Cyprian began to appear in 1534 (his sermon on mortality). No English translation or Latin edition of his complete works was published in England before 1640.

[4] *Augustine* St. Augustine (354-430 CE), bishop of Hippo and one of the doctors of the Church. In 1530 an English gentlewoman might have had access to Erasmus's Latin edition of Augustine's complete works (9 vols., 1528-29). Of his individual treatises, Vives would probably have recommended particularly for the female reader *De Civitate Dei* ("On the City of God"). Vives had published a Latin commentary on it in 1522. Augustine's *De Sancta Virginitate* ("On Holy Virginity"), and *De Beata Vita* ("On the Blessed Life") were not published in English until 1610. No English translation or Latin edition of his complete works was published in England before 1640.

[5] *Ambrose* St. Ambrose (c. 339-397 CE), bishop of Milan, partly responsible for the conversion of St. Augustine. In 1530 an English gentlewoman might have had access to Erasmus's multi-volume Latin edition of Ambrose's complete works (1527), including works on asceticism and monasticism, as well as two tracts in praise of virginity: *De Virginibus* and *De Virginitate*. English translations of selected works of Cyprian began to appear in 1555. No English translation or Latin edition of his complete works was published in England before 1640.

[6] *Hilary* probably St. Hilary of Poitiers (c. 315-367 CE), bishop, doctor of the Church, and one of the leading Latin theologians of his time. In 1530, an English gentlewoman might have had access to Erasmus's Latin edition of Hilary's complete works (1523), including commentaries on the Psalms and Matthew. No English translation or Latin edition of his complete works (or even selected works) was published in England before 1640.

[7] *Gregory* probably St. Gregory of Nyssa (c. 330-c. 395 CE), bishop and theologian. He wrote a number of works celebrating the ascetic life, including treatises on virginity and Christian perfection; he also wrote a biography of his sister, St. Macrina. In 1530 an English gentlewoman might have had access to George of Trebizond's fifteenth-century Latin edition of Gregory of Nyssa's works. No English translation or Latin edition of his complete works (or even selected works) was published in England before 1640.

[8] *Plato* the Greek philosopher (c. 429-347 BCE). In 1530 an English gentlewoman might have had access to individual works of Plato in separate Latin editions (editions of Bruni's translation of four of Plato's dialogues were published between 1404 and 1427; George of Trebizond also translated individual works). Marsilio Ficino's Latin translation of Plato's complete works (1484) made Plato's oeuvre available for the first time in the West. No English translation or Latin edition of his complete works (or even selected works) was published in England before 1640.

[9] *Cicero* Marcus Tullius Cicero (106-43 BCE), Roman lawyer, orator, and writer on numerous topics, was by far the most frequently published, translated, and widely available classical Latin writer in Renaissance Europe: "There were some three hundred print editions of Ciceronian texts before 1500, and almost three thousand more were printed during the sixteenth century" (J. Monfasani, "Cicero," *Encycl. Renaissance*, vol. 1, p. 451). In 1530 an English gentlewoman might have had access to a few English translations of individual works of Cicero: *On Friendship* ("De Amicitia," 1481, rept. 1530?), *On Old Age* ("De Senectute," 1481, 1535?), and *On Duties* ("De Officiis," 1534). A Latin edition of his complete works began to appear in 1585, but of the 9 projected volumes either 6-9 have not survived or were never published. In the 1570s and 1580s the number of editions increases dramatically; the *STC* has almost 3 full pages devoted to Cicero's works before 1640.

[10] *Seneca* probably Lucius Annaeus Seneca ("Seneca the Younger," c. 4 BCE-65 CE), Roman politician, philosopher, and playwright. His major works include: the *Dialogi* (a set of ethical treatises in dialogue form, in twelve books); *De Beneficiis* (moral philosophy in seven books); *Naturales Quaestiones* (natural philosophy); nine tragedies (meant for recitation not performance); 77 epigrams; and his moral letters (*Epistulae Morales ad Lucilium*). The last of these works has always been the most popular (*OCD*, pp. 96-98). In 1530 an English gentlewoman might have had access to Erasmus's Latin editions of some of Seneca's works. In the 1560s and 70s English translations of his tragedies, as well as of *De Beneficiis*, began to appear; his works on ethics and natural philosophy had to wait until Thomas Lodge's translation in 1614. The only work by Seneca published in England before 1530 was the suppositious *De quattuor virtutibus* (1516).

must be asked counsel of in them. Nor the woman ought not to follow her own judgement, lest when she hath but a light entering in learning, she should take false for true, hurtful instead of wholesome, foolish and peevish for sad and wise. She shall find in such books as are worthy to be read all things more witty, and full of greater pleasure, and more sure to trust unto, which shall both profit the life and marvellously delight the mind. Therefore on holy days continually, and sometime on working days, let her read or hear such as shall lift up the mind to God, and set it in a Christian quietness, and make the living better. Also it should be best afore she go to mass, to read at home the Gospel and Epistle of the day, and with it some exposition, if she have any.

Now when thou comest from mass, and hast overlooked thy house, as much as pertaineth unto thy charge, read with a quiet mind some of these that I have spoken of, if thou canst read, if not, hear. And on some working days do likewise, if thou be not letted with[1] some necessary business in thy house, and thou have books at hand, and specially if there be any long space between the holy days. For think not that holy days be ordained of the Church to play on, and to sit idle, and talk with thy gossips,[2] but unto the intent that then thou mayst more intentively,[3] and with a more quiet mind, think of God and this life of ours and the life in Heaven that is to come.

—1529/30

[1] *letted with* prevented by.

[2] *gossips* close friends, but with negative connotations; a word only ever applied to women and their group of female friends.

[3] *intentively* i.e., attentively.

Hugh Latimer
c. 1485-1555

Hugh Latimer was the son of a yeoman, who had a small farm near Thurcaston in Leicestershire. According to Latimer's own account, his father was not simply an exemplary Christian, subject, farmer, and father, but he also supported his son's education, enabling him to attend Cambridge in 1506. After having received his MA in 1514, Hugh Latimer was ordained a priest. Although initially faithful to Catholic teachings, he came under the influence of Thomas Bilney, and in 1525 was brought before Cardinal Thomas Wolsey to give an account of his beliefs. However, he was so thoroughly cleared of any suspicion of heresy that Wolsey confirmed Latimer's license to preach throughout England. Latimer's approval of Henry VIII's contemplated divorce drew the enmity of members of the conservative clergy, but it also won him the King's favour. This was expressed in Latimer's appointment to preach before the King at Windsor on 13 March 1530, and his being granted the benefice of West Kingston in Wiltshire. His Protestant views were by this time widely known, although the King's favour shielded him from any serious repercussions. However, in 1532 he was summoned to appear before the bishop of London, where in Convocation he was presented with a set of articles of faith to sign. When he refused, he was confined at Lambeth. In the end, he finally agreed to sign two of the articles and was released.

Made a royal chaplain and a regular preacher at court in 1534, and bishop of Worcester in 1535, Latimer became a driving force behind Church reform. In 1537, Latimer publicly proclaimed his rejection of the Catholic doctrines concerning Purgatory, as part of his argument in favour of the dissolution of the monasteries. His reasoning was that the monastery's role to pray for the dead could only be irrelevant if Purgatory itself—that place where souls paid for their forgiven sins after death and that place which (thus) could only be escaped quickly through the intercessory prayers of the living—did not exist. In addition to his radical preaching and political lobbying on behalf of the reformist project, Latimer also put his objections against the veneration of images, saints, and their relics into practice in his own diocese, authorizing the destruction of church statuary and other devotional objects.

However, the conservative reaction against the reformist movement—spurred by Henry VIII's turning upon the very reformers he had earlier supported—resulted in the Act of Six Articles (1539). This act employed extreme penalties to enforce adherence to many of the aspects of Roman Catholicism that Latimer and the reformers found abhorrent: (1) transubstantiation; (2) the denial of the necessity for the laity to receive the Eucharist in both kinds (the bread and the wine); (3) the binding nature of vows of chastity upon those in religious orders; (4) the continued use of private masses; (5) the celibacy of the clergy; and (6) the necessity for auricular confession. Denial of transubstantiation, in particular, was met with the harshest possible penalty: automatic burning. After having resigned his bishopric in protest, Latimer was arrested in 1540, but released on the condition that he stop preaching. Latimer was luckier than Thomas Cromwell and Robert Barnes, who were executed that year. Arrested again in 1546, he remained in the Tower of London until the accession of the young Protestant and reformist-leaning king Edward VI in 1547. During Edward's brief reign, Latimer preached many of his most famous sermons, including the "Sermon on the Ploughers," although he refused to take up again his office as bishop.

Sometimes described as a member of the "Commonwealth Movement," Latimer criticized the social, economic, and spiritual ills of England, focussing on the connections between spiritual and national malaise. Although honoured under Edward VI, when the Catholic monarch Mary I came to power, Latimer was jailed in the Tower. In Oxford in 1555, along with his friend Nicholas Ridley, bishop of London, and Thomas Cranmer, archbishop of Canterbury, Latimer was subject to a show trial, and finally condemned for heresy. He, Ridley, and Cranmer were burned together in Oxford on 16 October 1555; turning to Ridley at the stake, Latimer said, "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man. We shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England as I trust shall never be put out." See John Foxe's account of this execution in *Acts and Monuments* excerpted in this anthology, pp. 220-24.

"Sermon on the Ploughers" is among Latimer's liveliest and most engaging sermons, dealing not just with what modern readers might consider the more esoteric aspects of reformist theology and liturgical practice, but with matters of social justice and pastoral reform. The passionate depiction of the corrupt minister as a non-preaching parasite on his congregation and the Church as a whole is paired with the equally-committed portrait of the true minister as a tireless preacher of the Gospel and an active fashioner of Christian believers and a true Christian Church. Although, as Latimer shows below, there is ample Scriptural precedent for imagining the Christian minister as a plougher, the minister as shepherd is by far the more common image employed in the religious and secular literature of the period. By using the image of minister as plougher, Latimer suggests that the work of the minister is preaching, and that this work, like sowing seeds and cultivating a harvest, is as essential to the congregation's spiritual sustenance as the work of the plougher is to its physical sustenance. Arguably the image of the minister as shepherd emphasizes watchful protectiveness: he is poised to fight off everything that threatens his flock, and is willing to go off in search of his lost sheep; in contrast, the image of the preacher as ploughman emphasizes the unrelenting, active, and indeed toilsome labour needed to cultivate, and not just protect, the individual Christian believer, the congregation, and the Christian Church as a whole. At the same time, Latimer's preacher-ploughman exposes the vices of luxury, social snobbery, and neglect of duty in the pursuit of sensual pleasure and political power that Latimer presents as the English Church's greatest shame and challenge.[1]

EDITION: *A notable sermo[n] of ye reverende father Maister Hughe Latemer whiche he preached in ye Shrouds at paules churche in Londo[n], on the. xviii. daye of January. 1548*. [London: John Day, 1548]. STC 15291.

ADDITIONAL ONLINE TEXTS: Anonymous. "An Exhortation Concerning Good Order and Obedience to Rulers and Magistrates" from *Certain Sermons or Homilies* (1547); Simon Fish. *A Supplication for the Beggars* (1529).

[1] Latimer appears to have delivered his sermons relying not upon a full text that he simply "read out," but upon a meticulously prepared outline. What we have in published form are his sermons as they were heard and recorded by his amanuensis Augustine Bernher. Given that rote learning and the accurate transcription of oral lectures were a part of early modern education, the printed versions of Latimer's sermons are probably very close to what he delivered. See R. O'Day, "Hugh Latimer: Prophet of the Kingdom," *Historical Research* 65.158 (1992): 263.

Sermon on the Ploughers[1]

A Notable Sermon of the Reverend Father Master Hugh Latimer, Which He Preached in the Shrouds[2] *at Paul's Church in London, on the 18th. Day of January.*

Quaecumque scripta sunt ad nostram doctrinam scripta sunt.[3]

"All things which are written are written for our erudition and knowledge." All things that are written in God's book, in the Bible book, in the book of the Holy Scripture, are written to be our doctrine.

I told you in my first sermon, honourable audience, that I purposed to declare unto you two things: the one, what seed should be sown in God's field, in God's plough land; and the other, who should be the sowers. That is to say, what doctrine is to be taught in Christ's Church and congregation, and what men should be the teachers and preachers of it. The first part I have told you in the three sermons past, in which I have assayed to set forth my plough, to prove what I could do. And now I shall tell you who be the ploughers, for God's word is a seed to be sown in God's field—that is, the faithful congregation—and the preacher is the sower. And it is in the Gospel. *Exiuit qui seminat seminare semen suum*[4] "He that soweth, the husbandman,[5] the ploughman, went forth to sow his seed," so that a preacher is resembled to a ploughman, as it is in another place: *Nemo admota arato manu, et a tergo respiciens aptus est regno Dei.*[6] "No man that putteth his hand to the plough and looketh back is apt for the kingdom of God." That is to say, "Let no preacher be negligent in doing his office."[7] All be it[8] this is one of the places that hath been racked, as I told you of racking Scriptures. And I have been one of them myself that hath racked it,[9] I cry God mercy for it, and have been one of them that have believed and have expounded it against religious persons that would forsake their order which they had professed, and would go out of their clois-

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[1] A.G. Chester suggests that both "Sermon on the Ploughers" and the other sermons in the series (now lost), which Latimer preached at Paul's Cross, were delivered to combat opposition to the Royal Injunctions of 1547. These injunctions today seem relatively moderate: each parish church should purchase a copy of the Great Bible and Erasmus's paraphrase of the Gospels and Epistles; at High Mass the Gospel and Epistle were to be read in English; a selection from the authorized reformist collection of homilies, *Certain Sermons or Homilies* (1547), should be read if the priest himself did not have a sermon prepared; holders of benefices worth more than £100 were required to support one university student, with an extra student added for every extra £100 of income generated by said benefice; chantry priests, those whose primary duty was to pray for their benefactors and supporters, were enjoined not to neglect their teaching duties; parishes should remove all images and eliminate some customary ceremonies, such as the lighting of votive candles before the statues of saints. This last injunction caused enormous conflict in parishes, with physical violence sometimes breaking out between conservatives and reformers. See *Hugh Latimer: Apostle to the English* (Philadelphia, 1954), pp. 162-65.

[2] The "Shrouds" was an enclosed, protected place (in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, London) used for Paul's Cross sermons when the weather was bad; Paul's Cross was a stone cross in the churchyard of St. Paul's, and it had been used for sermons since at least the fourteenth century. Endowed by Bishop Thomas Kempe, the sermons attracted large crowds, with royalty and the nobility sitting in galleries, while the common people sat on benches, for which they each paid 1 pence.

[3] *Quaecumque scripta ... scripta sunt* "For whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning" (Romans 15:4). In "Sermon on the Ploughers," Latimer translates his Latin Scriptural citations, usually in the sentences following them.

[4] *Exiuit qui ... semen suum* "A sower went out to sow his seed" (Luke 8:5); this verse begins the parable of the sower and the fate of his seed, some of which fell on barren ground, some on rock, some among thorns, and some on good ground. Only the last group comes to fruition, producing a good crop. In explaining his parable, Christ says that the seed is the word of God, and the places where the seed lands represent the different ways in which human beings hear and respond to God's word.

[5] *husbandman* a man who tills or cultivates the soil; a farmer.

[6] *Nemo admota ... Dei* "No man, having put his hand to plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God" (Luke 9:62).

[7] *office* here, the pastoral duties attached to being a minister as listed by Latimer in lines 80-129.

[8] *All be it* even though it be that; even though.

[9] *this is one of the places ... racking Scriptures ... racked it* "to rack": literally to torture a person by stretching his/her joints by means of a special apparatus (also called a "rack"); thus, *fig.*, to stretch or distort the meaning of words, to give a forced interpretation. Latimer had been charged earlier by his superiors with "racking" Scripture in order to support positions which some of them felt to be not entirely orthodox.

ter,[1] whereas indeed it toucheth not monkery,[2] nor maketh any thing at all for[3] any such matter: but it is directly spoken of diligent preaching of the word of God. For preaching of the Gospel is one of God's plough works, and the preacher is one of God's ploughmen. Ye may not be offended with my similitude, in that I compare preaching to the labour and work of ploughing, and the preacher to a ploughman. Ye may not be offended with this my similitude,[4] for I have been slandered of some persons for such things. It hath been said of me, "Oh Latimer, nay as for him I will never believe him while I live, nor never trust him, for he likened our Blessed Lady to a saffron bag,"[5] where indeed I never used that similitude. But it was, as I have said unto you before now, according to that which Peter saw before in the spirit of prophecy and said that there should come afterward men *Per quos via veritatis maledictis afficeretur*:[6] there should come fellows "by whom the way of truth should be ill spoken of and slandered." But in case I had used this similitude, it had not been to be reproved, but might have been without reproach. For I might have said thus, "As the saffron bag that hath been full of saffron or hath had saffron in it doth ever after savour and smell of the sweet saffron that it contained, so our Blessed Lady which contained and bore Christ in her womb did ever after resemble the manners and virtues of that precious babe which she bore." And what had our Blessed Lady been the worse for this? or what dishonour was this to our Blessed Lady? But as preachers must be ware[7] and circumspect that they give not any just occasion to be slandered and ill spoken of by the hearers, so must not the auditors be offended without cause. For heaven is in the Gospel likened to a mustard seed. It is compared also to a piece of leaven,[8] and Christ sayeth that at the Last Day he will come like a thief,[9] and what dishonour is this to God? or what derogation is this to heaven? Ye may not then, I say, be offended with my similitude, for because I liken preaching to a ploughman's labour and a prelate to a ploughman. But now you will ask me whom I call a prelate. A prelate is that man, whatsoever he be, that hath a flock to be taught of him, whosoever hath any spiritual charge in the faithful congregation, and whosoever he be that hath cure of soul.[10]

And well may the preacher and the ploughman be likened together. First, for their labour of all seasons of the year. For there is no time of the year in which the ploughman hath not some special work to do, as in my country in Leicestershire;[11] the ploughman hath a time to set forth and to assay his plough, and other times for other necessary works to be done. And then they also may be likened together for the diversity of works and variety of offices that they have to do. For as the ploughman first setteth forth his plough, and then tilleth his land and breaketh it in furrows, and

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1 *against religious persons ... cloister* against monks, nuns, and other religious who desired to abandon their religious communities and its governing rule to which they had vowed obedience, and go out from their place of religious seclusion, their monastery, nunnery, convent and so forth.

2 *monkery* monasticism, monastic life.

3 *nor maketh any thing at all for* nor relates in any way to; nor is relevant in any way to.

4 *similitude* simile.

5 *likened our Blessed Lady to a saffron bag* Leland notes that this simile or "similitude" was associated with the Anabaptist heresy which held that Christ did not partake of the flesh of the Virgin Mary in his birth (8). Robert Barnes, an extremely influential proponent of Lutheranism in England and a preacher burned for heresy in 1540, denied ever having used this simile, rejecting as slanderous the charge that he had (as indeed Latimer does here as well). In 1536, the Convocation inveighed against heresies such as this one, that "our Lady was no better than another woman, and like a bag of pepper or saffron when the spice is out; and that she can do no more with Christ than another sinful woman" (qtd. in J.G. Leland, "'Our Lady Was But a Saffron-Bag': Barnes, Latimer, and an Anabaptist Heresy," *English Language Notes* 18 [1980]: 10). The second of the Thirty-Nine Articles declares that Christ took flesh from Mary.

6 *Per quos via ... afficeretur* 2 Peter 2:2.

7 *ware* on guard, watchful, cautious.

8 *For heaven ... mustard seed ... piece of leaven* Luke 13:19, 21.

9 *Christ sayeth ... like a thief* 1 Thessalonians 5:2 and 2 Peter 3:10.

10 *A prelate ... a flock to be taught of him ... any spiritual charge in the faithful congregation ... cure of soul* Latimer describes the pastoral duties of the ideal minister; *cure* the spiritual charge or oversight of parishioners or lay people; the office or function of a curate.

11 *as in my country in Leicestershire* See headnote, p. 111.

sometime ridgeth it up again,[1] and at another time harroweth it, and clotteth it, and sometime dungeth it,[2] and hedgeth it, diggeth it, and weedeth it, purgeth and maketh it clean;[3] so the prelate, the preacher, hath many diverse offices to do. He hath first a busy work:[4] to bring his parishioners to a right faith, as Paul calleth it, and not to a swerving[5] faith, but to a faith that embraceth Christ, and trusteth to his merits, a lively faith, a justifying faith, a faith that maketh a man righteous without respect of works[6]—as ye have it very well declared and set forth in the Homily.[7] He hath then a busy work, I say, to bring his flock to a right faith, and then to confirm them in the same faith. Now casting them down with the law, and with threatenings of God for sin. Now ridging them up again with the Gospel and with the promises of God's favour. Now weeding them, by telling them their faults, and making them forsake sin. Now clotting them, by breaking their stony hearts, and by making them supple-hearted, and making them to have hearts of flesh,[8] that is soft hearts, and apt for doctrine to enter in. Now teaching to know God rightly, and to know their duty to God and to their neighbours. Now exhorting them when they know their duty, that they do it and be diligent in it: so that they[9] have a continual work to do. Great is their business, and therefore great should be their hire.[10] They have great labours, and therefore they ought to have good livings,[11] that they may com-

[1] *tilleth his land and breaketh it in furrows, and sometime ridgeth it up again* This accurate sequence of activities suggests Latimer's own agricultural background; *till* the action of ploughing which creates a series of narrow trenches, or furrows in the earth to get the land ready for the sowing of the seed; *ridge* to break or throw up (land, a field, etc.) into ridges, strips of arable land (with intermediate open furrows).

[2] *harroweth it, and clotteth it, and sometime dungeth it* A harrow is a heavy frame of timber (or iron) set with iron teeth, which is dragged over ploughed land to break clods, pulverize and stir the soil, root up weeds or cover in the seed; *to clot* to free (lands) from clods by crushing them; *to dung* to manure.

[3] *purgeth and maketh it clean* Through the previous activities (of hedging, digging, and weeding, in particular) the farmer rids the field of anything impure or extraneous that would hinder the crops' development.

[4] *busy work* work that demands one be constantly and habitually occupied with it.

[5] *swerving* deviating from the right.

[6] *a right faith, as Paul calleth it ... but to a faith ... without respect of works* The justification by faith which Paul speaks of occurs in his Letter to the Romans and in his Letter to the Galatians partly in the context of the early Church's controversy over the necessity for converts from non-Jewish cultures to keep Jewish law, including the requirement for male circumcision. See especially Romans 3-11, Galatians 2:16-21, and Galatians 3:11-29. Luther's ideas about justification by faith alone (also known as solifideism), based on his study of Romans (published 1522), asserted that Christ's crucifixion was the determining and sufficient act of salvation for believers, and that good works in the world could not gain one salvation, which was a free gift of God through Christ's sacrifice. This belief in justification by faith alone was central to the reformers, creating a more personalized faith, one which the individual believer was responsible for pursuing through prayer and Scriptural meditation. It thus posed a terrifying challenge to a Catholic faith that emphasized the need for intercession on behalf of all men, both living and dead (though the sacraments, the power of the saints, and the mediatory power of the priest), in addition to good works as the path to salvation. The idea of justification by faith alone threatened to remove the need for the vast intercessory machinery of the Roman Catholic Church, and render irrelevant most of its rituals and institutional practices.

[7] *Homily* Archbishop Cranmer sponsored *Certain Sermons or Homilies, Appointed by the King's Majesty to be Declared and Read by All Parsons, Vicars, or Curates, Every Sunday in Their Churches Where They Have Cure* (1547) as part of an attempt to explain and disseminate Protestant ideas. The homilies entitled "Of the True, Lively, and Christian Faith" and "Of Good Works Annexed unto Faith" offer an uncompromising presentation of justification by faith alone. See Certain Sermons or Homilies *(1547) and* A Homily against Disobedience and Wilful Rebellion *(1570): A Critical Edition*, ed. R.B. Bond (Toronto, 1987), pp. 91-113.

[8] *stony hearts ... hearts of flesh* "And I will give them one heart, and I will put a new spirit within them; and I will take the stony heart out of their flesh, and will give them an heart of flesh: that they may walk in my statutes, and keep mine ordinances, and do them: and they shall be my people, and I will be their God" (Ezekiel 11:19-20).

[9] *they* i.e., the prelates, the preachers.

[10] *Great is their business, and therefore great should be their hire* "For the labourer is worthy of his hire" (Luke 10:7); *hire* recompense, payment.

[11] *they ought to have good livings* One of the criticisms which reformers most often made was that the actual pastoral work of parishes was very rarely done by the minister who "held" the living (who had been granted the tithes and other ecclesiastical fees which belonged to the pastor of the parish). In fact, many ecclesiastics and ecclesiastical corporations (like monasteries) held several livings (or benefices) at the same time, giving rise to the so-called absentee or non-resident clergy. Such a minister or corporation would engage poorly paid curates or deputies who did the actual pastoral work of the parish (such as saying mass, hearing confessions, visiting the sick, etc.). Sometimes (as did Bishop West of Ely in 1520) a bishop would sequester (i.e., confiscate) such livings, if he decided that the people's pastoral needs were being neglected.

modiously feed their flock, for the preaching of the word of God unto the people is called meat; Scripture calleth it meat.[1] Not strawberries, that come but once a year and tarry not long, but are soon gone: but it is meat. It is no dainties. The people must have meat that must be familiar and continual, and daily given unto them to feed upon. Many make a strawberry of it, ministering it but once a year, but such do not the office of good prelates.

For Christ sayeth, *Quis putas est servus prudens et fidelis? qui dat cibum in tempore*:[2] "Who think you is a wise and a faithful servant? He that giveth meat in due time." So that he must at all times convenient[3] preach diligently. Therefore sayeth he, "Who trow[4] you is a faithful servant?" He speaketh it as though it were a rare thing to find such a one, and as though he should say, there be but few of them to find in the world. And how few of them there be throughout this realm that give meat to their flock as they should do, the visitors[5] can best tell. Too few, too few, the more is the pity, and never so few as now. By this then it appeareth that a prelate or any that hath cure of soul must diligently and substantially work and labour. Therefore sayeth Paul to Timothy, *Qui episcopatum desiderat, hic bonum opus desiderat*: "He that desireth to have the office of a bishop, or a prelate, that man desireth a good work."[6] Then if it be good work, it is work. Ye can make but a work of it. It is God's work, God's plough, and that plough God would have still going. Such then as loiter and live idly are not good prelates or ministers. And of such as do not preach and teach, nor do not their duties, God sayeth by his prophet Jeremiah, *Maledictus qui facit opus dei fraudulenter*.[7] Guilefully or deceitfully some books have *negligenter*, "negligently," or "slackly." How many such prelates, how many such bishops, Lord for thy mercy, are there now in England? And what shall we in this case do? Shall we company with them? O Lord, for thy mercy, shall we not company with them? O Lord, whither shall we fly from them? But cursed be he that doth the work of God negligently or guilefully. A sore word for them that are negligent in discharging their office, or have done it fraudulently, for that is the thing that maketh the people ill.[8] But true it must be that Christ sayeth, *Multi sunt vocati, pauci vero electi*: "Many are called, but few are chosen."[9]

Here have I an occasion by the way somewhat to say unto you, yea, for the place[10] that I alleged unto you before out of Jeremiah the 48 Chapter. And it was spoken of a spiritual work of God, a work that was commanded to be done, and it was of shedding blood and of destroying the cities of Moab. For (sayeth he) "cursed be he that keepeth back his sword from shedding of blood." As Saul when he kept back the sword from shedding of blood, at what time he was sent against Amalech, was refused of God for being disobedient to God's commandments, in that he spared Agag the

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[1] *Scripture calleth it meat* After having fed 5,000 people with five barley loaves and two small fish, Jesus began to be followed by people who had been present, which Jesus said was the result of their having been fed, not of their having witnessed a miracle. He advises them, "Labour not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life, which the Son of man shall give unto you: for him hath God the Father sealed" (John 6:27).

[2] *Quis ... tempore* "Who then is a faithful and wise servant, whom his lord hath made ruler over his household, to give them meat in due season?" (Matthew 24:45).

[3] *convenient* proper, due.

[4] *trow* think, suppose.

[5] *visitors* A visitor is an ecclesiastic commissioner, appointed to visit religious establishments, churches, parishes, etc. in order to inspect or supervise activities, and especially to investigate and remedy clerical abuses. In 1547, there was a visitation of all churches ordered by Edward Seymour, duke of Somerset and lord protector of the young King Edward VI. It mandated the adoption of reformist measures, and furthered the eradication of Roman Catholic practices. See *Visitation Articles and Injunctions of the Period of the Reformation*, ed. W.H. Frere, 2 vols. (London, 1910), vol. 1, pp. 103-65.

[6] 1 Timothy 3:1.

[7] *Maledictus ... fraudulenter* "Cursed be he that doeth the work of the Lord deceitfully" (Jeremiah 48:10).

[8] *ill* wicked, depraved, immoral.

[9] Matthew 22:14.

[10] *place* Scriptural passage.

king.[1] So that, that place of the prophet was spoken of them that went to the destruction of the cities of Moab, among the which there was one called Nebo, which was much reproved for idolatry, superstition, pride, avarice, cruelty, tyranny, and for hardness of heart, and for these sins was plagued of God and destroyed. Now what shall we say of these rich citizens of London? What shall I say of them? shall I call them proud men of London, malicious men of London, merciless men of London? No, no, I may not say so; they will be offended with me then. Yet must I speak. For is there not reigning in London as much pride, as much covetousness, as much cruelty, as much oppression, as much superstition,[2] as was in Nebo? Yes, I think and much more too. Therefore, I say, "Repent, O London. Repent, repent. Thou hearest thy faults told thee, amend them, amend them." I think if Nebo had had the preaching that thou hast, they would have converted. And you rulers and officers be wise and circumspect; look to your charge[3] and see you do your duties, and rather be glad to amend your ill living than to be angry when you are warned or told of your fault. What ado[4] was there made in London at a certain man because he said, and indeed at that time on a just cause: "Burgesses," quod he, "nay butterflies."[5] Lord, what ado there was for that word. And yet, would God they were no worse than butterflies. Butterflies do but their nature; the butterfly is not covetous, is not greedy of other men's goods, is not full of envy and hatred, is not malicious, is not cruel, is not merciless. The butterfly glorieth not in her own deeds, nor preferreth the traditions of men before God's word; it committeth not idolatry nor worshippeth false gods.[6] But London cannot abide to be rebuked: such is the nature of man. If they be pricked, they will kick. If they be rubbed on the gale, they will wince.[7] But yet they will not amend their faults, they will not be ill spoken of. But how shall I speak well of them? If you could be content to receive and follow the word of God and favour good preachers; if you could bear to be told of your faults; if you could amend when you hear of them; if you would be glad to reform that is amiss; if I might see any such inclination in you that leave[8] to be merciless and begin to be charitable: I would then hope well of you; I would then speak well of you. But London was never so ill as it is now. In times past, men were full of pity and compassion, but now there is no pity, for in

[1] *For (sayeth he) ... As Saul ... Agag the king* the complete text of Jeremiah 48:10 reads: "Cursed be he that doeth the work of the Lord deceitfully, and cursed be he that keepeth back his sword from blood." Saul, in his successful attack on the Amalekites spared the life of King Agag, and he also preserved the best of his foe's livestock to offer the Lord, in defiance of God's command that the slaughter of the Amalekites and all they owned should be total. For the full account, see 1 Samuel 15.

[2] *superstition* While this list of failings could apply generally to the laity as well as the clergy, the reformers did castigate the clergy in particular for pride (since many directed their energies at rising through the hierarchy of Church and state) and covetousness (since wealth and power were the concomitants of such a rise, although parish priests were also charged with covetousness in their attempts to extract increased tithes and ecclesiastical fees). Superstition, however, was a fault with which Latimer was particularly concerned; he saw many Catholic devotional practices (such as the saying of the Rosary) and local religious customs (such as the ringing of church bells during storms to drive away the Devil) as promoting false belief in the efficacy of objects against evil, rather than the true belief in the efficacy of prayer and faith in God.

[3] *charge* duty, responsibility.

[4] *ado* a "to do"; a fuss, uproar.

[5] *What ado ... certain man ... nay butterflies* J.H. Morey suggests that the "certain man" whose comments caused such a commotion was William Jerome, vicar of Stepney, and that the "ado" was his execution on charges of heresy on 30 July 1540 ("Latimer's 'Sermon on the Plough' and Spenser's *Muiopotmos*," *N&Q*, 42.3 [1995]: 287). Jerome acknowledged his error in rejecting the Sacrament of Confession and apologized for calling MPs "butterflies, yea, and knaves" in a sermon on 24 August 1539 (ibid., 287). Jerome's (and Latimer's) target was probably the London citizenry's wavering support for the reformist cause in the latter part of Henry VIII's reign, in keeping with the King's own attempt to maintain many aspects of Roman Catholic doctrine and practice (ibid., 287). As a slur meaning a vain, gaudily attired, or frivolous person, "butterfly" dates to the early seventeenth century (see *OED*, "butterfly," I.2a).

[6] *her own deeds ... traditions of men ... idolatry ... false gods* a familiar reformist litany of complaints, describing the failings of Catholicism.

[7] *If they be pricked ... they will wince* The implicit comparison is between the citizens of London and horses; *pricked* spurred. A gall is a painful swelling or blister, especially on a horse; thus, "to rub on the gall" means *fig.* to touch (a person) on a sore or tender point.

[8] *that leave* that leave off, stop.

London their brother shall die in the streets for cold. He shall lie sick at their door between stock and stock[1]—I cannot tell what to call it—and perish there for hunger. Was there any more unmercifulness in Nebo? I think not. In times past when any rich man died in London, they were wont to help the poor scholars of the university with exhibition.[2] When any man died, they would bequeath great sums of money toward the relief of the poor. When I was a scholar in Cambridge myself,[3] I heard very good report of London and knew many that had relief of[4] the rich men of London, but now I can hear no such good report, and yet I inquire of it, and hearken for it, but now charity is waxed[5] cold; none helpeth the scholar nor yet the poor. And in those days what did they when they helped the scholars? Marry,[6] they maintained and gave them livings that were very papists and professed the Pope's doctrine, and now that the knowledge of God's word is brought to light, and many earnestly study and labour to set it forth, now almost no man helpeth to maintain them. O London, London, repent, repent, for I think God is more displeased with London than ever he was with the city of Nebo. Repent, therefore, repent London, and remember that the same God liveth now that punished Nebo, even the same God and none other, and he will punish sin as well now as he did then, and he will punish the iniquity of London as well as he did then of Nebo. Amend, therefore, and ye that be prelates look well to your office, for right prelating is busy labouring and not lording.[7] Therefore, preach and teach, and let your plough be doing. Ye lords, I say, that live like loiterers, look well to your office; the plough is your office and charge. If you live idle and loiter, you do not your duty, you follow not your vocation; let your plough, therefore, be going and not cease, that the ground may bring forth fruit. But now me thinketh I hear one say unto me, "Wot[8] you what you say? Is it a work? Is it a labour? how then hath it happened that we have had so many hundred years so many unpreaching prelates, lording loiterers and idle ministers?" Ye would have me here to make answer and to show the cause thereof. Nay, this land is not for me to plough; it is too stony, too thorny, too hard for me to plough.[9] They have so many things that make for them, so many things to lay for themselves[10] that it is not for my weak team to plough them. They have to lay for themselves long customs, ceremonies, and authority, placing in parliament and many things more. And I fear me this land is not yet ripe to be ploughed. For as the saying is, "it lacketh weathering, this grear lacketh weathering."[11] At least way it is not for me to plough. For what shall I look for among thorns but pricking and scratching? what among stones but stumbling? what (I had almost said) among serpents but stinging? But this much I dare say, that since lording and loitering hath come up, preaching hath come down contrary to the apostles' times. For they preached and lorded not. And now they lord and preach not.

For they that be lords will ill[12] go to plough. It is no meet office[13] for them. It is not seeming for

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1 *stock* post or stake; i.e., between the posts of a doorway.

2 *exhibition* maintenance, support.

3 *When I was a scholar in Cambridge myself* see headnote, p. 111.

4 *had relief of* received charity from.

5 *waxed* grown.

6 *Marry* interjection, "why, to be sure" or "surely."

7 *lording* behaving in a lordly manner by assuming airs of grandeur; ruling tyrannously, domineering.

8 *Wot* know, understand.

9 *Nay, this land is not for me ... to plough* Latimer perhaps implies that the effective correction of clerical abuses lies with the King, the head of the English Church, and with the episcopacy (the bishops and archbishops).

10 *They have so many things that make for them* i.e., "they have so many things that operate in their favour; they have so much in their favour" OR "they have so many things that avail for them"; *so many things to lay for themselves* i.e., "they have so many things to arrange or plan for themselves" OR "they have so many things to put forward or allege for themselves," often with the sense of offering excuses.

11 *"it lacketh weathering, this grear lacketh weathering"* i.e., this land has not been thoroughly prepared through the actions of the elements for ploughing; "weathering" refers to the action of weather on soil which breaks it down and makes it fertile. Metaphorically, the preparations have not been made for a discussion of the political solutions necessary for the problems Latimer has outlined.

12 *ill* unhappily, unskilfully.

13 *meet office* fitting or proper sphere of duty; here, the activities of pastoral duty.

their state.[1] Thus came up lording loiterers. Thus crept in unpreaching prelates, and so have they long continued.

For how many unlearned prelates have we now at this day? And no marvel. For if the ploughmen that now be were made lords, they would clean give over ploughing; they would leave off their labour and fall to lording outright, and let the plough stand. And then both ploughs not walking, nothing should be in the commonweal but hunger. For ever since the prelates were made lords and nobles, the plough standeth, there is no work done, the people starve.

They hawk,[2] they hunt, they card, they dice, they pastime in their prelacies[3] with gallant gentlemen, with their dancing minions,[4] and with their fresh[5] companions, so that ploughing is set aside. And by the lording and loitering, preaching and ploughing is clean gone. And thus if the ploughmen of the country were as negligent in their office as prelates be, we should not long live for lack of sustenance. And as it is necessary for to have this ploughing for the sustentation[6] of the body, so must we have also the other for the satisfaction of the soul, or else we cannot live long ghostly.[7] For as the body wasteth and consumeth away for lack of bodily meat, so doth the soul pine away for default of ghostly meat. But there be two kinds of enclosing[8] to let[9] or hinder both these kinds of ploughing. The one is an enclosing to let or hinder the bodily ploughing, and the other to let or hinder the holiday ploughing,[10] the Church ploughing. The bodily ploughing is taken in and enclosed through singular commodity.[11] For what man will let go or diminish his private commodity for a common wealth? and who will sustain any damage for the respect of a public commodity?[12] The other plough also no man is diligent to set forward, nor no man will hearken to it; but to hinder and let it, all men's ears are open, yea, and a great many of this kind of ploughmen which are very busy and would seem to be very good workmen. I fear some be rather mock Gospellers[13] than faithful ploughmen. I know many myself that profess the Gospel, and live nothing thereafter. I know them, and have been conversant with some of them. I know them, and—I speak it with an heavy heart—there is as little charity and good living in them as in any other, according to that which Christ said in the Gospel to the great number of people that followed him, as though they had had an earnest zeal to his doctrine, whereas in deed they had it not, *Non qui vidistis signa, sed quia comedistis de panibus*: "Ye follow me," (sayeth he) "not because ye have seen the signs and miracles that I have done, but because ye have eaten the bread and refreshed your bodies. Therefore you follow me"; so that I think many one nowadays professeth the Gospel for the

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1 *seeming for their state* i.e., seemly for or suitable to their high rank or status.

2 *hawk* hunt with the use of birds of prey.

3 *prelacies* "prelacy": the domain of a prelate or bishop; a word with hostile connotations.

4 *minions* favourites; lovers or lady-loves, here contemptuously, mistresses or paramours.

5 *fresh* gaily dressed.

6 *sustentation* feeding, nourishment.

7 *ghostly* spiritually.

8 *enclosing* The negligent and avaricious prelate is compared to landlords who were enclosing land, taking waste or common land and transforming it from plough-land into more lucrative pastures for sheep and cattle; enclosing led to unemployment among rural people and increased poverty and hardship.

9 *to let* to put up obstacles to, prevent.

10 *holiday ploughing* "holiday": a consecrated day, a day on which a religious festival took place.

11 *singular commodity* private advantage or gain (with the sense of selfish or private interest).

12 *public commodity* public interest, advantage, benefit; literally, public property. Like Edmund Dudley in his book of advice to the newly crowned Henry VIII (*The Tree of Commonwealth*, 1509), Latimer seems to have viewed a healthy commonwealth as resting upon a renewed and vigorous spiritual community of believers; for Latimer, social and economic problems resulted from a weak "body spiritual" and a renewed commitment to God's will was the only thing which would cure this spiritual malaise and lead to a concomitant renewal of the "body politic" (R. O'Day, "Hugh Latimer: Prophet of the Kingdom," p. 263). On Latimer and the Commonwealth Movement, see A.G. Chester, *Hugh Latimer*, pp. 171-75.

13 *mock Gospellers* Gospellers are those who profess the faith of the Gospel, or who claim for themselves and their supporters the exclusive possession of Gospel truth; in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the term was often applied diversely to Protestants, Puritans, and sectaries generally.

living sake,[1] not for the love they bear to God's word. But they that will be true ploughmen must work faithfully for God's sake, for the edifying of their brethren. And as diligently as the husbandman plougheth for the sustentation of the body, so diligently must the prelates and ministers labour for the feeding of the soul. Both the ploughs must still be doing, as most necessary for man. And wherefore are magistrates ordained, but that the tranquillity of the commonweal may be confirmed limiting[2] both ploughs.[3]

But now for the default[4] of unpreaching prelates methink I could guess what might be said for excusing of them: They are so troubled with lordly living, they be so placed in palaces, couched in courts, ruffling in their rents,[5] dancing in their dominions, burdened with ambassages,[6] pampering of their paunches like a monk that maketh his jubilee,[7] munching in their mangers,[8] and moiling[9] in their gay manors and mansions, and so troubled with loitering in their lordships that they cannot attend it.[10] They are otherwise occupied, some in the King's matters, some are ambassadors, some of the Privy Council,[11] some to furnish the Court, some are lords of the Parliament,[12] some are presidents,[13] and some comptrollers of mints.[14] Well, well.

Is this their duty? Is this their office? Is this their calling? Should we have ministers of the Church to be comptrollers of the mints? Is this a meet[15] office for a priest that hath cure of souls? Is this his charge? I would here ask one question: I would fain know who comptrolleth the Devil at home at his parish, while he comptrolleth the mint? If the apostles might not leave the office of preaching to be deacons, shall one leave it for minting?[16]

I cannot tell you, but the saying is[17] that since priests have been minters, money hath been worse than it was before. And they say that the evilness of money hath made all things dearer.[18] And in this behalf[19] I must speak to England.

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[1] *for the living sake* for the sake of the tithes and other ecclesiastical fees that went along with a benefice or living.

[2] *limiting* controlling, regulating.

[3] *And wherefore are magistrates ordained ... limiting both ploughs* Latimer touches here on the controversy concerning the state's authority over the Church.

[4] *default* failure in duty, care, etc.; culpable neglect of some duty or obligation.

[5] *ruffling in their rents* "to ruffle": to make a great stir or display; to swagger, bear oneself proudly or arrogantly; "rent": revenue, income.

[6] *ambassages* the message conveyed by an ambassador; the business entrusted to him.

[7] *paunches* bellies; *jubilee* i.e., the fiftieth anniversary of his taking of his religious vows.

[8] *munching in their mangers* Some uses of "munching" emphasize that it is a rude, lower-class way of eating; most often used of animals chewing their fodder, as is clear with the reference to "mangers."

[9] *moiling* toiling, drudging (obviously meant sarcastically).

[10] *attend it* i.e., attend to their duty to preach and offer pastoral care.

[11] *Privy Council* the group of royal counsellors who were responsible for advising the King on matters both foreign and domestic; as officers of the state and of the royal household, they had enormous power, and functioned as well as a judicial body. They comprised by far the most powerful and influential group in the English state (D. Hoak, "Privy Council," *Hist. Dict. Tudor England*, p. 399).

[12] *lords of the Parliament* High-ranking prelates sat in the House of Lords, that body responsible for debating and then ratifying or refusing to ratify the bills sent them from the House of Commons.

[13] *presidents* those who headed a Commission or Council.

[14] *comptrollers of mints* i.e., controllers of mints. The controller was the person responsible for the administration of the mint. Here, the episcopal mint at Durham and its head, Bishop Cuthbert Tunstall, are perhaps the specific objects of criticism, given that Durham was the only one of England's three Counties Palatine that still retained any of its characteristic judicial, legal, and administrative independence from the Crown, thus making its bishop in many ways a secular prince, with the power (among other things) to issue his own coinage. Since Durham, however, lost most of its special powers and stopped minting money in 1536, Latimer is using this position simply as an example of the wide-ranging civil duties that bishops and archbishops undertook in this period. See C. Sturge, *Cuthbert Tunstall: Churchman, Scholar, Statesman, Administrator* (London, 1938), pp. 252-56.

[15] *meet* fitting, appropriate.

[16] *If the apostles ... minting* The Twelve Apostles authorized the creation of Church ministers called deacons who would be responsible for the equitable, daily distribution of charity to the community's widows. The apostles decided that it would be wrong for them to "give up preaching the word of God" in order to take care of such practical matters (Acts 6:1-6).

[17] *I cannot tell you, but the saying is* i.e., I cannot assert positively [to] you, but the rumour is.

[18] *money hath been worse than it was before ... dearer* There is perhaps the implication that clerical comptrollers of the mint have been clipping or in some other way debasing the coinage, in order to line their own pockets. As a result, money's true value has plummeted and fuelled inflation.

[19] *in this behalf* in this respect, in regard to this.

Hear, my country England, as Paul said in his first epistle to the Corinthians (6. chap.), for Paul was no sitting[1] bishop, but a walking and a preaching bishop. But when he went from them, he left there behind him the plough going still, for he wrote unto them and rebuked them for going to law and pleading their causes before heathen judges: "Is there," sayeth he, "utterly among you no wise man to be an arbitrator in matters of judgement? What? not one of all that can judge between brother and brother? But one brother go to law with another, and that under heathen judges?" *Constituite contemptos qui sunt in ecclesia: et cete*: "Appoint them judges that are most abject and vile in the congregation," which he speaketh in rebuking them, for, sayeth he, *Ad erubescenciam vestram dico*: "I speak it to your shame."[2] So England I speak it to thy shame. Is there never a nobleman to be a lord president,[3] but it must be a prelate? Is there never a wise man in the realm to be a comptroller of the mint? I speak it to your shame, I speak it to your shame. If there be never a wise man, make a water bearer, a tinker,[4] a cobbler,[5] a slave,[6] a page,[7] comptroller of the mint. Make a mean gentleman,[8] a groom,[9] a yeoman,[10] make a poor beggar lord president. Thus I speak not that I would have it so, but to your shame, if there be never a gentleman meet nor able to be lord president. For why are not the noblemen and young gentlemen of England so brought up in knowledge of God and learning that they may be able to execute offices in the commonweal? The King hath a great many of wards, and I trow that there is a court of Wards; why is there not a school for the wards, as well as there is a court for their lands?[11] Why are they not set in schools, where they may learn? Or why are they not sent to the universities, that they may be able to serve the King when they come to age? If the wards and young gentlemen were well brought up in learning and in the knowledge of God, they would not when they come to age so much give themselves to other vanities.

And if the nobility be well trained in godly learning, the people would follow the same train.[12] For truly such as the noblemen be, such will the people be. And now the only cause why noblemen be not made lord presidents is because they have not been brought up in learning. Therefore, for the love of God, appoint teachers and schoolmasters, you that have charge of youth, and give the teachers stipends worthy their pains, that they may bring them up in grammar, in logic, in rhetoric, in philosophy, in the civil law, and in that which I cannot leave unspoken of—the word of

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1 *sitting* both *lit.* sitting down, and *fig.* one who holds the office.

2 1 Corinthians 6:4-7.

3 *lord president* perhaps, the lord president of the Council, an officer of the English Crown whose duty is to preside at the meetings of the Privy Council, and to report to the King the business transacted there. He takes precedence next after the lord chancellor and the first lord of the treasury. There were, however, other powerful secular officers known by this title, such as the president of the Council of the North (see p. 120, note 14).

4 *tinker* a craftsman (usually itinerant) who mends pots, kettles, and other metal household utensils; traditionally held in particularly low esteem; often a synonym for "vagrant" or "gypsy."

5 *cobbler* a mender of shoes.

6 *slave* used as a term of contempt: lowest of the low.

7 *page* in this context, a young serving-boy, the lowest-ranked and least-experienced servant in a household.

8 *mean gentleman* "mean": undistinguished in position, of low status; here, a man who only just makes it into the category of "gentry."

9 *groom* a serving-man who takes care of horses.

10 *yeoman* a servant in a royal or noble household, usually of a superior grade; or perhaps, here, a man holding a small landed estate; a commoner or farmer of respectable standing, especially one who cultivates his own land.

11 *court of Wards ... lands* The practice of wardship involved the Crown's taking responsibility for the landed property of heirs who had not yet reached the age of majority; until an heir reached his majority, the Crown could exploit his land for its own enrichment. In addition, the heir would pay the Crown a fee to assume control of this property. Wardships could also be profitable since the Crown could sell them (and the right to exploit the said land) to a third party. Young heiresses could expect to be treated as saleable marriage commodities under this system. The Court of Wards (1542) was the court which determined on the rights of the Crown vis-à-vis these estates and their young heirs. See G.R. Elton, *Reform and Reformation: England, 1509-1558* (Cambridge, MA, 1977), p. 147; Joyce Youings, *The Penguin Social History of Britain: Sixteenth-Century England* (London, 1984), pp. 52-53.

12 *train* training, way of life.

God.[1] Thanks be unto God, the nobility otherwise is very well brought up in learning and godliness, to the great joy and comfort of England, so that there is now good hope in the youth, that we shall another day have a flourishing commonwealth, considering their godly education. Yea, and there be already noblemen enough (though not so many as I would wish) able to be lord presidents, and wise men enough for the mint. And as unmeet[2] a thing it is for bishops to be lord presidents or priests to be minters, as it was for the Corinthians to plead matters of variance before heathen judges. It is also a slander to the noblemen, as though they lack wisdom and learning to be able for[3] such offices, or else were no men of consciences, or else were not meet to be trusted and able for such offices. And a prelate hath a charge and cure otherwise, and therefore he cannot discharge his duty and be a lord president too. For a presidentship requireth a whole man, and a bishop cannot be two men. A bishop hath his office—a flock to teach, to look unto—and therefore he cannot meddle with another office, which alone requireth a whole man. He should therefore give it over to whom it is meet, and labour in his own business, as Paul writeth to the Thessalonians: "Let every man do his own business, and follow his calling."[4] Let the priest preach, and the noblemen handle the temporal matters. Moses was a marvellous man, a good man. Moses was a wonderful fellow, and did his duty being a married man.[5] We lack such as Moses was. Well, I would all men would look to their duty, as God hath called them, and then we should have a flourishing Christian commonweal.

And now I would ask a strange question. Who is the most diligent bishop and prelate in all England, that passeth all the rest in doing his office? I can tell, for I know him; who it is I know him well. But now I think I see you listing[6] and hearkening, that I should name him. There is one that passeth all the other, and is the most diligent prelate and preacher in all England. And will ye know who it is? I will tell you. It is the Devil. He is the most diligent preacher of all other; he is never out of his diocese;[7] he is never from his cure.[8] Ye shall never find him unoccupied; he is ever in his parish;[9] he keepeth residence at all times.[10] Ye shall never find him out of the way; call for him when you will, he is ever at home; the diligentest preacher in all the realm, he is ever at his plough; no lording nor loitering can hinder him; he is ever applying his business.[11] Ye shall never find him idle, I warrant you.[12] And his office is to hinder religion, to maintain superstition,[13] to

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[1] *in grammar, in logic, in rhetoric, in philosophy, in the civil law, and ... the word of God* the branches of a humanist education in Tudor England, as proposed by individuals such as Erasmus and Ascham, confined generally to the grammar schools and universities, which were attended almost exclusively by boys of the nobility and gentry; "grammar" refers here exclusively to Latin grammar, since the study of Latin (the international language of learning and diplomacy) was a necessity for a young man intent on a public or court career, although the humanists also encouraged the study of Greek and Hebrew at the universities; learned through the study of classical textbooks, "rhetoric" consisted of learning to speak and write effectively and persuasively through the mastery of argument and the various formulae, topoi, metaphors etc., which would help illustrate and support one's analysis; "philosophy" refers to classical philosophy, especially Aristotle and Plato; the study of "civil law" was generally confined to the Inns of Court, not the universities.

[2] *unmeet* improper, inappropriate.

[3] *to be able for* to be competent to fill.

[4] 1 Thessalonians 4:11.

[5] *Moses was a marvellous man ... being a married man* The reference is, of course, to the patriarch Moses, who led the Israelites out of their slavery in Egypt. Although a seeming non sequitur, the remark about Moses' status as a married man is a not-so-subtle comment on the compulsory clerical celibacy demanded by the Roman Catholic Church; like most reformers, Latimer saw this requirement as having no Scriptural foundation, and leading to a variety of sexual sins. He lamented of a licentious priest in a letter of 1537: "O unholy and also unchaste chastity, which is preferred in a Christian realm to chaste and holy matrimony." (qtd. in A.G. Chester, *Hugh Latimer: Apostle to the English*, p. 109).

[6] *listing* listening.

[7] *diocese* the area over which a particular bishop has jurisdiction.

[8] *cure* here, a parish or other sphere of spiritual administration.

[9] *parish* a specified area ministered to by its own priest or clergyman, to whom its tithes and ecclesiastical dues are paid.

[10] *he keepeth residence at all times* implicitly, unlike absentee or non-resident clergy; see p. 115, note 11.

[11] *applying his business* vigorously devoting his energy to his professional duties.

[12] *I warrant you* exclamation of strong belief, meaning "I promise you."

[13] *superstition* See p. 117, note 2.

set up idolatry,[1] to teach all kind of popetry.[2] He is ready as can be wished, for to set forth his plough, to devise as many ways as can be to deface and obscure God's glory. Where the Devil is resident and hath his plough going: there away with books and up with candles; away with bibles and up with beads;[3] away with the light of the Gospel, and up with the light of candles, yea at noon days. Where the Devil is resident, that he may prevail, up with all superstition and idolatry, censing,[4] painting of images,[5] candles, palms,[6] ashes, holy water,[7] and new service of men's inventing,[8] as though man could invent a better way to honour God with than God himself hath appointed. Down with Christ's cross, up with Purgatory pickpurse;[9] up with him, the popish purgatory I mean. Away with clothing the naked, the poor and impotent, up with decking of images and gay garnishing of stocks and stones;[10] up with man's traditions and his laws, down with God's traditions and his most holy word. Down with the old honour due to God, and up with the new god's honour. Let all things be done in Latin. There must be nothing but Latin, not as much as *Memento homo quod cinis es, et in cinerem reverteris*: "Remember man that thou art ashes, and into ashes thou shalt return."[11] Which be the words that the minister speaketh to the ignorant people, when he giveth them ashes upon Ash Wednesday,[12] but it must be spoken in Latin. God's word may in no wise be translated into English. Oh that our prelates would be as diligent to sow the corn of good doctrine as Satan is to sow cockel and darnel.[13] And this is the devilish ploughing, the which worketh to have things in Latin, and letteth[14] the fruitful edification.

But here some man will say to me, "What, sir, are ye so privy of the Devil's counsel that ye know all this to be true?" Truly I know him too well, and have obeyed him a little too much in condescending to some follies. And I know him as other men

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1 *idolatry* See p. 117, note 2; reformers saw superstition and idolatry as closely linked failings of Catholic doctrine and practice.

2 *popetry* i.e., "puppetry": mimic action of representation as of puppets; specifically applied to idolatrous or superstitious observances (in the sixteenth century often in the form "popetry," with play on "popery,") having to do with the Pope and Roman Catholicism in general.

3 *beads* the Rosary beads, a Roman Catholic devotional aid which came under intense reformist criticism because its set of formal, repetitious prayers seemed to them an example of superstitious belief; also they saw the elevation of the Virgin Mary, at whom this particular devotional practice was aimed, as little less than idolatrous, replacing devotion to God with devotion to Mary.

4 *censing* burning incense as an act of worship or honour.

5 *painting of images* e.g., the painting of statues of saints, or the painting of devotional murals. See R.N. Swanson, *Catholic England: Faith, Religion and Observance before the Reformation* (Manchester, 1993), especially Part II, section 7, pp. 174-95.

6 *palms* a branch or leaf of the palm tree, especially as carried or worn as a symbol of victory or triumph, and on festal occasions (as still in the Roman or Greek Churches); on Palm Sunday, the Church commemorates Jesus' entrance into Jerusalem, the action which initiated his arrest, trial, and crucifixion; the feast is so called because the crowds welcoming Jesus laid down palm branches before him.

7 *holy water* water blessed by a priest and used in various rites and devotional acts; reformers objected to the use of holy water because they viewed its consecration and use as one of those Catholic superstitious practices akin to magic.

8 *new service of men's inventing* Many reformers claimed that the Mass and its centrepiece, the Eucharist or Lord's Supper, was not an ancient religious service, sanctioned by Scripture and tradition (as the Catholics argued), but a new service, not found in Scripture and grounded only in man's traditions rather than the word of God; see lines 621-711.

9 *Purgatory pickpurse* a term of sixteenth-century controversial literature which Latimer apparently invented to describe those Roman Catholic clerics who enriched themselves through the use of Purgatory. The souls of dead Catholics who went to purgatory dwelt in a place midway between Heaven and Hell, where they made reparation for their sins in preparation for admission to Heaven. The prayers and masses said by the priest—for which he charged often hefty fees—could speed the soul's journey to bliss, and thus grieving relatives felt obliged to pay for such services. A "pickpurse" is a pickpocket or more generally a thief.

10 *decking of images and gay garnishing of stocks and stones* "decking of images": statues of saints, particularly at the many English shrines which were the object of pilgrimages, were often adorned with fine jewels, offerings from pilgrims seeking intercessory favours from a particular saint. In an individual's local parish church, the statues of saints would also be decked and garnished on the particular saint's feast day; "stocks and stones": contemptuous phrase meaning "gods of wood and stone" (i.e., idols).

11 Genesis 3:19.

12 *ashes upon Ash Wednesday* In the Roman Catholic liturgical calendar, Ash Wednesday marks the beginning of the penitential season called Lent, 40 days of fasting, repentance, and abstinence; during Ash Wednesday Mass, the priest will place a small smudge of ash (the symbol of repentance and mortality) on the forehead of each member of the congregation, intoning the Latin words above.

13 *cockel and darnel* both a kind of weed which grows up amongst corn.

14 *letteth* hinders, obstructs.

do, yea, that he is ever occupied and ever busy in following his plough. I know by St Peter which sayeth of him, *Sicut leo rugiens circuit querens quem devoret*: "He goeth about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour."[1] I would have this text well viewed and examined—every word of it. *Circuit*, "he goeth about" in every corner of his diocese. He goeth on visitation[2] daily. He leaveth no place of his cure unvisited. He walketh round about from place to place and ceaseth not, *Sicut leo*, "as a lion" that is strongly, boldly and proudly, straitly[3] and fiercely, with haughty looks, with his proud countenances, with his stately braggings. *Rugiens*, "roaring," for he letteth not slip any occasion to speak or to roar out when he seeth[4] his time. *Querens*, "he goeth about seeking," and not sleeping as our bishops do, but he seeketh diligently, he searcheth diligently all corners, whereas he may have his prey; he roveth abroad in every place of his diocese; he standeth not still; he is never at rest, but ever in hand with his plough that it may go forward. But there was never such a preacher in England as he is. Who is able to tell[5] his diligent preaching? which every day and every hour laboureth to sow cockel and darnel, that he may bring out of form and out of estimation and room[6] the institution of the Lord's Supper and Christ's cross, for there he lost his right, for Christ said, *Nunc iudicium est mundi, princeps seculi huius eiicietur foras,*[7] *et sicut exaltavit Moises serpentem in deserto, ita exaltari oportet filium hominis,*[8] *et cum exaltatus fuero, a terra, omnia traham ad meipsum*:[9] "Now is the judgement of this world and the prince of this world shall be cast out." "And as Moses did lift up the serpent in the wilderness, so must the son of man be lift up." "And when I shall be lift up from the earth, I will draw all things unto myself." For the Devil was disappointed of his purpose, for he thought all to be his own.

And when he had once brought Christ to the cross, he thought all cock-sure.[10] But there lost he all his reigning, for Christ said, *Omnia traham ad meipsum*: "I will draw all things to myself." He meaneth drawing of man's soul to salvation. And that he said he would do *per semetipsum*, "by his own self," not by any other body's sacrifice. He meant by his own sacrifice on the cross, where he offered himself for the redemption of mankind, and not the sacrifice of the Mass to be offered by another.[11] For who can offer him but himself? He was both the offerer and the offering. And this is the prick,[12] this is the mark at which the Devil shooteth, to evacuate[13] the cross of Christ and to mingle[14] the institution of the Lord's Supper; the which although he cannot bring to pass, yet he goeth about by his sleights and subtle means, to frustrate the same, and these fifteen hundred years he hath been a doer, only purposing to evacuate Christ's death and to make it of small efficacy and virtue.

For whereas Christ according as the serpent was lifte[d] up in the wilderness:[15] so would he himself to be exalted, that thereby as many as trusted in him should have salvation. But the Devil would none of that. They would have us saved by a daily oblation propitiatory, by a sacrifice expiatory, or remissory.[16]

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[1] 1 Peter 5:8.

[2] *visitation* See p. 116, note 5.

[3] *straitly* severely.

[4] *seeth* i.e., sees.

[5] *to tell* to recount, describe; to calculate the total amount of value of (something).

[6] *out of form and out of estimation and room* "out of form": out of proper shape or order, out of correct order; "estimation": esteem or respect; "room": proper place.

[7] *Nunc iudicium … foras* "Now is the judgement of this world: now shall the prince of this world be cast out" (John 12:31).

[8] *et sicut … hominis* "And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up" (John 3:14).

[9] *et cum … meipsum* "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me" (John 12:32).

[10] *cock-sure* absolutely safe or secure from interference by others.

[11] *He meaneth ... by another* See p. 125, note 4.

[12] *prick* a target in archery.

[13] *to evacuate* to void, annul, deprive of force or validity, used mostly in religious and legal contexts; to render worthless.

[14] *mingle* confound, confuse.

[15] *serpent was lifte[d] up in the wilderness* See p. 126, note 9.

[16] *by a daily oblation propitiatory, by a sacrifice expiatory, or remissory* "oblation": the act of solemnly offering or promising something to God, here referring directly to the offering of the bread and wine in the Eucharist. The offering of the Eucharist is described as "propitiatory," and as a "sacrifice expiatory" meaning that it atones for or expiates the sins of humanity. "Remissory" means that the Eucharistic sacrifice is imagined as one which gains the community of believers

Now if I should preach in the country among the unlearned, I would tell what "propitiatory," "expiatory" and "remissory" is: but here is a learned auditory.[1] Yet for them that be unlearned, I will expound it. "Propitiatory," "expiatory," "remissory," or "satisfactory," for they signify all one thing in effect, and is nothing else but a thing whereby to obtain remission of sins, and to have salvation. And this way the Devil used to evacuate the death of Christ, that we might have affiance[2] in other things, as in the daily sacrifice of the priest,[3] whereas Christ would have us to trust in his only sacrifice.[4] So he was *Agnus occisus ab origine mundi*, "the lamb that hath been slain from the beginning of the world,"[5] and therefore is he called *Iuge sacrificium*, "a continual sacrifice,"[6] and not for the continuance of the Mass, as the blanchers[7] have blanched it and wrested[8] it, and as I myself did once mistake it. But Paul sayeth, *Per semetipsum purgatio facta*: "By himself" and by none other, Christ "made purgation" and satisfaction for the whole world.[9] Would Christ this word "by himself" had been better weighed and looked upon, and *In sancrificationem*, "to make them holy," for he is *Iuge sacrificium*, "a continual sacrifice," in effect, fruit and operation, that like as they which seeing the serpent hung up in the desert were put in remembrance of Christ's death, in whom as many as believed were saved: so all men that trusted in the death of Christ shall be saved, as well they that were before, as they that came after. For he was a continual sacrifice, as I said, in effect, fruit, operation and virtue, as though he had from the beginning of the world and continually should to the world's end hang still on the cross; and he is as fresh hanging on the cross now to them that believe and trust in him, as he was fifteen hundred years ago when he was crucified. Then let us trust upon his only death, and look for none other sacrifice propitiatory than the same bloody sacrifice, the lively sacrifice, and not a dry sacrifice, but a bloody sacrifice. For Christ himself said, *Consummatum est*: "It is perfectly finished."[10] "I have taken at my Father's hand the dispensation of redeeming mankind. I have wrought man's redemption, and have dispatched the matter."[11] Why then mingle ye him? Why do ye divide him? Why make you of him more sacrifices than one? Paul sayeth, *Pascha nostrum immolatus est Christus*: "Christ our passover is offered up,"[12] so that the thing is done, and Christ hath done it, and he hath done it, *semel*, "once for all." And it was a bloody sacrifice, not a dry sacrifice.

forgiveness for its sins and the cancelling of the penalties attached thereto. The Council of Trent (1561), called largely in response to Protestant challenges, asserted that the offering of the bread and wine during the celebration of the Eucharist was a "sacrifice ... truly propitiatory and that by means thereof this is effected, that we obtain mercy, and find grace ... For the Lord, appeased by the oblation thereof, and granting the grace and gift of penitence, forgives even heinous crimes" (Session XXII).

1 *auditory* audience.

2 *affiance* trust.

3 *daily sacrifice of the priest* i.e., the Mass, in particular the Eucharist.

4 *And this way the Devil used to evacuate the death of Christ ... whereas Christ would have us to trust in his only sacrifice* Like Luther, Latimer objected to the Catholic doctrine which stated that the Mass's central action—the consecration of the Eucharist—is a sacrifice offered for sin, and that it has a mystical continuance with Christ's sacrifice on the cross. Like Luther, Latimer argued that such a doctrine tended to displace and devalue Christ's sacrifice in favour of that which the priest offered before the congregation in the celebration of the Eucharist, since in his view the Roman Catholic Eucharist encourages people to believe that they can, through their own sacrifices and efforts, achieve salvation. Both seize upon the Catholic definition of the Eucharistic sacrifice as "propitiatory, expiatory, or remissory," which Latimer interprets as transforming the Eucharist into a ritual wherein one can "obtain" forgiveness for one's sins, a ritual which (in his view) displaces and indeed "evacuates" the only efficacious sacrifice which can cleanse humanity of its sins and ensure salvation: the crucifixion of Christ. According to Luther and Latimer, salvation can only be won by placing one's faith entirely in the sufficiency of Christ's crucifixion as a sacrifice to God for humanity's sins. To describe the Mass as a sacrifice for sin is, in the reformist view, not only to doubt in the sufficiency of Christ's sacrifice on the cross, it is to offer a substitute, man-made sacrifice, and thus an idolatrous and blasphemous one. For a cogent refutation of this view, see Council of Trent, Session XXII and "Eucharist, Sacrifice of the" in *Catholic Encycl.*

5 Revelation 13:8.

6 Daniel 8:11-12.

7 *blanchers* perverters, obstructers, hinderers.

8 *wrested* misinterpreted (carries its literal connotations, thus "to twist" or "contort" the meaning of something).

9 "When he had by himself purged our sins" (Hebrews 1:3).

10 *It is perfectly finished.* "It is finished" (John 19:30).

11 *I have taken at my Father's hand ... have dispatched the matter* Latimer imagines Christ here interpreting the text cited.

12 "For even Christ our passover is sacrificed for us" (1 Corinthians 5:7).

Why, then, it is not the Mass that availeth or profiteth for the quick and the dead. Woe worth[1] thee, O Devil, woe worth thee, thou hast prevailed so far and so long that thou hast made England to worship false gods, forsaking Christ their Lord. Woe worth thee, Devil. Woe worth thee, Devil, and all thine angels. If Christ by his death draweth all things to himself, and draweth all men to salvation and to heavenly bliss that trust in him, then the priests at the Mass (at the popish Mass, I say) what can they draw when Christ draweth all, but lands and goods from the right heirs? The priests draw goods and riches, benefices and promotions to themselves, and such as believed in their sacrifice they draw to the Devil. But Christ it is that draweth souls unto him by his bloody sacrifice. What have we to do then, but *Epulari in domino*, "to eat in the Lord" at his Supper.[2] What other service have we to do to him? And what other sacrifice have we to offer, but the mortification of our flesh? What other oblation have we to make, but of obedience, of good living, of good works, and of helping our neighbours? But as for our redemption, it is done already, it cannot be better. Christ hath done that thing so well that it cannot be amended. It cannot be devised how to make that any better than he hath done it. But the Devil, by the help of that Italian bishop[3] yonder, his chaplain, hath laboured by all means, that he might, to frustrate the death of Christ and the merits of his passion. And they have devised for that purpose to make us believe in other vain things by his pardons, as to have remission of sins for praying on hallowed beads, for drinking of the bakehouse bowl, as a canon of Waltham Abbey once told me, that whensoever they put their loaves of bread into the oven, as many as drank of the pardon bowl[4] should have pardon for drinking of it. A mad thing to give pardon to a bowl![5] Then to Pope Alexander's holy water,[6] to hallowed bells, palms, candles, ashes, and what not?

And of these things every one hath taken away some part of Christ's sanctification. Every one hath robbed some part of Christ's passion and cross, and hath mingled[7] Christ's death, and hath been made to be propitiatory and satisfactory, and to put away sin. Yea, and Alexander's holy water yet at this day remaineth in England, and is used for a remedy against spirits, and to chase away devils; yea, and I would this had been the worst. I would this were the worst. But woe worth thee, O Devil, that hast prevailed to evacuate Christ's cross and to mingle the Lord's Supper. These be the Italian bishop's devices,[8] and the Devil hath pricked at this mark to frustrate the cross of Christ; he shot at this mark long before Christ came; he shot at this prick four thousand years before Christ hanged on the cross, or suffered his passion.

For the brazen serpent was set up in the wilderness to put men in remembrance of Christ's coming, that like as they which beheld the brazen serpent were healed of their bodily diseases,[9] so

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1 *Woe worth* cursed be.

2 *"to eat in the Lord" at his Supper* This passage is part of Paul's advice on how to participate in the Lord's Supper, consisting at least partly of a rebuke for the Corinthians' unseemly conduct at services: "When ye come together therefore into one place, this is not to eat the Lord's supper. For in eating every one taketh before other his own supper: and one is hungry and another is drunken" (1 Corinthians 12:20-21).

3 *Italian bishop* i.e., the Pope.

4 *pardon bowl* the alms bowls which had belonged to saints were sometimes venerated as relics.

5 *for drinking of the bakehouse bowl ... pardon to a bowl* This anecdote has not been traced, although the general drift is that the monks at Waltham Abbey were in the habit of drinking from a bowl (presumably filled with alcohol) while they were baking the community's bread; Latimer satirically suggests that in drinking from the pardon bowl (the presumably holy relic of the community's patron saint) they received pardon for the carnal pleasure they received when drinking from the bakehouse bowl.

6 *Pope Alexander's holy water* Alexander I (pope and martyr, c. 105-c. 115) first sanctioned the use of holy water (mixed with salt) to purify Christian homes from devils and evil spirits. See "Alexander I, Pope & Saint," *Catholic Encycl.*

7 *mingled* confused, confounded.

8 *devices* stratagems.

9 *For the brazen serpent ... bodily diseases* In Numbers 21:1-9, the Lord sends fiery serpents to punish the wandering Israelites for murmuring against him; in obedience to the Lord's subsequent command, Moses makes a serpent of brass and places it on a pole; the Lord decrees that anyone who has been bitten will live if he or she looks upon this brass serpent. Interpreting Old Testament figures, events and objects as mystical anticipations of New Testament figures, events and objects was a popular practice, known as typology.

they that looked spiritually upon Christ that was to come in him should be saved spiritually from the Devil. The serpent was set up in memory of Christ to come, but the Devil found means to steal away the memory of Christ's coming and brought the people to worship the serpent self, and to cense him, to honour him, and to offer to him, to worship him, and to make an idol of him.

And this was done by the market men that I told you of.[1]

And the clerk of the market[2] did it for the lucre[3] and advantage of his master, that thereby his honour might increase, for by Christ's death he could have but small worldly advantage. And even now so hath he certain blanchers longing[4] to the market, to let[5] and stop the light of the Gospel, and to hinder the King's proceedings in setting forth the word and glory of God. And when the King's Majesty, with the advice of his honourable Council, goeth about to promote God's word and to set an order in matters of religion,[6] there shall not lack blanchers that will say, "As for images, whereas they have been used to be censed and to have candles offered unto them, none be so foolish to do it to the stock or stone,[7] or to the image self, but it is done to God and his honour before the image." And though they should abuse it, these blanchers will be ready to whisper the King in his ear, and to tell him that this abuse is but a small matter. And that the same,[8] with all other like abuses in the Church, may be reformed easily. "It is but a little abuse," say they, "and it may be easily amended. But it should not be taken in hand at the first for fear of trouble, or further inconveniences. The people will not bear sudden alterations; an insurrection may be made after sudden mutation, which may be to the great harm and loss of the realm. Therefore all things shall be well, but not out of hand,[9] for fear of further business." These be the blanchers that hitherto have stopped the word of God, and hindered the true setting forth of the same. There be so many put-offs, so many put-byes, so many respects, and considerations of worldly wisdom. And I doubt not but there were blanchers in the old time to whisper in the ear of good King Hezekiah[10] for the maintenance of idolatry done to the brazen serpent, as well as there hath been now of late, and be now that can blanch[11] the abuse of Images and other like things. But good King Hezekiah would not be so blinded; he was like to Apollos, "fervent in spirit."[12] He would give no ear to the blanchers; he was not moved with these worldly respects, with these prudent considerations, with

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1 *by the market men that I told you of* presumably a reference to one of the earlier sermons in the series, now lost, which Latimer was licensed to give at Paul's Cross. According to the *OED*, a "market man" is simply a man who buys and sells at a market; however, the context suggests that the term "market men" is an insulting description of the ecclesiastical hierarchy, from bishops down to deacons, who, in accepting the Roman Catholic definition of the Mass as propitiatory and remissory both for the living and the dead, have "made a market" of the Eucharist, profiting handsomely from the fees attached to masses for the dead (Requiem masses). Only in the repeated and profitable celebration of the Roman Catholic Mass can such ecclesiastical "market men" realize a profit, since if everyone accepted the notion that Christ's sacrifice on the cross and one's belief in it were all that were required for salvation, no one would will money to the Church for the saying of Requiem masses, for the building of chantries (chapels dedicated to such masses and daily prayers for their founders and their founders' ancestors), and for the endowment of monasteries.

2 *clerk of the market* a royal officer responsible for attending at markets, to enforce and punish violations of the standard of weights and measures; also, an officer appointed by city or town corporations, to collect market dues, and inspect the market; here, again, a term used metaphorically. Although the clerk and the master of Latimer's opportunistic clerical market are difficult to pinpoint, perhaps "the clerk" is the bishop, who is in charge of his diocese ("the market"), and the master is the Pope, who is his ultimate superior. However, the master of this market is ultimately the Devil.

3 *lucre* wealth, monetary gain.

4 *blanchers longing* perverters belonging.

5 *let* obstruct, obscure.

6 *the King's Majesty ... to promote God's word ... matters of religion* refers to the Royal Injunctions of 1547. See p. 113, note 1.

7 *stock or stone* wood or stone idols.

8 *the same* i.e., that same abuse of worshipping images.

9 *out of hand* at once, immediately.

10 *Hezekiah* He destroys the brazen serpent that Moses made because of the Israelites' idolatrous worship of it (2 Kings 18:1-5).

11 *blanch* cover up; "whitewash."

12 *Apollos, "fervent in spirit"* a Jew born in Alexandria, who became a preacher of the Gospel in Achaia and Corinth (Acts 18:24-28; 19:1); tradition makes him the bishop of Caesarea and the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews.

these policies; he feared not insurrections of the people. He feared not lest his people would not bear the glory of God; but he (without any of these respects, or policies, or considerations, like a good king, for God's sake and for conscience sake) by and by[1] plucked down the brazen serpent, and destroyed it utterly, and beat it to powder. He out of hand did cast down all images; he destroyed all idolatry, and clearly did extirpate all superstition. He would not hear these blanchers and worldly-wise men, but without delay, followeth God's cause and destroyeth all idolatry out of hand. Thus did good King Hezekiah, for he was like Apollos, "fervent in spirit" and diligent to promote God's glory. And good hope there is that it shall be likewise here in England, for the King's Majesty is so brought up in knowledge, virtue and godliness that it is not to be mistrusted but that we shall have all things well, and that the glory of God shall be spread abroad throughout all parts of the realm, if the prelates will diligently apply their plough and be preachers rather than lords. But our blanchers, which will be lords, and no labourers, when they are commanded to go and be resident upon their cures, and preach in their benefices, they would say, "What, I have set a deputy there. I have a deputy that looketh well to my flock, and the which shall discharge my duty."[2] "A deputy," quod he. I looked for that word all this while. And what a deputy must he be, trow[3] ye? Even one like himself; it must be a cannoniste[4]—that is to say, one that is brought up in the study of the Pope's laws and decrees. One that will set forth papistry as well as himself will do, and one that will maintain all superstition and idolatry.

And one that will nothing at all, or else very weakly, resist the Devil's plough. Yea, happy it is if he take not part with the Devil, and where he should be an enemy to him, it is well if he take not the Devil's part against Christ. But in the meantime the prelates take their pleasures. They are lords and no labourers, but the Devil is diligent at his plough. He is no unpreaching prelate. He is no lordly loiterer from his cure, but a busy ploughman, so that among all the prelates, and among all the pack of them that have cure, the Devil shall go for my money,[5] for he still applieth his business. Therefore, ye unpreaching prelates, learn of the Devil to be diligent in doing of your office. Learn of the Devil. And if you will not learn of God nor good man, for shame learn of the Devil. *Ad erubescentiam vestram dico*: "I speak it for your shame."[6] If you will not learn of God nor good man to be diligent in your office, learn of the Devil. Howbeit there is now very good hope that the King's Majesty—being by the help of good governance of his most honourable counsellors he is trained and brought up in learning and knowledge of God's word—will shortly provide a remedy and set an order herein; which thing that it may so be, let us pray for him. Pray for him, good people, pray for him. Ye have great cause and need to pray for him.

Imprinted at London, by John Day,[7] dwelling at Aldersgate, and William Seres, dwelling in Peter College.

These books are to be sold by the little Conduit in Cheapside.

Cum gracia et Privilegio ad imprimendum solum.[8]

—1548

[1] *by and by* immediately.

[2] *be resident upon their cures ... discharge my duty"* See p. 115, note 11.

[3] *trow* think, suppose.

[4] *cannoniste* canon-lawyer.

[5] *the Devil shall go for my money* exclamation, "He's the man for me!"

[6] *"I speak it for your shame"* "I speak it to your shame" (1 Corinthians 6:5). See p. 121, note 2.

[7] *John Day* (?1546-84) zealously supportive of the reformist movement, Day published a number of important Protestant texts, such as John Foxe's *Acts and Monuments* (1563); he was an early innovator in the presentation and marketing of books.

[8] Latin, "With the favour and license/privilege [of the authorities] for the exclusive printing (of)."

Sir Thomas Elyot

c. 1490-1546

Sir Thomas Elyot was an important and influential humanist, writing treatises on education, health, religion, and government. He helped to popularize humanist ideals by translating a number of classical texts and compiling an English dictionary of classical Latin. Elyot found a patron at court in Cardinal Wolsey, and held a position as junior clerk of the King's Council for six years, until Wolsey's fall from favour in 1530. Elyot was knighted at this time, but lost his place at court. In 1531, in an attempt to regain status at court, Elyot wrote *The Governor*, a work which discusses good government, and the best education and virtues of the governing class. In its scholarship and its support of the doctrine of absolute monarchy, *The Governor* depicts Elyot himself as an excellent candidate for service as councillor in Henry VIII's Court. In 1531, Elyot was appointed ambassador to the Holy Roman Emperor Charles V, at the very time that Henry VIII wished to divorce his first wife, Katherine of Aragon; perhaps because Elyot himself did not support the divorce, he was less than successful in convincing Charles V of the rightness of Henry's desires, and in just over a year the King recalled him to England and ended his ambassadorship. Despite Elyot's attempts to be influential in government affairs, he managed only a number of minor posts in Henry VIII's administration. His many treatises were popular, however, and became source texts for a number of writers in the period, including Spenser and Shakespeare.

EDITION: *The boke named the governour, devised by [Sir?] Thomas Elyot knight.* London: Thomas Berthelet, [1531]. STC 7635.

from *The Book Named the Governor*

The Proem[1] of Thomas Elyot Knight unto the Most Noble and Victorious Prince King Henry the Eighth King of England and France, Defender of the True Faith, and Lord of Ireland.

I late considering (most excellent Prince and mine only redoubted[2] sovereign lord) my duty that I owe to my natural[3] country, with my faith also of allegiance and oath wherewith I am double bounden unto your Majesty, moreover the accompt[4] that I have to render for that one little talent delivered to me to employ (as I suppose) to the increase of virtue,[5] I am (as God judge me) violently stirred to divulge or set forth some part of my study, trusting thereby to acquit me of my duties to God, your Highness and this my country, wherefore taking comfort and boldness partly of your Grace's most benevolent inclination toward the universal weal[6] of your subjects, partly inflamed with zeal, I have now enterprised to describe in our vulgar tongue[7] the form of a just public weal,[8] which matter I have gathered, as well of the sayings of most noble authors (Greeks and Latins) as by mine own experience, I being continually trained in some daily affairs of the public weal of this your most noble realm almost from my childhood, which attempt is not of presumption to teach any person, I myself having most need of teaching, but only to the intent that men which will be studious about the weal public may find the thing thereto expedient compendiously[9] written. And forasmuch as this present book treateth of the education of them that hereafter

1 *Proem* preface.
2 *redoubted* feared.
3 *natural* native.
4 *accompt* account.
5 *one little talent ... increase of virtue* The parable of the talents is told in Matthew 25:14-30.
6 *weal* welfare, well-being.
7 *vulgar tongue* vernacular, i.e., English.
8 *public weal* commonwealth.
9 *expedient compendiously* usefully and briefly or comprehensively.

may be deemed worthy to be governors of the public weal under your Highness (which Plato affirmeth to be the first and chief part of a public weal, Solomon saying also, where governors be not, the people shall fall into ruin), I therefore have named it "The Governor" and do now dedicate it unto your Highness as the first fruits of my study, verily trusting that your most excellent wisdom will therein esteem my loyal heart and diligent endeavour by the example [of] Artaxerxes, the noble king of Persia, who rejected not the poor husbandman which offered to him his homely hands full of clean water, but most graciously received it with thanks, esteeming the present not after the value, but rather to the will of the giver.[1] Semblably,[2] King Alexander retained with him the poet Cherilus[3] honourably, for writing his history, although that the poet was but of a small estimation, which that prince did not for lack of judgement, he being of excellent learning as disciple to Aristotle, but to the intent that his liberality employed on Cherilus should animate or give courage to others much better learned to contend with him in a semblable enterprise. And if, most virtuous Prince, I may perceive your Highness to be herewith pleased, I shall soon after (God giving me quietness) present your Grace with the residue of my study and labours, wherein your Highness shall well perceive that I nothing esteem so much in this world as your royal estate (my most dear sovereign lord) and the public weal of my country, protesting unto your excellent Majesty that where I commend herein any one virtue or dispraise any one vice, I mean the general description of the one and the other without any other particular meaning to the reproach of any one person. To the which protestation I am now driven through the malignity of this present time, all disposed to malicious detraction, wherefore I most humbly beseech your Highness to deign to be patron and defender of this little work against the assaults of malign interpreters, which fail not to rent[4] and deface the renown of writers, they themselves[5] being in nothing to the public weal profitable, which is by no man sooner perceived than by your Highness, being both in wisdom and very nobility equal to the most excellent princes, whom I beseech God ye may surmount in long life and perfect felicity. Amen.

The Signification of a Public Weal and Why It Is Called, in Latin, *Respublica*

[...] But now to prove by example of those things that be within the compass of man's knowledge of what estimation order is, not only among men, but also with God, albeit his wisdom, bounty and magnificence can be with no tongue or pen sufficiently expressed. Hath not he set degrees and estates in all his glorious works?

First in his heavenly ministers, whom as the Church affirmeth, he hath constituted to be in divers[6] degrees called hierarchies. Also Christ saith by his evangelist that in the house of his Father (which is God) be many mansions.[7] But to treat of that which by natural understanding may be comprehended, behold the four elements, whereof the body of man is compact, how they be set in their places, called spheres, higher or lower, according to the sovereignty of their natures: that is to say, the fire as the most pure element, having in it nothing that is corruptible, in his place is highest and above the other elements. The air, which next to the fire is most pure in substance, is in the second sphere or place. The water, which is somewhat consolidate[8] and approacheth to corruption,[9] is next unto the earth. The earth, which is of

[1] *Artaxerxes ... will of the giver* Artaxerxes (d. 359 BCE) was noted as a noble and gentle ruler; the story of the gift of water is told in Plutarch's *Artaxerxes*; *husbandman* farmer.

[2] *Semblably* similarly.

[3] *King Alexander ... Cherilus* The poet Cherilus wrote a history of Alexander the Great (356-323 BCE).

[4] *rent* tear.

[5] *they themselves* i.e., the detractors.

[6] *divers* various.

[7] *Christ saith ... many mansions* See John 14:2.

[8] *consolidate* solid, compact.

[9] *corruption* something broken up, not solid.

substance gross and ponderous,[1] is set of all elements most lowest.

Behold also the order that God hath put generally in all his creatures, beginning at the most inferior or base and ascending upward; he made not only herbs to garnish the earth, but also trees of a more eminent stature than herbs, and yet in the one and the other be degrees of qualities, some pleasant to behold, some delicate or good in taste, other wholesome and medicinable, some commodious[2] and necessary. Semblably in birds, beasts and fishes, some be good for the sustenance of man, some bear things profitable to sundry uses, other be apt to occupation and labour. In divers is strength and fierceness only; in many is both strength and commodity.[3] Some others serve for pleasure. None of them hath all these qualities; few have the more[4] part or many, specially beauty, strength and profit. But where any is found that hath many of the said properties, he[5] is more set by than all the other and by that estimation the order of his place and degree evidently appeareth, so that every kind of trees, herbs, birds, beasts, and fishes, beside their diversity of forms, have (as who saith) a peculiar disposition appropred[6] unto them by God their creator, so that in everything is order, and without order may be nothing stable or permanent. And it may not be called order except it do contain in it degrees, high and base, according to the merit or estimation of the thing that is ordered.

Now to return to the estate of mankind, for whose use all the said creatures were ordained of God, and [who] also excelleth them all by prerogative of knowledge and wisdom, it seemeth that in him should be no less providence of God declared than in the inferior creatures, but rather with a more perfect order and disposition. And therefore it appeareth that God giveth not to every man like gifts of grace or of nature, but to some more, some less, as it liketh his divine Majesty. Ne[7] they be not in common (as fantastical fools would have all things), nor one man hath not all virtues and good qualities. Notwithstanding, for as much as understanding is the most excellent gift that man can receive in his creation, whereby he doth approach most nigh unto the similitude of God, which understanding is the principal part of the soul. It is therefore congruent and according that as one excelleth another in that influence as thereby being next to the similitude of his maker, so should the estate of his person be advanced in degree or place where understanding may profit, which is also distributed into sundry uses, faculties and offices necessary for the living and governance of mankind. And like as the angels, which be most fervent in contemplation, be highest exalted in glory (after the opinion of holy doctors); and also the fire, which is the most pure of elements and also doth clarify the other inferior elements, is deputed to the highest sphere or place; so in this world, they which excel others in this influence of understanding and do employ it to the detaining of others within the bounds of reason and show them how to provide for their necessary living, such ought to be set in a more high place than the residue, where they may see and also be seen, that by the beams of their excellent wit showed through the glass of authority, others of inferior understanding may be directed to the way of virtue and commodious living.

And unto men of such virtue by very equity appertaineth honour as their just reward and duty, which by other men's labours must also be maintained according to their merits. Forasmuch as the said persons excelling in knowledge, whereby others be governed, be ministers for the only profit and commodity of them which have not equal understanding, where they which do exercise artificial science or corporal labour do not travail[8] for their superiors only, but also for their own necessity. So the husbandman feedeth himself and

1 *ponderous* heavy.
2 *commodious* beneficial.
3 *commodity* usefulness, profit.
4 *more* most.
5 *he* it.
6 *appropred* assigned.
7 *Ne* neither.
8 *travail* labour.

the clothmaker; the clothmaker apparelleth himself and the husbandman; they both succour other artificers,[1] other artificers them; they and other artificers them that be governors. But they that be governors (as I before said) nothing do acquire by the said influence of knowledge for their own necessities, but do employ all the powers of their wits and their diligence to the only preservation of others their inferiors, among which inferiors also behooveth[2] to be a disposition and order according to reason, that is to say, that the slothful or idle person do[es] not participate with him that is industrious and taketh pain, whereby the fruits of his labours should be diminished, wherein should be none equality, but thereof should proceed discourage[ment] and finally dissolution for lack of provision. Wherefore it can none otherwise stand with reason but that the estate of the person in pre-eminence of living should be esteemed with his understanding, labour and policy, whereunto must be added an augmentation of honour and substance, which not only impresseth a reverence, whereof proceedeth due obedience among subjects, but also inflameth men naturally inclined to idleness or sensual appetite to covet like fortune, and for that cause to dispose them to study or occupation.

Now to conclude my first assertion or argument: where all thing is common[3] there lacketh order, and where order lacketh, there all thing is odious and uncomely.[4] And that have we in daily experience, for the pans and pots garnisheth well the kitchen, and yet should they be to the chamber[5] none ornament. Also, the beds, testars[6] and pillows beseemeth not the hall, no more than the carpets and cushions becometh the stable. Semblably the potter and tinker,[7] only perfect in their craft, shall little do in the ministration of justice. A ploughman or carter shall make but a feeble answer to an ambassador. Also a weaver or fuller[8] should be an unmeet[9] captain of an army or in any other office of a governor.

Wherefore to conclude, it is only a public weal where, like as God hath disposed the said influence of understanding, is also appointed degrees and places according to the excellency thereof, and thereto also would be substance convenient and necessary for the ornament of the same, which also impresseth a reverence and due obedience to the vulgar people or commonalty, and without that, it can be no more said that there is a public weal than it may be affirmed that a house without his[10] proper and necessary ornaments is well and sufficiently furnished.

That One Sovereign Governor Ought to Be in a Public Weal. And What Damage Hath Happened Where a Multitude Hath Had Equal Authority without Any Sovereign.

Like as to a castle or fortress sufficeth one owner or sovereign, and where any more be of like power and authority, seldom cometh the work to perfection, or being all readymade where the one diligently overseeth and the other neglecteth, in that contention all is subverted and commeth to ruin. In semblable wise[11] doth a public weal that hath more chief governors than one. Example we may take of the Greeks, among whom in divers cities were divers forms of public weals governed by multitudes, wherein one was most tolerable where the governance and rule was always permitted to them which excelled in virtue, and was in the Greek tongue called *Aristocratia*, in Latin *Optimorum Potentia*, in English the rule of men of best disposition, which the Thebans[12] of long time observed.

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1 *artificers* they who make by art or skill; craftspeople.

2 *also behooveth* i.e., it is also required or fitting.

3 *common* shared equally, had in common.

4 *uncomely* not pleasing, improper.

5 *chamber* bedchamber.

6 *testars* bed canopies.

7 *tinker* fixer of metal household utensils (pots, kettles).

8 *fuller* one who treads or beats cloth to cleanse and thicken it.

9 *unmeet* unfit, improper.

10 *his* its.

11 *semblable wise* a similar way.

12 *Thebans* Thebes was the capital of ancient Boeotia in Greece.

Another public weal was among the Athenians,[1] where equality was of estate among[2] the people, and only by their whole consent their city and dominions were governed, which might well be called a monster with many heads. Nor never it was certain nor stable, and often times they banished or slew the best citizens, which by their virtue and wisdom had most profited to the public weal.

This manner of governance was called in Greek *democratia*, in Latin *popularis potentia*, in English "the rule of the commonalty." Of these two governances, none of them may be sufficient. For in the first, which consisteth of good men, virtue is not so constant in a multitude but that some being once in authority be incensed with glory, some with ambition, other with covetousness and desire of treasure or possessions, whereby they fall into contention, and finally where any achieveth the superiority, the whole governance is reduced unto a few in number, which fearing the multitude and their mutability, to the intent to keep them in dread to rebel, ruleth by terror and cruelty, thinking thereby to keep themselves in surety, notwithstanding rancour, coarcted[3] and long detained in a narrow room, at the last brasteth[4] out with intolerable violence and bringeth all to confusion. For the power that is practised to the hurt of many cannot continue. The popular estate,[5] if it anything do vary from equality of substance or estimation, or that the multitude of people have overmuch liberty, of necessity one of these inconveniences must happen: either tyranny, where he that is too much in favour would be elevate[d] and suffer none equality; or else into the rage of commonality,[6] which of all rules is most to be feared. For like as the commons, if they feel some severity, they do humbly serve and obey, so where they embracing a licence refuse to be bridled, they fling and plunge, and if they once throw down their governor, they order everything without justice, only with vengeance and cruelty, and with incomparable difficulty and uneath[7] by any wisdom be pacified and brought again into order. Wherefore undoubtedly the best and most sure governance is by one king or prince, which ruleth only for the weal of his people to him subject, and that manner of governance is best approved and hath longest continued and is most ancient, for who can deny but that all thing in heaven and earth is governed by one God, by one perpetual order, by one providence? One sun ruleth over the day, and one moon over the night. And to descend down to the earth, in a little beast which of all other is most to be marvelled at, I mean the bee, is left to man by nature, as it seemeth a perpetual figure of a just governance or rule, who hath among them one principal bee for their governor, who excelleth all other in greatness, yet hath he no prick or sting, but in him is more knowledge than in the residue.[8] For if the day following shall be fair and dry and that the bees may issue out of their stalls without peril of rain or vehement wind, in the morning early he calleth them, making a noise as it were the sound of a horn or a trumpet, and with that, all the residue prepare them[selves] to labour and fleeth abroad, gathering nothing but that shall be sweet and profitable, although they sit oftentimes on herbs and other things that be venomous and stinking. The captain himself laboreth not for his sustenance, but all the other for him. He only seeth that if any drone or other unprofitable bee ent'reth into the hive and consumeth the honey gathered by others, that he be immediately expelled from that company. And when there is another number of bees increased, they semblably have also a captain, which be not suffered to continue with the other. Wherefore this new company gathered into a swarm, having their captain among them, and environing[9] him to preserve him from

[1] *Athenians* Athens was the leading city in ancient Greece.
[2] *of estate among* the state of.
[3] *coarcted* confined.
[4] *brasteth* bursts.
[5] *popular estate* common people.
[6] *the rage of commonality* mob rule.
[7] *uneath* only with difficulty, scarcely.
[8] *one principal bee ... in the residue* It was generally thought that the "principal bee" was male.
[9] *environing* encircling, surrounding.

harm, they issue forth, seeking a new habitation, which they find in some tree, except with some pleasant noise they be allured and conveyed unto another hive. I suppose who seriously beholdeth this example and hath any commendable wit shall thereof gather much matter to the forming of a public weal. But because I may not be long therein, considering my purpose, I would that if the reader hereof be learned, that he should repair to the Georgics of Virgil, or to Pliny or Collumella,[1] where he shall find the example more ample and better declared.

And if any desireth to have the governance of one person proved by histories, let him first resort to the Holy Scripture, where he shall find that almighty God commanded Moses only to bring His elected people out of captivity, giving only to him that authority, without appointing to him any other assistance of equal power or dignity, except in the message to King Pharaoh, wherein Aaron rather as a minister than a companion went with Moses.[2]

But only Moses conducted the people through the Red Sea. He only governed them forty years in desert. And because Dathan and Abiram disdained his rule and coveted to be equal with him, the earth opened and fire issued out and swallowed them in, with all their whole family and confederates, to the number of 14700.[3] And although Jethro, Moses' father-in-law, counselled him to depart his importable[4] labours in continual judgements unto the wise men that were in his company,[5] he notwithstanding still retained the sovereignty by God's commandment until a little before he died he resigned it to Joshua, assigned by God to be ruler after him.[6] Semblably, after the death of Joshua by the space of 246 years, succeeded from time to time one ruler among the Jews, which was chosen for his excellency in virtue and specially justice, wherefore he was called the judge, until the Israelites desired of almighty God to let them have a king, as other people had, who appointed to them Saul to be their king,[7] who exceeded all other in stature. And so successively one king governed all the people of Israel unto the time of Rehoboam, son of the noble King Solomon, who being unlike to his father in wisdom, practised tyranny among his people, wherefore nine parts of them, which they called Tribus, forsook him and elected Jeroboam, late servant to Solomon to be their king, only the tenth part remaining with Rehoboam,[8] and so in that realm were continually two kings until the king of Mede had depopulate[d] the country and brought the people in captivity to the city of Babylon. So that during the time that two kings reigned over the Jews was ever continual battle among themselves, where if one king had always reigned like to David or Solomon, of likelihood the country should not so soon have been brought in captivity [...]

[...] We have also an example domestical, which is most necessary to be noted. After that the Saxons by treason had expelled out of England the Britons, which were the ancient inhabitants, this realm was divided into sundry regions or kingdoms. O what misery was the people then in. O how this most noble isle of the world was decerpt[9] and rent in pieces, the people pursued and hunted like wolves or other beasts savage. None[10] industry availed, no strength defended, no riches profited. Who would then have desired to have been rather a man than a dog, when men

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[1] *Georgics of Virgil … Collumella* Publius Vergilius Maro (70-19 BCE) wrote his *Georgics* in 29 BCE; Pliny the Elder, or Caius Plinius Secundus (23-79 CE); Lucius Junius Moderatus Columella (1st century CE). All three Latin authors wrote on nature and agriculture.

[2] *Holy Scripture … went with Moses* See Exodus 6:1-13.

[3] *Dathan and Abiram … 14700* See Numbers 16:1-35 and 41-50 for the story of the earth swallowing Dathan and Abiram and 250 others, and the plague which killed 14,700.

[4] *importable* unbearable.

[5] *Jethro … company* Jethro told Moses to lighten his work load by dividing it amongst capable men in Exodus 18:13-27.

[6] *resigned it to Joshua … after him* See Deuteronomy 31:1-8.

[7] *the Israelites desired … Saul to be their king* See 1 Samuel 8:6 and 11:15.

[8] *unto the time of … Rehoboam* See 1 Kings 12-14 for the stories of Rehoboam and Jeroboam.

[9] *decerpt* pulled to pieces, divided.

[10] *None* not one.

either with sword or with hunger perished, having no profit or sustenance of their own corn or cattle, which by mutual war was continually destroyed? Yet the dogs, either taking that that men could not quietly come by, or feeding on the dead bodies which on every part lay scattered plenteously, did satisfy their hunger.

Where find ye any good laws that at that time were made and used, or any commendable monument of any science or craft in this realm occupied? Such iniquity seemeth to be then that, by the multitude of sovereign governors, all things had been brought to confusion if the noble King Edgar had not reduced the monarch to his pristinate estate and figure,[1] which brought to pass, reason was revived and people came to conformity and the realm began to take comfort and to show some visage of a public weal, and so (lauded be God) have continued, but not being always in like estate or condition. Albeit, it is not to be despaired but that the King our sovereign lord now reigning, and this realm always having one prince like unto his Highness equal to the ancient princes in virtue and courage, it shall be reduced (God so disposing) unto a public weal, excelling all other in pre-eminence of virtue and abundance of things necessary.

But forasmuch as I do well perceive that to write of the office or duty of a sovereign governor or prince far exceedeth the compass of my learning, Holy Scripture affirming that the hearts of princes be in God's own hands and disposition, I will therefore keep my pen within the space that is described[2] to me by the three noble masters: reason, learning and experience. And by their ensignment[3] or teaching I will ordinately[4] treat of the two parts of a public weal, whereof the one shall be named "due administration," the other "necessary occupation," which shall be divided into two volumes. In the first shall be comprehended the best form of education or bringing up of noble children from their nativity, in such manner as they may be found worthy and also able to be governors of a public weal. The second volume—which, God granting me quietness and liberty of mind, I will shortly after send forth—it shall contain all the remnant which I can either by learning or experience find apt to the perfection of a just public weal, in the which I shall so endeavour myself that all men, of what estate or condition soever they be, shall find therein occasion to be always virtuously occupied, and not without pleasure, if they be not of the schools of Aristippus or Apicius,[5] of whom the one supposed felicity to be only in lechery, the other in delicate feeding and gluttony. From whose sharp talons and cruel teeth I beseech all gentle readers to defend these works, which for their commodity is only compiled.

At What Age a Tutor Should Be Provided and What Shall Appertain to His Office to Do.

After that a child is come to seven years of age, I hold it expedient that he be taken from the company of women, saving that he may have, one year or two at the most, an ancient and sad[6] matron attending on him in his chamber, which shall not have any young woman in her company. For though there be no peril of offence in that tender and innocent age, yet in some children nature is more prone to vice than to virtue, and in the tender wits be sparks of voluptuosity which, nourished by any occasion or object, increaseth oftentimes into so terrible a fire that therewith all virtue and reason is consumed. Wherefore, to eschew[7] that danger, the most sure counsel is to withdraw him from all company of women and to assign

[1] *reduced the monarch … pristinate estate and figure* brought back or returned the monarchy to its first and original state. King Edgar ruled from 959 to 975 CE.

[2] *described* apportioned.

[3] *ensignment* instruction.

[4] *ordinately* in an orderly manner.

[5] *Aristippus or Apicius* Aristippus (435-366 BCE) was a disciple of Socrates and founder of the school of hedonism; Marcus Gaius Apicius (b. 25 BCE) was a cookbook author.

[6] *sad* serious, trustworthy.

[7] *eschew* avoid.

unto him a tutor which should be an ancient and worshipful man, in whom is approved to be much gentleness mixed with gravity, and as nigh as can be such one as the child by imitation following may grow to be excellent. And if he be also learned, he is the more commendable. [...]

The office of a tutor is first to know the nature of his pupil, that is to say, whereto he is most inclined or disposed, and in what thing he setteth his most delectation[1] or appetite. If he be of nature courteous, piteous, and of a free and liberal heart, it is a principal token of grace (as it is by all scripture determined). Then shall a wise tutor purposely commend those virtues, extolling also his pupil for having of them, and therewith he shall declare them to be of all men most fortunate which shall happen to have such a master. And moreover shall declare to him what honour, what love, what commodity shall happen to him by these virtues. And if any have been of disposition contrary, then to express the enormities of their vice with as much detestation as may be. And if any danger have thereby ensued, misfortune or punishment to aggrieve it in suchwise,[2] with so vehement words, as the child may abhor it and fear the semblable adventure.

[...]

Wherefore in the Good Order of Dancing a Man and a Woman Danceth Together.

It is diligently to be noted that the associating of man and woman in dancing, they both observing one number[3] and time in their movings, was not begun without a special consideration, as well for the necessary conjunction of those two persons, as for the intimation of sundry virtues which be by them represented. And forasmuch as by the association of a man and a woman in dancing may be signified matrimony, I could in declaring the dignity and commodity of that sacrament make entire volumes, if it were not so commonly known to all men that almost every frere lymitour[4] carrieth it written in his bosom, wherefore, lest in repeating a thing so frequent and common my book should be as fastidious or fulsome to the readers as such merchant preachers be now to their customers, I will reverently take my leave of divines. And for my part I will endeavour myself to assemble out of the books of ancient poets and philosophers matter as well apt to my purpose as also new, or at the least ways infrequent or seldom heard of them, that have not read very many authors in Greek and Latin.

But now to my purpose. In every dance of a most ancient custom, there danceth together a man and a woman, holding each other by the hand or the arm, which betokeneth concord. Now it behooveth the dancers and also the beholders of them to know all qualities incident to a man and also all qualities to a woman likewise appertaining.

A man in his natural perfection is fierce, hardy, strong in opinion, covetous of glory, desirous of knowledge, appetiting[5] by generation to bring forth his semblable. The good nature of a woman is to be mild, timorous, tractable, benign, of sure remembrance, and shamefast. Divers other qualities of each of them might be found out, but these be most apparent and for this time sufficient.

Wherefore, when we behold a man and a woman dancing together, let us suppose there to be a concord of all the said qualities being joined together, as I have set them in order. And the moving of the man would be more vehement, of the woman more delicate and with less advancing of the body, signifying the courage and strength that ought to be in a man, and the pleasant soberness that should be in a woman. And in this wise, fierceness joined with mildness maketh severity; audacity with timorosity maketh magnanimity; wilful opinion and tractability (which is to be shortly persuaded and moved) maketh constancy a virtue; covetousness of glory adorned with benig-

[1] *delectation* delight.

[2] *suchwise* such a way.

[3] *number* rhythm.

[4] *frere lymitour* A friar limiter was a friar licensed to beg within certain limited areas.

[5] *appetiting* desiring.

nity causeth honour; desire of knowledge with sure remembrance procureth sapience;[1] shamefastness joined to appetite of generation maketh continence,[2] which is a mean between chastity and inordinate lust. These qualities, in this wise being knit together and signified in the personages of man and woman dancing, do express or set out the figure of very nobility which, in the higher estate it is contained, the more excellent is the virtue in estimation.

[...]

—1531

1 *sapience* wisdom, understanding.

2 *continence* self-restraint.

Anne Askew

c. 1521-1546

Anne Askew's texts reflect some of the passionate fervour of the Protestant reformers in the dying days of Henry VIII's reign. Her family and her marriage placed her firmly in the ranks of the gentry. Her father, Sir William Askew, attended Henry VIII at the Field of Cloth of Gold in 1520 and served as a member of Parliament and high sheriff of Lincolnshire. Her mother, Elizabeth Wrottesley, and her step-mother, Elizabeth Hutton Hansard, were both members of old established Lincolnshire families. The marriages and patronage appointments of her sisters and brothers indicate that the family, and not just Anne herself, were sympathetic to reformist ideas.[1] It is worth noting, however, that there was also a strongly conservative, Catholic strain of sentiment in Lincolnshire in the 1530s, which makes Askew's conversion, her request for a divorce from Thomas Kyme—her staunchly Catholic husband—and her participation in London reformist circles even more surprising. After leaving her husband in order to go to London to petition the courts for a divorce, she became associated with the reformers around Queen Katherine Parr. In fact, Askew seems to have come to the attention of the King's churchmen partly because of the political capital they hoped to make of this association; their intent was to use Askew to incriminate the Queen and destroy her influence over Henry. When she refused to name other noblewomen as her associates, Askew was initially released, but was rearrested in June 1545, and ultimately tortured with the rack, an extraordinary step to take against a gentlewoman at the time. When she adamantly refused to surrender her reformist beliefs, in particular her conviction that transubstantiation was a popish lie, she was burned at the stake as a heretic.

Askew's accounts of her interrogation and torture were smuggled out of Newgate prison to John Bale, a Carmelite friar turned reformer who spent the latter part of Henry VIII's reign in exile in Wesel, a city on the Rhine in western Germany. He had varied experience as a writer and publisher in a number of genres, including drama, prose tracts, biblical commentary, history, autobiography, saint's life, and dialogue. All of these converge in his handling of Askew's text, where Bale is responsible for one of its most notable features: its heavy interlinear annotation. Throughout the work, Bale's commentary is interpolated among paragraphs of Askew's testimony and serves to emphasize her points, refute the arguments of her interrogators, place her statements in biblical and theological context, and compare her actions to those of the early Christian martyrs. The result is a text that looks like a dialogue between Askew and Bale. This form mimics the conventions of debates in print between humanist or Protestant scholars, who typically included their opponents' statements in one typeface and their own responses in another. The difference here is that Bale does not disagree with Askew, but rather repeats and expands her statements. At the same time, Bale also adapts the Roman Catholic traditions of writing the lives of saints and martyrs for reformist purposes. Like the writers of medieval hagiography, Bale presents his subject as a model for Christian behaviour both in life and in death. As a female martyr, Askew is highly prized in the text for her chastity and conformity to ideals of female speech and behaviour. However, while Bale intends her to encourage by example and show the working of divine power through an otherwise insignificant individual, he does not show Askew as either a mediator between sinners and God or as a performer of miracles. Both of these were traditional functions of saints. Rather, the miracle lies in her resistance, through her faith and knowledge of Scripture, the cornerstones of Protestantism. Bale's enumeration of her similarities to Blandina, a Roman gentlewoman, places Askew historically in a tradition of persecuted saints that stretches back to the early Church that preceded both Protestantism and Roman Catholicism.[2] The result is that Bale creates a link between early Christianity and contemporary Protestantism and gives this Protestant reformist Church an authoritative foundation. In his preface to the *Latter Examination*, Bale expands the historical scope of this tradition by listing, in particular, early English saints to honour and hold up as examples, especially for comparison with a litany of false saints that mocks Roman Catholic ceremonies and behaviour.

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[1] E.V. Beilin gives a detailed account of Askew's family in the introduction to her edition of the *Examinations* (Oxford, 1996), p. xviii.

[2] K. Kesselring, "Representations of Women in Tudor Historiography: John Bale and the Rhetoric of Exemplarity," *Renaissance and Reformation/Renaissance et Réforme* 22.2 (1998): 46.

In Askew's testimony, the persona that emerges is outspoken, articulate, humorous, clever, self-aware, and absolute in her belief in the principles of reformist theology. As she spars with her examiners, Askew reveals considerable knowledge of Scripture by citing biblical passages directly and, in other places, enigmatically paraphrasing. She is also keenly aware of the contradiction between the Protestant doctrine of the priesthood of all believers, which gives everyone in the Church equal status, and St. Paul's prohibition against women's preaching.[1] Askew's solution is typically dramatic and rhetorically sophisticated, as she uses her examiners' words against them in some places, while in others maintains strategic silence. Frequently, there is significant contrast between Askew's rhetorical strategies and the modesty and frailty attributed to her by Bale's commentary, or between her comparatively plain style and his elaborate interpretation. This tension has been understood, on the one hand, to show Bale's attempt to exert power over Askew in order to recreate her in a gendered image more suitable to his purpose and, on the other, to emphasize the sense of many voices in the text, an effect that creates a virtual community of faith in which Askew participates. In the latter argument, Askew's use of Scripture builds around her a community of biblical figures, into which she as a martyr fits. Bale's comparisons, interjections, and commentary then appear more as a part of this community-building process than as a means of erasing Askew's distinctive voice and persona.[2] In order to give a sense of the effect of both Bale's editorializing and Askew's distinct voice, the selections from the *Latter Examination* are presented without his commentary.

EDITIONS: *The first examinacyon of Anne Askewe lately martyred in Smythfelde, by the Romysh popes upholders, with the elucydacyon of Iohan Bale.* Wesel: D. van der Straten, 1546. STC 848; *The lattre examinacyon of Anne Askewe latelye martyred in Smythfelde, by the wycked Synagoge of Antichrist, with the Elucydacyon of Iohan Bale.* Wesel: D. van der Straten, 1547. STC 850.

ADDITIONAL ONLINE TEXTS: John Bale. "The Epistle Dedicatory" and "John Bale to the Reader" in John Leland's *The Laborious Journey and Search for England's Antiquities* (1549).

from *THE FIRST EXAMINATION of the Worthy Servant of God Mistress Anne Askew the Younger Daughter of Sir William Askew, Knight of Lincolnshire, Lately Martyred in Smithfield by the Romish Pope's Upholders.*

The Censure or Judgement of John Bale thereupon, after the Sacred Scriptures and Chronicles.

Of no less Christian constancy was this faithful witness and holy martyr of God, Anne Askew, nor no less a fast member of Christ by her mighty persistence in his verity at this time of mischief, than was the aforenamed Blandina[3] in the primitive Church. This shall well appear in her ii. examinations or tyrannous handlings here following,

[1] In his letter to the Corinthians, Paul says, "As in all the churches of the saints, the women should keep silence in the churches. For they are not permitted to speak, but should be subordinate, even as the law says. If there is anything they desire to know, let them ask their husbands at home. For it is shameful for a woman to speak in church" (1 Corinthians 14:33-35).

[2] See T. Kemp, "Translating (Anne) Askew: The Textual Remains of a Sixteenth-Century Heretic and Saint," *Renaissance Quarterly* 52 (1999): 1021-45; and J.P. Linton, "The Plural Voices of Anne Askew," *Write or Be Written: Early Modern Women Poets and Cultural Constraints*, ed. B. Smith and U. Appelt (Aldershot, 2001), pp. 297-313. Both present arguments that show these critical perspectives.

[3] *Blandina* a member of the band of martyrs of Lyons who, after some of their number had endured the most frightful tortures, suffered a glorious martyrdom in the reign of Marcus Aurelius (177). Blandina was a slave, who had been taken into custody along with her master, also a Christian. Her companions feared that on account of her bodily frailty she might not remain steadfast under torture. However, although she was tortured in a horrible manner, so that even the executioners became exhausted, she remained faithful and repeated to every question "I am a Christian and we commit no wrongdoing." At her execution, she was scourged, placed on a red-hot grate, enclosed in a net and thrown before a wild steer, and at last killed with a dagger (*Catholic Encycl.*).

whom she wrote with her own hand at the instant desire of certain faithful men and woman, yea rather at the secret motion of God, that the truth thereof might be known the world over. As within short space it will be, if the Latin speech can carry it.[1] Mark well the communications here both of her and of her examiners, so proving their sprites[2] as St. John the Apostle giveth you counsel (1. Jo. 4): "And then shall ye know the tree by his fruit, and the man by his work."

ANNE ASKEW.

To satisfy your expectation, good people (sayeth she) this was my first examination in the year of our Lord 1545 and in the month of March. First, Christopher Dare[3] examined me at Saddlers' Hall,[4] being one of the quest,[5] and asked if I did not believe that the sacrament hanging over the altar was the very body of Christ really.[6] Then I demanded this question of him, wherefore St. Stephen[7] was stoned to death? And he said, he could not tell. Then I answered, that no more would I assoil[8] his vain question.

JOHN BALE.

A sacrament[9] (sayeth Saint Augustine) is a sign, shape, or similitude of that it representeth, and no God nor yet thing represented. This word "real" or "really" is not of belief, for it is not in all the sacred Scriptures. Only is it sophistically[10] borrowed of the pagans' learning by Winchester[11] and his fellows to corrupt our Christian faith. Beware of that filthy poison. The perfect belief of Stephen (Act. 7), of Paul (Act. 17), and of Solomon (3. Regum 8 and 2 Parali. 6) was that God dwelleth not in temples made with hands.[12] Agreeable unto this was the faith of this godly woman, which neither could believe that he dwelleth in the box. God sayeth (Esaie 66),[13] "Heaven is my seat, not the box." David sayeth (Psalm. 113), "Our God is in Heaven, not in the pyx."[14] Christ taught us to say, when we pray (Matth. 6; Luke 11), Our Father which art in Heaven, and not our Father which art in the box. Now discern and judge.

ANNE ASKEW.

Secondly he said, that there was a woman, which did testify that I should read, how God was not in temples made with hands. Then I showed him the 7 and the 8 chapter of the Apostles' Acts, what Stephen and Paul had said therein. Whereupon he asked me, how I took those sentences? I answered,

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1 *if the Latin speech can carry it* Latin was still the international language of scholarship in the sixteenth century.

2 *sprites* spirits.

3 *Christopher Dare* one of Askew's inquisitors, otherwise unidentified.

4 *Saddlers' Hall* hall belonging to the Company of Saddlers.

5 *quest* official or judicial inquiry.

6 *the very body of Christ really* Askew refers here to the Roman Catholic doctrine of the Real Presence, according to which the consecrated bread became literally the body of Christ.

7 *St. Stephen* In early church history, Stephen was an uncompromising apologist for the Christian way. When challenged as a blasphemer, he argued that God has never restricted his presence to a single place (i.e., a temple) and that the people of Israel have always rebelled against God and persecuted his messengers. For his blasphemy, Stephen was stoned to death, but was vindicated by a vision of the glorified Christ (*Wycliffe Bible Dictionary*, pp. 1623-24).

8 *assoil* resolve, clear up.

9 *sacrament* religious ceremonies, acts, or practices distinguished from others in Christian rites as having been observed by Christ, often understood as the visible means by which divine grace is sought and conferred. While the Church of Rome acknowledged seven sacraments (Baptism, Confirmation, the Eucharist, Penance, Extreme Unction, Holy Orders, and Matrimony), reformists accepted only two, Baptism and the Lord's Supper.

10 *sophistically* fallaciously, with deceptive subtlety.

11 *Winchester* Stephen Gardiner (?1483-1555), bishop of Winchester and religious conservative who supported the Church of Rome.

12 *belief of Stephen ... made with hands* In Acts 7:49, Stephen quotes Isaiah 66:1 (see p. 140, note 13), while Paul announces, "The God who made the world and everything in it, being Lord of heaven and earth, does not live in shrines made by man" (Acts 17:24), and Solomon comments "Behold, heaven and the highest heaven cannot contain thee; how much less this house which I have built!" (1 Kings 8:27).

13 *Esaie 66* "Thus says the Lord: 'Heaven is my throne and the earth is my footstool; what is the house which you would build for me, and what is the place of my rest?'" (Isaiah 66:1).

14 *pyx* box in which the host or consecrated bread of the Sacrament is reserved.

that I would not throw pearls among swine, for acorns were good enough.[1]

JOHN BALE.

An ignorant woman, yea a beast without faith, is herein allowed to judge the holy Scriptures heresy, and against all good laws admitted to accuse this godly woman, the servant of Christ, for an heinous heretic, for the only reading of them. As perverse and blasphemous was this questmonger[2] as she, and as beastly ignorant in the doctrine of health, yet is neither of them judged ill of[3] the world, but the one permitted to accuse this true member of Christ, and the other to condemn her. Wherefore her answer out of the 7 chapter of Matthew, was most fit for them. For they are no better than swine, that so condemn the precious treasure of the Gospel, for the mire of men's traditions.

ANNE ASKEW.

Thirdly[4] he asked me, wherefore I said that I had rather to read five lines in the Bible, than to hear five masses in the temple. I confessed, that I said no less. Not for the dispraise of either the Epistle or Gospel,[5] but because the one did greatly edify me, and the other nothing at all. As Saint Paul doth witness in the 9 chapter of his first Epistle to the Corinthians, whereas he doth say, "If the trumpet giveth an uncertain sound, who will prepare himself to the battle?"

Fourthly he laid unto my charge, that I should say, "If an ill-priest ministered, it was the Devil and not God."[6] My answer was, that I never spake such thing. But this was my saying, "That whatsoever he were, which ministered unto me, his ill conditions[7] could not hurt my faith. But in sprite I received nevertheless the body and blood of Christ."

Fifthly he asked me, what I said concerning confession? I answered him my meaning, which was as Saint James sayeth, that every man ought to acknowledge his faults to other, and the one to pray for the other.[8]

Sixthly he asked me, what I said to the King's book?[9] And I answered him, that I could say nothing to it, because I never saw it.

JOHN BALE.

All crafty ways possible sought this quarrelling questmonger, or else the Devil in him, to bring this poor innocent lamb to the slaughter place of Antichrist. Much after this sort sought the wicked Pharisees by certain of their own faction or hired satellites[10] with the Herodians,[11] to bring Christ in danger of Caesar, and so have him slain (Mat. 22; Mar. 12; Luke 21).

ANNE ASKEW.[12]

Seventhly he asked me, if I had the sprite of God in me? I answered if I had not, I was but a reprobate[13] or castaway.

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1 *I would not throw … for acorns were good enough* Askew paraphrases Matthew 7:6: "Do not give dogs what is holy; and do not throw your pearls before swine, lest they trample them underfoot and turn to attack you."

2 *questmonger* one who makes a business of conducting inquests.

3 *of* by.

4 *Thirdly* After each of the paragraphs beginning "Thirdly," "Fourthly," and "Fifthly," Bale has a section of interpretative comments.

5 *the Epistle or Gospel* readings from, respectively, letters to early Christian congregations in, for example, Corinth, Ephesus, etc. and from the New Testament books of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John.

6 *If an ill-priest … God* Askew here refers to clerical abuses that were among the issues objected to by reformers.

7 *ill conditions* behaviour, state of his soul.

8 *as Saint James sayeth … the other* "The prayer of faith will save the sick man and the Lord will raise him up; and if he has committed sins he will be forgiven. Therefore confess your sins to one another, and pray for one another, that you may be healed. The prayer of a righteous man has great power in its effects" (James 5:15-16).

9 *the King's book* Thomas Cranmer's *A Necessary Doctrine and Erudition for any Christian Man* (1543), in which were listed the doctrinal principles of Henry VIII's Reformation. It followed and revised Cranmer's *Institutions of Christian Religion* (1537) to reestablish essential Roman Catholic doctrine as the standard for the English Church. This revision was popular with neither English clergy nor staunch reformists.

10 *satellites* attendants upon a person of importance, forming part of his retinue and employed to execute his orders.

11 *Herodians* Members of a Jewish party, mainly political, who were partisans of the Herodian dynasty and lax in their adherence to Judaism.

12 After each of the paragraphs beginning "Seventhly" and "Then he said," Bale inserts a section of interpretive commentary.

13 *reprobate* one who has fallen away from grace or religion, one lost in sin.

Then he said, he had sent for a priest to examine me, which was there at hand. The priest asked me, what I said to the Sacrament of the altar and required much to know therein my meaning. But I desired him again, to hold me excused concerning that matter. None other answer would I make him, because I perceived him a papist.

Eighthly he asked me, if I did not think, that private masses did help souls departed. And I said, it was great idolatry to believe more in them, than in the death which Christ died for us.[1]

JOHN BALE.

Here riseth the serpent of the cockatrice eggs,[2] workmanly to fulfill the afore alleged prophecy. If their masses had been of God's creation, ordinance or commandment, or if they had been in any point necessary for man's behove,[3] they had been registered in the Book of Life, which is the sacred Bible. But therein is neither mention of mass private nor public, several nor common, single nor double, high nor low, by foot nor on horseback, or by note as they call it.[4] If they be things added by man's invention (as they can be none other, not being there named), then I am sure that the Scriptures call them filthiness, rust, chaff, draff,[5] swill, drunkenness, fornication, menstrue, man's dirt, adders' eggs, poison, snares, the bread of wicked lies, and the cup of God's curse. Their original ground should seem to be taken of the druids or pagan priests, which inhabited this realm long afore Christ's incarnation, and had then practiced sacrifices public and private. Look Cornelius Tacitus, Caius Julius, Plinius, Strabo,[6] and such other authors. That name of privation added unto their Mass, clearly depriveth it of Christian communion, where one man eateth up all, and distributeth nothing.[7]

How such ware should help the souls departed, I cannot tell. But well I wote,[8] that the wounded man betwixt Jerusalem and Jericho had no help of them (Luke 10). The Samaritan which was reckoned but a pagan among them, was his only comfort. In the most popish time was never more horrible blasphemy, than this is. This wickedness impugneth[9] all the promises of God concerning faith and remission of sins. It repugneth[10] also to the whole doctrine of the Gospel. The application of Christ's Supper availeth them only that be alive, talking, eating, and drinking that is therein ministered. No more can the priest's receiving of that sacrament profiteth another man, than can his receiving of Baptism or of Penance, as they call it. If it profiteth not the quick, how can it profit the dead? No sacrifice is the Mass, nor yet good work, but a blasphemous profanation of the Lord's Holy Supper, a manifest wickedness, an horrible idolatry, and a foul abomination, being thus a rite of worshipping without the word,[11] yea against the express word of God.

ANNE ASKEW.[12]

Then they had me from thence unto my Lord Mayor.[13] And he examined me, as they had before, and I answered him directly in all things, as I answered the quest afore.

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[1] *private masses … Christ died for us* reference to the practice of having masses said for the dead to move them from Purgatory to Heaven. Askew counters with the comment that Christ's death supersedes all other practices for absolution of sins.

[2] *serpent of the cockatrice eggs* serpent, identified with the basilisk, fabulously said to kill by its mere glance, and to be hatched from a cock's egg.

[3] *behove* use, benefit, advantage.

[4] *several nor common … or by note as they call it* various forms of the Mass, including individual and communal, High Mass celebrated with incense, music, and a number of clergy and Low Mass without, masses offered by priests who travelled among a number of parishes, mass with music.

[5] *draff* refuse, dregs.

[6] *Cornelius Tacitus, Caius Julius, Plinius, Strabo* Roman authors who give accounts of the early history of Britain, including pagan religious practices.

[7] *That name of privation added unto their Mass … distributeth nothing* i.e., private mass at which a congregation is present, but does not receive communion.

[8] *wote* know.

[9] *impugneth* attacks, disputes.

[10] *repugneth* is contrary, opposed.

[11] *worshipping without the word* i.e., worship unsanctioned by Scripture.

[12] After the paragraph beginning, "Then they," Bale inserts a section of interpretive commentary.

[13] *my Lord Mayor* Sir Martin Bowes, Lord Mayor of the City of London, 1545-46.

Besides this, my Lord Mayor laid one thing unto my charge, which was never spoken of me, but of them. And that was whether a mouse eating the host received God or no? This question did I never ask, but indeed they asked it of me, whereunto I made them no answer, but smiled.

JOHN BALE.

Is not here (think you) well favoured and well fashioned divinity, to establish an article of the Christian faith? Wily Winchester[1] answereth this question, as foolish as it is, in his wise detection of the Devil's sophistry, in fol. 16: "Believe," sayeth he, "that a mouse cannot devour God." Yet reporteth he after, in fol. 21, that Christ's body may as well dwell in a mouse as it did in Judas. Then followeth Friar Finke, Friar Peryn I should say,[2] a bachelor of the same school. And he answereth in the end of his third sermon, that the Sacrament eaten of a mouse is the very and real body of Christ. And when he hath affirmed it to be no derogation[3] to Christ's presence, to lie in the maw[4] of that mouse. He divideth me the one from the other, the Sacrament from Christ's body, concluding that though the Sacrament be digested in the mouse's maw, yet is not Christ's body there consumed. O blasphemous beasts, and blind blodering[5] Balaamites.[6]

Because these 2 workmen be scant witty[7] in their own occupation, I shall bring them forth here 2 old artificers of theirs to help them: Guimundus Aversanus,[8] a bishop, to help Bishop Stephen, and Thomas Walden,[9] a friar, to help Friar Peryn. The Sacraments (say they both) are not eaten of mice, though they seem so to be in the exterior similitudes.[10] For the virtues (sayeth Guimundus) of holy men are not eaten of beasts, when they are eaten of them (51. 2. *De corpore & sanguine domini*). No marry (quoth[11] Walden) no more is the painter's occupation destroyed, when a picture is destroyed. Mark this gear[12] for your learning. But now cometh Algerus,[13] more crafty than they both, and he sayeth (51. 2 cap. 1. *De Eucharistia*) that as well is this meat spiritual as material, because David calleth it the bread of angels, and a bread from Heaven (Psa. 77). That which is material in this bread (sayeth he) is consumed by digestion, but that which is spiritual remaineth uncorrupted.

If we would attend well unto Christ's divinity, and let these oiled[14] divines dispute among old gossips, we should soon discharge[15] mice and rats, weak stomachs and parbreaking[16] drunkards, of a far other sort than thus: "He that eateth my flesh," sayeth Christ (Jo. 6), "and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in me and I in him." This eating is all one with the dwelling, and is neither for mice nor rats, burnt chancels[17] nor drunken priests. For as we eat we dwell, and as we dwell we eat, by a grounded and perfect faith in him. The substance

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1 *Wily Winchester* Stephen Gardiner, bishop of Winchester.

2 *Friar Finke, Friar Peryn I should say* William Peryn (d. 1558), a Dominican friar who left England in self-imposed exile in 1534, rather than acknowledge Henry VIII's supremacy over the Church, and author of the 1545 *Three Godly … Sermons of the Sacrament of the Altar* (*DNB online*).

3 *derogation* lessening, weakening.

4 *maw* mouth.

5 *blodering* blundering.

6 *Balaamites* In Numbers 22-24, Balaam's ass sees God's angel before Balaam does.

7 *witty* expert, intelligent.

8 *Guimundus Aversanus* Guitmundus, archbishop of Aversa (d. 1084), whose tract, *De corpore & sanguine domini* (*On the body and blood of the Lord*), opposed the doctrine of consubstantiation proposed by Berengarius (1000-88). Berengarius argued that the substance of Christ's body exists together with the substance of bread, and similarly the substance of his blood together with the substance of wine. The doctrine of transubstantiation stated that Christ is present in the Eucharist by the change of the entire substance of bread and wine into his body and blood (*Catholic Encycl.*).

9 *Thomas Walden* Thomas Netter of Walden (c. 1380-1430), Carmelite confessor to Henry V who took part in the prosecution of Wycliffites and Lollards, earlier sects that held beliefs broadly similar to the later Henrician reformers (*Catholic Encycl.*).

10 *exterior similitudes* external appearances or similarities.

11 *quoth* said.

12 *gear* doctrine, rubbish.

13 *Algerus* Alger of Liège (1055-1132), a French priest whose writing on the Eucharist supported transubstantiation (*Catholic Encycl.*).

14 *oiled* anointed, also slippery.

15 *discharge* exculpate, acquit.

16 *parbreaking* vomiting.

17 *chancels* parts of churches in which the altars stand, also used to refer to churches and temples.

of that most godly refection[1] lyeth not in the mouth eating nor yet in the belly feeding, though they be necessary, but in the only spiritual or soul eating. No wise man will think that Christ will dwell in a mouse, nor yet that a mouse can dwell in Christ, though it be the doctrine of these doughty[2] douzepers,[3] for they shall find no Scriptures for it. If these men were not enemies to faith and friends to idolatry, they would never teach such filthy learning. More of this shall I write (God willing) in the answer of their books.

ANNE ASKEW.

Then the Bishop's Chancellor[4] rebuked me, and said that I was much to blame for uttering the Scriptures. For St. Paul (he said) forbode women to speak or to talk of the word of God.[5] I answered him, that I knew Paul's meaning so well as he, which is 1 Corinthiorum 14 that a woman ought not to speak in the congregation by the way of teaching. And then I asked him, how many women he had seen go into the pulpit and preach. He said, he never saw none. Then I said, he ought to find no fault in poor women, except they had offended the law.

JOHN BALE.

Plenteous enough is her answer here, unto this quarrelling and (as appeareth) unlearned chancellor. Many godly women both in the old law and the new, were learned in the Scriptures, and made utterance of them to the glory of God. As we read of Elisabeth, Mary, and Anna the widow (Luke 1 and 2),[6] yet were they not rebuked for it. Yea, Mary, Christ's mother, retained all that was afterward written of him (Luke 2), yet was it not imputed unto her an offence. Christ blamed not the woman that cried whilst he was in preaching, "Happy is the womb that bare thee" (Luke 11). The woman which gave knowledge to his disciples, that he was risen from death to life, discomfited[7] not he, but solaced[8] them with his most glorious appearance (Mat. 28.; Jo. 20). In the primitive Church, specially in Saint Jerome's time, was it a great praise unto women to be learned in the Scriptures. Great commendations giveth our English chronicles to Helena, Ursula, and Hilda,[9] women of our nation, for being learned also in the Scriptures. Such a woman was the said Hilda, as openly disputed in them against the superstitions of certain bishops. But this chancellor by like[10] chanced upon that blind popish work, which Walter Hunt, a White Friar[11] wrote 4 score years ago—*Contra doctrices mulieres* (Against school women)—or else some otherlike blind Romish beggaries.[12]

ANNE ASKEW.

Then my Lord Mayor commanded me to ward.[13] I asked him if sureties[14] would not serve me, and he made me short answer, that he would take none. Then was I had to the Counter,[15] and there remained 12 days, no friend admitted to speak with me.

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1 *refection* recreation, refreshment.

2 *doughty* worthy, virtuous.

3 *douzepers* illustrious nobles, knights, or grandees.

4 *Bishop's Chancellor* Dr. John Standish (?1509-70), author of several anti-Protestant pamphlets (*DNB online*).

5 *St. Paul … word of God* 1 Corinthians 14:33-35 (see headnote, p. 139).

6 *Elisabeth, Mary, and Anna … 2* Elisabeth, the mother of John the Baptist, was visited by Mary and, filled with the Holy Spirit, prophesied and addressed Mary as the mother of her Lord (Luke 1). Anna was the aged prophetess who was present at the dedication of the infant Christ (Luke 2:26-30).

7 *discomfited* threw into perplexity, confusion, or dejection.

8 *solaced* comforted, consoled.

9 *Helen, Ursula, and Hilda* St. Helen (c. 250-330) was mother of Emperor Constantine the Great and confused by medieval chroniclers with the daughter of a British prince; St. Ursula was said to have been a British princess who, accompanied by 11,000 virgins, went on a pilgrimage to Rome, and on her return was massacred with her companions at Cologne by the Huns; St. Hilda (614-80) was daughter of the King of Northumbria and abbess of Whitby (*Catholic Encycl.*).

10 *by like* belike, perhaps.

11 *Walter Hunt, a White Friar* Carmelite friar and theologian (d. 1478).

12 *beggaries* rubbish.

13 *ward* custody, imprisonment.

14 *sureties* bonds.

15 *the Counter* prison attached to the London city court.

JOHN BALE.

Here is Christ yet trodden on the heel, by that wicked serpent which tempted Eve (Gene. 3). His faithful member for believing in him is here thrown in prison. And no marvel, for it was his own promise, ye shall be brought before rulers and deputies (sayeth he) for my truth's sake (Mat. 10). Ye shall be betrayed of your own nation and kindred, and so thrown in prison (Luke 21). If they have persecuted me, think not but they will also persecute you (Jo. 15). This serpent is again become the prince of this world, and holdeth the governors thereof captive (Jo. 14). Sureties would have been taken for a thief or a murderer, but not for Christ's member, the Bishop's Chancellor being at hand, nor yet her friends permitted to comfort her.

ANNE ASKEW.[1]

But in the meantime there was a priest sent to me, which said that he was commanded of the Bishop to examine me, and to give me good counsel, which he did not. But first he asked me for what cause I was put in the Counter? And I told him, I could not tell. Then he said, it was great pity that I should be there without cause, and concluded that he was very sorry for me.

Secondly he said, it was told him, that I should deny the Sacrament of the altar. And I answered him again, that that I had said, I had said.

JOHN BALE.

In this brief answer, she remembered Solomon's counsel: "Answer not a fool, all after his foolishness."[2] Beware of them (sayeth Christ) which come in sheep's clothing, for inwardly they are most ravening wolves (Mat. 7). God destroyeth the crafts[3] of the wicked (sayeth Job) so that they are not able to perform that they take in hand (Job 5).

ANNE ASKEW.

Thirdly he asked me, if I were shriven,[4] I told him no. Then he said, he would bring one to me, for to shrive me. And I told him, so that I might have one of these 3—that is to say, Doctor Crome, Sir Gyllam, or Huntington[5]—I was contented, because I knew them to be men of wisdom. "As for you or any other, I will not dispraise, because I know ye not." Then he said, "I would not have you think, but that I or another that shall be brought you, shall be as honest as they. For if we were not, ye may be sure, the King would not suffer us to preach." Then I answered by the saying of Solomon: "By commoning[6] with the wise, I may learn wisdom, but by talking with a fool, I shall take scathe"[7] (Prover. 1).

JOHN BALE.

See how this adversary compasseth[8] like a ravening lion to devour this lamb (1. Pet. 5). Now tempteth he her with Confession, which hath been such a bait of theirs as hath brought into their nets and snares the mightiest princes of the world, both kings and emperors. See here if they leave any subtlety unsought to obtain their prey. He reckoned by this to win his purpose, which way soever she had taken. If she had been confessed to him, he had known which way she had been bent. If she had utterly refused Confession, he had more matter to accuse her of. O subtle seed of the serpent, this part played your old generation, the Pharisees and priests, with Christ, to bring him in danger of the law (Mat. 22. and Jo. 8). No Chris-

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[1] After the paragraph beginning, "But in the meantime," Bale inserts a section of interpretive commentary.

[2] *Answer … foolishness* "Answer not a fool in his folly, lest you be like him yourself" (Proverbs 26:4).

[3] *crafts* devices, artifices.

[4] *shriven* received absolution and penance after confession to a priest.

[5] *Doctor Crome, Sir Gyllam, or Huntington* Dr. Edward Crome (d. 1562) was a Cambridge divine who was connected with reformists like Hugh Latimer and Robert Barnes, brought before Stephen Gardiner in 1546, forced to preach a recantation of his sermon against the Mass, and imprisoned by Mary in 1554-55 (*DNB online*); Sir Gyllam is unidentified; John Huntington, author of the doggerel poem, *Genealogy of Heretics* (1540), which was reprinted by Bale, was a former priest, fervent reformer, and later canon of Exeter (*DNB online*).

[6] *commoning* conversing.

[7] *scathe* harm.

[8] *compasseth* contrives, devises.

tian erudition[1] bringeth this priest, nor yet good counsels of the Scripture. But as Esaye[2] sayeth, "The hypocrite imagineth abomination against God, to famish the hungry, and withhold drink from the thirsty. Yet shall not the eyes of the seeing be dim, nor the ears of the hearing be deaf" (Esa. 32). If the King admit such preachers (as I cannot think it) a sore plague remaineth both to him and to his people.

ANNE ASKEW.[3]

Fourthly he asked me if the host should fall, and a beast did eat it, whether the beast did receive God or no? I answered, "Seeing ye have taken the pains to ask this question, I desire you also to take so much pain more, as to assoil it yourself. For I will not do it, because I perceive ye come to tempt me." And he said, it was against the order of schools, that he which asked the question should answer it. I told him, I was but a woman, and knew not the course of schools.[4]

Fifthly he asked me, if I intended to receive the Sacrament at Easter, or no?[5] I answered, that else I were no Christian woman, and that I did rejoice, that the time was so near at hand. And then he departed thence, with many fair words.

JOHN BALE.

This hungry wolf practiseth,[6] by all crafty ways possible, to suck the blood of this innocent lamb. Is not that (think you) an holy congregation, which is thus spiritually occupied? Some godly wise men will wonder that they be not ashamed. But marvel not of it. For the Holy Ghost sayeth, in his fore judgements, that the same holy mother which hath hatched them up in oils and shavings, is an unshamefast[7] whore (Apo. 17 and Dan. 8). Then of very nature must her whelps be shameless children. Such shameless dogs are they (sayeth Esaye) as be never satisfied (Es. 56).[8] When they kill you (sayeth Christ) they shall think they do God good service (Jo. 16)[9] so greatly have their malice blinded them (Sapien 2),[10] which is partly the drunkenness afore spoken of.

ANNE ASKEW.

And the 23 day of March, my cousin Brittain[11] came into the Counter to me, and asked there whether I might be put to bail or no? Then went he immediately unto my Lord Mayor, desiring of him to be so good lord unto me that I might be bailed. My lord answered him, and said that he would be glad to do the best that in him lay. Howbeit,[12] he could not bail me without the consent of a spiritual officer. So requiring him to go and speak with the Chancellor of London. For he said, like as he could not commit me to prison without the consent of a spiritual officer, no more could he bail me without consent of the same.

JOHN BALE.

True it is here, that is written of St. John in the Apocalypse[13] that Antichrist is worshipped of the potentates and kings of the earth (Apo. 13). The Mayor of London, which is the King's lieutenant, and representeth there his own person,[14] standeth here like a dead idol, or like such a servant slave as can do nothing within his own city concerning their matters. Who is like the Beast (sayeth Saint

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1 *erudition* knowledge, learning.

2 *Esaye* Isaiah.

3 After the paragraph beginning "Fourthly," Bale inserts a section of interpretive commentary.

4 *the course of schools* rules of debate in Roman Catholic scholarship.

5 *if I intended to receive the Sacrament at Easter, or no* Easter is a day of obligation, when Roman Catholics receive Communion.

6 *practiseth* schemes, plans.

7 *unshamefast* immodest.

8 *(Es. 56)* Isaiah 56:11.

9 John 16:2: "They will put you out of the synagogues; indeed, the hour is coming when whoever kills you will think he is offering service to God."

10 Sapien. 2: "Thus they reasoned, but they were led astray, for their wickedness blinded them" (Wisdom of Solomon 2:21).

11 *my cousin Brittain* Christopher Brittain.

12 *Howbeit* however, nevertheless.

13 *Apocalypse* i.e., the Book of Revelation.

14 *his own person* i.e., represents the King's person.

John) who is able to war with him?[1] He hath brought all lands and their kingdoms in fear (sayeth Esaye); the strength of their cities hath he taken away, and restrained the deliverance of their prisoners (Esa. 14). The parents of him that was born blind, feared this spiritual tyranny or captivity of theirs, such time as they were examined of the bishops for the sight of their son (John[2] 9). Such as believed in Christ among the chief rulers of the Jews, would not be acknown[3] thereof, for fear of like violence (John 12). No new thing is it then in that spiritual generation, but a custom of old antiquity. Both Christ and his apostles have suffered like tyranny under them. But never did they yet minister it to any creature after their example.

ANNE ASKEW.

So upon that[4] he went to the Chancellor, requiring of him as he did afore of my Lord Mayor. He answered him, that the matter was so heinous that he durst not of himself do it, without my Lord of London were made privy thereunto.[5] But he said, he would speak unto my lord in it. And bade him repair[6] unto him the next morrow and he should well know my lord's pleasure.

And upon the morrow after, he came thither, and spake both with the Chancellor, and with my Lord Bishop of London.[7] My lord declared unto him, that he was very well contented that I should come forth to a communication.[8] And appointed me to appear afore him the next day after, at 3 of the clock, at afternoon. Moreover he said unto him, that he would[9] there should be at that examination such learned men as I was affectioned to.[10] That they might see, and also make report, that I was handled with no rigour.[11] He answered him, that he knew no man that I had more affection to than other. Then said the Bishop, "Yes, as I understand, she is affectioned to Doctor Crome, Sir Gyllam, Whitehead, and Huntington, that they might hear the matter." For she did know them to be learned, and of a godly judgement.

Also he required my cousin Brittain, that he should earnestly persuade me to utter, even the very bottom of my heart. And he swore, by his fidelity,[12] that no man should take any advantage of my words. Neither yet would he lay ought to my charge, for anything that I should there speak. But if I said any manner of thing amiss, he with other more would be glad to reform me therein, with most godly counsel.

JOHN BALE.

O vengeable tyrant and devil. How subtly seekest thou the blood of this innocent woman, under a colour[13] of friendly handling. God once commanded thee earnestly in no case to compass thy neighbour with deceit, to the effusion of his blood (Lev. 19). But his commandment thou reckonest but a Canterbury tale.[14] By swearing by thy fidelity, thou art not all unlike unto Herod, whom Christ for like practices, first to put John and then him to death, called also a most crafty, cruel fox (Luke 13). Thou labourest here to have this woman in snare, with certain of her friends. But God put in her mind at this time to reckon thee a dog and a swine (Matth. 7) and thereupon to have few words.

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[1] *Who ... him?* "Men worshipped the dragon, for he had given his authority to the beast, and they worshipped the beast, saying, 'Who is like the beast, and who can fight against it?'" (Revelation 13:4).

[2] *John* John 9:18-22, and below, John 12:42.

[3] *acknown* acknowledged.

[4] *So upon that* After each of the paragraphs beginning "So upon that" and "And upon the morrow," Bale has a section of interpretive comment.

[5] *without my Lord of London were made privy thereunto* without the awareness of the Bishop of London.

[6] *repair* return, go back.

[7] *Lord Bishop of London* Edmund Bonner (c. 1500-69), bishop of London 1540-49 and 1553-59, actively persecuted reformers (*DNB online*).

[8] *communication* conference.

[9] *would* wished.

[10] *affectioned to* inclined toward, fond of.

[11] *rigour* severity, harshness.

[12] *fidelity* faithfulness, loyalty.

[13] *colour* appearance.

[14] *a Canterbury tale* story told on a pilgrimage to the tomb of St. Thomas à Becket at Canterbury Cathedral by a character from Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* (1400).

Anne Askew.[1]

On the morrow after, my Lord of London sent for me, at one of the clock, his hour being appointed at three. And as I came before him, he said he was very sorry of my trouble, and desired to know my opinion in such matters as were laid against me. He required me also in any wise[2] boldly to utter the secrets of my heart, bidding me not to fear in any point. For whatsoever I did say within his house, no man should hurt me for it. I answered, "For so much as your lordship appointed three of the clock, and my friends shall not come till that hour, I desire you to pardon me of giving answer till they come."

Then said he that he thought it meet to send for those four men which were afore named, and appointed. Then I desired him not to put them to the pain. For it should not need, because the two gentlemen which were my friends were able enough to testify that[3] I should say. Anon[4] after, he went into his gallery[5] with Master Spelman, and willed him in any wise, that he should exhort me to utter all that I thought.

In the meanwhile, he commanded his archdeacon to commen[6] with me, who said unto me, "Mistress wherefore are ye accused?" I answered, "Axe[7] my accusers, for I know not as yet." Then took he my book out of my hand, and said, "Such books as this is, hath brought you to the trouble ye are in." "Beware," sayeth he, "beware, for he that made it was burnt in Smithfield." Then I asked him, if he were sure that it was true that he had spoken. And he said, he knew well the book was of John Frith's[8] making. Then I asked him, if he were not ashamed for to judge of the book before he saw it within, or yet knew the truth thereof. I said also, that such unadvised and hasty judgement is a token apparent of a very slender wit. Then I opened the book and showed it him. He said, he thought it had been another, for he could find no fault therein. Then I desired him no more to be so swift in judgement, till he throughly[9] knew the truth. And so he departed.

Immediately after came my cousin Brittain in with diverse[10] other, as Master Hawe of Gray's Inn, and such other like. Then my Lord of London persuaded my cousin Brittain as he had done oft before, which was, that I should utter the bottom of my heart in any wise.

My lord said after that unto me, that he would I should credit the counsel of my friends in his behalf, which was, that I should utter all things that burdened my conscience. For he ensured[11] me, that I should not need to stand in doubt to say anything. For like as he promised them (he said) he promised me, and would perform it. Which was that neither he, nor any man for him, should take me at advantage of any word I should speak. And therefore he bade me say my mind without fear. I answered him I had nought to say. For my conscience (I thanked God) was burdened with nothing.

Then brought he forth this unsavoury similitude: that if a man had a wound, no wise surgeon would minister help unto it before he had seen it uncovered. "In like case," sayeth he, "can I give you no good counsel, unless I know wherewith your conscience is burdened." I answered, that my conscience was clear in all things. And for to lay a plaster unto the whole skin, it might appear much folly.

"Then ye drive me," sayeth he, "to lay to your charge your own report, which is this: ye did say, 'he that doth receive the Sacrament by the hands of an ill priest or a sinner, he receiveth the Devil, and not God.'" To that I answered, that I never spake such words. But as I said afore both to the

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[1] Each of the following paragraphs is followed by commentary by Bale, similar to those included above.

[2] *in any wise* in any way or manner.

[3] *that* what.

[4] *Anon* soon.

[5] *gallery* corridor.

[6] *commen* come.

[7] *Axe* ask.

[8] *John Frith* theologian (1503-33) martyred for his adherence to reformist doctrine and distribution of illegal Protestant books (*DNB online*).

[9] *throughly* thoroughly.

[10] *diverse* various, sundry.

[11] *ensured* assured.

quest and to my Lord Mayor, so say I now again, that the wickedness of the priest should not hurt me, but in sprite and in faith I received no less, the body and blood of Christ. Then said the Bishop unto me, "What a saying is this? 'In sprite.' I will not take you at that advantage." Then I answered, "My lord, without faith and sprite, I cannot receive him worthily."

Then he laid unto me, that I should say that the Sacrament remaining in the pyx was but bread. I answered that I never said so, but indeed the quest asked me such a question, whereunto I would not answer (I said) till such time as they had assoiled me this question of mine: wherefore Stephen was stoned to death. They said, they knew not. Then said I again, no more would I tell them what it was.

Then laid it my lord unto me, that I had alleged[1] a certain text of the Scripture. I answered that I alleged none other but St. Paul's own saying to the Athenians, in the 17 chapter of the Apostles' Acts: that God dwelleth not in temples made with hands. Then asked he me, what my faith and belief was in the matter? I answered him, "I believe as the Scripture doth teach me." Then inquired he of me, "What if the Scripture doth say, that it is the body of Christ?" "I believe," said I, "like as the Scripture doth teach me." Then asked he again, "What if the Scripture doth say, that it is not the body of Christ?" My answer was still, "I believe as the Scripture informeth me." And upon this argument he tarried[2] a great while, to have driven me to make him an answer to his mind.[3] Howbeit, I would not, but concluded thus with him, that I believed therein and in all other things, as Christ and his holy apostles did leave[4] them.

Then he asked me, why I had so few words? And I answered, "God hath given me the gift of knowledge, but not of utterance. And Solomon sayeth, that a woman of few words, is a gift of God (Proverb. 19)."

Thirdly my lord laid unto my charge, that I should say that the Mass was idolatry.[5] I answered him, "No, I said not so." "Howbeit," I said, "the quest did ask me, whether private masses did relieve souls departed, or no? Unto whom then I answered: 'O Lord, what idolatry is this? that we should rather believe in private masses, than in the healthsome death of the dear son of God.'" Then said my lord again, "What an answer was that?" "Though it were but mean," said I, "yet was it a good enough answer for the question."

Then I told my lord that there was a priest, which did hear what I said before my lord the Mayor and them. With that the Chancellor answered, which was the same priest. "So she spake it in very deed," sayeth he, "before my Lord Mayor and me." Then were there certain priests, as Doctor Standish and other, which tempted me much to know my mind. And I answered them always thus: "That I have said to my Lord of London, I have said."

And then Doctor Standish desired my lord, to bid me say my mind concerning that same text of St. Paul. I answered that it was against Saint Paul's learning that I, being a woman, should interpret the Scriptures, specially where so many wise learned men were.

JOHN BALE.

It is not yet half a score of years ago, since this blasphemous idiot Standish compared, in a lewd sermon of his, the dear price of our redemption, or precious blood of Christ, to the blood of filthy swine, like himself a swine. And for his good doing, he is now become a daw,[6] a doctor I should say, of the Pope's divinity, and a scholastical interpreter[7] of the Scripture to his behove.[8] Here

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1 *alleged* cited, quoted.

2 *tarried* delayed, lingered.

3 *an answer to his mind* a response to his liking, in agreement with him.

4 *leave* transmit.

5 *idolatry* worship of idols or images.

6 *daw* fool.

7 *scholastical interpreter* reading according to the doctrines of the Schoolmen, which was the predominant theological and philosophical teaching of the period 1000-1500 CE, based upon the authority of the Christian Fathers and of Aristotle and his commentators, by this time denoting the pedantic, unduly formal or subtle.

8 *behove* benefit, advantage.

would the swinish gentleman have proved both that St. Stephen died an heretic, and St. Paul a schismatic[1] for teaching that God dwelleth not in temples made with hands (Act. 7 and 17), if he might have reasoned out the matter with this woman. But she took a swine for a swine, and would lay no pearls afore him, as Christ had charged her afore (Matth. 7). For all their interrogations are now about the temple and the temple wares (Matth. 26).

ANNE ASKEW.

Then my Lord of London said that he was informed, that one should ask me if I would receive the Sacrament at Easter, and I made a mock of it. Then I desired that mine accuser might come forth, which my lord would not. But he said again unto me, "I sent one to give you good counsel, and at the first word ye called him 'papist.'" That I denied not, for I perceived he was no less. Yet made I none answer unto it.

Then he rebuked me, and said that I should report, that there were bent against me three score priests at Lincoln. "Indeed," quoth I, "I said so. For my friends told me, if I did come to Lincoln, the priests would assault me and put me to great trouble, as thereof they had made their boast. And when I heard it, I went thither indeed, not being afraid, because I knew my matter to be good. Moreover I remained there six days, to see what would be said unto me. And as I was in the minster,[2] reading upon the Bible, they resorted unto me by two and by two, by five and by six, minding to have spoken to me, yet they went their ways again without words speaking."

Then my lord asked, if there were not one that did speak unto me. I told him, yes, that there was one of them at the last, which did speak to me indeed. And my lord then asked me, what he said? And I told him, his words were of so small effect, that I did not now remember them.

Then said my lord, "There are many that read and know the Scripture, and yet do not follow it, nor live thereafter." I said again, "My lord, I would wish that all men knew my conversation and living in all points, for I am so sure of myself this hour, that there are none able to prove any dishonesty by me. If you know any that can do it, I pray you bring them forth."

Then my lord went away, and said, he would entitle[3] somewhat of my meaning. And so he writ a great circumstance.[4] But what it was, I have not all in memory. For he would not suffer me to have the copy thereof. Only I do remember this small portion of it:

"Be it known (sayeth he) to all men, that I, Anne Askew, do confess this to be my faith and belief, notwithstanding my reports made afore to the contrary: I believe that they which are houseled[5] at the hands of a priest, whether his conversation[6] be good or not, do receive the body and blood of Christ in substance really. Also I do believe it after the consecration, whether it be received or reserved,[7] to be no less than the very body and blood of Christ in substance. Finally, I do believe in this and in all other sacraments of holy Church, in all points according to the old Catholic faith of the same. In witness whereof, I, the said Anne, have subscribed my name." There was somewhat more in it, which because I had not the copy, I cannot now remember.

Then he read it to me, and asked me, if I did agree to it. And I said again, "I believe so much thereof, as the holy Scripture doth agree to. Wherefore I desire you, that ye will add that thereunto." Then he answered, that I should not teach him what he should write. With that, he went forth into his great chamber, and read the same bill afore the audience, which inveigled[8] and willed me

[1] *schismatic* one who promotes or countenances schism or breach of external unity in the Church.

[2] *minster* Lincoln Cathedral.

[3] *entitle* write down under proper titles or headings.

[4] *circumstance* detailed narration.

[5] *houseled* given Communion.

[6] *conversation* manner of conducting oneself in the world.

[7] *received or reserved* consecrated bread and/or wine distributed or kept aside and stored for later use.

[8] *inveigled* cajoled, urged.

to set to my hand, saying also that I had favour showed me.

Then said the Bishop, I might thank other and not myself, of the favour I found at his hand. For he considered (he said) that I had good friends, and also that I was come of a worshipful stock.[1] Then answered one Christopher, a servant to Master Denny,[2] "Rather ought ye, my lord, to have done it in such case, for God's sake than for man's."

Then my lord sat down, and took me the writing to set thereto my hand, and I writ after this manner: "I, Anne Askew, do believe all manner of things contained in the faith of the Catholic church." Then because I did add unto it, "the Catholic church," he flung into his chamber in a great fury.[3] With that, my cousin Brittain followed him, desiring him for God's sake to be good lord unto me. He answered, that I was a woman, and that he was nothing deceived in me. Then my cousin Brittain desired him to take me as a woman, and not to set my weak woman's wit to his lordship's great wisdom.

Then went in unto him Doctor Weston,[4] and said, that the cause why I did write there "the Catholic church" was that I understood not the church written afore. So with much ado, they persuaded my lord to come out again, and to take my name with the names of my sureties, which were my cousin Brittain and Master Spelman of Gray's Inn.

This being done, we thought that I should have been put to bail immediately, according to the order of the law. Howbeit, he would not so suffer it, but committed me from thence to prison again until the next morrow. And then he willed me to appear in the Guildhall,[5] and so I did. Notwithstanding, they would not put me to bail there neither, but read the Bishop's writing unto me as before, and so commanded me again to prison.

Then were my sureties appointed to come before them on the next morrow in Paul's Church,[6] which did so indeed. Notwithstanding, they would once again have broken off with them, because they would not be bound also for another woman at their pleasure, whom they knew not, nor yet what matter was laid unto her charge. Notwithstanding, at the last, after much ado and reasoning to and fro, they took a bond of them of recognizance[7] for my forth coming. And thus I was at the last delivered.[8]

Written by me Anne Askew.

—1546

from *THE LATTER EXAMINATION of the Worthy Servant of God, Mistress Anne Askew, the Younger Daughter of Sir William Askew, Knight of Lincolnshire, Lately Martyred in Smithfield by the Wicked Synagogue of Antichrist.*

The Censure or Judgement of John Bale thereupon, after the Sacred Scriptures and Chronicles.

Christ willed his most dear apostle and secretary Saint John the Evangelist, to signify by writing to the overseer or preacher of the congregation of Pergamos,[9] that there only are his faithful

[1] *worshipful stock* good and/or noble family.

[2] *Master Denny* Sir Anthony Denny (1501-49) was a favourite of Henry VIII and privy councillor, as well as a zealous promoter of the Reformation (*DNB*).

[3] *Then ... "Catholic church"... in a great fury* the use of the term "catholic" to denote either the Church of Rome or the church universal was much contested between conservatives and reformists. Askew's use of the term without the modifiers "holy" or "old," to denote the universal church, rather than the Church of England, indicates her dissent and incites the Mayor's wrath.

[4] *Doctor Weston* Hugh Weston (?1505-58) held traditional Catholic views and later became dean of Westminster and of Windsor under Mary (*DNB online*).

[5] *Guildhall* Guildhall, the centre of administration for the city of London.

[6] *Paul's Church* St. Paul's Cathedral, London, seat of the Bishop of London.

[7] *recognizance* bond by which a person engages him/herself to perform some act or observe some condition (e.g., to appear for trial when called on).

[8] *delivered* released.

[9] *Saint John ... Pergamos* The Book of Revelation was addressed by St. John the Evangelist to the seven churches in Asia Minor, of which Pergamos was one.

members murdered, where Satan inhabiteth or holdeth residence. And for example he bringeth forth his constant witness, Antipas, which was there most cruelly slain of that Synagogue of his, for confessing the verity (Apo.[1] 2) that Behemoth (sayeth Job) that Leviathan,[2] that Satan, reigneth as a most mighty king over all the spiritual children of pride (Job 42). A murderer (sayeth Christ to the spirituality of the Jews) and a blasphemous liar is that father of yours, and hath been from the world's beginning (John 8). These manners hath he not yet left, but continueth them still in his wicked posterity.[3]

In the primitive Church (as testifyeth Bedas[4]) they persecuted the hairs of Christ's head, which were so pure as the white wool that is apt to receive all colours (Apo. 1). They slew those true believers which his word and sprite had depured[5] from all false worshippings and made fit for all tribulations to be suffered for his name's sake. In these latter days they meddle with his feet which are like unto brass, burning as it were in a whote[6] furnace (Apo. 1). For they that believe now agreeably to his word, and not after their corrupted and cursed customs, are consumed in the fire. As hereafter will appear by this godly woman, Anne Askew, which with other more was brent[7] at London in the year of our Lord 1546, for the faithful testimony of Jesu against Antichrist. Whose latter handling here followeth in course, like as I received it in copy, by certain Dutch merchants coming from thence, which had been at their burning and beholden the tyrannous violence there showed. First out of the prison she wrote unto a secret friend of hers, after this manner following.

ANNE ASKEW.

I do perceive (dear friend in the Lord) that thou art not yet persuaded throughly in the truth concerning the Lord's Supper, because Christ said unto his apostles, "Take, eat. This is my body which is given for you." In giving forth the bread as an outward sign or token to be received at the mouth, he minded[8] them in a perfect belief to receive that body of his which should die for the people, or to think the death thereof the only health and salvation of their souls. The bread and the wine were left us for a sacramental communion, or a mutual participation of the inestimable benefits of his most precious death and blood shedding. And that we should, in the end thereof, be thankful together for that most necessary grace of our redemption. For in the closing up thereof, he said thus, "This do ye, in remembrance of me. Yea, so oft as ye shall eat it or drink it" (Luke 22 and 1 Corinth. 11). Else should we have been forgetful of that we ought to have in daily remembrance, and also been altogether unthankful for it.

Therefore it is meet, that in prayers we call unto God, to graft in our foreheads, the true meaning of the Holy Ghost concerning this communion. For St. Paul doth say that the letter slayeth. The sprite is it only that giveth life (2 Cor. 3). Mark well the 6 chapter of John, where all is applied unto faith. Note also the fourth chapter of St. Paul's first Epistle to the Corinthians, and in the end thereof ye shall find plainly, that the things which are seen are temporal, but they that are not seen are everlasting. Yea, look in the third chapter to the Hebrews, and ye shall find that Christ as a son and no servant ruleth over his house (whose house are we, and not the dead temple) if we hold fast the confidence and rejoicing of that hope to the end. Wherefore as sayeth the Holy Ghost: "Today if you shall hear his voice, harden not your hearts, &c" (Psalm. 94).

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1 *Apo.* the Book of Revelation.

2 *Behemoth ... Leviathan* Biblical monsters, the first mentioned in the Book of Job, possibly a hippopotamus, and the latter referred to in Isaiah.

3 *posterity* succeeding generations.

4 *Bedas* St. Bede (c. 672-735) was a priest from Jarrow monastery in Northumberland whose influential *Ecclesiastical History of the English People* was completed in 731 (*DNB online*).

5 *depured* cleansed, purified.

6 *whote* hot.

7 *brent* burnt.

8 *minded* admonished, exhorted.

The Sum of My Examination afore the King's Council at Greenwich.[1]

Your request as concerning my prison fellows, I am not able to satisfy, because I heard not their examinations. But the effect of mine was this: I, being before the Council, was asked of Master Kyme. I answered, that my Lord Chancellor[2] knew already my mind in that matter. They with that answer were not contented, but said, it was the King's pleasure that I should open the matter to them. I answered them plainly, that I would not so do. But if it were the King's pleasure to hear me, I would show him the truth. Then they said, it was not meet for the King with me to be troubled. I answered, that Solomon was reckoned the wisest king that ever lived, yet misliked not he to hear two poor common women,[3] much more his Grace a simple woman and his faithful subject. So in conclusion, I made them none other answer in that matter.

Then my Lord Chancellor asked me of my opinion in[4] the Sacrament. My answer was this: "I believe, that so oft as I in a Christian congregation, do receive the bread in remembrance of Christ's death, and with thanksgiving according to his holy instruction, I receive therewith the fruits also of his most glorious passion." The Bishop of Winchester[5] bade me make a direct answer. I said, I would not sing a new song to the Lord in a strange land.[6]

Then the Bishop said, I spoke in parables. I answered, it was best for him. "For if I show the open truth," quoth I, "ye will not accept it." Then he said I was a parrot. I told him again, I was ready to suffer all things at his hands. Not only his rebukes, but all that should follow besides, yea, and that gladly. Then had I diverse rebukes of the Council, because I would not express my mind in all things as they would have me. But they were not in the meantime unanswered for all that, which now to rehearse[7] were too much, for I was with them there above five hours. Then the clerk of the Council conveyed me from thence to my Lady Garnish.[8]

The next day I was brought again before the Council. Then would they needs know of me, what I said to[9] the Sacrament. I answered that I already had said that I could say. Then after diverse words, they bade me go by.[10] Then came my Lord Lisle, my Lord of Essex,[11] and the Bishop of Winchester requiring me earnestly, that I should confess the Sacrament to be flesh, blood, and bone. Then said I to my Lord Parr and my Lord Lisle, that it was great shame for them to counsel contrary to their knowledge. Whereunto in few words they did say, that they would gladly all things were well.

Then the Bishop said, he would speak with me familiarly. I said, so did Judas when he unfriendly betrayed Christ. Then desired the Bishop to speak with me alone. But that I refused. He asked me, why? I said, that in the mouth of two or three witnesses every matter should stand,[12] after Christ's and Paul's doctrine (Math. 18 and 2 Cor. 13).

Then my Lord Chancellor began to examine me again of the Sacrament. Then I asked him, how long he would halt[13] on both sides? Then

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[1] John Bale's interjections have been omitted from this examination in order to give a sense of Askew's voice when not in dialogue with Bale's.

[2] *Lord Chancellor* Thomas Wriothesley (1505-50) was active in the persecution of both Protestants and Catholics during his term of office.

[3] *Solomon … common women* Solomon was called to judge two women's claims to the same baby (1 Kings 3:16-28).

[4] *in* about, on.

[5] *Bishop of Winchester* Stephen Gardiner (1483-1555), religious conservative who supported the Church of Rome.

[6] *sing a new song to the Lord in a strange land* Psalm 137:4.

[7] *rehearse* repeat, recount.

[8] *my Lady Garnish* i.e., prison. "Garnish" was money extorted from a new prisoner, either as a jailer's fee, or as drink-money for the other prisoners.

[9] *to* about.

[10] *go by* pass.

[11] *my Lord Lisle, my Lord of Essex* John Dudley (?1502-53) was a privy councillor and William Parr (1513-71) was brother of Katherine Parr and a privy councillor.

[12] *in the mouth … should stand* "Any charge must be sustained by the evidence of two or three witnesses" (2 Corinthians 13:1).

[13] *halt* waver, vacillate.

would he needs know where I found that? I said in the scripture 3. Reg. 18.[1] Then he went his way.

Then the Bishop said, I should be brent. I answered, that I had searched all the Scriptures yet could I never find there that either Christ or his apostles put any creature to death. "Well, well," said I, "God will laugh your threatenings to scorn" (Psal. 2). Then was I commanded to stand aside.

Then came Master Paget[2] to me with many glorious words and desired me to speak my mind to him. I might (he said) deny it again, if need were. I said, that I would not deny the truth. He asked me, how I could avoid the very words of Christ: "Take, eat. This is my body, which shall be broken for you." I answered, that Christ's meaning was there, as in these other places of the Scripture: "I am the door" (John 10); "I am the vine" (John 15); "behold the lamb of God" (John 1); "the rock stone was Christ" (1 Cor. 10), and such other like. "Ye may not here," said I, "take Christ for the material thing that he is signified by. For then ye will make him a very door, a vine, a lamb, and a stone, clean contrary to the Holy Ghost's meaning. All these indeed do signify Christ, like as the bread doth his body in that place. And though he did say there, 'Take, eat this in remembrance of me,' yet did he not bid them hang up that bread in a box,[3] and make it a god, or bow to it."

Then he compared it[4] unto the King, and said, that the more his Majesty's honour is set forth, the more commendable it is. Then said I, that it was an abominable shame unto him, to make no better of the eternal word of God, than of his slenderly conceived fantasy. A far other meaning requireth God therein, than man's idle wit can devise, whose doctrine is but lies without his heavenly verity. Then he asked me, if I would common[5] with some wiser man? That offer, I said, I would not refuse. Then he told the Council. And so I went to my lady's[6] again.

Then came to me Doctor Cox, and Doctor Robinson.[7] In conclusion, we could not agree. Then they made me a bill[8] of the Sacrament, willing me to set my hand thereunto,[9] but I would not. Then on the Sunday I was sore[10] sick, thinking no less than to die. Therefore I desired to speak with Latimer;[11] it would not be. Then was I sent to Newgate[12] in my extremity of sickness. For in all my life afore, was I never in such pain. Thus the Lord strengthen you in the truth. Pray, pray, pray.

The Confession of Me Anne Askew, for the Time I Was in Newgate, Concerning my Belief.

I find in the Scriptures (sayeth she) that Christ took the bread, and gave it to his disciples saying, "Eat. This is my body, which shall be broken for you," meaning in substance his own very body, the bread being thereof an only sign or sacrament. For after like manner of speaking, he said, he would break down the temple, and in three days build it up again, signifying his own body by the temple, as St. John declared it (John 2), and not the stony temple itself. So that the bread is but a remembrance of his death, or a sacrament of thanksgiving for it, whereby we are knit unto him by a communion of Christian love. Although there be many that cannot perceive the true meaning thereof, for the veil that Moses put over his face before the children of Israel, that they should not see the clearness thereof (Exo. 34 and 2 Cor. 3). I perceive the same veil remaineth to this

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1 *3. Reg. 18* 1 Kings 18:21.

2 *Master Paget* William Paget (1505-63), secretary of state and one of Henry VIII's chief advisors (*DNB online*).

3 *in a box* Askew refers here to the practice, abhorrent to Protestants, of placing consecrated bread in a small container (a pyx) for the purpose of bringing it to the sick, but also to display it for veneration.

4 *it* the consecrated host.

5 *common* confer, debate.

6 *my lady's* Lady Garnish.

7 *Doctor Cox, and Doctor Robinson* theologians brought in to question Askew.

8 *bill* statement, document.

9 *to set my hand thereunto* affix a signature.

10 *sore* seriously, severely.

11 *Latimer* Hugh Latimer (c. 1485-1555), reformist preacher and later Marian martyr (*DNB online*).

12 *Newgate* prison in London for those charged with criminal offences.

day. But when God shall take it away, then shall these blind men see.

For it is plainly expressed in the history of Bel[1] in the Bible, that God dwelleth in nothing material. O King (sayeth Daniel) be not deceived (Daniel 14). For God will be in nothing that is made with hands of men (Act. 7). Oh what stiff-necked people are these, that will always resist the Holy Ghost. But as their fathers have done, so do they, because they have stony hearts. Written by me Anne Askew, that neither wish death, nor yet fear his might, and as merry as one that is bound towards Heaven. Truth is laid in prison (Luke 21). The law is turned to wormwood (Amos 6). And there can no right judgement go forth (Esaie 59).

Oh, forgive us all our sins and receive us graciously. As for the works of our hands, we will no more call upon them. For it is thou Lord that art our God. Thou showest every mercy unto the fatherless. Oh, if they would do this (sayeth the Lord), I should heal their sores, yea with all my heart would I love them. O Ephraim, what have I to do with idols anymore?[2] Whoso is wise, shall understand this. And he that is rightly instructed, will regard it. For the ways of the Lord are righteous. Such as are godly will walk in them. And as for the wicked, they will stumble at them (Osee[3] 14).

Solomon (sayeth St. Stephen) builded an house for the God of Jacob. Howbeit[4] the highest of all dwelleth not in temples made with hands. As sayeth the prophet (Esa. 66), "Heaven is my seat and the earth is my foot stool. What house will ye build for me?" sayeth the Lord, "or what place is it that I shall rest in? Hath not my hands made all these things?" (Act. 7). "Woman believe me," sayeth Christ to the Samaritan, "the time is at hand that ye shall neither in this mountain nor yet at Jerusalem worship the Father. Ye worship ye wot not what, but we know what we worship. For salvation cometh of the Jews. But the hour cometh, and now is, wherein the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in verity" (John 4). "Labour not," sayeth Christ, "for the meat that perisheth, but for that endureth into the life everlasting, which the Son of Man shall give you. For him God the Father hath sealed" (John 6).

The Sum of the Condemnation of Me Anne Askew at Yelde Hawle.[5]

They said to me there, that I was an heretic and condemned by the law, if I would stand in my opinion. I answered that I was no heretic, neither yet deserved I any death by the law of God. But as concerning the faith which I uttered and wrote to the Council, I would not (I said) deny it, because I knew it true. Then would they needs know, if I would deny the Sacrament to be Christ's body and blood; I said, yea. For the same son of God, that was born of the virgin Mary, is now glorious in Heaven, and will come again from thence at the Latter Day like as he went up (Acto. 1). And as for that ye call your God, is but a piece of bread. For a more proof thereof (mark it when ye list) let it lie in the box but three months, and it will be mould, and so turn to nothing that is good. Whereupon I am persuaded, that it cannot be God.

After that they willed me to have a priest. And then I smiled. Then they asked me, if it were not good? I said, I would confess my faults to God. For I was sure that he would hear me with favour. And so we were condemned without a quest.[6]

My belief which I wrote to the Council was this: that the sacramental bread was left us to be received with thanksgiving, in remembrance of Christ's death, the only remedy of our souls' recover. And that thereby we also receive the whole benefits and fruits of his glorious passion.

Then would they needs know, whether the bread in the box were God or no? I said, "God is a sprite, and will be worshipped in sprite and

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[1] *Bel* the god of Babylon, whose temple was the Tower of Babel, which became a symbol of human pride.

[2] *O Ephraim … anymore?* Hosea 14:8.

[3] *Osee* Hosea 14:9.

[4] *Howbeit* however, nevertheless.

[5] *Yelde Hawle* Guildhall.

[6] *quest* judicial inquiry.

truth" (John 4). Then they demanded, "Will you plainly deny Christ to be in the Sacrament?" I answered that I believed faithfully the eternal son of God not to dwell there. In witness whereof I recited again the history of Bel, and the 9 chapter of Daniel, the 7 and 17 of the Acts, and the 24 of Matthew,[1] concluding thus: I neither wish death, nor yet fear his might, God have the praise thereof with thanks.

My Letter Sent to the Lord Chancellor.

The Lord God, by whom all creatures have their being, bless you with the light of his knowledge, amen. My duty to your lordship remembered, etc. It might please you to accept this my bold suit as the suit of one, which upon due considerations, is moved to the same and hopeth to obtain. My request to your lordship is only that it may please the same to be a mean[2] for me to the King's Majesty, that his Grace may be certified[3] of these few lines which I have written concerning my belief. Which when it shall be truly conferred[4] with the hard judgement given me for the same, I think his Grace shall well perceive me to be weighed in an uneven pair of balances.[5] But I remit[6] my matter and cause to almighty God, which rightly judgeth all secrets. And thus I commend your lordship to the governance of him, and fellowship of all saints. Amen. By your handmaid, Anne Askew.

My Faith Briefly Written to the King's Grace.

I, Anne Askew, of good memory[7] although God hath given me the bread of adversity and the water of trouble, yet not so much as my sins have deserved, desire this to be known to your Grace: that forasmuch as I am by the law condemned for an evil doer, here I take heaven and earth to record, that I shall die in my innocency. And according to that I have said first, and will say last, I utterly abhor and detest all heresies. And as concerning the Supper of the Lord, I believe so much as Christ hath said therein, which he confirmed with his most blessed blood. I believe also so much as he willed me to follow and believe, and so much as the catholic church of him doth teach. For I will not forsake the commandment of his holy lips, but look what God hath charged me with his mouth; that have I shut up in my heart. And thus brevily[8] I end, for the lack of learning.
Anne Askew.

The Effect of My Examination and Handling, Since My Departure from Newgate.

On Tuesday I was sent from Newgate to the sign of the crown where as Master Rich and the Bishop of London[9] with all their power and flattering words went about to persuade me from God. But I did not esteem glozing pretences.[10] Then came there to me Nicholas Shaxton,[11] and counselled me to recant as he had done. Then I said to him, that it had been good for him never to have been born, with many other like words.

Then Master Rich sent me to the Tower, where I remained till three of the clock. Then came Master Rich and one of the Council, charging me upon my obedience, to show unto them, if I knew man or woman of my sect. My answer was, that I knew none. Then they asked me of my Lady of Suffolk, my Lady of Sussex, my Lady of Hertford,

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[1] *the 9 chapter of Daniel ... 24 of Matthew* All of these passages address the worship of idols and false gods.

[2] *mean* intermediary.

[3] *certified* informed.

[4] *conferred* compared.

[5] *uneven pair of balances* uneven scale.

[6] *remit* give up, surrender.

[7] *of good memory* of sound mind.

[8] *brevily* briefly.

[9] *Master Rich and the Bishop of London* Richard Rich (?1496-1567), a member of the conservative faction at court (*DNB online*), and Edmund Bonner (c. 1500-69), bishop of London, 1540-49 and 1553-59.

[10] *esteem glozing pretences* i.e., place value on flattering, false professions.

[11] *Nicholas Shaxton* Shaxton (1485?-1556), former bishop of Salisbury, was condemned for heresy on the same day as Askew, but recanted (*DNB online*).

my Lady Denny, and my Lady Fitzwilliam.[1] I said, if I should pronounce anything against them, that I were not able to prove it.

Then said they unto me, that the King was informed, that I could name, if I would, a great number of my sect. Then I answered that the King was as well deceived in that behalf as dissembled with in other matters.

Then commanded they me to show, how I was maintained in the Counter,[2] and who willed me to stick by my opinion. I said that there was no creature, that therein did strengthen me. And as for the help that I had in the Counter, it was by the means of my maid. For as she went abroad in the streets, she made to the prentices,[3] and they by her did send me money. But who they were, I never knew.

Then they said, that there were diverse gentlewomen, that gave me money. But I knew not their names. Then they said that there were diverse ladies, which had sent me money. I answered, that there was a man in a blue coat, which delivered me 10 shillings, and said that my Lady of Hertford sent it me. And another in a violet coat did give me eight shillings, and said that my Lady Denny sent it me. Whether it were true or no, I cannot tell. For I am not sure who sent it me, but as the men did say.

Then they said, there were of the Council that did maintain me. And I said, no. Then they did put me on the rack,[4] because I confessed no ladies nor gentlewomen to be of my opinion, and thereon they kept me a long time. And because I lay still and did not cry, my Lord Chancellor and Master Rich took pains to rack me their own hands, till I was nigh dead.

Then the lieutenant[5] caused me to be loosed from the rack. Incontinently I swounded,[6] and then they recovered me again. After that I sat two long hours reasoning with my Lord Chancellor upon the bare floor, where as he with many flattering words persuaded me to leave my opinion. But my Lord God (I thank his everlasting goodness) gave me grace to persevere, and will do (I hope) to the very end.

Then was I brought to an house, and laid in a bed, with as weary and painful bones as ever had patient Job,[7] I thank my Lord God thereof. Then my Lord Chancellor sent me word if I would leave my opinion, I should want nothing. If I would not, I should forth to Newgate, and so be burned. I sent him again word, that I would rather die, than to break my faith. Thus the Lord open the eyes of their blind hearts, that the truth may take place. Farewell dear friend, and pray, pray, pray.

Anne Askew's Answer unto John Lascelles's Letter.

O friend most dearly beloved in God, I marvel not a little what should move you to judge in me so slender a faith as to fear death, which is the end of all misery. In the Lord I desire you, not to believe of me such wickedness. For I doubt it not, but God will perform his work in me, like as he hath begun.

I understand the Council is not a little displeased, that it should be reported abroad, that I was racked in the Tower. They say now, that[8] they did there was but to fear me. Whereby I perceive, they are ashamed of their uncomely[9] doings, and fear much lest the King's Majesty should have

[1] *my Lady of Suffolk … my Lady Fitzwilliam* Katherine Parr's reformist ladies-in-waiting included Catherine Brandon, duchess of Suffolk, whose husband was a friend of Askew's brother-in-law; Anne Calthorpe, countess of Sussex; Anne Stanhope, countess of Hertford, whose husband was Edward Seymour, later Lord Protector; Lady Joan Denny, wife of a close friend and member of Henry VIII's household; Lady Jane Fitzwilliam, wife of a privy councillor.

[2] *the Counter* a London prison.

[3] *prentices* apprentices.

[4] *rack* instrument of torture, consisting (usually) of a frame having a roller at each end; the victim was fastened to these by the wrists and ankles, and had the joints of his/her limbs stretched by their rotation.

[5] *the lieutenant* Sir Anthony Knyvett (1485-1549) was a gentleman in Henry VIII's household.

[6] *Incontinently I swounded* at once I fainted.

[7] *Job* In the Old Testament, God allows Satan to afflict Job, a wealthy and pious Jew, with many hardships, including the death of his children and physical afflictions, in order to test his faith.

[8] *that* i.e., that which.

[9] *uncomely* unbecoming, unseemly.

information thereof. Wherefore they would no man to noise[1] it. Well, their cruelty God forgive them. Your heart in Christ Jesu. Farewell, and pray.

I have read the process, which is reported of them that know not the truth to be my recantation. But as sure as the Lord liveth, I never meant thing less than to recant. Notwithstanding this I confess, that in my first troubles, I was examined of the Bishop of London about the Sacrament. Yet had they no grant of my mouth but this: that I believed therein, as the word of God did bind me to believe. More had they never of me.

Then he made a copy, which is now in print, and required me to set thereunto my hand. But I refused it. Then my two sureties did will me in no wise to stick thereat. For it was no great matter, they said. Then with much ado, at the last I wrote thus: "I, Anne Askew, do believe this if God's word do agree to the same, and the true catholic church."

Then the Bishop, being in great displeasure with me, because I made doubts in my writing, commanded me to prison, where I was awhile. But afterwards by the means of friends, I came out again. Here is the truth of that matter. And as concerning the thing that ye covet most to know, resort to the 6 of John,[2] and be ruled always thereby. Thus fare ye well. Quoth[3] Anne Askew.

The Confession of Her Faith Which Anne Askew Made in Newgate Afore She Suffered.

I, Anne Askew, of good memory although my merciful Father hath given me the bread of adversity, and the water of trouble, yet not so much as my sins hath deserved, confess myself here a sinner before the throne of his heavenly Majesty desiring his eternal mercy. And for so much as I am by the law unrighteously condemned for an evil doer concerning opinions, I take the same most merciful God of mine, which hath made both heaven and earth, to record that I hold no opinions contrary to his most holy word.

And I trust in my merciful Lord, which is the giver of all grace, that he will graciously assist me against all evil opinions, which are contrary to his blessed verity. For I take him to witness, that I have, do, and will do, unto my life's end, utterly abhor them to the uttermost of my power. But this is the heresy which they report me to hold, that after the priest hath spoken the words of consecration, there remaineth but bread still.

But they both say, and also teach it for a necessary article of faith, that after those words be once spoken, there remaineth no bread, but even the self same body that hung upon the cross on Good Friday,[4] both flesh, blood, and bone. To this belief of theirs, say I nay. For then were our common Creed[5] false, which sayeth that he sitteth on the right hand of God the Father almighty, and from thence shall come to judge the quick[6] and the dead. Lo, this is the heresy that I hold, and for it must suffer the death.

But as touching the holy and blessed Supper of the Lord, I believe it to be a most necessary remembrance of his glorious sufferings and death. Moreover I believe as much therein, as my eternal and only redeemer Jesus Christ would I should believe. Finally I believe all those Scriptures to be true, whom he hath confirmed with his most precious blood.

Yea, and as St. Paul sayeth, those Scriptures are sufficient for our learning and salvation, that Christ hath left here with us. So that I believe, we need no unwritten verities to rule his Church with. Therefore look what he hath laid unto me with his own mouth, in his holy Gospel, that have I with God's grace closed up in my heart. And my full trust is (as David sayeth) that it shall be a lantern to my footsteps (Psalm 118).

There be some do say, that I deny the Eucharist or sacrament of thanksgiving, but those people do

[1] *to noise* report, spread.

[2] *the 6 of John* John 6:31-63, in which Christ refers to himself as the bread of life.

[3] *Quoth* said.

[4] *Good Friday* the day Christ was crucified.

[5] *Creed* statement of belief used by most Christian denominations.

[6] *quick* living.

untruly report of me. For I both say and believe it, that if it were ordered like as Christ instituted it and left it, a most singular comfort it were unto us all. But as concerning your Mass, as it is now used in our days, I do say and believe it to be the most abominable idol that is in the world. For my God will not be eaten with teeth, neither yet dieth he again. And upon these words, that I have spoken, will I suffer death.

O Lord, I have more enemies now than there be hairs on my head. Yet, Lord, let them never overcome me with vain words. But fight thou, Lord, in my stead. For on thee cast I my care. With all the spite they can imagine, they fall upon me which am thy poor creature. Yet sweet Lord, let me not sit by them which are against thee. For in thee is my whole delight.

And Lord, I heartily desire of thee, that thou wilt of thy most merciful goodness, forgive them that violence, which they do and have done unto me. Open also thou their blind hearts, that they may hereafter do that thing in thy sight, which is only acceptable before thee. And to set forth thy verity aright, without all vain fantasies of sinful men. So be it. O Lord, so be it. By me Anne Askew.

The Ballad Which Anne Askew Made and Sang When She Was in Newgate.

Like as the armed knight[1]
Appointed to the field,
With this world will I fight,
And faith shall be my shield.

Faith is that weapon strong
Which will not fail at need.
My foes therefore among
Therewith will I proceed.

As it is had in strength
And force of Christes[2] way,
It will prevail at length,
Though all the devils say nay.

Faith in the fathers old
Obtained rightwiseness,[3]
Which make me very bold
To fear no world's distress.[4]

I now rejoice in heart,
And hope bid me do so,
For Christ will take my part
And ease me of my woe.

Thou sayst, Lord, who so knock
To them wilt thou attend.[5]
Undo therefore the lock,
And thy strong power send.

More enemies now I have,
Than hairs upon my head.
Let them not me deprave,
But fight thou in my stead.

On thee my care I cast.
For all their cruel spite
I set not by their hast[6]
For thou art my delight.

I am not she that list
My anchor to let fall,
For every drizzling mist,
My ship substantial.

Nor oft use I to write
In prose nor yet in rhyme.
Yet will I show one sight
That I saw in my time.

I saw a royal throne,
Where Justice should have sit,

[1] *armed knight* allusion to Ephesians 6:10-17, which refers to the loincloth of truth, breastplate of righteousness, shoes of the Gospel, shield of faith, helmet of salvation, and sword of the word of God.
[2] *Christes* i.e., Christ's (two syllables).
[3] *rightwiseness* righteousness.
[4] *distress* trouble, adversity.
[5] *Thou sayst … attend* "Ask, and it will be given to you; seek, and you will find; knock, and it will be opened to you" (Matthew 7:7).
[6] *hast* rashness.

But in her stead was one
Of moody cruel wit.

Absorpt[1] was rightwiseness
As of the raging flood.
Satan in his excess
Sucked up the guiltless blood.

Then thought I, Jesus Lord,
When thou shalt judge us all,
Hard is it to record
On these men what will fall.

Yet, Lord, I thee desire
For that they do to me
Let them not taste the hire[2]
Of their iniquity.

FINIS.

God save the King.

God hath chosen the weak things of the world, to confound things which are mighty. Yea, and things of no reputation, for to bring to nought things of reputation, that no flesh should presume in his sight (1 Corinth. 1).

—1547

[1] *Absorpt* absorbed.

[2] *hire* wage, recompense.

Katherine Parr, queen of England
1512-1548

Katherine Parr's devotional writing was produced in the midst of stormy debate over religious reform in Tudor England while she engaged in the dangerous world of religious politicking at the court of the ailing Henry VIII. As his sixth and final wife, Parr was twice-widowed by the age of 29: she had married Edward, Lord Borough of Gainsborough, at 13, followed by John Neville, Lord Latimer, at 20. The Parr family was well established at court. Her father served as master of wards and comptroller of the household to Henry VIII, and her mother as lady-in-waiting to Henry's first wife, Katherine of Aragon.[1]

Her mother arranged for Katherine to be educated in Latin and the central texts of Christian humanism with Princess Mary and the children of Thomas More. After the death of her first husband, Parr became lady-in-waiting to Katherine of Aragon, leaving to marry her second husband when the King married Anne Boleyn in 1533. Steeped in Catholicism by virtue of her family roots in the north and her service to Katherine of Aragon, Parr's first foray into religious politics occurred in 1536 soon after Henry VIII's split with the Church of Rome. At this time her husband, Lord Latimer, led a group of northern rebels dismayed at the disposition of Church properties after the dissolution of the monasteries in what became known as the Pilgrimage of Grace. Parr's deft diplomacy, conducted through her sister and brother, succeeded in saving her husband and herself from the imprisonment and death that awaited many of the other leaders.

Parr's conversion to Protestantism appears to have occurred after her 1543 marriage to Henry VIII. During his military campaign in France in the summer of 1544, she was appointed regent, a responsibility unprecedented among Henry's wives, and met for daily study of Scripture with the architect of the English Reformation, Thomas Cranmer, archbishop of Canterbury. Certainly, her patronage of a circle of Protestant humanist intellectuals, including John Cheke, Miles Coverdale, William Cecil, Nicholas Udall, and John Parkhurst, and spearheading of a project to translate Erasmus's *Paraphrases upon the New Testament* as a guide for Bible study in English churches indicate reformist tendencies. Through this period, she also directed the education of Edward and Elizabeth, the younger children of Henry VIII, and attempted to repair relations with her elder stepdaughter, Mary. By 1545-46, Parr's diplomatic skill was again required when conservative archbishop Stephen Gardiner planted rumours of her disloyalty with the increasingly capricious King; he attempted to have the Queen and the ladies of her chamber arrested for their connections to the Protestant martyr, Anne Askew. Indeed, the Queen and her ladies were known to read and discuss Scripture and, through her northern family connections, Parr was acquainted with Lincolnshire-born Askew. However, catching wind of the plot—Gardiner had gone so far as to have articles of heresy drawn up and signed—she interceded successfully with Henry. While he ostensibly acquiesced to the plan to have Gardiner's henchmen search the chambers of the Queen and her ladies, no incriminating evidence of their divergence from Henry's more Catholic stance on religious matters was found and the perpetrators were imprisoned.

Published in the same year, the first edition of Parr's *Prayers or Meditations* reflects the careful balance she maintained during Henry's life. While the apparent motive for its production was to provide an English manual for private devotion to accompany Cranmer's translation of the Litany, the content of the volume is not markedly reformist. At its core is a redaction of an English translation of Thomas à Kempis's *Imitatio Christi*, albeit with its monastic elements, invocation of saints, and prayers for the departed omitted. The collection closes with stand-alone prayers. The contents of the book avoided any kind of offence, whether to "Roman Catholic, Lutheran, or Calvinist. The prayers are not related to any liturgical observances but comprise a collection of purely private devotions."[2] Despite, or perhaps because of, its lack of clear doctrinal alignment, the collection became immensely popular and a staple in the burgeoning market for books of private prayer. It became known as "The Queen's Prayers," with 16 editions by 1640.

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[1] The biographical details of this headnote are drawn largely from S. James's *Kateryn Parr: The Making of a Queen* (Aldershot, 1999).

[2] W. Haugaard, "Katherine Parr: The Religious Convictions of a Renaissance Queen," *Renaissance Quarterly* 22 (1969): 354.

Less temporizing is Parr's *Lamentation of a Penitent Sinner*, published a few months after the death of Henry VIII in 1547. *Lamentation* is one of the earliest Protestant spiritual autobiographies in English. The preface, written by William Cecil (later Elizabeth I's chief minister), frames the work as a call to reform. Structured in roughly three parts, Parr gives an account of her conversion, in which she confesses previous sins—including pride, love of riches, ignorance, and superstition—and describes her struggle to achieve faith through personal understanding of Christ's crucifixion. This intimate reflection is followed by an elaboration of its broader doctrinal meaning, which is in turn applied to wider social and political concerns in the final section. Characteristically, each part includes reflection on biblical verses and questions of doctrine. While its tone is personal, Parr's text is clearly influenced by key Reformation figures like Erasmus, Thomas Cranmer, Hugh Latimer, and William Tyndale in its structure, literary style, self-referentiality, and social concern with building Christian community.[1] Like *Prayers or Meditations*, the *Lamentation* was also popular and went through three editions between 1547 and 1563.

Katherine Parr lived the last year of her life with Lord Admiral Thomas Seymour, a notorious rascal whom she married within an unseemly four months following Henry VIII's death. Their home at Sudley Castle was also home to the young Princess Elizabeth until Seymour's advances made it impracticable. With Seymour, Parr gave birth to a daughter, Mary, on 30 August 1548, but like many women in this period died a week later on September 7 of puerperal or "childbed" fever, the direct result of her physician's poor hygiene.

EDITIONS: *Prayers or medytacions* … London: Thomas Berthelet, 1545. STC 4818.5; *The lamentacion of a synner.* London: Edward Whitchurch, 1547. STC 4827; "Letter to Mary," *Letters of Royal and Illustrious Ladies of Great Britain.* Vol. II. Ed. Mary Anne Everett Green. London: H. Colburn, 1860. pp. 180-82.

from *Prayers or Meditations, Wherein the Mind Is Stirred, Patiently to Suffer All Afflictions Here, to Set at Nought the Vain Prosperity of This World, and Always to Long for the Everlasting Felicity: Collected out of Certain Holy Works by the Most Virtuous and Gracious Princess Katherine, Queen of England, France and Ireland.*

[2]Most benign Lord Jesu, grant me thy grace, that it may alway work in me and persevere with me unto the end.

Grant me that I may ever desire and will that which is most pleasant and most acceptable to thee.

Thy will be my will, and my will be to follow alway thy will.

Let there be alway in me one will and one desire with thee, and that I have no desire to will, or not to will, but as thou wilt.

Lord, thou knowest what thing is most profitable and most expedient for me.

Give therefore what thou wilt, as much as thou wilt, and when thou wilt.

Do with me what thou wilt, as it shall please thee, and as shall be most to thine honour.

Put me where thou wilt and freely do with me in all things after thy will.

Thy creature I am, and in thy hands lead and turn me where thou wilt.

Lo, I am thy servant, ready to all things that thou commandest, for I desire not to live to myself, but to thee.

Lord Jesu, I pray thee grant me grace that I never set my heart on the things of this world, but that all worldly and carnal affections may utterly die and be mortified in me.

[1] J. Mueller, "A Tudor Queen Finds Voice: Katherine Parr's *Lamentation of a Sinner*," *The Historical Renaissance: New Essays on Tudor and Stuart Literature and Culture* (Chicago, 1988), pp. 15-47, traces Parr's use of multiple sources in the production of her authorial voice.

[2] The following two selections are from the main body of the text, preceding the titled prayers.

Grant me above all things that I may rest in thee and fully quiet and pacify my heart in thee.

[...]

Behold Lord, I have nought, and of myself I am nought worth; thou art only God. Righteous and holy, thou orderest all things, thou givest all things, and thou fulfillest all things with goodness.

I am a sinner, barren and void of godly virtue.

Remember thy mercies and fill my heart with plenty of thy grace, for thou wilt not that thy works in me should be made in vain.

How may I bear the misery of this life, except thy grace and mercy do comfort me?

Turn not thy face from me, defer not thy visiting of me, ne withdraw not thy comforts, lest haply my soul be made as dry earth without the water of grace.

Teach me, Lord, to fulfill thy will, to live meekly and worthily before thee, for thou art all my wisdom and cunning,[1] thou art he that knowest me as I am, that knewest me before the world was made, and before I was born or brought into this life. To thee, O Lord, be honour, glory and praise for ever and ever. Amen.

A Prayer for the King.[2]

O Lord Jesu Christ, most high, most mighty, King of kings, Lord of lords, the only ruler of princes, the very Son of God, on whose right hand sitting, dost from thy throne behold all the dwellers upon earth. With most lowly hearts we beseech thee, vouchsafe with favourable regard to behold our most gracious sovereign lord, King Henry the VIII and so replenish him with the grace of thy Holy Spirit, that he always incline to thy will, and walk in thy way. Keep him far off from ignorance, but through thy gift let prudence and knowledge always abound in his royal heart. So instruct him, O Lord Jesu, reigning upon us in earth, that his human majesty alway obey thy divine majesty in fear and dread. Indue[3] him plentifully with heavenly gifts. Grant him in health and wealth long to live. Heap glory and honour upon him. Glad him with the joy of thy countenance.[4] So strength him, that he may vanquish and overcome all his and our foes, and be dread and feared of all the enemies of his realm. Amen.

A Prayer for Men to Say Entering into Battle.

O almighty King and Lord of hosts, which by thy angels thereunto appointed dost minister both war and peace, and which didst give unto David both courage and strength, being but a little one, unarmed, and unexpert in feats of war with his sling to set upon and overthrow the great huge Goliath,[5] our cause now being just, and being enforced to enter into war and battle, we most humbly beseech thee, O Lord God of hosts, so to turn the hearts of our enemies to the desire of peace, that no Christian blood be spilt, or else grant, O Lord, that with small effusion[6] of blood, and to the little hurt and damage of innocents, we may to thy glory obtain victory, and that the wars being soon ended, we may all with one heart and mind, knit together in concord and unity, laud and praise thee, which livest and reignest, world without end. Amen.

—1545

[1] *cunning* knowledge, learning.

[2] *A Prayer for the King* This prayer and the next were likely added by the printer, rather than composed by Parr herself.

[3] *Indue* invest, endow.

[4] *countenance* favour.

[5] *David … Goliath* allusion to the story of the unequal battle between the Philistine giant, Goliath, and David, who defeated him with a single stone from his slingshot (1 Samuel 17:41-50).

[6] *effusion* spilling, outpouring.

from *The Lamentation of a Sinner, Made by the Most Virtuous Lady, Queen Katherine, Bewailing the Ignorance of Her Blind Life: Set Forth and Put in Print at the Instant Desire of the Right Gracious Lady Catherine, Duchess of Suffolk,*[1] *and the Earnest Request of the Right Honourable Lord William Parr, Marquis of Northampton.*[2]

William Cecil,[3] Having Taken Much Profit by the Reading of This Treatise Following, Wisheth unto Every Christian by the Reading Thereof Like Profit with Increase from God.

Most gentle and Christian reader, if matters should be rather confirmed by their reporters than the reports warranted by the matters, I might justly bewail our time wherein evil deeds be well worded, and good acts evil cleped.[4] But since truth is that things be not good for their praises, but be praised for their goodness, I do not move thee to like this Christian treatise because I have mind to praise it, but I exhort thee to mind it and for the goodness thou shalt allow it, for whose liking I labour not to obtain, only moved by my example, their judgement I regard chiefly confirmed by the matter.

Truly our time is so disposed to grant good names to evil fruits and excellent terms to mean works, that neither can good deeds enjoy their due names, being defrauded by the evil, neither excellent works can possess their worthy terms, being forestalled by the mean. Insomuch that men seek rather how much they can than how much they ought to say, inclining more to their pleasure than to their judgement, and to show themselves rather eloquent than the matter good, so that neither the goodness of the cause can move them to say more, neither the evilness less. For if the excellence of this Christian contemplation, either for the goodness herein to marvel appearing, either for the profit hereupon to the reader ensuing,[5] should be with due commendation followed, I of necessity should either travail[6] to find out new words, the old being anticipated by evil matters, or wish that the common speech of praising were spared until convenient matters were found to spend it, such is the plenty of praising and scarceness of deserving.

Wherefore lacking the manner in words, and not the matter in deed of high commendation, I am compelled to keep in my judgement with silence, trusting whom my report could not have moved to like this present treatise, the worthiness of the matter shall compel to give it honour. Any earthly man would soon be stirred to see some mystery of magic, or practice of alchemy, or perchance[7] some enchantment of elements, but thou which art christened hast here a wonderful mystery of the mercy of God, a heavenly practice of regeneration, a spiritual enchantment of the grace of God. If joy and triumphs be showed when a king's child is born to the world, what joy is sufficient when God's child is regenerated from Heaven? The one is flesh which is born of flesh; the other is spirit, which is born of spirit. The one also shall wither like the grass of the earth in short time; the other shall live in Heaven beyond all time.

If the finding of one lost sheep be more joyful than the having of ninety and nine,[8] what joy is it to consider the return of a stray child of almighty God, whose return teacheth the ninety and nine to come to their fold? Even such cause of joy is this, that the angels in Heaven take comfort herein. Be thou therefore joyful where a noble child is newly

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1 *Catherine, Duchess of Suffolk* Catherine Brandon (1519/20-80) was a close friend and ardent reformer who, with her husband, spent Mary's reign in exile on the Continent.

2 *Lord William Parr, Marquis of Northampton* Katherine's brother.

3 *William Cecil* Lord Burghley (1520/21-98) was secretary to Lord Protector Somerset, who headed the Council of Regency during Edward VI's reign, and later Elizabeth I's lord treasurer (*DNB online*).

4 *cleped* called.

5 *ensuing* following as a result or consequence.

6 *travail* exert, work.

7 *perchance* as it happens.

8 *one lost sheep … ninety and nine* Luke 15:4-7.

born; show thyself glad where the lost sheep hath won the whole flock; be thou not sad, wherein angels rejoice. Here mayest thou see one, if the kind may move thee, a woman, if degree may provoke thee, a woman of high estate by birth made noble, by marriage most noble, by wisdom godly, by a mighty king, an excellent queen, by a famous Henry, a renowned Katherine, a wife to him that was a king to realms, refusing the world wherein she was lost to obtain Heaven wherein she may be saved, abhorring sin which made her bound to receive grace, whereby she may be free, despising flesh, the cause of corruption, to put on the spirit, the cause of sanctification, forsaking ignorance, wherein she was blind, to come to knowledge whereby she may see, removing superstition, wherewith she was smothered, to embrace true religion, wherewith she may revive.

The fruit of this treatise, good reader, is thy amendment. This only had, the writer is satisfied. This good lady thought no shame to detect her sin, to obtain remission; no vileness to become nothing, to be a member of him, which is all things in all; no folly to forget the wisdom of the world, to learn the simplicity of the Gospel; at the last, no displeasantness to submit herself to the school of the cross, the learning of the crucifix, the book of our redemption, the very absolute library of God's mercy and wisdom. This way thought she her honour increased and her state permanent, to make her earthly honour heavenly and neglect the transitory for the everlasting. Of this I would thee warned that the profit may ensue. These great mysteries and graces be not well perceived, except they be surely studied, neither be they perfectly studied, except they be diligently practiced, neither profitably practiced, without amendment. See and learn hereby what she hath done, then mayest thou practice and amend that thou canst do; so shalt thou practice with ease, having a guide, and amend with profit, having a zeal. It is easier to see these than to learn; begin at the easiest to come to the harder; see thou her confession, that thou mayest learn her repentance; practice her perseverance, that thou mayest have like amendment; displease thyself, in eschewing vice, that thou mayest please God in asking grace; let not shame hinder thy confession, which hindered not the offence; be thou sure if we knowledge our sins, God is faithful to forgive us, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness; obey the prophet's saying; declare thy ways to the Lord. Thus far thou mayest learn to know thyself; next this be thou as diligent to relieve thyself in God's mercy, as thou hast been to reveal thyself in thine own repentance. For God hath concluded all things under sin because he would have mercy upon all who hath also borne our sins in his body, upon the tree, that we should be delivered from sin, and should live unto rightwiseness, by whose stripe[1] we be healed. Here is our anchor, here is our shepherd, here we be made whole, here is our life, our redemption, our salvation, and our bliss. Let us therefore now feed by this gracious Queen's example and be not ashamed to become in confession publicans, since this noble lady will be no Pharisee.[2]

And to all ladies of estate I wish as earnest mind to follow our Queen in virtue, as in honour, that they might once appear to prefer God before the world and be honourable in religion, which now be honourable in vanities; so shall they, as in some virtuous ladies of right high estate it is with great comfort seen, taste of this freedom of remission of this everlasting bliss, which exceedeth all thoughts and understandings, and is prepared for the holy in spirit, for the which let us with our intercession in holiness and pureness of life, offer ourselves to the heavenly Father an undefiled host, to whom be eternal praise and glory through all the earth, without end. Amen.

A Lamentation or Complaint of a Sinner

When I consider, in the bethinking of mine evil, and wretched former life, mine obstinate, stony,

[1] *stripe* welt, wound.

[2] *publicans … Pharisee* allusion to Luke 18:9-14, in which Christ tells the story of the Pharisee and the tax collector at the temple. The Pharisee made much of his own virtue, while the tax collector simply prayed "God, be merciful to me, a sinner."

and intractable[1] heart, to have so much exceeded in evilness that it hath not only neglected, yea contemned[2] and despised God's holy precepts and commandments, but also embraced, received, and esteemed vain, foolish, and feigned trifles, I am, partly by the hate I owe to sin, who hath reigned in me, partly by the love I owe to all Christians, whom I am content to edify, even with the example of mine own shame, forced and constrained with my heart and words to confess and declare to the world how ingrate,[3] negligent, unkind, and stubborn I have been to God my Creator and how beneficial, merciful, and gentle he hath been always to me his creature, being such a miserable, and wretched sinner. Truly I have taken no little small thing upon me, first to set forth my whole stubbornness and contempt in words, the which is incomprehensible in thought as it is in the Psalm,[4] who understandeth his faults? Next this to declare the excellent beneficence, mercy, and goodness of God, which is infinite, unmeasurable. Neither can all the words of angels and men make relation thereof, as appertaineth to his most high goodness. Who is he that is not forced to confess the same, if he consider what he hath received of God, and doth daily receive? Yea, if men would not acknowledge, and confess the same, the stones would cry it out.[5] Truly I am constrained and forced to speak and write thereof to mine own confusion and shame, but to the great glory and praise of God. For he as a loving father, of most abundant and high goodness, hath heaped upon me innumerable benefits.

[...] Therefore inwardly to behold Christ crucified upon the cross is the best and godliest meditation that can be [...]. Therefore to learn to know truly our own sins is to study in the book of the crucifix, by continual conversation in faith, and to have perfect and plentiful charity is to learn first by faith the charity that is in God towards us [...]. Truly it may be most justly verified that to behold Christ crucified in spirit is the best meditation that can be. I certainly never knew mine own miseries and wretchedness so well by book, admonition, or learning, as I have done by looking into the spiritual book of the crucifix. I lament much I have passed so many years not regarding that divine book, but I judged, and thought myself to be well instructed in the same, whereas now I am of this opinion that if God would suffer me to live here a M. year[6] and should study continually in the same divine book I should not be filled with the contemplation thereof. Neither hold I myself contented, but always have a great desire to learn and study more therein. I never knew mine own wickedness, neither lamented for my sins truly, until the time God inspired me with his grace, that I looked into this book. Then I began to see perfectly that mine own power and strength could not help me, and that I was in the Lord's hand, even as the clay is in the potter's hand.

[...] If any man shall be offended at this my lamenting the faults of men which be in the world, fantasying[7] with themselves that I do it either of hatred or of malice to any sort or kind of people, verily in so doing they shall do me great wrong, for I thank God by his grace, I hate no creature. Yea, I would say more to give witness of my conscience, that neither life, honour, riches, neither whatsoever I possess here, which appertaineth unto mine own private commodity, be it never so dearly beloved of me, but most willingly and gladly I would leave it to win any man to Christ, of what degree or sort soever he were. And yet is this nothing in comparison to the charity that God hath showed me in sending Christ to die for me. No, if I had all the charity of angels and apostles, it should be but like a spark of fire compared to a great heap of

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1 *intractable* stubborn, resistant.

2 *contemned* despised, disdained.

3 *ingrate* ungrateful, disagreeable.

4 *Psalm* Psalm 92:5-7: "How great are thy works, O Lord! Thy thoughts are very deep! The dull man cannot know, the stupid man cannot understand this: that, though the wicked sprout like grass and all evildoers flourish, they are doomed to destruction forever."

5 *if men would not acknowledge … would cry it out* "He answered, 'I tell you, if these were silent, the very stones would cry it out'" (Luke 19:40).

6 *M. year* M is the Roman numeral designating 1000 (i.e., a thousand years).

7 *fantasying* fancying.

burning coals. God knoweth of what intent and mind I have lamented mine own sins and faults to the world. I trust nobody will judge that I have done it for praise, or thank of any creature, since rather I might be ashamed than rejoice in rehearsal thereof. For if they know how little I esteem and weigh the praise of the world, that opinion were soon removed and taken away, for I thank God, by his grace, I know the world to be a blind judge and the praises thereof vain and of little moment. And therefore I seek not the praises of the same, neither to satisfy it none otherwise than I am taught by Christ to do according to Christian charity. I would to God we would all, when occasion doth serve, confess our faults to the world, all respects to our own commodity laid apart. But, alas, self love doth so much reign amongst us that, as I have said before, we cannot espy our own faults. And although sometime we find our own guilt, either we be favourable to interpret it no sin, or else we be ashamed to confess ourselves thereof [...]. But yet willful blindness and obstinate ignorance shall receive greater punishment, and not without just cause. Then shall it be known who hath walked in the dark, for all things shall appear manifest before him. No man's deeds shall be hidden, no, neither words nor thoughts. The poor and simple observers of God's commandments shall be rewarded with everlasting life as obedient children to the heavenly Father. And the transgressors, adders, and diminishers of the law of God shall receive eternal damnation for their just reward. I beseech God we may escape this fearful sentence and be found such faithful creatures and loving children that we may hear the happy, comfortable, and most joyful sentence, ordained for the children of God, which is, "Come hither ye blessed of my Father and receive the kingdom of Heaven prepared for you before the beginning of the world."[1] Unto the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost be all honour and glory, world without end. Amen.

—1547

[1] *Come hither … beginning of the world* Matthew 25:34.

Letter to Mary

Although, most noble and dearest lady, there are many reasons that easily induce my writing to you at this time, yet nothing so greatly moves me thereto as my concern for your health, which, as I hope it is very good, so am I greatly desirous to be assured thereof.

Wherefore, I dispatch to you this messenger, who will be, I judge most acceptable to you, not only from his skill in music, in which you, I am well aware, take as much delight as myself, but also because, having long sojourned[2] with me, he can give the most certain information of my whole estate and health. And, in truth, I have had it in mind before this to have made a journey to you and salute you in person, but all things do not correspond with my will. Now, however, I hope this winter and that ere long, that, being nearer, we shall meet, than which, I assure you, nothing can be to me more agreeable and more to my heart's desire.

Now since, as I have heard, the finishing touch, as far as the translation is concerned, is given by Mallet to Erasmus's work upon John,[3] and nought[4] now remains but that proper care and vigilance should be taken in revising, I entreat you to send over to me this very excellent and useful work, now amended by Mallet or some of your people, that it may be committed to the press in due time, and farther, to signify whether you wish it to go forth to the world, most auspiciously, under your name, or as the production of an unknown writer. To which work you will, in my opinion, do a real injury if you refuse to let it go down to posterity under the auspices of your own name, since you have undertaken so much labour in accurately translating it for the great good of the public, and would have undertaken still greater, as

[2] *sojourned* remained, resided.

[3] *Mallet … upon John* Francis Mallet, Mary's chaplain, participated with the two women in the translation of Erasmus's *Paraphrases upon the New Testament.* He completed Mary's translation of the section on the Gospel of John (James, *Kateryn Parr*, p. 228).

[4] *nought* nothing.

is well known, if the health of your body had permitted.

And since all the world knows that you have toiled and laboured much in this business, I do not see why you should repudiate that praise which all men justly confer on you. However, I leave this whole matter to your discretion and, whatever resolution you may adopt, that will meet my fullest approbation.[1]

For the purse, which you have sent me as a present, I return you great thanks. I pray God, the greatest and best of beings, that he deign[2] to bless you uninterruptedly with true and unalloyed[3] happiness. May you long fare well in him.

From Hanworth, 20th of September,
Most devotedly and lovingly yours,
Katherine the Queen.

—1544 (first published,1860)

[1] *approbation* approval.

[2] *deign* condescend.

[3] *unalloyed* unmixed, pure.

Lady Anne Cooke Bacon

c. 1528-1610

The second daughter of Sir Anthony Cooke was born into a heady intellectual and political world. Her father served as tutor to Edward VI, and the accomplishments of the Cooke sisters earned the household at Gidea Hall a reputation as a "female university."[1] As well as developing fluency in Latin, Greek, French, and Italian, the intellectually formidable Cooke sisters were acquainted with a network of politically active young humanists who became highly influential in the latter half of the century. Mildred, the eldest, married William Cecil, Elizabeth I's chief secretary. Elizabeth married Sir Thomas Hoby and, after his death, John, Lord Russell. Katherine married Sir Henry Killigrew, one of Elizabeth I's diplomats. The youngest Cooke sister, Margaret, died young. Anne married Sir Nicholas Bacon, lord keeper of the Great Seal, in February 1553[2] and bore two children, Anthony and Francis. The latter became lord chancellor under James I.

Through the 1550s and 1560s, the sisters moved in a circle of international reformists that included figures like Barnardino Ochino, John Ponet, and Theodore de Bèze. Prior to her marriage, Bacon participated actively in this environment, translating sermons by Ochino that were published in several collections in 1548, 1551, and 1570. Translation was generally presented as a lesser literary activity, as indicated by Florio's comment in the preface to his 1603 translation of Montaigne that "all translations are reputed females, delivered at second hand." Sixteenth-century educators such as Juan Luis Vives and Richard Hyrde deemed translation to be a suitable form of work for women, because the women's words originated in a text by a man, which was understood then to place boundaries on what the female translator could say. While it was in some ways belittled, translation was also very significant because it constituted the largest single category of printed books and was essential for the dissemination of humanist scholarship and reformist theology in England. In her dedicatory epistle to *Fourtene Sermons concerning the predestination and election of God* (1551), Bacon demonstrates the notion that translation was a means of containing female speech and learning. She notes that in light of her mother's objections to her study of Italian, she has chosen to limit its use to religiously motivated translation. What Bacon suppresses with this comment is the importance of Ochino, and thus her translation, to the international reformist cause.

Bacon's other major work, *An Apology of the Church of England* (1564), was perhaps even more significant in religio-political terms, but shows the same downplaying of its political intent in deference to her gender. In 1559, once Elizabeth had been established on the throne and the Church of England re-established as separate from the Roman Catholic Church, attention turned to the unification of the English Church. Bishop John Jewel composed his *Apologia Ecclesiae Anglicanae* (1562), a work designed to articulate the English position to an international audience. This work was published in Latin, but an English version was needed for domestic purposes. In his preface to Bacon's translation, Archbishop Matthew Parker claims that an unsatisfactory translation had been printed the year before, in 1563, but that Bacon happened to send her version, unsolicited, to Bishop Jewel, who subsequently arranged its publication as a replacement. As a number of critics argue, it seems unlikely that Bacon would undertake translation of such a major political document for purely recreational purposes. Moreover, revised sections of the 1563 version appear in Bacon's work,[3] indicating that her translation was likely commissioned, despite protestations to the contrary. Thus, while Bacon's translation is framed by Parker in accordance with contemporary theories of both translation and gender, the circumstances of its production indicate a very different intent.

By 1572, the now-married Cooke sisters turned their attention locally when they acted in defence of Anne Locke's second husband, Edward Dering. The young Dering was a radical preacher, accused of insulting the Queen in a sermon;

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1 L. Schleiner, *Tudor and Stuart Women Writers* (Indiana, 1994), p. 34.

2 L. Magnusson, "Bacon [née Cooke], Anne, Lady Bacon (c. 1528-1610)," *DNB online.*

3 A. Stewart, "The Voices of Anne Cooke, Lady Anne and Lady Bacon" in *"This Double Voice": Gendered Writing in Early Modern England*, ed. D. Clarke and E. Clarke (London, 2000), p. 93.

he argued that her tolerance of poorly educated clergy and corrupt leadership in the English Church was sinful. The result was loss of both royal favour and his licence to preach, each of which was a blow to the strongly reformist faction at Elizabeth's Court. In an effort to soften the Queen's stance on Dering, the Cooke sisters produced a beautiful manuscript of a scientific work by Bartolo Sylva in Italian, Elizabeth I's favourite language. The volume opened with dedicatory poems in Greek and Latin composed by the sisters, Anne Locke, and Dering himself. This gift was channelled to the Queen through Robert Dudley, earl of Leicester (one of Elizabeth's favourites).[1] While the gift of a book to a monarch may seem an oddly indirect intervention, its boldness is made clearer with the knowledge that Anne Bacon's husband, Nicholas, was the Star Chamber prosecutor in Dering's case.

Nicholas Bacon died in 1579. The letters written during Anne Bacon's long widowhood reveal an ongoing interest in both political and domestic affairs and devotion to Protestant causes—a passion also expressed through her ongoing patronage of reformist preachers. In some of her letters, addressed to figures like her brother-in-law William Cecil, Lord Burghley, she offers instruction on matters of national import. By contrast, in letters addressed to her sons, she discusses the running of the family estate at Gorhambury, and dispenses strongly phrased advice and admonition. This is particularly true in the case of Anthony, who was sent on an extended Continental tour from 1579 to 1591 to gather intelligence for Francis Walsingham, the head of Elizabeth I's secret service, and his uncle, William Cecil. On this tour Anthony came into dangerous proximity to papist influences; in addition, his profligate spending progressively depleted the resources of both his inherited estates and those held by his mother for the remainder of her life.[2] The imperious tone of Bacon's letters has been used as evidence that she was "little better than frantic in her age."[3] However, analysis of over 170 extant letters from the 1590s between Bacon and her sons suggests that Bacon's blunt speech may result not from incipient dementia but from a combination of the prerogative of power and a poor reception by her recalcitrant offspring.[4] A similar recent suggestion is that "from 1579 Anne Cooke Bacon's voice is heard, independent, for the first time, and it is heard as mad."[5] Mad or not, this voice was finally silenced when Bacon died at age 82, but such was her influence that in his will her famous son asked to be buried by her side.

EDITIONS: "To the Christian Reader" and "To the ... Beloved Mother the Lady F." *Fouretene sermons of Barnardine Ochyne.* London: John Day, 1551. STC 18767; "The Interpreter to the Gentle Reader, Health in Christ Jesu" and "How a Christian Ought to Make His Last Will and Testament." *Sermons of Barnardine Ochine of Sena.* London: R. Carr for W. Redell, 1548. STC 18764; "Letter to Lord Burghley," "Lady Bacon to Anthony Bacon–3 February 1592," "Lady Bacon to Anthony Bacon–29 May 1592," "Lady Bacon to Anthony Bacon–24 July 1592," and "Francis Allen about Lady Bacon" in *The Letters and the Life of Francis Bacon.* Vol. 1. Ed. James Spedding. London: Longman, Green, Longman, and Roberts, 1861.

1 For an account of this incident, see Schleiner, *Tudor and Stuart Women Writers*, pp. 39-40.

2 *DNB online.*

3 *DNB online.*

4 L. Magnusson, "Widowhood and Linguistic Capital: The Rhetoric and Reception of Anne Bacon's Epistolary Advice," *English Literary Renaissance* 31 (2001): 19-22

5 Stewart, "The Voices of Anne Cooke," p. 89.

from *Sermons of Barnardine Ochine of Sena, Godly, Fruitful, and Very Necessary for All True Christians, Translated out of Italian into English.*

The Interpreter to the Gentle Reader, Health in Christ Jesu.

Death, good reader, as Scripture declareth, and our daily experience practiseth, to all mankind is a thing most certain and sure. For who is he that shall live and not see nor taste of death's cup. The longest livers at length died, neither king ne[1] keysar[2] can avoid the duty of death, but of necessity, as all are of earth and ashes, so shall they return into the same.

Notwithstanding this that sure we be to die, yet when it shall come, the Lord hath left secret to his own wisdom, chiefly because we should ever keep watch and ward and be still in a readiness with our lamps burning to wait upon the bridegroom,[3] which cometh we cannot tell when, whether at midnight, or at the cock's crowing, wherefore our master Christ gave us warning that we should be always waking and look vigilantly, for he cometh closely like a thief, without warning us at what hour he will come.[4]

Then as he findeth every man, so will he judge him, and where the tree falleth, whether it be toward the south or north, there it lieth. There is then no respite to be had, but straightway[5] due execution of God's justice shall come upon all flesh. Happy is he, therefore, whom his master at his returning findeth waking, for him shall he put in authority over all his treasure.[6]

And for so much as then the matter shall hang altogether in clearness of conscience, which at that time shall accuse a man or defend him, according as he hath kept it[7] clean with virtues or stained with vices (for in the book of men's conscience are all these deeds laid up, to be opened at the audit day of our death), me think nothing can be a greater stay to the conscience of man than to know how he ought to go out of this present life and what to carry with him to his account or leave behind him in the world.

In consideration whereof I have translated into my native speech out of Italian a sermon of master Barnadine Ochine, teaching how a true Christian ought to make his last will and for so much as the Devil is at that instant of death very bragging busily with man and diversely[8] troubleth him, and the justice of God on the other side feareth him, I have, to stay and strengthen the conscience on these behalfs, turned into English two sermons instructing us how to answer the Devil when he tempteth us at what time, and by what means to quiet our minds. As touching God's justice, other two have I also translated, which inform us of the true works that God requireth of us and the way to go to Heaven, and that our Saviour Christ Jesus hath by his most precious death purchased for us paradise without our deservings.

Which five sermons taken out of the first part of Master Barnardine's sermons, as they be written and published of good zeal to the wealth of many, so it is thy courtesy, gentle reader, to accept them in good part and pardon my gross terms as of a beginner, and bear with my translation as of a learner. Obtaining this of thee, good reader, I shall be ready and willing hereafter when God giveth better knowledge (according as my talent will extend) to turn more godly sermons of the said Master Barnardine into English for the information of all that desire to know the truth. For they truly contain much to the defacing of all papistry[9] and hypocrisy, and to the advancement of the glory of God and of the benefits of Christ Jesus. To whom with the

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1 *ne* nor.

2 *keysar* caesar (i.e., emperor).

3 *lamps … bridegroom* allusion to the parable of the five wise and five foolish virgins (Matthew 25:1-13).

4 *Christ … will come* See Luke 12:39-40.

5 *straightway* immediately, at once.

6 *master … all his treasure* another allusion to Luke 12:35-40.

7 *it* conscience.

8 *diversely* variously, in many ways.

9 *papistry* Roman Catholic doctrine and practice.

Holy Ghost be all honour and glory for ever and ever. So be it.

God save the King, and grant us the truth of His word.

How a Christian Ought to Make His Last Will and Testament.

It is commonly the custom of men in their testaments and last wills to say I leave, I bequeath, I give, without once saying I take or carry with me, wherein certes[1] they be far deceived, because they take that which they ought to leave behind them and go without carrying that which is very behoveful[2] and necessary. Wherefore to the intent they should no more err on that behalf, I would we should consider and weigh how a true Christian should make his will.

Men that be either fools, mad, frantic neither can nor yet know how to make a will, by reason they have not wit to discern good from evil, what is theirs or what is not, what to take, nor what to restore or bequeath, nor yet to whom nor in what manner. And if happily they go about to make their testament, it should be but vain and of no force. God alloweth it not as a thing made of a person witless. Wherefore he that is willing to make a testament effectual[3] (as expedient[4] is to him that will be saved) behoveth to have very good spiritual judgement, a lively faith in Christ, and an understanding and light above a natural man. He must also be the son and lawful heir of God.

And then he may say: I sound of mind, and ready of spirit and remembrance, albeit as touching my flesh sick, make my testament, and bequeath first of all my being and substance to God. He gave it to me and also preserved it and of him I recognise to have it, and for it I render him thanks. I leave to him likewise the gifts, graces, benefits temporal, bodily and ghostly, that I have had, or shall hereafter receive, for they be his and from him by grace I acknowledge to have received all. As Paul sayeth, what hast thou, that thou hast not received at God's hands?[5] Yea, for as much as all the slanders, misreports, persecutions, sickness, and misfortunes, which I have already or shall from henceforth suffer, and even death self, I confess (by the understanding that the Lord hath given me) that they have been and shall be his gifts and graces, given and granted of a great love for my wealth and profit. Wherefore as his divine rewards I grant to have had them of God, for them I thank him, and as his own I leave and restore them to him.

And for so much as I cannot but acknowledge that I have gone always backward from him so often as I would rule myself by my blind judgement, foolish wisdom, and devilish sprite, neither did so much as go one step forth toward God, but when I was moved, driven, and thrust forward of his Holy Sprite. Wherefore I commit to the highest God, my most dear Father, and to his governance all the world and specially myself. In him, as I may, I will help myself with mine own wit and freedom, namely, by making it obedient to him.

Moreover, if ever I have spoken or shall from henceforth utter any word, if I have done so or shall do any work that is to him pleasant, if I have had or after this time shall have thought, desire, or will that good is, I give it to God and at his hands I profess that I have had all my goodness, so that if it were God's will to take from me all that he hath given me, there should in me remain nothing but only sins. Those are mine own and all other things be his.

Thus be my sins if I should go before God's presence. I were but damned, if I were minded to make satisfaction I could not, no nor yet any saint that ever was. There is none whose love is so great to take my sins upon him and satisfy for them and appease God's anger save Christ alone. Wherefore to him I bequeath my sins, I leave to him my pride, unkindness, unbelief, mistrust, arrogancy, envy, wrath, ambition, and all my innumerable wickedness. I give to him my evil thoughts, affections,

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1 *certes* certainly.

2 *behoveful* useful, advantageous.

3 *effectual* valid, effective.

4 *expedient* effective, to a purpose.

5 *what hast … God's hands* See 1 Corinthians 4:7.

and desires. To be short, I make one faggot[1] and bundle of all my offences present, past, and to come, and give them to Christ, having sure faith and steadfast hope that he will accept them for his own, and hath even already taken them, and for them hath satisfied on the cross. His Father laid them on his neck[2] and he did not once gainsay it, but of great love allowed them for his, and to consume and burn them in the flame of his divine love, he bore them on his innocent shoulders upon the cross (as Peter writeth)[3] and so was offered a sacrifice for us. Now seeing I have left all my sins to Christ and given to God my substance and being, with all[4] other gifts and graces that he bestowed on me, I remain naked without either good or evil and, truly to say, I am rather nothing, in that I have restored to God my being that I had by creation and birth.

But for because it is impossible that he should save me without being, and so it is that he will save me, therefore first I carry with me Christ himself, which is my life. [...] I carry also with me his sprite, that was of his eternal Father given me of his most royal liberality, as well declareth Paul, where he sayeth, God hath sent the sprite of his Son into our hearts whereby we cry and call Father, Father.[5]

And in that he hath given me him, he hath restored me to myself and former being, with a new substance and nature spiritual, so that for the possibility of my salvation, I have a being, but yet lack I treasure to discharge my great debts, and to appear rich in God's sight, in consideration whereof I bear with me Christ's watching, abstinences, travails,[6] prayers, persecutions, slanders. I take with me his tears, his sweat, his blood, and all that ever he did or suffered in three and thirty years is mine every deal,[7] and with lively faith I embrace it as for mine own. I embrace my sweet Jesus for mine own. He is my rightwiseness,[8] wisdom, ransom, and holiness, he is my strength, he is my sprite, my light, life, hope, and all my goodness. Even Christ himself in his last will bequeathed me all that he had of the Father. Wherefore he sayeth, I entertain you at my table as my Father hath used me, as my Father hath made me his heir so now I ordain you, I will that as you be my brethren so you shall be my followers.[9] [...]

Then should I do no small injury to Christ, if I should search to store[10] myself by any other mean or shift,[11] although I might do it never so easily, nay rather with Paul[12] will I reckon all other things as mire and dirt so that I have Christ, with whom alone I will appear before God, and of and by him will I glory and make boast. [...] We cannot promise ourselves too much of God's goodness, no we never can behete[13] us so much, but he will recompense much more. I will not suffer, therefore, that after my life any good be done for me. Truth it is that if I have any goods them must I leave to the poor flock of Christ, not because they should pray for me that am already saved, but for the use of other that live and shall be born, as Christ did, and also because the rather they may live godly, and know that they shall never lack that be his, and put their trust in him. To whom be always, honour and glory through Jesu Christ our Lord Amen.

—1548

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1 *faggot* bundle of sticks.

2 *he will accept them … on his neck* allusion to Isaiah 53.

3 *as Peter writeth* See 1 Peter 3:18.

4 *with all* along with, in addition to.

5 *God … call Father, Father* See Galatians 4:6.

6 *travails* troubles, hardships.

7 *every deal* entirely, in every respect.

8 *rightwiseness* i.e., righteousness.

9 *I entertain you … my followers* See Luke 22:29-30.

10 *store* restore, sustain.

11 *shift* expedient.

12 *with Paul* i.e., 1 Corinthians 1:27-31.

13 *behete* promise.

from *Fourteen Sermons of Barnardine Ochine,*[1] *Concerning the Predestination and Election of God; Very Expedient to the Setting Forth of His Glory Among His Creatures. Translated out of Italian into Our Native Tongue by A.C.*

It is good to hide the King's secrets, but to declare and praise the works of God, it is an honourable thing. To. xii.

I will say to the north, let go and to the south, keep not back: but bring my sons and my daughters from the ends of the world, namely all those that be called after my name. For them have I created, fashioned and made for mine honour. Isa. xliii.[2]

To the Christian Reader.

When these translated sermons of the famous Barnardine were come to mine hand, gentle reader, I thought it meet[3] to publish them to the end so godly apostolic doctrine should not be private to those only which understand the Italian tongue, since through the honest travail of a well-occupied gentlewoman, and virtuous maiden they speak in English, whose shamefastness would rather have suppressed them, had not I, to whose hands they were committed half against her will, put them forth, bidding them blush that deserve blame. For this of her part, I dare safely affirm, craveth perpetual praise and if any pretty prickmedainties[4] shall happen to spy a mote in this godly labour (as I doubt not but the niceties[5] will), saying it is meeter for doctors of divinity to meddle with such matters than maidens, let them remember how womanly they waste their time the one part in pricking and trimming to vain heathenish ostentation, and in devising new fashions of apparel, to whom if in their glass appeared the foul faults of their filthy conditions as plainly as the defaults[6] of their foresaid faces, I doubt much whether they would delight to toot[7] therein so often as they do, the other part speaking in print like parrots with solemn countenances, debate matters of importance and grave weight as though the order of realms appertained[8] to them, or else warbling words of Scripture in all their doings, deface the thing they most babble of. But I require thee (Christian reader) with judgement to read, and in the equal balance of Scripture to weigh these learned and godly sermons, which thou shalt find (I doubt not) of just weight with the sacred word of God. I forbear to praise them, lest I should say too little, defend them I need not, the author living and here amongst us, a man whose life without words were a sufficient protection to his work. If ought[9] be erred in the translation, remember it is a woman's, yea, a gentlewoman's, who commonly are wonted[10] to live idly, a maiden's that never gadded farther than her father's house to learn the language. Farewell and use her labour to the amendment of thy life.

To the Right Worshipful and Worthily Beloved Mother, the Lady. F.[11] Her Humble Daughter Wisheth Increase of Spiritual Knowledge, with Full Fruition of the Fruits Thereof.

Since the original of whatsoever is, or may be converted to any good use, in me hath freely proceeded (though as the minister of God) of your ladyship's meet, careful, and motherly goodness,

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1 *Barnardine Ochine* Bernardino Ochino (1487-1564), a Capuchin friar who became a reformist.

2 *It is good … Isa. xliii* Verses on the title page come from the apocryphal Book of Tobit and from the prophetic Book of Isaiah.

3 *meet* good, fitting.

4 *prickmedainties* finicky ones.

5 *niceties* those who are excessively refined.

6 *defaults* blemishes, defects.

7 *toot* proclaim loudly, trumpet.

8 *appertained* pertained to, belonged to.

9 *ought* anything.

10 *wonted* customary, usual.

11 *Lady. F.* Bacon's mother, Ann, daughter of Sir William Fitzwilliam.

as well in procuring all things thereunto belonging, as in your many, and most godly, exhortations, wherein among the rest it hath pleased you often to reprove my vain study in the Italian tongue, accompting[1] the seed thereof to have been sown in barren, unfruitful ground (since God thereby is no whit[2] magnified), I have at the last perceived it my duty to prove how much the understanding of your will could work in me towards the accomplishing of the same. And for that I have well known your chief delight to rest in the destroying of man his glory and exalting wholly the glory of God, which may not be unless we acknowledge that he doth foresee and determine from without beginning all things and cannot alter or reward after our deserved works, but remain steadfast, according to his immutable will, I have taken in hand to dedicate unto your ladyship this small number of sermons for the excellent fruit sake in them contained, proceeding from the happy spirit of the sanctified Barnardine, which treat of the election and predestination of God, with the rest (although not of the self[3] title) appertaining[4] to the same effect to the end it might appear that your so many worthy sentences touching the same have not utterly been without some note in my weak memory, and albeit they be not done in such perfection, as the dignity of the matter doth require, yet I trust and know ye will accept the humble will of the presenter, not weighing so much the excellency of the translation, although of right it ought to be such as should not by the grossness thereof deprive the author of his worthiness. But not meaning to take upon me the reach to his high style of theology and fearing also lest, in enterprising to set forth the brightness of his eloquence, I should manifest myself unapt to attain unto the lowest degree thereof. I descend, therefore, to the understanding of mine own debility.[5] Only requiring that it may please your ladyship to vouchsafe[6] that this my small labour may be allowed at your hands under whose protection only it is committed with humble reverence, as yielding some part of the fruit of your motherly admonitions in this my willing service.

Your ladyship's daughter most boundenly[7] obedient,

A.C.

—1551

Selected Letters

Letter to Lord Burghley[8]

[no date]

I know well, mine especial good lord, it becometh me not to be troublesome unto your Honour at any other time, but now chiefly at this season of your greatest affairs and small or no leisure; but yet because yesterday's morning speech,—as in that I was extraordinarily admitted it was your lordship's favour—so, fearing to stay too long, I could not so plainly speak, nor so well perceive your answer thereto as I would truly and gladly in that matter—I am bold by this writing to enlarge to same more plainly and to what end I did mean.

If it may like your good lordship, the report of the late conference at Lambeth[9] hath been so handled to the discrediting of those learned that labour for right reformation in the ministry of the Gospel, that it is no small grief of mind to the faithful preachers, because the matter is thus by the other side carried away as though their cause could not sufficiently be warranted by the word of God, for the which proof they have long been sad suitors, and would most humbly crave still, both of God in Heaven, whose cause it is, and of her Majesty their most excellent sovereign here on

1 *accompting* accounting.
2 *whit* bit, jot.
3 *self* same.
4 *appertaining* relating.
5 *debility* weakness, infirmity.
6 *vouchsafe* grant, permit.
7 *boundenly* according to bounden duty.
8 *Lord Burghley* William Cecil, husband of Bacon's sister, Mildred.
9 *Lambeth* Lambeth Palace is home to the archbishop of Canterbury.

earth, that they might obtain quiet and convenient[1] audience either before her Majesty herself, whose heart is in God his hand to touch and to turn, or before your Honours of the Council, whose wisdom they greatly reverence; and if they cannot strongly prove before you out [of] the word of God, that reformation which they so long have called and cried for to be according to Christ his own ordinance,[2] then to let them be rejected with shame out of the Church forever. And that this may be the better done to the glory of God and the true understanding of this great cause, they require first leave to assemble and consult together purposely, which they have forborne[3] to do, for avoiding suspicion of private conventicles.[4] For hitherto,[5] though in some writing they have declared the state of their, yea God his cause, yet were they never allowed to confer together, and so together be heard fully; but now some one, and then some two, called upon a sudden unprepared to forepreparedto catch them, rather than gravely and moderately to be heard to defend their right and good cause. And, therefore, for such weighty conference they appeal to her Majesty and her honourable wise Council,[6] whom God hath placed in highest authority for the advancement of his kingdom, and refuse the bishops for judges, who are parties partial in their own defence, because they seek more worldly ambition than the glory of Christ Jesus.

For mine own part, my good lord, I will not deny, but as I may hear them in their public exercises as a chief duty commanded by God to widows, and also I confess as one that hath found mercy, that I have profited more in the inward feeling knowledge of God his holy will, though but in a small measure, by such sincere and sound opening of the Scriptures by an ordinary preaching within these seven or eight years, than I did by hearing odd sermons at Paul's wellnigh[7] twenty years together [...] I mention this unfeignedly[8] the rather to excuse this my boldness towards your lordship, humbly beseeching your lordship to think upon their suit, and as God shall move your understanding heart to further it. And if opportunity will not be had as they require, yet I once again in humble wise am a suitor unto your lordship that you would be so good as to choose two or three of them, which it likes best, and license them before your own self, or other at your pleasure, to declare and to prove the truth of the cause, with a quiet and an attentive ear. I have heard them say or now, that they will not come to dispute and argue to breed contention, which is the manner of the bishops' hearing, but to be suffered patiently to lay down before them that shall command (they excepted), how well and certainly they can warrant[9] by the infallible touchstone[10] of the word the substantial and main ground of their cause. Surely, my Lord, I am persuaded you should do God acceptable service herein. And for the very entire affection I owe and do bear to your Honour, I wish from the very heart that to your other rare gifts sundry-wise you were fully instructed and satisfied in this principal matters, so contemned[11] of the great rabbis to the dishonour of the Gospel so long amongst us. I am so much bound to your lordship for your comfortable dealing towards me and mine, as I do incessantly desire that by your lordship's means God his glory may more and more be promoted, the grieved godly comforted, and you and yours abundantly blessed. None is privy[12] to this. And indeed, though I hear them, yet I see them very seldom.

I trust your lordship will accept in best part my best meaning.

In the Lord, dutifully and most heartily,

A. Bacon.

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1 *convenient* favourable.

2 *ordinance* direction, command.

3 *forborne* avoided.

4 *conventicles* clandestine religious assemblies.

5 *hitherto* thus far, up to this point.

6 *Council* Elizabeth I's Privy Council, made up of her closest advisors.

7 *wellnigh* very nearly.

8 *unfeignedly* sincerely, honestly.

9 *warrant* guarantee as true.

10 *touchstone* test of genuineness or value.

11 *contemned* condemned.

12 *privy* familiar.

Lady Bacon to Anthony Bacon

3 February, 1592

The grace of God be daily multiplied in you, with mercy in Christ our Lord.

That you are returned now at length I am right glad. God bless it to us both. But when I heard withal[1] that Lawson,[2] who I foresuspected, stole hence unto you, and so belike hath wrought upon you again to your hurt, to serve his own turn as heretofore,[3] how welcome that could be to your long-grieved mother, judge you. I can hardly say whether your gout or his company were the worse tidings. I have entertained this gentleman, Mr. Fant,[4] to do so much kindness for me as to journey towards you, because your brother is preparing your lodging at Gray's Inn[5] very carefully for you. I thank God that Mr. Fant was willing so to do, and was very glad, because he is not only an honest gentleman in civil behaviour, but one that feareth God indeed, and as wise withal, having experience of our state, and is able to advise you both very wisely and friendly. For he loveth yourself, and needeth not yours, as others have and yet dis[semble][6] with you. He doth me pleasure in this, for I could not have found another so very meet for you and me in all the best and most necessary respects. Use him therefore, good son, and make much of such, and of their godly and sound friendly counsel. This one chiefest counsel your Christian and natural mother doth give you even before the Lord, that above all worldly respects you carry yourself ever at your first coming as one that doth unfeignedly profess the true religion of Christ, and hath the love of the truth now by long continuance[7] fast settled in your heart, and that with judgment, wisdom, and discretion, and are not afraid or ashamed to testify the same by hearing and delighting in those religious exercises of the sincerer sort, be they French or English. *In hoc noli adhibere fratrem tuum ad consilium aut exemplum. Sed plus dehinc.*[8] If you will be wavering (which God forbid, God forbid), you shall have examples and ill encouragers too many in these days. [...] Beware, therefore, and be constant in godly profession without fainting, and that from your heart: for formality wanteth none with us, but too common. Be not speedy of speech nor talk suddenly, but where discretion requireth, and that soberly then. For the property of our world is to sound out at first coming, and after to contain. Courtesy is necessary, but too common familiarity in talking and words is very unprofitable, and not without hurt-taking, *ut nunc sunt tempora.*[9] Remember you have no father. And you have little enough, if not too little, regarded your kind and no simple mother's wholesome advice from time to time. And as I do impute[10] all most humbly to the grace of God whatsoever he hath bestowed upon me, so dare I affirm that it had been good for you every way if you had followed it long ere this. But God is the same, who is able to heal both mind and body, whom in Christ I beseech to be your merciful father and take care of you, guiding you with his holy and most comfortable spirit, now and ever.

Let not Lawson, that fox, be acquainted with my letters. I disdain both it and him. He commonly opened underminingly all letters sent to you from counsel or friends, I know it, and you may too much, if God open your eyes as I trust he will. Send it back, to be sure, by Mr. Fant sealed,

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[1] *withal* in addition, besides.

[2] *Lawson* Anthony Bacon's servant, Thomas Lawson, whom his mother contrived to have arrested on suspicion of being a papist in order to have her son recalled to England (*DNB online*).

[3] *heretofore* as in time past, as before.

[4] *Mr. Fant* Nicholas Faunt, one of Francis Walsingham's secretaries and a close friend to Anthony Bacon (*DNB online*). Walsingham was the head of Elizabeth I's secret service.

[5] *Gray's Inn* one of the Inns of Court (i.e., law schools) in London.

[6] *dis[semble]* The rest of the word is illegible in the manuscript (J. Spedding, ed., *The Letters and the Life of Francis Bacon*, vol. 1, London, 1874, p. 112).

[7] *continuance* perseverance, persistence.

[8] *In hoc noli … Sed plus dehinc* Latin, "I do not wish to use your brother as counsel or example. But [will do] more henceforth."

[9] *ut nunc sunt tempora* Latin, "although now is the right time."

[10] *impute* attribute, ascribe.

but it will pry and prattle. So fare you well, and the Lord bless you and keep you for ever.

Your mother,

A. Bacon.

Lady Bacon to Anthony Bacon

29th of May, 1592

I am glad and thank God of your amendment.[1] But my man said he heard you rose at three of the clock. I thought that was not well, so suddenly from bedding much to rise so early, newly out of your diet. Extremities be hurtful to the whole, more to the sickly. [...] Be wise and godly too, and discern what is good and what not for your health. [...] I like not your lending your coach yet to any lord or lady. If you once begin, you shall hardly end. [...] It was not well it was so soon into the Court, to make talk and at last procured[2] or misliked.[3] Tell your brother I counsel you to send it no more. What had my Lady Shreifess[4] to borrow your coach?

Lady Bacon to Anthony Bacon

On the 24th of July, 1592

I thank you for your letter, but I understand not one chief point, nor do not desire yet but you had need be very circumspect[5] and wise. [...] I assure you I ask not nor know not where Lawson is, but this I counsel: be very wary that his very subtle and working head work not your cumber.[6] You have been long absent and by your sickliness cannot be your own agent, and so, wanting right judgement of our state, may be much deceived. That which you did for the merchants was scantly[7] well taken, and fell not out as you looked.[8] And I remember once you dealt with — I wot[9] not wherefore,[10] it is a good while since, but both envy and also dislike did appear, some doubting your soundness in religion, you were so great with some such great papist then. Have a sure warrant and ground, lest you may purchase[11] your encumbrance[12] without good success, contrary to your expectation. [...] Be not overcredulous[13] nor too open. *Sub omni lapide latet diebus*[14] [...] This Monday one brought hither for you from Mr. Gray dozen ½ pigeons,[15] whereof I send you the dozen, [...] which I send all by Peter my cook. I would your brother's cook were like him in Christian behaviour; and yet a young man and merry. Give him a shilling, because he had good will to carry them on foot.

Francis Allen[16] about Lady Bacon

17th August, 1589

Upon my arrival at Godombury[17] my lady used me courteously until such time I began to move her for Mr. Lawson and, to say the truth, for yourself, being much transported with your abode there that she let not to say that you are a traitor to God and your country, you have undone her; you seek her death; and when you have that you seek for, you shall have but a hundred pounds more than you have now.

She is resolved to procure her Majesty's letter to force you to return, and when that should be, if

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1 *amendment* correction.

2 *procured* urged.

3 *misliked* disapproved of.

4 *Lady Shreifess* Lady Sheriffess. As a widow, Bacon ran the estate and heard the disputes of its tenants.

5 *circumspect* cautious, considered.

6 *cumber* distress, embarrassment.

7 *scantly* scarcely, hardly.

8 *looked* expected.

9 *wot* know.

10 *wherefore* why.

11 *purchase* obtain, bring about.

12 *encumbrance* annoyance, trouble.

13 *overcredulous* too believing.

14 *Sub omni lapide latet diebus* Latin, "hide all beneath a stone for a time."

15 *dozen ½ pigeons* a dozen and a half.

16 *Francis Allen* friend of Anthony Bacon, whom he sent to his mother to reassure her of Lawson's probity (*DNB online*).

17 *Godombury* Gorhambury, the Bacon family's Hertfordshire estate.

her Majesty give you your right to desert, she should clap you up in prison. She cannot abide to hear of you, as she saith, nor of the other especially, and told me plainly she should be the worse this month for my coming without you, and axed[1] me why you could not have come from thence as well as myself.

She saith you are hated of all the chiefest on that side, and cursed of God in all your actions, since Mr. Lawson's being with you.

I am sorry to write it, considering his deserts[2] and your love towards him; but the truth will be known at the last, and better late than never; it is vain to look for Mr. Lawson's return, for these are her ladyship's own words: "No, no" saith she, "I have learned not to employ ill to good; and if there were no more men in England, and although you should never come home, he shall never come to you." [...]

It is as unpossible to persuade my lady to send him as for myself to send you Paul's steeple.[3] [...]

I must confess your brother, Mr. Francis Bacon, is most tractable[4] and most earnest, if possible it may be done, to fulfill your demand. He hath used me with great humanity, for which I humbly pray you to give him thanks.

My lady seemed to be angry with me because I had brought this bearer, Guillaume, from you, saying you had but one honest and trusty man, and I had deboshed[5] him from you, which is cause I have taken resolution to send him to you again. I send him not more willingly than he is willing to return.

Mr. Lawson is in great necessity, and your brother dares not help him, in respect of my lady's displeasure. [...]

My lady said she rather you made the wars with the King of Navarre[6] than to have stayed so long idle in Montoban,[7] and with great earnestness, also tears in her eyes, she wished that when she heard of Mr. Selum's[8] imprisonment you had been fairly buried, provided you had died in the Lord. In my simple judgment she spoke it in her passion, and repented immediately her words.

When you have received your provision, make your repair[9] home again, lest you be a means to shorten her days, for she told me the grief of mind received daily by your stay will be her end, and saith her jewels be spent for you, and that she borrowed the last money of seven several persons.

Thus much I must confess unto you for a conclusion, that I have never seen nor never shall see a wise lady and honourable woman, a mother, more perplexed for her son's absence than I have seen that honourable dame of yours.—Therefore lay your hand on your heart, look not for Mr. Lawson; here he hath, as a man say, heaven and earth against him and his return.

If you think much of my plainness, take heed you give me no authority another time, for I shall do the like.

F. Allen.

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1 *axed* asked.

2 *deserts* merits, deserving.

3 *Paul's steeple* steeple of St. Paul's Cathedral in London.

4 *tractable* compliant, easily persuaded.

5 *deboshed* i.e., debauched, drawn away, enticed.

6 *King of Navarre* Henry of Navarre (1553-1610), leader of the Protestant community in France.

7 *Montoban* Montauban, where Anthony Bacon lived for five years in close contact with Henry of Navarre's counsellors (*DNB online*).

8 *Mr. Selum* Ned Selwyn, one of Anthony Bacon's companions in Montauban.

9 *repair* return.

Lady Jane (or Joanna) Lumley
1537-1578

The eldest daughter of Henry Fitzalan, twelfth earl of Arundel, and his wife, Katherine Grey, Jane Lumley clearly received an excellent humanist education. In her teens she produced the first English translation from the Greek of Euripides' *Iphigenia at Aulis*, as well as Latin translations of five of Isocrates' Greek orations. Both of these works seem to have been meant as a New Year's gift for her father, prefaced by two dedicatory Latin letters addressed to him. Lumley's *Iphigeneia*, its dedicatory letters, and translations of Isocrates are part of a manuscript volume that was clearly a commonplace book or rough copybook, and with only two minor exceptions the book is entirely in Jane Lumley's hand.

Lumley was encouraged in her intellectual pursuits by her husband, John, first Baron Lumley (c. 1533-1609), whom she married sometime between 1550 and 1553. They had three children together, two sons and one daughter, all of whom died young. John Lumley was himself a scholar, book-collector, and writer, producing a translation of Erasmus's *Institution of a Christian Prince or Ruler* in 1550, and eventually amassing the largest private library in England at the time. John also dedicated his translation to Jane's father, so it is possible that the works were "companion pieces," particularly given their shared theme: "the subordination of the self for the good of one's country."[1]

As Catholics, the Lumleys and Arundels were caught up in the politics of mid-century, particularly in the struggle for the throne following the death of Edward VI. Stephanie Hodgson-Wright has argued that Jane Lumley may have partly chosen *Iphigenia at Aulis* as a text for translation in light of the many parallels between Lumley's cousin, Lady Jane Grey, and the character of Iphigenia. There are also connections between Lumley and Lady Jane Grey: they were close in age, similarly educated, and had the same Christian name. Lumley's unfortunate cousin Grey had been manipulated into claiming the throne of England. Through the concerted scheming of Jane Lumley's father, Lady Jane Grey was eventually imprisoned and executed, making way for the Catholic monarch Mary I to ascend the throne. Lumley's proximity to the tragic manipulation and destruction of her cousin inform her translation of Euripides' play. Lumley relied on both the Latin and Greek versions of the play available to her, but her translation is far from literal.[2] Indeed, until recently Lumley's translation was seen as a poor one by many classical scholars, citing the work's inaccuracies and omissions.[3] Paring down the chorus, rejecting ornamental prose in favour of a plain, direct style, yet retaining all "the vital ingredients of Euripides's original story," Lumley creates not only an energetic and highly stageable play, but one where the central "moral dilemma" is emphasized and the play's commentary on "the religious, political and dynastic concerns of sixteenth-century England" becomes apparent.[4]

EDITIONS: "Letter 1" and "Letter 2" translated from the Latin originals in *BL Royal MS 15 A. IX*; *Here Beginneth the Tragedy of Euripides Called Iphigeneia* in *Iphigenia at Aulis. Translated by Lady Lumley*, ed. H.H. Child. The Malone Society reprints, gen. ed. W.W. Greg (Chiswick, 1909).

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1 Beilin, *Redeeming Eve* (Princeton, 1987), pp. 154, 155.

2 "Jane Lumley's *Iphigenia at Aulis*: multum in parvo, or less is more," in *Readings in Renaissance Women's Drama*, ed. S.P. Cerasano and M. Wynne-Davies (London, 1998), pp. 130-34.

3 See for example D.H. Greene, "Lady Lumley and Greek Tragedy," *Classical Journal* 36 (1941): 537-47; and Frank Crane, "Euripides, Erasmus and Lady Lumley," *Classical Journal* 39 (1944): 223-28.

4 Ibid, pp. 130-31.

[from *Jane Lumley's Commonplace Book: Dedicatory Letters and Translations from Euripides and Isocrates*][1]

Letter 1[2]

It is established in the custom and habit of people, most honoured father, that individuals give to their friends at the start of a new year tokens of those skills which they profess. In this way they are able both to practice their skills and to do their friends a favour. I was impelled by this good and honourable motive, most distinguished father, to present to you these two short orations, which I have translated from Greek into Latin, as a sort of mark of my devotion, partly because I know that you are especially pleased by such things and are zealous for knowledge, and partly so that I might hone my skills by working with Greek and Latin at the same time. Indeed, this type of practice is so highly approved by all learned and educated men that it in no way needs to be praised by me now. Please accept, then, I beg you, these two orations, which I have decided to give you at this time because I would judge them to be very well-suited to your authority and wisdom. Indeed, Isocrates, that most eloquent orator, wrote the first one to Nicocles as the latter was about to become ruler of the republic on Cyprus, in order that, furnished with good instructions and sound precepts for living, he might be made fitter to govern it. In this oration he teaches with great wisdom and brevity the duty of a king and magistrate, and how he ought to conduct himself toward his subjects in any situation. But in the second oration Isocrates represents Nicocles speaking to his subjects; in this way, he most ingeniously shows the people's respect toward their rulers, just as in the first he shows the king's duty toward his subjects. I have translated these so that the Greek corresponds closely with the Latin, and the Latin with the Greek. The orations are delightful for reading, short for learning, useful for encouraging, and most beneficial for imitating. Wherefore I beg and beseech that you regard this, my own effort in translation, with kindness and favour, and that you approve my trifling little gift. For the rest, I pray to God, the best and greatest,[3] that he long keep you safe and sound for the state and for us. Farewell.

Your daughter, most devoted to you,
Jane Lumley

—date unknown

Letter 2

Cicero, most honoured father, that famous orator and serious philosopher, not only in the study of philosophy, but also in rhetorical training, was accustomed to join Greek with Latin, teaching that one could derive certain inconsequential and commonplace things from the latter and richer more solid things from the former. By his authority I was especially moved to devote myself, as much as I could, to the learning of Greek literature, judging it to be a disgrace to be at odds with the opinion of one whom I had always valued highly before. He desired that his own son, whom he sent to Athens to learn the liberal arts, be persuaded of this above all, urging him to mix Greek with Latin more often, because in this way he could get more enjoyment and benefit from them. Prompted by this noble motive, most cherished father, I have translated from Greek into Latin the oration which Isocrates wrote to Nicocles in praise of his father Euagoras. It is the fourth of those orations which I have rendered into Latin in gratitude for your lordship in recent years. I have

[1] The MS volume is labelled on the spine, "Isocrates, Orations, Etc."; the front cover is stamped with the Lumley family crest and the motto of the Order of the Garter, *Honi soit qui mal y pense* ("Evil be to him that thinks evil"). The fly leaf inscription is in a different hand from Jane Lumley's and it reads: "The doing of my Lady Lumley daughter to my L[ord] the earl of Arundell."

[2] These two letters were translated by Jonathan Entwistle (St. Andrew's, Edinburgh) with suggestions by Michael Treschow (UBC-O, Canada).

[3] *the best and greatest* in Latin, *optimum maximum*, an epithet which the Romans often applied to Jupiter. See the end of the following letter for the same usage.

always taken incredible pleasure in reading this one, for it is elegant in the brilliance of its words, apt in construction, abundant in skill, wise in thought, and venerable in every respect. The divine Plato, in the *Phaedrus*,[1] had Socrates praise this man wonderfully as being entirely his own equal—and Socrates was called the greatest orator by all learned men. The writings of Isocrates are so abundant in good advice and weighty thought, that one could rightly call him not so much an orator as a perfect philosopher. I would write more in his praise, if not for the fact that I have gone on at length about him in my previous writings to your lordship. And so in this oration, which he intended to praise Euagoras, he is much engaged in praising Nicocles, because he [Nicocles] so zealously and splendidly and with such great ceremony graced his father's funeral. Then he most eloquently teaches him with what zeal, what skill, and with how much toil and danger he strove for supreme command. Finally he shows that Euagoras was not so concerned with expanding his realm as with ruling it most virtuously and scrupulously. This oration is as delightful to read, most honoured father, as it is fruitful to use and practise. Wherefore I beg and beseech that you accept this, my rough and unskilled version, with kindness. If you do, you will certainly hearten me to take on greater projects in future. For when I thought more often about your kindnesses, which you most generously bestowed on me from the day I was born, I had to write something[2] by which you would understand my deference to your lordship, and also that I was grateful to you for those various kindnesses. For the rest, may God, the best and greatest, long preserve you safe and unharmed for us and for our state.

Farewell.

End of Letter.

—date unknown

[1] *Phaedrus*, 279A and B.

[2] literally, "I was not able not to write something."

from *The Tragedy of Euripides Called Iphigenia.*[3]

[...]

CLYTEMNESTRA: Harken now, I pray you, therefore, for I must needs tell you of your fault. Do you not remember that you married me without the goodwill of all my friends,[4] taking me away with strong hand after that you had slain my other husband Tantalus, which cruel deeds my brother Castor and Pollux would have revenged except Tindarus my father had delivered you out of that peril? So that by his means, you did obtain me to be your wife, who after I was married never showed myself disobedient unto you in anything. And then I happened to have three sons at one birth, and afterward one daughter, and will you now slay her, knowing no just cause why? For if any man should ask of you the cause of the death of your daughter, you would answer "for Helen's sake," which can be no lawful cause, for it is not meet[5] that we should slay our own child for a

[3] The story of Iphigenia is retold in a number of classical works. In essence, the story that Euripides inherits runs like this: the Greek fleet is set to sail from Aulis to Troy to revenge Paris' theft of Helen from her husband Menelaus, younger brother of Agamemnon and king of Sparta. However the goddess Artemis (Diana) has called up contrary winds which prevent the ships from sailing. For a reason which is never really made clear, she demands the sacrifice of Iphigenia, the daughter of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra, in exchange for propitious winds and a safe journey. At this point, the two major classical versions of the tale diverge: in Aeschylus' *Agamemnon* Iphigenia is an unwilling victim right until the moment of her death, while in Euripides' *Iphigenia at Aulis*, the bound and gagged victim has become an eloquent saint, willing to die for her country and in obedience to the will of the gods. Euripides' version also tends to highlight the flaws and frailties of Homer's heroes, particularly Agamemnon. The tragedy's "happy ending" where Iphigenia is snatched away by the gods at the moment of her execution and a hind left in her place is not Euripides' work, but was added much later. While it is usually omitted or relegated to an appendix in modern editions of the play, it was part of all earlier editions, including that which Lumley would have used. See C.R. Walker, "Introduction to *Iphigenia at Aulis*," *The Complete Greek Tragedies: Euripides-Vol. IV*, 4 vols., ed. D. Grene and R. Lattimore (Chicago, 1959), pp. 290-95.

[4] *friends* relations, kinsfolk.

[5] *meet* fitting, proper.

naughty woman's sake; neither destroy those that by nature we ought to love for their cause only which are hated of all men. Besides this, if you kill my daughter, what lamentation must I needs make when I shall go home and want the company of her, considering that she was slain by the hands of her own father? Wherefore if you will not be moved with pity, take heed lest you compel me to speak those things that do not become a good wife, yea and you yourself do those things that a good man ought not. But tell me now, I pray you, what good do you obtain by the death of your daughter? Do you look for a fortunate return? Truly you cannot by this means get that, for that journey cannot end happily which is begun with mischief.[1] Beside this, surely you shall stir up the gods to anger against you, for they do even hate them that are manquellers.[2] Again, you cannot enjoy the company of your other children when you come home, for they will even fear and abhor you, seeing that willingly you do destroy your daughter. And you shall not only fall into this mischief, but also you shall purchase yourself the name of a cruel tyrant. For you were chosen the captain over the Grecians to execute justice to all men, and not to do both me and also your children such an injury, for it is not meet that your children should be punished for that which pertaineth not to you; neither ought I to lose my daughter for Helena's cause, who hath never showed herself faithful to her husband.

CHORUS: It is meet, Agamemnon, that you should follow your wife's counsel, for it is not lawful that a father should destroy his child.

IPHIGENIA: Now, O father, I kneeling upon my knees and making most humble suit do most earnestly desire you to have pity upon me, your daughter, and not to slay me so cruelly. For you know it is given to all mortal men to be desirous of life. Again, remember that I am your daughter, and how you seemed ever to love me best of all your children, insomuch that you were wont ever to desire that you might see me married to one worthy of my degree,[3] and I did ever wish again that I might live to see you an old man, that you might have much joy both of me and also of your other children. And will you now consent to my death, forgetting both that which you were wont to say and also what pain you and my mother took in bringing me up, knowing no cause in me worthy of death? For what have I to do with Helena? But now, father, seeing you are nothing moved with my lamentation, I will call hither my young brother Orestes, for I know he will be sorry to see his sister slain, and again you cannot choose but you must needs have pity either of him or else of me, considering what a lawful request we do desire; for you know that all men are desirous of life, and there is no wise man but he will choose rather to live in misery than to die.

AGAMEMNON: I know in what things I ought to show pity and wherein I ought not, and I love my children as it becometh a father, for I do not this of myself nor yet for my brother's sake, but rather by compulsion of the host;[4] for the gods have answered that they cannot pass the sea without your death, and they are so desirous to go thither that they care not what trouble and misery they suffer so that they may see it. Wherefore it lieth not in my power to withstand them, for I am not able to make any resistance against them. I am therefore compelled, daughter, to deliver you to them.

CLYTEMNESTRA: Alas, daughter, into what misery are both you and I driven, seeing that your own father will consent to your death.

IPHIGENIA: Alas, mother, this is the last day that ever I shall see you! O unhappy Troy, which hast nourished and brought up that wicked man Paris! O unfortunate Venus, which didest promise to give Helena to him, for you have been the cause of my destruction, though indeed I through my death

[1] *with mischief* evilly.

[2] *manquellers* manslayers, murderers.

[3] *degree* social position or rank.

[4] *the host* the Greek army.

shall purchase the Grecians a glorious victory. Alas, mother, in what an unlucky time was I born, that mine own father, which hath consented unto my death, doth now forsake me in this misery! I would to God that the Grecians had never taken in hand this journey! But methinks, mother, I see a great company of men coming hither. What are they, I pray you?

CLYTEMNESTRA: Truly, yonder is Achilles.

IPHIGENIA: Let me then, I pray you, go hence that I may hide my face, for I am ashamed.

CLYTEMNESTRA: What cause have you so to do?

IPHIGENIA: Truly, because it was said that I should have been his wife.

CLYTEMNESTRA: Daughter, you must lay away all shamefastness[1] now, for you may use no niceness,[2] but rather prove[3] by what means you may best save your life.

[...]

ACHILLES: Do you not see a great company of harnessed[4] men?

CLYTEMNESTRA: I pray God they be your friends.

ACHILLES: Yes, truly, that they be.

CLYTEMNESTRA: Then I hope my daughter shall not die.

ACHILLES: No, that she shall not, if I can help her.

CLYTEMNESTRA: But will there come anybody hither to slay her?

ACHILLES: Yea, truly, Ulysses will be here anon[5] with a great company of men to take her away.

CLYTEMNESTRA: Is he commanded to do so, or doth he it but of his own head?[6]

ACHILLES: No, truly, he is not commanded.

CLYTEMNESTRA: Alas then he hath taken upon him a wicked deed, seeing he will defile himself with the danger and death of my daughter.

ACHILLES: Truly but I will not suffer him.

CLYTEMNESTRA: But if he go about to take my daughter away with strong power, what shall I do then?

ACHILLES: You were best to keep her by you, for the matter shall be driven to that point.

IPHIGENIA: Harken, O mother I pray you, unto my words, for I perceive you are angry with your husband, which you may not do, for you cannot obtain your purpose by that means. And you ought rather to have thanked Achilles, because he so gently[7] hath promised you his help, which may happen to bring him into a great mischief. I would counsel you, therefore, to suffer this trouble patiently, for I must needs die and will suffer it willingly. Consider, I pray you mother, for what a lawful cause I shall be slain. Doth not both the destruction of Troy and also the wealth[8] of Greece, which is the most fruitful country of the world, hang upon my death? And if this wicked enterprise of the Trojans be not revenged, then truly the Grecians shall not keep neither their children nor yet their wives in peace. And I shall not only remedy all these things with my death, but also get a glorious renown to the Grecians forever. Again remember how I was not born for your sake only, but rather for the commodity[9] of my country.[10] Think you, therefore, that it is meet that such a company of men, being gathered together to revenge the great injury which all Greece hath suffered, should be let[11] of their journey for my cause? Surely, mother, we cannot speak against this, for do you not think it to be better that I should die than so many noble men to be let of their journey for one woman's sake? For one noble man is better than a thousand women. Besides this, seeing my death is determined amongst the

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1 *shamefastness* modesty; bashfulness, shyness.

2 *niceness* reserve; perhaps, fastidiousness.

3 *prove* endeavour to learn.

4 *harnessed* armed, dressed in armour.

5 *anon* straightaway.

6 *of his own head* out of his own thought or will; of his own accord.

7 *gently* as befits one of gentle birth; generously, nobly, courteously.

8 *wealth* the common or public welfare.

9 *commodity* advantage, benefit.

10 *I was not born ... country* a variation on the classical commonplace: "... as Plato has admirably expressed it, we are not born for ourselves alone, but our country claims a share of our being, and our friends a share." See Cicero, *De Officiis* ("On Duties"), 1.7.22.

11 *let* hindered, prevented.

gods, truly no mortal man ought to withstand it. Wherefore I will offer myself willingly to death for my country, for by this means I shall not only leave a perpetual memory of my death, but I shall cause also the Grecians to rule over the barbarians, which doth as it were properly belong to them. For the Grecians by nature are free, like as the barbarians are born to bondage.

CHORUS: Surely you are happy, O Iphigenia, that you can suffer so patiently all this trouble.

ACHILLES: Truly, I would count myself happy if I might obtain thee, O Iphigenia, to be my wife, and I think thee, O Greece, to be very fortunate because thou hast nourished such a one, for you have spoken very well, in that you will not strive against the determination of the gods.[1] Wherefore I being not only moved with pity, for that I see you brought into such a necessity, but also stirred up more with love towards you, desiring to have you to my wife, will promise you faithfully to withstand the Grecians, as much as shall lie in my power, that they shall not slay you.

IPHIGENIA: Surely, I have spoken even as I thought indeed. Wherefore I shall desire you, O Achilles, not to put yourself in danger for my cause, but suffer[2] me rather to save all Greece with my death.

ACHILLES: Truly I wonder greatly at the boldness of your mind. And because you seem to be so willing to die, I cannot speak against you. Yet nevertheless I will promise to help you still, lest you should happen to change your mind.

IPHIGENIA: Wherefore, mother, do you hold your peace, lamenting so within yourself?

CLYTEMNESTRA: Alas, I, wretched creature, have great cause to mourn.

IPHIGENIA: Be of good comfort, mother, I pray you, and follow my counsel and do not tear your clothes so.

CLYTEMNESTRA: How can I do otherwise, seeing I shall lose you?

IPHIGENIA: I pray you, mother, study not to save my life, for I shall get you much honour by my death.

CLYTEMNESTRA: What, shall not I lament your death?

IPHIGENIA: No truly you ought not, seeing that I shall both be sacrificed to the goddess Diana and also save Greece.

CLYTEMNESTRA: Well, I will follow your counsel, daughter, seeing you have spoken so well. But tell me, what shall I say to your sisters from you?

IPHIGENIA: Desire them, I pray you, not to mourn for my death.

CLYTEMNESTRA: And what shall I say unto the other virgins from you?

IPHIGENIA: Bid them all farewell in my name, and, I pray you, for my sake bring up my little brother Orestes till he come to man's age.

CLYTEMNESTRA: Take your leave of him, for this is the last day that ever you shall see him.

IPHIGENIA: Farewell, my well-beloved brother, for I am even as it were compelled to love you, because you were so glad to help me.

CLYTEMNESTRA: Is there any other thing that I may do for you at Greece?

IPHIGENIA: No, truly, but I pray you not to hate my father for this deed, for he is compelled to do it for the wealth and honour of Greece.

CLYTEMNESTRA: If he hath done this willingly, then truly he hath committed a deed far unworthy of such a noble man as he is.

[...]

CLYTEMNESTRA: And will you go away, O daughter, leaving me your mother here?

IPHIGENIA: Yea surely, mother, I must go from you unto such a place from whence I shall never come again, although I have not deserved it.

[1] Lumley spells both "gods" and "goddess" as "goddes," and thus here and in one other place (see p. 187, l.351) it is somewhat unclear which one she means. I have adopted here a reading which is closest to a modern translation of the play. Here, Walker translates these lines as, "You gave up the fight /Against God's will and chose the thing that was/Good and fated ..." (lines 1411-13, p. 371).

[2] *suffer* permit, allow.

CLYTEMNESTRA: I pray you, daughter, tarry, and do not forsake me now!

IPHIGENIA: Surely I will go hence, mother, for if I did tarry I should move you to more lamentation. Wherefore I shall desire all you women to sing some song of my death, and to prophesy good luck unto the Grecians, for with my death I shall purchase unto them a glorious victory. Bring me therefore unto the altar of the temple of the goddess Diana, that with my blood I may pacify the wrath of the goddess against you.

CHORUS: O Queen Clytemnestra of most honour, after what fashion shall we lament, seeing we may not show any token of sadness at the sacrifice?

IPHIGENIA: I would not have you to mourn for my cause, for I will not refuse to die.

CHORUS: Indeed by this means you shall get yourself a perpetual renown forever.

IPHIGENIA: Alas, thou sun which art comfort to man's life, O thou light which dost make joyful all creatures, I shall be compelled by and by[1] to forsake you all and to change my life.

CHORUS: Behold, yonder goeth the virgin to be sacrificed with a great company of soldiers after her, whose beautiful face and fair body anon shall be defiled with her own blood. Yet happy art thou, O Iphigenia, that with thy death thou shalt purchase unto the Grecians a quiet passage, which I pray God may not only happen fortunately unto them, but also that they may return again prosperously with a glorious victory.

NUNTIO:[2] Come hither, O Clytemnestra, for I must speak with you.

CLYTEMNESTRA: Tell me, I pray you, what would you with me that you call so hastily? Is there any more mischief[3] in hand that I must hear of?

NUNTIO: I must tell you of a wonder which hath happened at the sacrificing of your daughter.

CLYTEMNESTRA: Show me, I pray you, quickly what it is!

NUNTIO: As we went unto the place where the sacrifice should be, and passed through the pleasant fields where the whole host waited for your daughter, Agamemnon seeing her brought unto her death began to lament and weep. But she, perceiving what moan her father made, said unto him these words, "O father, I am come hither to offer my body willingly for the wealth of my country. Wherefore seeing that I shall be sacrificed for the commodity of all Greece, I do desire you that none of the Grecians may slay me privily,[4] for I will make no resistance against you." And when she had spoken these words, all they which were present were wonderfully astonied[5] at the stoutness of her mind. So after this, Achilles with the rest of the whole host began to desire the goddess Diana, that she would accept the sacrifice of the virgin's blood, and that she would grant them a prosperous success of their journey. And when they had made an end, the priest, taking the sword in his hand, began to look for a place convenient, where he might slay your daughter; suddenly there chanced a great wonder, for although all the people heard the voice[6] of the stroke, yet she vanished suddenly away. And when all they marvelling at it began to give a great scritch,[7] then there appeared unto them a white hart lying before the altar, strudgeling[8] for life. And Calchas, being then present and seeing what had happened, did wonderfully rejoice, and told the captains that this hart was sent of the goddess, because she would not have her altar defiled with the blood of your daughter. Moreover he said that this was a token of good luck, and that their journey should chance prosperously unto them. Wherefore he willed that

1 *by and by* soon, shortly.

2 *Nuntio* Latin, "messenger."

3 *mischief* evil, misfortune, trouble.

4 *privily* privately (as opposed to publicly).

5 *astonied* surprised, amazed, astonished.

6 As Child notes, this word is possibly "uoice" or "noice" and thus "noise" (p. ix).

7 *scritch* screech, shriek, loud cry.

8 *strudgeling* struggling.

they should tarry no longer here. And when this was so finished, Agamemnon willed me to show all these things unto you, because that I myself was present there. Wherefore I shall desire you to think no unkindness in the king your husband, for surely the secret power of the gods will save them whom they love, for this day your daughter hath been both alive and dead.

CHORUS: Surely, O Clytemnestra, you ought to rejoice of this news, that your daughter is taken up into Heaven.

CLYTEMNESTRA: But I am in doubt whether I should believe that thou, O daughter, art amongst the gods, or else that they have feigned it to comfort me.

CHORUS: Behold, yonder cometh Agamemnon, who can tell the truth of all this matter.

AGAMEMNON: Truly, wife, we are happy for our daughter's sake, for surely she is placed in Heaven. But now I think it best that you go home, seeing that we shall take our journey so shortly unto Troy. Wherefore now fare you well. And of this matter I will commune more at my return, and in the mean season I pray God send you well to do, and your heart's desire.

CHORUS: O happy Agamemnon, the gods[1] grant thee a fortunate journey unto Troy, and a most prosperous return again.

Finis.

—c. 1554

[1] Walker and at least one other modern translator omit any reference here to the gods: "With joy, son of Atreus, sail on / To the Phrygian land, / With joy return, / Bringing glorious spoil from Troy!" (trans. C.R. Walker, Appendix, lines 1628-31, p. 387).

Richard Tottel

b. in or before 1528-d. 1593

Richard Tottel's *Songs and Sonnets* was first published 5 June 1557 and was an immediate success: another edition appeared within seven weeks and seven further editions were published during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The collection marks the early stages of the move from manuscript circulation of poetry to the printed text; in his preface, "The Printer to the Reader," Tottel criticizes authors who limit the circulation of their poetry—"the ungentle hoarders up of such treasure"—and envisions his collection providing "profit and pleasure" for a much larger audience. By connecting his publication with such a noble purpose as "the honour of the English tongue" and the "profit of the studious of English eloquence," Tottel raises the status of the author and claims a humanist and nationalist function for poetry.

Tottel's first edition differs significantly from the second and subsequent editions. The first edition included forty poems by Nicholas Grimald (b. 1519/20-d. in or before 1562), the same number as the Earl of Surrey; the second edition includes only ten of Grimald's poems and his name is reduced to his initials; it is unclear why his status was thus diminished. The remaining poems were rearranged, and 39 additional poems by "Uncertain Authors" were added. In all editions, the poetry of Henry Howard, earl of Surrey (1516/17-47) and Sir Thomas Wyatt (c. 1503-42) takes precedence. The selections here are based on the second edition.

Surrey was a soldier and courtier, and his family was descended from and associated with royalty: his first cousin was Catherine Howard, fifth wife of Henry VIII, and in his youth Surrey himself was the companion of Henry's illegitimate son, Henry Fitzroy, duke of Richmond, who married Surrey's sister. Surrey was accused of a number of minor offences such as striking a courtier. In 1547 he was executed for treason, for quartering part of the royal arms on his own coat of arms. Surrey's poetry examines some of the tensions of court life, and also reveals a devotion to the elder poet Wyatt: four of Surrey's poems on Wyatt are included in Tottel's collection.

Wyatt also examines the power struggles within Henry VIII's Court. He was involved in international diplomacy and held a number of court positions. Rumours that he was Anne Boleyn's lover cannot be substantiated, although in 1536 he was arrested along with five others for adultery with her. No official charges were laid against Wyatt, and he was released shortly thereafter. Anne Boleyn and the other men were not so lucky. Scholars have noted a number of poems which may refer to Boleyn, but Tottel, sensitive to the political climate, did not include these in his collection. The most famous of these excluded poems are "Whoso List to Hunt" and "Who List His Wealth and Ease Retain"; the former can be found in the Wyatt selection immediately following Tottel.

Although Wyatt was the poetic forerunner, Surrey's name graces the title page of Tottel's collection; Surrey's aristocratic heritage provided a certain authority for the publication, and in 1557 Tottel may have been wary of including Wyatt's name on the front cover, as his son, Sir Thomas Wyatt, the younger, had been executed for rebelling against Mary Tudor in 1554. The Italian influence, and particularly the influence of Petrarch's sequence of poems to Laura, can be seen in the many adaptations and translations by both Wyatt and Surrey. The poets, however, are careful to reshape their Italian originals to apply to English and topical concerns. Many of the poems use the tensions and oppositions experienced by the Petrarchan lover to examine life as a courtier. Wyatt introduced the sonnet into English verse, and Surrey helped to establish what would become the Shakespearean form of the sonnet, as well as introducing blank verse (unrhymed iambic pentameter). Both authors thus exercised a huge influence over the development of both the form and content of English poetry.

Tottel provided titles to the poems in his collection and these have been retained here, as they give a sense of the general thematic structures into which the poems were placed: love, the simple life, riddles, etc. These titles also provided some important information for a larger audience, many of whom would not know the original context of the poems; however, some of Tottel's titles limit the possible interpretations of the poems, perhaps to diffuse potentially dangerous political readings. For example, Wyatt's "The Pillar Perished" is presented as a generic Petrarchan love poem

["The Lover Laments the Death of His Love"], although it may originally have been written on the death of Wyatt's patron, Thomas Cromwell, who was executed in 1540. To demonstrate the extent to which Tottel (or the printer of the collection) edited some of the lines, often smoothing out the meter, major variations between different manuscripts are indicated in footnotes. Wyatt's well-known poem "Whoso List to Hunt," which does not appear in Tottel, and the Egerton MS version of "They Flee from Me," which has major variations from Tottel, can be found in the Wyatt section immediately following this one.

EDITION: *Songes and sonettes.* London: Richard Tottel, 1557. STC 13862.

from *Songs and Sonnets Written by the Right Honourable Lord Henry Howard Late Earl of Surrey, and Others.*[1]

The Printer to the Reader

That to have well written in verse, yea and in small parcels, deserveth great praise, the works of divers[2] Latins, Italians, and other do prove sufficiently. That our tongue is able in that kind to do as praiseworthily as the rest, the honourable style of the noble Earl of Surrey and the weightiness of the deep-witted Sir Thomas Wyatt the elder's verse, with several graces in sundry good English writers, do show abundantly. It resteth now (gentle reader) that thou think it not evil done to publish, to the honour of the English tongue and for profit of the studious of English eloquence, those works which the ungentle hoarders up of such treasure have heretofore envied thee. And for this point (good reader), thine own profit and pleasure, in these presently and in more hereafter, shall answer for my defence. If perhaps some mislike the stateliness of style removed from the rude skill of common ears, I ask help of the learned to defend their learned friends, the authors of this work. And I exhort the unlearned by reading to learn to be more skilful and to purge that swine-like grossness that maketh the sweet marjoram not to smell to their delight.

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY (1516/17-47)

Description of Spring, Wherein Each Thing Renews, Save Only the Lover.[3]

The soote[4] season, that bud and bloom forth brings,
With green hath clad the hill and eke[5] the vale,
The nightingale with feathers new she sings,
The turtle to her make[6] hath told her tale.
Summer is come, for every spray[7] now springs,
The hart hath hung his old head on the pale,[8]
The buck in brake[9] his winter coat he flings,
The fishes float[10] with new-repaired scale,
The adder all her slough[11] away she slings,
The swift swallow pursueth the flies smale,[12]
The busy bee her honey now she mings,[13]

[1] After the publication of Edward Arber's edition, *Tottel's Miscellany* (London, 1870), the *Songs and Sonnets* has familiarly been called *Tottel's Miscellany*. The best discussion of Tottel's editions is Paul Marquis's *Richard Tottel's Songes and Sonettes: The Elizabethan Version.* Tempe, Arizona, 2007.

[2] *divers* various.

[3] This poem is a version of Petrarch's *Rime* 310.

[4] *soote* sweet.

[5] *eke* also.

[6] *turtle* turtledove; *make* mate.

[7] *spray* slender shoots or twigs.

[8] *pale* fence; the deer has shed his antlers.

[9] *brake* bracken, thicket.

[10] *float* The original spelling "flete" might also infer the idea of speed.

[11] *slough* outer skin.

[12] *smale* small.

[13] *mings* mixes.

Winter is worn that was the flowers' bale.[1]
And thus I see among these pleasant things
Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs.

Complaint of a Lover Rebuked.[2]

Love that liveth and reigneth in my thought,[3]
That built his seat within my captive breast,
Clad in the arms wherein with me he fought,
Oft in my face he doth his banner rest.
She that me taught to love and suffer pain,
My doubtful hope and eke my hot desire,
With shamefast cloak[4] to shadow and refrain,
Her smiling grace converteth straight to ire.[5]
And coward love then to the heart apace
Taketh his flight, whereas he lurks and plains,[6]
His purpose lost, and dare not show his face.
For my lord's guilt thus faultless bide I pains.
Yet from my lord shall not my foot remove.
Sweet is his death that takes his end by love.

Description and Praise of His Love Geraldine.[7]

From Tuscan[8] came my lady's worthy race,
Fair Florence was sometime her ancient seat,
The western isle, whose pleasant shore doth face
Wild Camber's[9] cliffs, did give her lively heat.
Fostered she was with milk of Irish breast,
Her sire an earl, her dame of princes' blood.[10]
From tender years in Britain she doth rest
With king's child, who tasteth ghostly food.[11]
Hunsdon[12] did first present her to mine eyne,
Bright is her hue, and Geraldine she hight.[13]
Hampton[14] me taught to wish her first for mine,
And Windsor,[15] alas, doth chase me from her sight.
Her beauty of kind, her virtues from above,
Happy is he that can obtain her love.

A Complaint by Night of the Lover Not Beloved.[16]

Alas, so all things now do hold their peace,
Heaven and earth disturbed in nothing;
The beasts, the air, the birds their song do cease,
The night's char[17] the stars about doth bring.
Calm is the sea; the waves work less and less.
So am not I, whom love alas doth wring,
Bringing before my face the great increase
Of my desires, whereat I weep and sing,
In joy and woe, as in a doubtful ease:
For my sweet thoughts sometime do pleasure bring,
But by and by the cause of my disease
Gives me a pang that inwardly doth sting,
When that I think what grief it is again,
To live and lack the thing should rid my pain.

---

[1] *Winter ... bale* i.e., winter, the flowers' foe or sorrow, is over.

[2] This poem is a version of Petrarch's *Rime* 140. See Wyatt's poem "The Lover for Shamefastness"/"The Long Love" for another version, p. 194.

[3] The Harington MS begins "Love that doth reign and live within my thought."

[4] *cloak* The Harington MS reads "look."

[5] *ire* anger.

[6] *plains* complains; *whereas ... plains* The Harington MS reads "where he doth lurk and plain."

[7] *Geraldine* Elizabeth Fitzgerald, a maid to Catherine Howard, provided the material for the romanticizing of Surrey, though as editor H.E. Rollins points out, Elizabeth would have been nine years old in 1537, when this poem was supposed to have been written (*Tottel's Miscellany* [Cambridge, MA, 1965] 2:74). The Fitzgeralds, an Irish family, traced their line to the Geraldi family of Florence.

[8] *Tuscan* Tuscany, formerly a grand duchy (a territory ruled by a duke or duchess), had Florence as its capital.

[9] *Camber* Wales; the land facing Wales would be Ireland.

[10] *her dame of princes' blood* Geraldine's mother was the granddaughter of Elizabeth Woodville, queen of Edward IV and cousin of Henry VIII.

[11] *who tasteth ... food* In the first edition, this reads "where she tasteth costly food."

[12] *Hunsdon* location of the household of Princess Mary, which Geraldine joined in 1537.

[13] *hight* called.

[14] *Hampton* location of the royal household, which Geraldine joined later in 1537.

[15] *Windsor* Surrey was briefly imprisoned in Windsor in 1537 for striking a courtier.

[16] This poem is a version of Petrarch's *Rime* 164.

[17] *night's char* The Italian *carro* indicates this is a reference to Ursa Major, or the Great Bear; also the night's chariot, here drawn across the sky by the stars.

How Each Thing, Save the Lover, in Spring Reviveth to Pleasure.

When Windsor[1] walls sustained my wearied arm,
My hand my chin, to ease my restless head:
The pleasant plot revested[2] green with warm,
The blossomed boughs with lusty ver yspred,[3]
The flowered meads, the wedded birds so late
Mine eyes discover: and to my mind resort
The jolly woes, the hateless short debate,
The rakehell life that longs to love's disport.[4]
Wherewith (alas) the heavy charge of care
Heaped in my breast breaks forth against my will
In smoky sighs that overcast the air.
My vapoured eyes[5] such dreary tears distil,
The tender spring which quicken[s][6] where they fall,
And I half bent to throw me down withal.

Vow to Love Faithfully Howsoever He Be Rewarded.[7]

Set me whereas the sun doth parch the green,
Or where his beams do not dissolve the ice,
In temperate heat where he is felt and seen,
In presence pressed of people mad or wise.[8]
Set me in high or yet in low degree,
In longest night or in the shortest day,
In clearest sky or where clouds thickest be,[9]
In lusty youth or when my hairs are gray.
Set me in heaven, in earth, or else in hell,
In hill or dale, or in the foaming flood,
Thrall or at large, alive whereso I dwell,
Sick or in health, in evil fame or good,
Hers[10] will I be and only with this thought
Content myself, although my chance be naught.[11]

Prisoned in Windsor, He Recounteth His Pleasure There Passed.

So cruel prison how could betide,[12] alas,
As proud Windsor? Where I in lust[13] and joy
With a king's son[14] my childish years did pass,
In greater feast than Priam's sons of Troy:[15]
Where each sweet place returns a taste full sour,
The large green courts where we were wont to hove,[16]
With eyes cast up into the maidens' tower,
And easy sighs, such as folk draw in love.
The stately seats, the ladies bright of hue,
The dances short, long tales of great delight,
With words and looks that tigers could but rue,[17]
Where each of us did plead the other's right;
The palm play where, despoiled[18] for the game,
With dazed eyes oft we by gleams of love
Have missed the ball, and got sight of our dame,
To bait her eyes which kept the leads above;[19]
The gravel ground, with sleeves tied on the helm,[20]
On foaming horse with swords and friendly hearts,

---

1 *Windsor* See p. 190, note 15.

2 *revested* re-clothed, re-invested.

3 *ver* springtime; *yspred* past participle of "spread."

4 *rakehell* immoral, dissolute; *longs* belongs; *disport* entertainment.

5 *vapoured eyes* i.e., eyes misted over with tears.

6 *quicken[s]* grows.

7 This poem is a version of Petrarch's *Rime* 145.

8 *In … wise* The Harington MS reads "With proud people, in presence sad and wise."

9 *In … be* The Harington MS reads "In clear weather or where mists thickest be."

10 *Hers* The Harington MS reads "yours."

11 The Harington MS ends with the line "Comfort myself, when that my hap is naught."

12 *betide* become; this first sentence asks how Windsor, a place of such fond memories, could have become the poet's prison.

13 *lust* pleasure.

14 *a king's son* Henry Fitzroy, duke of Richmond (1519-1536), was Henry VIII's illegitimate son; he married Surrey's sister, Mary Howard.

15 *Priam's sons of Troy* The king of Troy in the *Iliad*, Priam had fifty sons.

16 *hove* linger.

17 *tigers could but rue* that even fierce tigers would regard with pity or compassion.

18 *palm play* a game resembling tennis, where the ball is struck with the hand instead of a racket; *despoiled* unclothed.

19 *bait* feast; *leads above* the lead walks along the roofs.

20 *sleeves tied on the helm* Sleeves or strips of material worn as a lady's token or favour are tied onto the helmet; these lines describe a tournament on horseback.

With cheer as though one should another whelm,[1]
Where we have fought and chased oft with darts;
With silver drops the mead yet spread for ruth,[2]
In active games of nimbleness and strength,
Where we did strain, trained with[3] swarms of youth,
Our tender limbs that yet shot up in length.
The secret groves which oft we made resound
Of pleasant plaint[4] and of our ladies' praise,
Recording oft what grace each one had found,
What hope of speed, what dread of long delays.
The wild forest, the clothed holts[5] with green,
With reins availed and swift ybreathed[6] horse,
With cry of hounds and merry blasts between,
Where we did chase the fearful hart of force.[7]
The wild vales[8] eke that harboured us each night,
Wherewith (alas) reviveth in my breast
The sweet accord, such sleeps as yet delight,
The pleasant dreams, the quiet bed of rest,
The secret thoughts imparted with such trust,
The wanton talk, the divers[9] change of play,
The friendship sworn, each promise kept so just,
Wherewith we past the winter night away.
And with this thought the blood forsakes the face,
The tears berain my cheeks of deadly hue,
The which as soon as sobbing sighs (alas)
Up-supped[10] have, thus I my plaint renew:
"O place of bliss, renewer of my woes,
Give me accompt, where is my noble fere,[11]
Whom in thy walls thou dost each night enclose,
To other lief,[12] but unto me most dear."
Echo (alas) that doth my sorrow rue
Returns thereto a hollow sound of plaint.
Thus I alone, where all my freedom grew,
In prison pine with bondage and restraint,
And with remembrance of the greater grief
To banish the less, I find my chief relief.

Complaint of the Absence of Her Lover Being upon the Sea.[13]

O happy dames that may embrace
The fruit of your delight,
Help to bewail the woeful case,
And eke the heavy plight
Of me, that wonted[14] to rejoice
The fortune of my pleasant choice:
Good ladies, help to fill my mourning voice.
In ship, freight with remembrance
Of thoughts and pleasures past,
He sails that hath in governance
My life, while it will last;
With scalding sighs, for lack of gale,
Furthering his hope, that is his sail,
Toward me, the sweet port of his avail.[15]
Alas, how oft in dreams I see
Those eyes that were my food,
Which sometime so delighted me
That yet they do me good;
Wherewith I wake with his return,
Whose absent flame did make me burn,
But when I find the lack, Lord how I mourn.
When other lovers in arms across
Rejoice their chief delight,
Drowned in tears to mourn my loss
I stand the bitter night

---

[1] *whelm* overwhelm, overturn.

[2] *mead* meadow; *ruth* compassion. The meadows are spread with dew.

[3] *trained with* The Harington MS reads "trailed by."

[4] *plaint* complaint, lament.

[5] *holts* woods.

[6] *swift ybreathed* swiftly breathing.

[7] *the fearful hart of force* The hart or the hunters could be associated with "force" or strength.

[8] *vales* valleys, dales. The Harington MS reads "void walls" for "wild vales"; the word "wide" for "wild" also appears in some editions.

[9] *divers* various.

[10] *Up-supped* i.e., his tears are drawn up by his sighs, just as the wind dries up rain.

[11] *accompt* account; *fere* companion, here the Duke of Richmond, who in 1536 had died of consumption at age 17.

[12] *lief* beloved.

[13] Rollins notes that Emil Koeppel has shown this poem is an adaptation of the fifth epistle of the Italian poet Serafino d'Aquilano (1466-1500), itself an adaptation of Phyllis's complaint in Ovid's *Heroides* (2:143).

[14] *wonted* was accustomed.

[15] *avail* The *OED* defines "avail" as "disembarkation"; in this instance, though, it may still have the sense of "assistance."

In my window, where I may see
Before the winds how the clouds flee.
Lo, what a mariner love hath made me.
And in green waves when the salt flood
Doth rise by rage of wind,
A thousand fancies in that mood
Assail my restless mind;
Alas, now drencheth my sweet foe,
That with the spoil of my heart did go,
And left me, but (alas) why did he so?
And when the seas wax calm again,
To chase from me annoy,
My doubtful hope doth cause me plain,
So dread cuts off my joy.
Thus is my wealth mingled with woe,
And of each thought a doubt doth grow:
Now he comes. Will he come? Alas, no, no.

The Means to Attain Happy Life.[1]

Martial, the things that do attain
The happy life be these, I find:
The riches left, not got with pain;
The fruitful ground; the quiet mind;
The equal friend; no grudge, no strife;
No charge[2] of rule, nor governance;
Without disease the healthful life;
The household of continuance;[3]
The mean diet, no delicate[4] fare;
True wisdom joined with simpleness;[5]
The night discharged of all care,
Where wine the wit may not oppress;[6]
The faithful wife,[7] without debate;
Such sleeps as may beguile the night;
Contented with thine own estate;
Ne wish for death, ne[8] fear his might.

[1] This poem is a version of Epigram 10.47 by the Roman poet Martial.

[2] *charge* burden.

[3] *household of continuance* an enduring, lasting household.

[4] *mean* moderate; *delicate* luxurious.

[5] *True … simpleness* The Harington MS reads "Wisdom joined with simplicity."

[6] *Where … oppress* The Harington MS reads "Where wine may bear no sovereignty."

[7] *The faithful wife* The Harington MS reads "The chaste wife, wise."

[8] *Ne ... ne* neither ... nor.

Of the Same
[Of the Death of Sir T.W.][9]

W[yatt] resteth here that quick[10] could never rest,
Whose heavenly gifts increased by disdain,[11]
And virtue sank the deeper in his breast,
Such profit he by envy could obtain.

A head where wisdom mysteries did frame,
Whose hammers beat still in that lively brain
As on a stith,[12] where that some work of fame
Was daily wrought to turn to Britain's gain.

A visage stern and mild, where both did grow
Vice to contemn, in virtue to rejoice;
Amid great storms whom grace assured so
To live upright and smile at fortune's choice.

A hand that taught what might be said in rhyme,
That reft[13] Chaucer the glory of his wit,
A mark the which (unparfited[14] for time)
Some may approach, but never none shall hit.

A tongue that served in foreign realms his king,
Whose courteous talk to virtue did inflame
Each noble heart: a worthy guide to bring
Our English youth by travail[15] unto fame.

An eye whose judgement none affect could blind,[16]
Friends to allure, and foes to reconcile,
Whose piercing look did represent a mind
With virtue fraught, reposed, void of guile.

[9] *Of the Same* Tottel's title refers to the previous poem, "Of the Death of the Same Sir T.W."—or Thomas Wyatt—which itself refers to the poem before that, "Praise of Certain Psalms of David Translated by Sir T.W. the Elder."

[10] *W[yatt]* Tottel includes the initial letter only; *quick* alive.

[11] *disdain* the "envy" of line 4, or Wyatt's own disdain of his earthly gifts, which increases his heavenly ones.

[12] *stith* stithy or anvil.

[13] *reft* bereft.

[14] *unparfited* unperfected.

[15] *travail* labour.

[16] *none affect could blind* could be blinded by no dissembling.

A heart where dread was never so impressed
To hide the thought that might the truth advance;
In neither fortune loft[1] nor yet repressed,
To swell in wealth or yield unto mischance.

A valiant corps[2] where force and beauty met,
Happy, alas, too happy, but for foes;
Lived and ran the race that nature set,
Of manhood's shape, where she the mould did lose.

But to the heavens that simple soul is fled,
Which left, with such as covet Christ to know,
Witness of faith that never shall be dead,
Sent for our health, but not received so.

Thus for our guilt[3] this jewel have we lost:
The earth his bones, the Heavens possess his ghost.

SIR THOMAS WYATT (c. 1503-42)

The Lover for Shamefastness Hideth His Desire within His Faithful Heart.[4]

The long love that in my thought I harbour,
And in my heart doth keep his residence,
Into my face presseth with bold pretence,
And there campeth, displaying his banner.[5]
She that me learns to love, and to suffer,
And wills that my trust and lust's negligence
Be reined by reason, shame and reverence,
With his hardiness takes displeasure.
Wherewith love to the heart's forest he fleeth,[6]
Leaving his enterprise with pain and cry,
And there him hideth, and not appeareth.
What may I do, when my master feareth,
But in the field with him to live and die,
For good is the life ending faithfully.

Description of the Contrarious Passions in a Lover.[7]

I find no peace, and all my war is done;
I fear and hope; I burn and freeze like ice;
I fly aloft,[8] yet can I not arise,
And naught I have, and all the world I season.[9]
That locks nor loseth,[10] holdeth me in prison,
And holds me not, yet can I scape no wise,
Nor lets me live nor die at my devise,[11]
And yet of death it giveth me occasion.
Without eye I see, without tongue I plain,
I wish to perish, yet I ask for health,
I love another and I hate myself.
I feed me in sorrow and laugh in all my pain.
Lo, thus displeaseth me both death and life,
And my delight is causer of this strife.

The Lover Compareth His State to a Ship in Perilous Storm Tossed on the Sea.[12]

My galley charged[13] with forgetfulness,
Through sharp seas, in winter nights doth pass
'Tween rock and rock, and eke my foe[14] (alas),
That is my lord, steereth with cruelness,
And every hour[15] a thought in readiness

---

1 *loft* lofty, elevated.

2 *corps* body, being.

3 *guilt* The original "gilte" might also allude to "gilt" or gilding, or money.

4 This poem, like Surrey's "Complaint of a Lover Rebuked" or "Love That Liveth," is a version of Petrarch's *Rime* 140; *shamefastness* modesty, bashfulness.

5 *And … banner* The Egerton MS reads "And therein campeth, spreading his banner."

6 *Wherewith … fleeth* The Egerton MS reads "Wherewithal unto the heart's forest he fleeth."

7 This poem is a version of Petrarch's *Rime* 134.

8 *aloft* The Egerton MS reads "above the wind."

9 *season* seizen, to seize upon.

10 *That locks nor loseth* "That" refers to the "contrarious passions" or simply "love," which neither "locks" or imprisons, nor "loseth" or frees the speaker. The idea is repeated in the subsequent section.

11 *devise* contrivance, will.

12 This poem is a version of Petrarch's *Rime* 189.

13 *charged* burdened, or perhaps commissioned, since it is forgetfulness that the speaker desires.

14 *foe* His foe is his love (which fits with the Petrarchan oppositions). The Egerton MS reads "enemy."

15 *hour* Tottel has printed "hour," but the manuscript reads "owre" or "oar."

As though that death were light in such a case.
An endless wind doth tear the sail apace
Of forced sighs and trusty fearfulness.[1]
A rain of tears, a cloud of dark disdain,
Have done the wearied cords great hinderance,[2]
Wreathed with error and with ignorance.
The stars be hid that lead me to this pain.
Drowned is reason that should be my comfort,[3]
And I remain despairing of the port.

The Lover Showeth How He Is Forsaken of Such as He Sometime Enjoyed.

They flee from me that sometime did me seek
With naked foot stalking within my chamber.
Once have I seen them gentle, tame and meek,
That now are wild, and do not once remember
That sometime they have put themselves in danger
To take bread at my hand, and now they range,
Busily seeking in continual change.

Thanked be fortune, it hath been otherwise
Twenty times better; but once especial,[4]
In thin array, after a pleasant guise,
When her loose gown did from her shoulders fall,
And she me caught in her arms long and small,
And therewithal so sweetly did me kiss,
And softly said, "Dear heart,[5] how like you this?"

It was no dream, for I lay broad awaking.
But all is turned now, through my gentleness,
Into a bitter fashion of forsaking,
And I have leave to go of her goodness,
And she also to use newfangledness.
But, since that I unkindly so am served,
How like you this? What hath she now deserved?

To His Love Whom He Had Kissed against Her Will.[6]

Alas, madam, for stealing of a kiss
Have I so much your mind therein offended?
Or have I done so grievously amiss
That by no means it may not be amended?
Revenge you then. The readiest way is this:
Another kiss my life it shall have ended.
For to my mouth the first my heart did suck,
The next shall clean out of my breast it pluck.

The Lover Compareth His Heart to the Overcharged Gun.[7]

The furious gun, in his most raging ire,
When that the boule is rammed in too sore,[8]
And that the flame cannot part from the fire,
Cracks in sunder, and in the air do roar
The shivered[9] pieces. So doth my desire,
Whose flame increaseth aye from more to more;
Which to let out, I dare not look nor speak,
So inward force my heart doth all to break.

The Lover Complaineth the Unkindness of His Love.

My lute awake, perform the last
Labour that thou and I shall waste,
And end that I have now begun;
And when this song is sung and past,
My lute be still for I have done.
As to be heard where ear is none,
As lead to grave in marble stone,[10]
My song may pierce her heart as soon.
Should we then sigh? Or sing, or moan?
No, no, my lute, for I have done.
The rocks do not so cruelly
Repulse the waves continually
As she my suit and affection,

---

1 *trusty fearfulness* fear of trusting.
2 *hinderance* hindrance, lengthened for the metre.
3 *be my comfort* The Egerton MS reads "me consort" (i.e., accompany).
4 *especial* particularly, specifically.
5 *heart* Tottel reads "hart," a common spelling and pun in these poems.
6 This poem is a version of a strambotto by Serafino (Rollins 2:171).
7 This poem is a version of a strambotto by Serafino (Rollins 2:184).
8 *boule* ball or bullet; *sore* fiercely or tightly.
9 *shivered* shattered.
10 *As lead ... stone* when lead (a soft metal) is able to engrave marble.

So that I am past remedy,
Whereby my lute and I have done.
Proud of the spoil that thou hast got
Of simple hearts through love's shot,
By whom unkind thou hast them won,
Think not he hath his bow forgot,
Although my lute and I have done.
Vengeance shall fall on thy disdain
That makest but game on[1] earnest pain.
Think not alone under the sun
Unquit to cause thy lovers plain,[2]
Although my lute and I have done.
May chance[3] thee lie withered and old,
In winter nights that are so cold,
Plaining in vain unto the moon;
Thy wishes then dare not be told.
Care then who list,[4] for I have done.
And then may chance thee to repent
The time that thou hast lost and spent
To cause thy lovers sigh and swoon.
Then shalt thou know beauty but lent,
And wish and want as I have done.
Now cease my lute, this is the last
Labour that thou and I shall waste,
And ended is that we begun.
Now is this song both sung and past,
My lute be still, for I have done.

How by a Kiss He Found Both His Life and Death.

Nature that gave the bee so feat[5] a grace
To find honey of so wondrous fashion,
Hath taught the spider out of the same place
To fetch poison by strange alteration.
Though this be strange, it is a stranger case
With one kiss, by secret operation,
Both these[6] at once in those your lips to find,
In change whereof, I leave my heart behind.

[1] *on* of.
[2] *Unquit* unpaid, unrevenged; *plain* to complain.
[3] *May chance* The Egerton MS reads "Perchance."
[4] *list* wishes.
[5] *feat* fitting, becoming.
[6] *both these* i.e., honey and poison.

The Lover Laments the Death of His Love.[7]

The pillar perished is whereto I lent,
The strongest stay[8] of mine unquiet mind;
The like of it no man again can find,
From east to west still seeking though he went.
To mine unhap, for hap away hath rent[9]
Of all my joy the very bark and rind,
And I (alas) by chance am thus assigned
Daily[10] to mourn till death do it relent.
But since that thus it is by destiny,
What can I more but have a woeful heart,
My pen in plaint, my voice in careful[11] cry,
My mind in woe, my body full of smart,
And I myself, myself always to hate,
Till dreadful death do ease my doleful state.

That Pleasure Is Mixed with Every Pain.[12]

Venomous thorns that are so sharp and keen,
Bear flowers we see full fresh and fair of hue;
Poison is also put in medicine,
And unto man his health doth oft renew.
The fire that all things eke consumeth clean
May hurt and heal. Then if that this be true,
I trust sometime my harm may be my health,
Since every woe is joined with some wealth.

Description of a Gun.[13]

Vulcan begat me; Minerva[14] me taught;
Nature my mother; craft nourished me year by year.

[7] This poem is a version of Petrarch's *Rime* 269.
[8] *stay* support.
[9] *unhap* misfortune; *hap* fortune; *rent* rend or tear.
[10] *Daily* The Harington MS reads "dearly."
[11] *careful* The Harington MS reads "woeful."
[12] This poem is a version of a strambotto by Serafino (Rollins 2: 315).
[13] This poem is a rendition of a Latin poem of Pandulpho (fl. 1500) (Rollins 2:210). Tottel's title gives away the riddle.
[14] *Vulcan* god of fire and metal working; *Minerva* goddess of wisdom.

Three bodies are my food; my strength is in naught;
Anger, wrath, waste, and noise are my children dear.
Guess, friend, what I am, and how I am wrought,
Monster of sea, or of land, or of elsewhere.
Know me, and use me, and I may thee defend;
And if I be thine enemy, I may thy life end.

Wyatt Being in Prison, to Bryan.[1]

Sighs are my food, my drink are my tears;
Clinking of fetters would such music crave;
Stink and close air away my life it wears;
Poor innocence is all the hope I have.
Rain, wind or weather judge I by mine ears.
Malice assaults that[2] righteousness should have.
Sure am I, Bryan, this wound shall heal again,
But yet, alas, the scar shall still remain.

The Courtier's Life.

In court to serve, decked with fresh array,
Of sugared meats filling the sweet repast,
The life in banquets and sundry kinds of play,
Amid the press of worldly[3] looks to waste,
Hath with it joined oft times such bitter taste
That who so joys such kind of life to hold
In prison joys, fettered with chains of gold.

Of the Courtier's Life Written to John Poins.[4]

Mine own John Poins, since ye delight to know
The causes why that homeward I me draw,
And flee the press of courts, whereso they go,
Rather than to live thrall under the awe
Of lordly looks, wrapped within my cloak,
To will and lust[5] learning to set a law;
It is not that because I scorn or mock
The power of them, whom fortune here hath lent
Charge over us, of right to strike the stroke.
But true it is that I have always meant
Less to esteem them than the common sort
Of outward things, that judge in their intent,
Without regard, what inward doth resort.[6]
I grant sometime of glory that the fire
Doth touch my heart. Me list not to report
Blame by honour, and honour to desire.[7]
But how may I this honour now attain
That cannot dye the colour black a liar?
My Poins, I cannot frame my tune to feign,
To cloak the truth, for praise without desert,
Of them that list[8] all vice for to retain.
I cannot honour them that set their part
With Venus and Bacchus[9] all their life long,
Nor hold my peace of them, although I smart.[10]
I cannot crouch nor kneel to such a wrong,
To worship them like God on earth alone,
That are as wolves these silly[11] lambs among.
I cannot with my words complain and moan
And suffer nought, nor smart without complaint,
Nor turn the word that from my mouth is gone.
I cannot speak and look like as a saint,
Use wiles for wit and make deceit a pleasure,

---

[1] This poem is addressed to Sir Francis Bryan (d. 1550), courtier and writer. Wyatt was imprisoned 17 January-21 March 1541 on charges from which he had already been cleared in 1538 (meeting with a traitor). He was pardoned again with the help of Queen Catherine Howard (Surrey may have influenced Howard, who was his first cousin).

[2] *that* that which.

[3] *worldly* also appears as "lordly."

[4] This poem is a version of the tenth satire of the Italian poet and statesman Luigi Alamanni (1495-1556) (Rollins 2:216). Little is known of John Poins—or Poynz—part of an Essex family, some of whose members had important roles in government. Wyatt wrote this while exiled to Kent in 1536; the court which he satirizes is therefore one in which he is not permitted to participate.

[5] *lust* pleasure.

[6] *I have always meant ... doth resort* The speaker states he has always esteemed men of court or power less than the common people do, because the "common sort" judge others on their appearances rather than on inner virtues or merits.

[7] *Me list ... desire* i.e., I do not wish to call honour blameful, or desire honourable.

[8] *list* please, choose.

[9] *Venus* especially in her role as goddess of sensual love; *Bacchus* god of wine.

[10] *smart* suffer.

[11] *silly* innocent.

Call craft counsel, for lucre[1] still to paint.
I cannot wrest the law to fill the coffer,
With innocent blood to feed myself fat,
And do most hurt where that most help I offer.
I am not he that can allow the state
Of high Caesar, and damn Cato to die,
That with his death did scape out of the gate
From Caesar's hands, if Livy doth not lie,[2]
And would not live where liberty was lost,
So did his heart the common wealth[3] apply.
I am not he, such eloquence to boast,
To make the crow in singing as the swan,
Nor call the lion of coward beasts the most,
That cannot take a mouse as the cat can.
And he that dieth for hunger of the gold,
Call him Alexander, and say that Pan
Passeth Apollo[4] in music manifold;
Praise Sir Topas for a noble tale,
And scorn the story that the knight told;[5]
Praise him for counsel that is drunk of ale;
Grin when he laughs that beareth all the sway,[6]
Frown when he frowns, and groan when he is pale;
On others' lust to hang both night and day.
None of these points would ever frame[7] in me.
My wit is naught; I cannot learn the way;
And much the less of things that greater be,
That asken help of colours to devise,[8]
To join the mean with each extremity,
With nearest virtue aye to cloak the vice.
And, as to purpose likewise it shall fall,
To press the virtue that it may not rise,
As drunkenness good fellowship to call;
The friendly foe, with his fair double face,
Say he is gentle and courteous therewithal;
Affirm that favell[9] hath a goodly grace
In eloquence; and cruelty to name
Zeal of justice; and change in time and place.
And he that suffereth offence without blame,
Call him pitiful, and him true and plain
That raileth reckless unto each man's shame.
Say he is rude that cannot lie and feign,
The lecher a lover, and tyranny
To be the right of a prince's reign.
I cannot, I; no, no, it will not be.
This is the cause that I could never yet
Hang on their sleeves that weigh (as thou mayest see)
A chip of chance more than a pound of wit.
This maketh me at home to hunt and hawk,
And in foul weather at my book to sit;
In frost and snow then with my bow to stalk.
No man doth mark whereso I ride or go;
In lusty leas[10] at liberty I walk,
And of these news I feel nor weal nor woe,
Save that a clog doth hang yet at my heel.[11]
No force for that, for it is ordered so
That I may leap both hedge and dike[12] full well.
I am not now in France to judge the wine,
With sav'ry sauce those delicates[13] to feel;
Nor yet in Spain where one must him incline,
Rather than to be, outwardly to seem.
I meddle not with wits that be so fine,
Nor Flanders' cheer lets not my sight to deem[14]
Of black and white, nor takes my wits away
With beastliness: such do those beasts esteem.

---

[1] *lucre* The Devonshire MS reads "profit."

[2] Rollins points out that the section of Livy or Titus Livius' history of Rome which tells this story is lost; Cato committed suicide after the battle of Thapsus (46 BCE), a more noble end than being captured by Caesar (2:218).

[3] *common wealth* common good, also "commonwealth" or state.

[4] *he that dieth ... Alexander* Alexander the Great (356-323 BCE) wished to conquer other worlds, apparently for gold; *Pan* presided over shepherds and flocks and delighted in rural music (the pan pipes); *Apollo* the sun god, patron of music and poetry. The section is structured by oppositions.

[5] *Sir Topas ... the knight told* two stories from Chaucer's *The Canterbury Tales*; unlike the ridiculous tale of Sir Topas, the knight's tale is dignified and courtly.

[6] *sway* power.

[7] *frame* prosper.

[8] *of colours to devise* to colour them differently than they appear.

[9] *favell* fallow; a fallow horse was used proverbially as the type of fraud or duplicity.

[10] *lusty leas* pleasant meadows, pastures.

[11] Wyatt was exiled to Kent and therefore not free to go where he chose.

[12] *dike* ditch, the boundary of a field.

[13] *delicates* delicacies.

[14] *Flanders' cheer* Flanders, the name of an ancient countship now divided between Belgium, France, and Holland, was known for its drinking; *lets* prevents; *deem* distinguish between.

Nor I am not where truth is given in prey
For money, poison and treason, of some[1]
A common practice, used night and day.
But I am here in Kent and Christendom,
Among the Muses,[2] where I read and rhyme,
Where if thou list, mine own John Poins, to come,
Thou shalt be judge how I do spend my time.

UNCERTAIN AUTHORS

Comparison of Life and Death.

The life is long that loathsomely doth last,
The doleful days draw slowly to their date,
The present pangs and painful plagues forepast[3]
Yield grief aye green to stablish[4] this estate,
So that I feel in this great storm and strife
The death is sweet that endeth such a life.

Yet by the stroke of this strange overthrow,
At which conflict in thraldom[5] I was thrust,
The Lord be praised; I am well taught to know
From whence man came and eke whereto he must,
And by the way upon how feeble force
His term doth stand, till death doth end his course.

The pleasant years that seem, so swift that run
The merry days to end, so fast that fleet,[6]
The joyful nights, of which day daweth[7] so soon,
The happy hours, which more do miss than meet,
Do all consume, as snow against the sun,
And death makes end of all that life begun.

Since death shall dure[8] till all the world be waste,
What meaneth man to dread death then so sore?
As man might make, that life should alway[s] last;
Without regard, the Lord hath led before
The dance of death, which all must run on row,[9]
Though how or when the Lord alone doth know.

If man would mind what burdens life doth bring,
What grievous crimes to God he doth commit,
What plagues, what pangs, what perils thereby spring,
With no sure hour in all his days to sit,
He would sure think, as with great cause I do,
The day of death were better of the two.

Death is a port whereby we pass to joy;
Life is a lake that drowneth all in pain.
Death is so dear it ceaseth all annoy;
Life is so lewd that all it yields is vain.
And as by life to bondage man is brought,
Even so likewise by death was freedom wrought.

Wherefore with Paul[10] let all men wish and pray
To be dissolved of this foul fleshly mass,
Or at the least be armed against the day,
That they be found good soldiers, pressed to pass
From life to death, from death to life again,
To such a life as ever shall remain.

Upon Consideration of the State of This Life, He Wisheth Death.[11]

The longer life, the more offence,
The more offence, the greater pain,
The greater pain, the less defence,

---

1 *truth ... of some* In the Egerton MS, for "prey" the MS reads "Christ," and for "of some" the MS reads "at Rome." Tottel's first edition appeared while the Catholic Mary Tudor was on the throne, and so is careful to change these.

2 *Muses* nine sister goddesses, regarded as inspirers of the arts, especially music and poetry.

3 *forepast* past.

4 *grief aye green* still fresh grief; *stablish* establish.

5 *thraldom* bondage or slavery.

6 *fleet* fly.

7 *daweth* dawneth.

8 *dure* endure.

9 *dance of death* In a common allegorical representation of the *danse macabre*, Death is shown leading people of all classes and ages to the grave; *run on row* run in succession or together.

10 *with Paul* 2 Corinthians 5:1-2; Timothy 2:3 and 4:6-8.

11 This is an example of an "echo" or repeating poem.

The less defence, the lesser gain.
The loss of gain long ill doth try,
Wherefore come death and let me die.
The shorter life, less count I find,
The less account, the sooner made,
The count soon made, the merrier mind,
The merry mind doth thought evade.
Short life in truth this thing doth try,
Wherefore come death and let me die.
Come gentle death, the ebb of care,
The ebb of care, the flood of life,
The flood of life, the joyful fare,
The joyful fare, the end of strife.
The end of strife, that thing wish I,
Wherefore come death and let me die.

Of a New Married Student That Played Fast and Loose.

A student at his book so placed
That wealth he might have won,
From book to wife did fleet in haste,
From wealth to woe to run.
Now who hath played a feater[1] cast
Since juggling first begun?
In knitting of himself so fast,
Himself he hath undone.

A Praise of Petrarch and of Laura His Lady.[2]

O Petrarch, head and prince of poets all,
Whose lively gift of flowing eloquence
Well may we seek, but find not how or whence
So rare a gift with thee did rise and fall,
Peace to thy bones, and glory immortal
Be to thy name, and to her excellence
Whose beauty lighted in thy time and sense
So to be set forth as none other shall.
Why hath not our pens rhymes so perfect wrought,
Ne why our time forth bringeth beauty such
To try our wits as gold is by the touch,
If to the style the matter aided aught?
But there was never Laura more than one,
And her had Petrarch for his paragon.

That Petrarch Cannot Be Passed, but Notwithstanding That Laura Is Far Surpassed.

With Petrarch to compare there may no wight,[3]
Nor yet attain unto so high a style,
But yet I wot full well where is a file[4]
To frame a learned man to praise aright.
Of stature mean, of seemly form and shape,
Each line of just proportion to her height,
Her colour fresh and mingled with such slight
As though the rose sat in the lily's lap.
In wit and tongue to show what may be said,
To every deed she joins a perfect grace.
If Laura lived she would her clean deface.
For I dare say and lay my life to wed,
That Momus[5] could not, if he down descended,
Once justly say "Lo, this may be amended."

The Lady Forsaken of Her Lover Prayeth His Return or the End of Her Own Life.

To love, alas, who would not fear
That seeth my woeful state,
For he to whom my heart I bear
Doth me extremely hate,
And why therefore I cannot tell,
He will no longer with me dwell.
Did you not sue and long me serve
Ere I you granted grace?
And will you thus now from me swerve
That never did trespass?
Alas poor woman, then alas,
A weary life here must I pass.
And shall my faith have such refuse

[1] *feater* fitter, smarter.
[2] This and the next poem, "That Petrarch cannot be passed," comprise a pair.
[3] *wight* person.
[4] *wot* know; *file* girl or woman.
[5] *Momus* god of ridicule, a fault-finder.

In deed and shall it so,
Is there no choice for me to choose
But must I leave you so?
Alas poor woman, then alas,
A weary life hence must I pass.
And is there now no remedy
But that you will forget her?
There was a time when that perdy[1]
You would have heard her better.
But now that time is gone and past,
And all your love is but a blast.
And can you thus break your behest[2]
In deed and can you so?
Did you not swear you loved me best,
And can you now say no?
Remember me poor wight in pain,
And for my sake turn once again.
Alas, poor Dido, now I feel
Thy present painful state,
When false Aeneas did him steal
From thee at Carthage gate,[3]
And left thee sleeping in thy bed,
Regarding not what he had said.
Was never woman thus betrayed,
Nor man so false forsworn,
His faith and truth so strongly tied,
Untruth hath all to-torn,[4]
And I have leave for my good will
To wail and weep alone my fill.
But since it will not better be,
My tears shall never blin[5]
To moist the earth in such degree
That I may drown therein,
That by my death all men may say,
Lo, women are as true as they.
By me all women may beware
That see my woeful smart,
To seek true love let them not spare,
Before they set their heart.
Or else they may become as I,
Which for my truth am like to die.

[1] *perdy* [*par dieu*] or "by God"; verily, certainly.

[2] *behest* vow, promise.

[3] *poor Dido ... Carthage gate* When Aeneas left Carthage and Dido, his lover, she committed suicide. The story is told in Virgil's *Aeneid*, Book IV.

[4] *all to-torn* torn all.

[5] *blin* cease.

N[ICHOLAS] G[RIMALD]
(b. 1519/20-d. in or before 1562)

Description of Virtue[6]

What one art thou, thus in torn weed yclad?[7]
"Virtue, in price[8] whom ancient sages had."
Why poorly rayed?[9] "For fading goods past care."
Why double-faced? "I mark each fortune's fare."
This bridle, what? "Mind's rages to restrain."
Tools why bear you? "I love to take great pain."
Why wings? "I teach above the stars to fly."
Why tread[10] you death? "I only cannot die."

Praise of Measure-Keeping.[11]

The ancient time commended, not for naught,
The mean. What better thing can there be sought?
In mean is virtue placed; on either side,
Both right and left, amiss a man shall slide.
Icar, with sire hadst thou the mid-way flown,
Icarian beck by name had no man known.[12]
If middle path kept had proud Phaeton,
No burning brand this earth had fall'n upon.[13]
Ne cruel power, ne[14] none too soft can reign;

[6] This poem is a version of an epigram by Theodore Beza (1519-1605), French Protestant scholar and humanist (Rollins 2:235), and is in dialogue format.

[7] *yclad* clothed.

[8] *price* honour.

[9] *rayed* arrayed, dressed.

[10] *tread* tread under foot, crush.

[11] This poem is a version of an elegy by Beza (Rollins 2:235).

[12] *Icar ... no man known* Icarus, the son of Daedalus, attempted to fly by means of artificial wings fastened with wax; when he flew too near the sun, the wax melted and Icarus plunged into what became known as the Icarian Sea (part of the Aegean Sea near Crete); *beck* brook.

[13] *proud Phaeton ... fall'n upon* The son of Helios, the sun, Phaeton lost control of the horses drawing his father's sun chariot and plunged near the earth; Zeus intervened and hurled a thunderbolt at Phaeton, who fell into a river.

[14] *Ne ... ne* neither ... nor.

That[1] keeps a mean, the same shall still remain.
Thee, Julie,[2] once did too much mercy spill;
Thee, Nero[3] stern, rigor extreme did kill.
How could August[4] so many years well pass?
Nor over-meek, nor over-fierce he was.
Worship not Jove[5] with curious fancies vain,
Nor him despise: hold right atween[6] these twain.
No wasteful wight, no greedy groom[7] is praised.
Stands largess just, in equal balance payzed.[8]
So Cato's meal surmounts Antonius' cheer,[9]
And better fame his sober fare hath here.
Too slender building, bad; as bad, too gross;
One an eyesore, the t'other falls to loss.
As medicines help in measure, so (God wot)[10]
By overmuch, the sick their bane have got.
Unmeet[11] me seems to utter this more ways:
Measure forbids unmeasurable praise.

—1557

[1] *That* who.

[2] *Julie* Julius Caesar pardoned his enemies Gaius Cassius and Marcus Brutus; they later murdered Caesar.

[3] *Nero* To escape public execution for his brutality, Nero committed suicide.

[4] *August* Augustus Caesar reigned from 27 BCE to 14 CE.

[5] *Jove* the highest deity.

[6] *atween* between.

[7] *wight* person; *groom* generally, a male person (often applied to shepherds).

[8] *payzed* peised or weighed.

[9] *So Cato's meal ... cheer* Cato may refer to a Roman statesman known as "Cato the Censor" who advocated strict living. Antonius may refer to Marc Anthony, Roman general and reputed sensualist, whose "cheer" would be more luxurious than Cato's.

[10] *wot* knows.

[11] *Unmeet* improper.

Sir Thomas Wyatt

c. 1503-1542

Many of Wyatt's poems were published posthumously in Tottel's *Songs and Sonnets*, and can be found in that selection in this anthology. A number of his pieces did not appear in Tottel, but are preserved in manuscript collections. The composition dates of the Wyatt poems in the Egerton manuscript are uncertain; the earliest dates to around 1526.

EDITIONS: The following poems are based on the versions in Richard Harrier, ed. *The Canon of Sir Thomas Wyatt's Poetry*. Cambridge, MA: Harvard UP, 1975, except "Blame not my lute," from G.F. Nott, ed. *The Works of Sir Thomas Wyatt*. Vol. 2. Oxford, 1815.

The Long Love[1]

The long love that in my thought doth harbour,
and in mine heart doth keep his residence,
Into my face presseth with bold pretence,
and therein campeth, spreading his banner.
She that me learneth to love and suffer,
and wills that my trust and lust's negligence
be reined by reason, shame, and reverence,
with his hardiness taketh displeasure.
Wherewithall, unto the heart's forest he fleeth,
leaving his enterprise with pain and cry,
and there him hideth and not appeareth.
What may I do when my master feareth,
but in the field with him to live and die?
For good is the life ending faithfully.

They Flee from Me[2]

They flee from me that sometime did me seek
With naked foot, stalking in my chamber.
I have seen them gentle, tame, and meek,
That now are wild, and do not remember
That sometime they put themself in danger
To take bread at my hand; and now they range,
Busily seeking with a continual change.

Thankèd be fortune it hath been otherwise,
Twenty times better; but once in special,
In thin array, after a pleasant guise,
When her loose gown from her shoulders did fall,
And she me caught in her arms long and small,
Therewithal sweetly she did me kiss,
And softly said, "Dear heart, how like you this?"

It was no dream; I lay broad waking;
But all is turned, thorough my gentleness,
Into a strange fashion of forsaking;
And I have leave to go of her goodness,
And she also to use new fangleness:[3]
But since that I so kindely[4] am served,
I would fain know what she hath deserved.

—1557

Whoso List to Hunt[5]

Whoso list[6] to hunt, I know where is an hind,
But as for me, alas, I may no more;
The vain travail hath wearied me so sore,
I am of them that farthest cometh behind.
Yet may I by no means my wearied mind

---

[1] from the Egerton MS. See Tottel's *Songs and Sonnets*, p. 194, for a version of this poem edited by Tottel. This poem is a version of Petrarch's *Rime* 140.

[2] from the Egerton MS. This poem has been interpreted as a discussion of Wyatt's rumoured relationship with Anne Boleyn. See "Whoso List to Hunt," below, p. 203, note 5.

[3] *fangleness* fangledness or fashion.

[4] *kindely* kindly (can be taken either seriously or ironically).

[5] from the Egerton MS. This poem is often seen as a comment on the end of Wyatt's rumoured romantic relationship with Anne Boleyn, who became "Caesar's"—or Henry VIII's—second wife.

[6] *list* wishes.

Draw from the deer, but as she fleeth afore
Fainting I follow. I leave off, therefore,
Sithens[1] in a net I seek to hold the wind.
Who list her hunt I put him out of doubt,
As well as I may spend his time in vain,
And graven with diamonds in letters plain,
There is written her fair neck round about:
"*Noli me tangere*[2] for Caesar's I am,
And wild for to hold, though I seem tame."

Blame Not My Lute[3]

Blame not my lute, for he must sound
Of this or that as liketh me;
For lack of wit the lute is bound
To give such tunes as pleaseth me;
Though my songs be somewhat strange,
And speak such words as touch thy change,
Blame not my lute.

My lute, alas, doth not offend
Though that perforce he must agree
To sound such tunes as I intend,
To sing to them that heareth me:
Then though my songs be somewhat plain,
And toucheth some that use to feign,
Blame not my lute.

My lute and strings may not deny,
But as I strike they must obey;
Break not them then so wrongfully,
But wreak[4] thyself some wiser way;
And though the songs which I endight[5]
To quit thy change with rightful spite,
Blame not my lute.

Spite asketh spite and changing, change,
And falsèd faith must needs be known,
The fault so great, the case so strange,
Of right it must abroad be blown;
Then since that by thine own desert,
My songs do tell how true thou art,
Blame not my lute.

Blame but thyself that hast misdone
And well deservèd to have blame;
Change thou thy way, so evil begone
And then my lute shall sound that same;
But if till then my fingers play,
By thy desert, their wonted[6] way,
Blame not my lute.

Farewell, unknown, for though thou break
My strings in spite with great disdain,
Yet have I found out for thy sake
Strings for to string my lute again;
And if perchance this foolish rhyme
Do make thee blush at any time,
Blame not my lute.

---

1 *Sithens* since.
2 *Noli me tangere* Latin "Touch me not" (John 20:17).
3 from the Devonshire MS.
4 *wreak* revenge.
5 *endight* indite, put into words.
6 *wonted* usual.

John Knox
c. 1514-1572

The Scottish John Knox was a supporter of the reformed religion in Scotland and then England, and became chaplain for Edward VI. The debate over the nature and roles of women—always a popular topic in the period—grew particularly heated during the extended illness of Edward VI, when it became clear that a woman would soon rule England. Although Edward attempted to name the married and Protestant Lady Jane Gray his heir, the unmarried Catholic Mary Tudor succeeded her half-brother on the throne. She soon married Philip, the heir to the Spanish throne. Knox went abroad when Mary Tudor succeeded to the throne. His *The First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment of Women* (1558) addresses the difficulties raised by Mary's reign in particular and by female authority in general, drawing on the Bible, classical texts, and "nature" to support his condemnation of women's rule. Knox emphasizes the problems raised by Mary's gender as well as her religion, and thus questions the reign of any female monarch. The *First Blast* is an example of misogynistic statements limiting the nature and roles of women, and indeed although the majority of people might have preferred male authority, they still accepted Mary's inherited legitimacy. This piece of vituperation appears to be an anomaly even for Knox, who later accepted Elizabeth's government (which suggests that his criticism of Mary was prompted as much by her religion as her gender). The *First Blast* was published in Geneva and is his only writing to appear anonymously; the pamphlet was denounced by royal proclamation.

EDITION: *The first blast of the trumpet against the monstruous regiment of women.* [Geneva: J. Poullain and A. Rebul], 1558. STC 15070.

from *The First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment of Women*

The Preface
The Kingdom Appertaineth to Our God.

Wonder it is, that amongst so many pregnant wits as the isle of Great Britain hath produced, so many godly and zealous preachers as England did sometime nourish, and amongst so many learned and men of grave judgement, as this day by Jezebel are exiled,[1] none is found so stout of courage, so faithful to God, nor loving to their native country, that they dare admonish the inhabitants of that isle, how abominable before God is the empire or rule of a wicked woman, yea, of a traitoress and bastard; and what may a people or nation, left destitute of a lawful head, do by the authority of God's word in electing and appointing common rulers and magistrates. That isle (alas), for the contempt and horrible abuse of God's mercies offered, and for the shameful revolting to Satan from Christ Jesus and from his Gospel once professed, doth justly merit to be left in the hands of their own counsel, and so to come to confusion and bondage of strangers. But yet I fear that this universal negligence of such as sometimes were esteemed watchmen shall rather aggravate our former ingratitude than excuse this our universal and ungodly silence in so weighty a matter. We see our country set forth for a prey to foreign nations, we hear the blood of our brethren, the members of Christ Jesus, most cruelly to be shed, and the monstrous empire of a cruel woman (the secret counsel of God excepted) we know to be the only occasion of all those miseries, and yet with silence we pass the time, as though the matter did nothing appertain to us.

[...]

[1] Knox is referring to the Protestants exiled to Europe during Roman Catholic Mary Tudor's reign. Here Mary is associated with Jezebel, a worshipper of idols and a plotting queen. See 1 Kings 16:31ff.

I am assured that God hath revealed to some in this our age that it is more than a monster in nature that a woman shall reign and have empire above man. And yet with us all there is such silence, as if God therewith were nothing offended. The natural man,[1] enemy to God, shall find, I know, many causes why no such doctrine ought to be published in these our dangerous days. First, for that it may seem to tend to sedition. Secondarily, it shall be dangerous not only to the writer or publisher, but also to all such as shall read the writings or favour this truth spoken. And last, it shall not amend the chief offenders, partly because it shall never come to their ears, and partly because they will not be admonished in such cases. I answer, if any of these be a sufficient reason that a truth known shall be concealed, then were the ancient prophets of God very fools, who did not better provide for their own quietness than to hazard their lives for rebuking of vices, and for the opening of such crimes as were not known to the world. [...] If any think that the empire of women is not of such importance that for the suppressing of the same any man is bound to hazard his life, I answer that to suppress it is in the hand of God alone. But to utter the impiety and abomination of the same, I say, it is the duty of every true messenger of God to whom the truth is revealed in that behalf. For the especial duty of God's messengers is to preach repentance, to admonish the offenders of their offenses, and to say to the wicked, "Thou shalt die the death, except thou repent." This I trust will no man deny to be the proper office of all God's messengers, to preach (as I have said) repentance and remission of sins. But neither of both can be done except the conscience of the offenders be accused and convicted of transgression. For how shall any man repent, not knowing wherein he hath offended? And where no repentance is found, there can be no entry to grace. And therefore I say that of necessity it is that this monstriferous[2] empire of women (which amongst all enormities that this day do abound upon the face of the whole earth, is most detestable and damnable) be openly revealed and plainly declared to the world, to the end that some may repent and be saved.

[...]

The First Blast, to Awake Women Degenerate.

To promote a woman to bear rule, superiority, dominion, or empire above any realm, nation, or city, is repugnant to nature; contumely to God, a thing most contrarious to his revealed will and approved ordinance; and finally, it is the subversion of good order, of all equity and justice.

In the probation of this proposition, I will not be so curious as to gather whatsoever may amplify, set forth, or decore the same; but I am purposed, even as I have spoken my conscience in most plain and few words, so to stand content with a simple proof of every member, bringing in for my witness God's ordinance in nature, his plain will revealed in his word, and by the minds of such as be most ancient amongst godly writers.

And first, where that I affirm the empire of a woman to be a thing repugnant to nature, I mean not only that God, by the order of his creation, hath spoiled woman of authority and dominion, but also that man hath seen, proved, and pronounced just causes why that it so should be. Man, I say, in many other cases blind, doth in this behalf see very clearly. For the causes be so manifest that they cannot be hid. For who can deny but it [is] repugnant to nature that the blind shall be appointed to lead and conduct such as do see? That the weak, the sick, and impotent persons shall nourish and keep the whole and strong? And finally, that the foolish, mad, and frenetic shall govern the discreet, and give counsel to such as be sober of mind? And such be all women, compared unto man in bearing of authority. For their sight in civil regiment is but blindness; their strength, weakness; their counsel, foolishness; and judgement, frenzy, if it be rightly considered.

[1] *natural man* The person in a "state of nature" is without spiritual enlightenment, and thus an enemy of God.

[2] *monstriferous* monstrous (Knox's own coinage).

I except such as God, by singular privilege, and for certain causes known only to himself, hath exempted from the common rank of women, and do speak of women as nature and experience do this day declare them. Nature, I say, doth paint them further to be weak, frail, impatient, feeble, and foolish; and experience hath declared them to be unconstant, variable, cruel, and lacking the spirit of counsel and regiment. And these notable faults have men in all ages espied in that kind, for the which not only they have removed women from rule and authority, but also some have thought that men subject to the counsel or empire of their wives were unworthy of all public office. For thus writeth Aristotle in the Second of his Politics:[1] "What difference shall we put," saith he, "whether that women bear authority, or the husbands that obey the empire of their wives be appointed to be magistrates? For what ensueth the one, must needs follow the other, to wit, injustice, confusion, and disorder." [...] What would this writer (I pray you) have said to that realm or nation where a woman sitteth crowned in Parliament amongst the middest[2] of men? Oh fearful and terrible are thy judgements (O Lord) which thus hast abased man for his iniquity! I am assuredly persuaded that if any of those men which, illuminated only by the light of nature, did see and pronounce causes sufficient why women ought not to bear rule nor authority, should this day live and see a woman sitting in judgement, or riding from Parliament in the middest of men, having the royal crown upon her head, the sword and sceptre borne before her, in sign that the administration of justice was in her power: I am assuredly persuaded, I say, that such a sight should so astonish them that they should judge the whole world to be transformed into Amazons,[3] and that such a metamorphosis and change was made of all the men of that country as poets do feign was made of the companions of Ulysses,[4] or at least that albeit the outward form of men remained, yet should they judge that their hearts were changed from the wisdom, understanding, and courage of men, to the foolish fondness and cowardice of women. Yea, they further should pronounce that where women reign or be in authority, that there must needs vanity be preferred to virtue; ambition and pride to temperancy and modesty; and finally, that avarice, the mother of all mischief, must needs devour equity and justice.

[...]

For God, first by the order of his creation and after by the curse and malediction pronounced against the woman, by the reason of her rebellion,[5] hath pronounced the contrary. First, I say, that woman in her greatest perfection was made to serve and obey man, not to rule and command him. As Saint Paul doth reason in these words: "Man is not of the woman, but the woman of the man. And man was not created for the cause of the woman, but the woman for the cause of man; and therefore ought the woman to have a power upon her head" (that is, a coverture in sign of subjection).[6] Of which words it is plain that the Apostle meaneth that woman in her greatest perfection should have known that man was lord above her, and therefore that she should never have pretended any kind of superiority above him, no more than do the angels above God the creator, or above Christ Jesus their head. So I say that in her greatest perfection, woman was created to be subject to man. But after her fall and rebellion committed against God, there was put upon her a new necessity, and she was made subject to man by the irrevocable sentence of God, pro-

[1] *Aristotle in the Second of his Politics* i.e., the second book of Aristotle's *Politics*, written c. 335 BCE.

[2] *middest* in the midst, in the middle.

[3] *Amazons* a mythical race of female warriors.

[4] *the companions of Ulysses* The enchantress Circe turned Ulysses' companions into swine.

[5] Women's authority is first denied because the creation story of Genesis 2 states that God first made man, and then made woman as man's helper. Eve's rebellion—her disobedience in eating of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge and her temptation of Adam—along with God's punishment are explained in Genesis 3.

[6] 1 Corinthians 11:8-10. See also verses 3-7.

nounced in these words: "I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception. With sorrow shalt thou bear thy children, and thy will shall be subject to thy man, and he shall bear dominion over thee."[1] Hereby may such as altogether be not blinded plainly see that God by his sentence hath dejected all women from empire and dominion above man.

[...]

I remember that I have made the nobility both of England and Scotland inferior to brute beasts for that they do to women which no male amongst the common sort of beasts can be proved to do to their females; that is, they reverence them and quake at their presence; they obey their commandments, and that against God. Wherefore I judge them not only subjects to women, but slaves of Satan and servants of iniquity. If any man think these my words sharp or vehement, let him consider that the offense is more heinous than can be expressed by words. For where all things be expressedly concluded against the glory and honour of God, and where the blood of the saints of God is commanded to be shed, whom shall we judge, God or the Devil, to be president of that council? Plain it is that God ruleth not by his love, mercy, nor grace in the assembly of the ungodly. Then it resteth that the Devil, the prince of this world, doth reign over such tyrannies. Whose servants, I pray you, shall then be judged such as obey and execute their tyranny? God, for his great mercy's sake, illuminate the eyes of men that they may perceive into what miserable bondage they be brought by the monstriferous empire of women!

[...]

But to repress the raging of woman's madness, I will descend somewhat deeper into the matter, and not fear to affirm that as we find a contrary spirit in all these most wicked women that this day be exalted into this tyrannous authority to the spirit that was in those godly matrons,[2] so I fear not, I say, to affirm that their condition is unlike and that their end shall be divers.[3] In those matrons, we find that the spirit of mercy, truth, justice, and of humility did reign. Under them we find that God did show mercy to his people, delivering them from the tyranny of strangers, and from the venom of idolatry, by the hands and counsel of those women. But in these of our ages, we find cruelty, falsehood, pride, covetousness, deceit, and oppression. In them we also find the spirit of Jezebel and Athaliah;[4] under them we find the simple people oppressed, the true religion extinguished, and the blood of Christ's members most cruelly shed. And, finally, by their practices and deceit we find ancient realms and nations given and betrayed into the hands of strangers, the titles and liberties of them taken from the just possessors. Which one thing is an evident testimony, how unlike our mischievous Marys[5] be unto Deborah, under whom were strangers chased out of Israel, God so raising her up to be a mother and deliverer to his oppressed people. But (alas!) he hath raised up these Jezebelles[6] to be the uttermost of his plagues, the which man's unthankfulness hath long deserved. But his secret and most just judgement shall neither excuse them, neither their maintainers, because their counsels be divers.

But to prosecute my purpose, let such as list[7] to defend these monsters in their tyranny prove, first, that their sovereign mistresses be like to Deborah in godliness and pity; and secondarily, that the same success doth follow their tyranny which did

[1] Genesis 3:16.

[2] Knox has just briefly discussed Biblical examples of women in positions of authority, such as Deborah, who was a prophetess who inspired her people to victory in battle. See Judges 4 and 5.

[3] *divers* different.

[4] Jezebel's daughter, Athaliah, ruled Judah for 6 years after slaying the heirs to the throne. She was overthrown and killed. See 2 Kings 11:1-16.

[5] *Marys* Mary Tudor of England, Mary Stuart of Scotland and probably Marie de Guise, Mary Stuart's mother, who was regent of Scotland from 1554 to 1560.

[6] Knox's pluralisation of Jezebel—"belles"—incorporates her feminine seductive qualities, very unlike the "mother and deliverer" Deborah.

[7] *list* wish.

follow the extraordinary regiment of that godly matron. Which thing, although they were able to do (as they never shall be, let them blow till they burst), yet shall her example profit them nothing at all. For they are never able to prove that either Deborah, or any other godly woman (having the commendation of the Holy Ghost within the Scriptures), hath usurped authority above any realm or nation by reason of their birth and blood; neither yet did they claim it by right or inheritance;[1] but God by his singular privilege, favour, and grace, exempted Deborah from the common malediction given to women in that behalf, and against nature he made her prudent in counsel, strong in courage, happy in regiment, and a blessed mother and deliverer to his people. The which he did partly to advance and notify the power of his majesty, as well to his enemies as to his own people, in that, that he declared himself able to give salvation and deliverance by means of the most weak vessels; and partly he did it to confound and ashame all men of that age, because they had for the most part declined from his true obedience. And therefore was the spirit of courage, regiment, and boldness taken from them for a time, to their confusion and further humiliation.

[...]

I fear not to say that the day of vengeance which shall apprehend that horrible monster Jezebel of England, and such as maintain her monstrous cruelty, is already appointed in the counsel of the Eternal; and I verily believe that it is so nigh,[2] that she shall not reign so long in tyranny as hitherto she hath done, when God shall declare himself to be her enemy, when he shall pour forth contempt upon her according to her cruelty, and shall kindle the hearts of such as sometimes did favour her with deadly hatred against her, that they may execute his judgements. And therefore let such as assist her take heed what they do, for assuredly her empire and reign is a wall without foundation: I mean the same of the authority of all women. It hath been underpropped this blind time that is past with the foolishness of people, and with the wicked laws of ignorant and tyrannous princes. But the fire of God's word is already laid to those rotten props (I include the Pope's law with the rest), and presently they burn, albeit we espy not the flame.[3] When they are consumed (as shortly they will be, for stubble and dry timber cannot long endure the fire), that rotten wall, the usurped and unjust empire of women, shall fall by itself in despite of all men to the destruction of so many as shall labour to uphold it. And therefore let all men be advertised,[4] for the trumpet hath once blown.

Praise God ye that fear him.

—1558

[1] *right or inheritance* Knox does not accept a woman's claim to authority through bloodlines, unlike many Protestants who supported Mary's direct inheritance from her father Henry VIII above her gender and her Catholic religion.

[2] Coincidentally, Mary died in November 1558, a few months after the first publication of this text.

[3] Knox is speaking metaphorically here, but probably has in mind retaliation for the martyrdom of Protestants under Mary.

[4] *advertised* advised or warned.

Anne (Vaughan) Locke [Lok]
c. 1530-1590/1607

Anne Vaughan Locke Dering Prowse lived a life that was fascinating for its religio-political and literary activity. Born in Cheapside (London), the daughter of Stephen Vaughan, a London mercer (merchant) who worked also as an envoy for Henry VIII, and Margery Guinet,[1] a silkwoman to Anne Boleyn, Locke had links from childhood to both Reformation circles and the royal Court. Between 1529 and 1532, her father was examined several times by Thomas More for suspected heresy because of both his own reformist leanings, and those of his second wife; reformist sympathies were common among merchants given their trade contacts in the strongly Protestant Low Countries (now the Netherlands and Belgium). Locke's marriages reflect both the social world in which she was raised and her religious stance, for her three husbands represent the staunchly mercantile and reformist world of her youth: Henry Locke was a Cheapside mercer, Edward Dering a London Puritan preacher, and Richard Prowse a mercer from Exeter, where Locke spent the last part of her life.

Locke herself wielded considerable power among English reformists through strong connections to both landed and Protestant elites. Her connections to powerful reformist aristocratic women, including Katherine Bertie, duchess of Suffolk, Katherine Killigrew, Anne Cooke Bacon, and Anne Herbert, countess of Warwick, allowed her to defend her second husband, Edward Dering, when he was examined by the Star Chamber for preaching sermons against bishops in 1573. Evidence of her position within the international reformist community can be found in correspondence with John Knox, who lived with the Lockes for part of 1553. Unusually, Knox's letters are addressed to Locke, rather than to her husband. Equally unusual is the degree of independence Locke displayed in her pursuit of reformist religio-political goals. In 1557 she left England with her two children, but without her husband, and travelled to Geneva[2] to join the Protestant expatriate community that had formed around John Calvin.

In her two years in Geneva, Locke spent part of her time translating Calvin's four sermons on the song of Hezekiah from Isaiah 38.[3] Locke's sense of agency as a member of a reformist community intent upon creating a Protestant utopia emerges in the preface to the work. It is to this work, published in 1560, that the sonnet sequence, "Meditation of a Penitent Sinner," is appended. The sequence is significant for several reasons. First, it refines the sonnet form introduced to English by Wyatt and Surrey and popularized by Tottel's *Miscellany* (1557). Second, it is the first sonnet sequence in English, predating the flowering of the series of narratively linked poems in the 1580s and 1590s. Third, it is the first poetry by an early modern English woman.[4] Some question has been raised about its authorship, however, because of a curious comment that prefaces the sequence: "I have added this meditation following unto the end of this book, not as parcel of Master Calvin's work, but for that it well agreeth with the same argument, and was delivered me by my friend with whom I knew I might be so bold to use and publish as it pleased me." While various candidates for the role of "friend" have been considered, including Locke's son Henry (a known religious poet), and even John Knox—who is not known to have written poetry—it is now generally agreed that Locke wrote the sequence and employs a fairly typical humility topos by way of introduction.

The sequence translates and adapts Psalm 51, one of the seven penitential psalms (the others are 6, 32, 38, 102, 130, and 143), in a series of 21 English-style sonnets. Psalm 51 was particularly significant to reformers because of its evo-

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1 P. Collinson, "Locke [née Vaughan; other married names Dering, Prowse], Anne," *DNB online.*

2 For an account of the correspondence between Locke and Knox, see P. Collinson, "The Role of Women in the English Reformation Illustrated by the Life and Friendships of Anne Locke," *Studies in Church History* 2 (1965): pp. 258-72 and S.M. Felch, "'Deir Sister': The Letters of John Knox to Anne Vaughan Locke," *Renaissance and Reformation* 19.4 (1995): pp. 47-68.

3 Collinson, "The Role of Women," p. 265.

4 See S. Woods, "The Body Penitent: A 1560 Calvinist Sonnet Sequence," *American Notes and Queries*, 5:2-3 (1992): pp. 137-40 and R. Greene, "Anne Locke's Meditation: Invention Versus Dilation and the Founding of Puritan Poetics," *Form and Reform: Essays in Honour of Barbara Kiefer Lewalski*, ed. A. Boesky and M.T. Crane (Newark, 2000), pp. 153-70.

cation of original sin and stress on the importance of faith over works.[1] Indeed, the five prefatory sonnets construct the anguished persona of the spiritually blind and confused soul in need of God's mercy that is explored in the sonnets that follow. Over the course of the sequence, the destruction of the body functions as a symbol for the fallenness of the soul and the torments that accompany its correction.

EDITION: *Sermons of Iohn Calvin, upon the songe that Ezechias made after he had bene sicke.* London: John Day, 1560. STC 4450.

from *Sermons of John Calvin, Upon the Song that Hezekiah Made.*

To the Right Honourable, and Christian Princess, the Lady Katharine, Duchess of Suffolk.

It often falleth out in experience (my gracious and singular good lady) that some men being oppressed with poverty, tossed with worldly adversity, tormented with pain, soreness, and sickness of body, and other such common matters of grief, as the world counteth miseries and evils, yet having their minds armed and furnished with prepared patience, and defence of inward understanding, all these calamities cannot so far prevail as to make them fall, nor yet once stoop into the state of men to be accompted[2] miserable, but they bear with them such constaunce,[3] as if afflictions were not of such nature as other[4] commonly do feel them, or as if those men were such upon whom those troubles could not work their natural property.[5] On the other side we see some that, flowing in earthly wealth and suffisance,[6] free from fortune's cruelty, healthy in body, and every way to the world's seeming[7] blessed, yet with mind not well instructed, or with conscience not well quieted, even upon such small chances[8] as other can lightly bear, are vexed above measure with reasonless extremity. Whereby appeareth that the griefs of the body and calamities of fortune do so far only extend to afflict, or make a man miserable, as they approach to touch the mind and assail the soul. Which proveth that the pains and diseases of mind and soul are not only the most grievous, and most dangerous, but also they only are painful and perilous, and those of the body and fortune are such as the mind useth,[9] and maketh them. So as to a sick stomach of mind, all bodily matters of delight and worldly pleasures are loathsome and displeasant, as on the other side the power of a healthy soul easily digesteth and gathereth good nouriture[10] of the hard pains and bitter torments of the body and fortune. He then, that cureth the sick mind, or preserveth it from disease, cureth or preserveth not only mind, but body also, and deserveth so much more praise and thanks than the body's physician as the soul excelleth the body, and as the curing or preservation of them both is to be preferred before the cure of the body alone, [...] What then deserveth he, that teacheth such a receipt,[11] whereby health both of body and mind is preserved, and whereby if health be appaired[12] it may be restored, yea whereby sickness and common miseries continuing shall not have so much power to trouble a man as to make him sick or miserable? This receipt God the heavenly physi-

[1] M.P. Hannay, "'Wisdome the Wordes': Psalm Translation and Elizabethan Women's Spirituality," *Religion and Literature* 23.3 (1991): p. 69.

[2] *accompted* accounted, reckoned, considered.

[3] *constaunce* constancy.

[4] *other* others.

[5] *natural property* essential, special, or distinctive quality.

[6] *suffisance* sufficiency, adequate supply.

[7] *seeming* appearance.

[8] *chances* accidents, mishaps.

[9] *useth* makes, puts into practice.

[10] *nouriture* nourishment, sustenance, food.

[11] *receipt* recipe.

[12] *appaired* injured, impaired.

cian hath taught, his most excellent apothecary Master John Calvin hath compounded, and I your Grace's most bounden and humble[1] have put into an English box[2] and do present unto you. My thanks are taken away and drowned by the great excess of duty that I owe you. Master Calvin thinketh his pains recompensed if your Grace or any Christian take profit of it because how much soever is spent, his store is never the less. And for God, recompensed he cannot be, but how he is continually to be thanked, your Grace's profession of his word, your abiding in the same, the godly conversation that I have seen in you, do prove that your self do better understand and practice than I can admonish you.

And that you may be assured that this kind of medicine is not hurtful, two most excellent kings, Hezekiah and David, beside an infinite number have tasted the like before you, and have found health therein, such health as hath cured them forever, and not as common or natural reasons[3] of philosophy do cure a sick or sore mind, which with easy and weak, not well-drawing, or cleansing plasters so overheal the wound that it festereth and breaketh out afresh with renewed and doubly increased danger.

Such remedy as here is contained can no philosopher, no infidel, no papist minister [...] This physic resteth only among true believing Christians, who are persuaded that, whatsoever betideth unto us, his high wisdom that sent it, and that seeth all things, sent it of his good pleasure and decreed purpose, and that for our benefit it we love and believe him, though our weak understanding knoweth not how it should be profitable,[4] but naturally judgeth it hurtful and unpleasant. And necessary it was that he, which by understanding of God's hatred of sin and feeling of his justice is subject to fall into the most perilous pain and torment of conflict with sin and desperation, should by conceiving of God's mercy, and believing of his providence, have help of the most and only perfect and effectually working medicine.

[...] Woe is (I say) to them, for their disease is dangerous and hard to be cured. For when the wretched man, finding all help of man not able to uphold him from perishing, being stricken with the mighty hand of God, feeleth himself unable to stand, no soundness in his body, no strength in his limbs, no help of nature to resist the violence of that disease that God's displeasure hath laid upon him, seeth no sign of God's grace in his soul, but the deep wounds that God's anger hath left in his conscience, perceiveth no token to argue him the elect of God and partaker of the death of his Saviour, hearing pronounced that the soul which sinneth shall die, knowing himself to have sinned, and feeling himself dying, alas what help remaineth in this extremity? If we think the help of papists, to beg and borrow other virgins' oil[5] that have none to spare, to buy the superfluous works of those men that say they have done more than suffiseth to satisfy God's law and to deserve their own salvation, to appease God with such extraordinary devised service as he never commanded, and such like unwholesome stuff as papistical soul-slayers have ministered to Christian patients, if (I say) we think these good and sufficient medicines, alas, we do nothing thereby, but plant untrue security, promise health, and perform death, the pangs thereof when the deceived sick man feeleth, he too late espyeth[6] the falsehood of the murderous physician. [...] They which taught him to seek health any other where than in the determined purpose of God, that hath sent his own Son for our redemption, have spoiled him of

[1] *bounden* obliged, beholden, indebted; *humble* lowly. The phrase "bounden and humble" was used in letters to address a person regarded as a superior.

[2] *put into an English box* translated from the French of Calvin's original. Note the use of the metaphor of the apothecary's packaging of a medicine.

[3] *natural reasons* native intellectual power unaided by spirit.

[4] *profitable* beneficial, useful, valuable.

[5] *virgins' oil* Matthew 25:1-13 tells the parable of the maidens who went to meet Christ, the wise virgins with oil for their lamps and the foolish without, so that the foolish had to leave to buy oil, while the wise went into the marriage feast. The final line warns "Watch therefore, for you know neither the day nor the hour" of Christ's coming.

[6] *espyeth* watch for, detect, discern.

all benefit of redemption. He feeleth at length all too late how, by fault of ill diet and through poisonous potions which his ignorant, corrupted, and traitorous physician suffered him to use, and bade[1] him to take, he lieth dead eternally.

But on the other side, when the believing Christian falleth (as God hath made none to stand whereby they should not need his mercy to raise them when they are fallen) he knoweth whither to reach his hand to be raised up again. Being stung with the sting of the scorpion he knoweth how with oil of the same scorpion to be healed again; being wounded with the justice of God that hateth sin, he knoweth how with the mercy of the same God that pardoneth sin to have his pain assuaged and hurt amended. [...] This medicine is in this little book brought from the plentiful shop and storehouse of God's Holy Testament, where God's everabiding purpose from beyond beginning is set forth, to the everlasting salvation of some, and eternal confusion of other. Beside that, this book hath not only the medicine, but also an example of the nature of the disease, and the means how to use and apply the medicine to them that be so diseased. For when a man languishing in corporal sickness heareth his neighbour report unto him, or himself hath before time seen in another the same cause of sickness [...] it giveth him assurance, and maketh him to know that he is sick of the same disease that the other was, whereby knowing how the other was healed, what diet he kept, what physic[2] he took, he doeth with the greater boldness, confidence of mind, and desire call for, taste, and greedily receive that healthful and lifeful medicine whereby he saw and knew his neighbour healed, and with the greater care keepeth the same diet wherewith he saw and knew the other preserved. So here this good soul's physician hath brought you where you may see lying before your face the good King Hezekiah, sometime chilling and chattering with cold, sometime languishing and melting away with heat, now freezing, now frying, now speechless, now crying out, with other such piteous pangs and passions wrought in his tender afflicted spirit, by guilty conscience of his own fault, by terrible consideration of God's justice, by cruel assaults of the tyrannous enemy of man's salvation, vexing him in much more lamentable wise than any bodily fever can work, or bodily flesh can suffer. On the other side for his help, you see him sometime throw up his ghastly eyes, staring with horror, and scant discerning for pain and for want of the lively moisture[3] to feed the brightness of their sight. You see him sometime yieldingly stretch out, sometime strugglingly throw his weakened legs, not able to sustain his feeble body; sometime he casteth[4] abroad, or holdeth up his white and bloodless hand toward the place whither his soul longeth; sometime with falling chaps,[5] he breatheth out unperfect sounds, gasping rather than calling for mercy and help. These things being here laid open to sight and remaining in remembrance (as the horror and piteous spectacle cannot suffer it to fall out of a Christian tender mind) if we feel ourselves in like anguish, we find that the disease is the same that Hezekiah had, and so by convenience of reason must by the same mean be healed. Then behoveth us to remember or to be be informed by our diligent physician or charitable neighbour, how we saw Hezekiah healed [...] and this medicine being offered us, we are bold to take it, because we know it will heal us [...] And for his faithful minister, Master Calvin, I beseech your Grace with me, to wish him God's benefit of eternal happy life for his reward, even as I wish your Grace continual health of life and soul for your preservation, not only for this new year, but also for the time that shall exceed all extent of years, beseeching you to accept both my work and prayer.

Concerning my translation of this book, it may please you to understand that I have rendered it so near as I possibly might, to the very words of his[6]

[1] *bade* begged, prayed, commanded.

[2] *physic* mental, moral, or spiritual remedy.

[3] *lively moisture* tears.

[4] *casteth* throws, flings about.

[5] *chaps* jaws.

[6] *his* i.e., Calvin's.

text, and that in so plain English[1] as I could express. Such as it is, I beseech your Grace to take it [in] good part.

[...]

I have added this meditation following unto the end of this book, not as parcel of Master Calvin's work, but for that it well agreeth with the same argument, and was delivered me by my friend with whom I knew I might be so bold to use and publish it as pleased me.

A MEDITATION OF A PENITENT SINNER: WRITTEN IN MANNER OF A PARAPHRASE UPON THE 51. PSALM OF DAVID

The Preface, Expressing the Passioned Mind of the Penitent Sinner.

P1[2]

The heinous[3] guilt of my forsaken ghost
So threats, alas, unto my feebled sprite
Deserved death, and (that me grieveth most)
Still stand so fixed before my dazzled sight
The loathsome filth of my distained life,
The mighty wrath of mine offended Lord,
The Lord whose wrath is sharper than the knife,
And deeper wounds than double-edged sword,
That, as the dimmed and foredulled eyen,[4]
Full fraught[5] with tears and more and more oppressed
With growing streams of the distilled brine
Sent from the furnace of a grateful breast,
Cannot enjoy the comfort of the light,
Nor find the way wherein to walk aright.

P2

So I, blind wretch, whom God's inflamed ire
With piercing stroke hath thrown unto the ground,
Amid my sins still grovelling in the mire,
Find not the way that others oft have found,
Whom cheerful glimpse of God's abounding grace[6]
Hath oft relieved and oft with shining light
Hath brought to joy out of the ugly place,
Where I in dark of everlasting night
Bewail my woeful and unhappy case,
And fret[7] my dying soul with gnawing pain,
Yet blind, alas, I grope about for grace.
While blind for grace I grope about in vain,
My fainting breath I gather up and strain,
Mercy, mercy to cry and cry again.

P3

But mercy while I found with shrieking cry
For grant of grace and pardon while I pray,
Even then despair before my ruthful[8] eye
Spreads forth my sin and shame, and seems to say
In vain thou brayest forth thy bootless[9] noise
To him for mercy, O refused wight,[10]
That hears not the forsaken sinner's voice.
Thy reprobate and foreordained sprite,[11]
Fore-damned vessel of his heavy wrath
(As self witness of thy beknowing heart,
And secret guilt of thine own conscience saith)
Of his sweet promises can claim no part:
But thee, caitiff,[12] deserved curse doth draw
To Hell, by justice, for offended law.

P4

This horror when my trembling soul doth hear,
When marks and tokens of the reprobate,

---

1 *so plain English* A concern of mid-century translation was the development of a powerful, yet transparent, prose style that would both show the richness of the English language and convey as closely as possible the sense of the original.

2 "P" indicates a prefatory sonnet.

3 *heinous* hateful, wicked, atrocious.

4 *eyen* eyes.

5 *fraught* laden.

6 *abounding grace* See headnote, pp. 210-11.

7 *fret* consume, torment.

8 *ruthful* lamentable, piteous, rueful.

9 *bootless* useless, unprofitable.

10 *wight* creature, human.

11 *reprobate* depraved, rejected by God; *sprite* spirit, soul.

12 *caitiff* captive, prisoner.

My growing sins, of grace my senseless cheer,
Enforce the proof of everlasting hate,
That I conceive the Heaven's King to bear
Against my sinful and forsaken ghost,
As in the throat of Hell, I quake for fear,
And then in present peril to be lost
(Although by conscience wanteth to reply,
But with remorse enforcing mine offence,
Doth argue vain my not availing cry)
With woeful sighs and bitter penitence
To him from whom the endless mercy flows
I cry out for mercy to relieve my woes.

P5

And then not daring with presuming eye
Once to behold the angry Heaven's face,
From troubled sprite I send confused cry,
And crave the crumbs of all-sufficing[1] grace.
With faltering knee I, falling to the ground,
Bending my yielding hands to Heaven's throne,
Pour forth my piteous plaint and woeful sound,
With smoking sighs and oft-repeated groan,
Before the Lord, the Lord, whom sinner I,
I cursed wretch, I have offended so,
That dreading, in his wreakful[2] wrath to die,
And damned down to depth of Hell to go,
Thus tossed with pangs and passions of despair,
Thus crave I mercy with repentant cheer.

A Meditation of a Penitent Sinner, upon the 51. Psalm.

1[3]

Have mercy, God, for thy great mercy's sake,
O God, my God, unto my shame I say,
Being fled from thee, so as I dread to take
Thy name in wretched mouth, and fear to pray
Or ask the mercy that I have abused.
But, God of mercy, let me come to thee,
Not for justice, that justly am accursed,
Which self word "justice" so amazeth me,
That scarce I dare thy mercy sound again.
But mercy, Lord, yet suffer me to crave.
Mercy is thine, let me not cry in vain,
Thy great mercy for my great fault to have.
Have mercy, God, pity my penitence
With greater mercy than my great offence.

2[4]

My many sins in number are increased,
With weight whereof in sea of deep despair
My sinking soul is now so sore oppressed,
That now in peril and in present fear,
I cry: sustain me, Lord, and Lord I pray,
With endless number of thy mercies take
The endless number of my sins away.
So by thy mercy, for thy mercy's sake,
Rue on me, Lord, relieve me with thy grace.
My sin is cause that I so need to have
Thy mercy's aid in my so woeful case;
My sin is cause that scarce I dare to crave
Thy mercy manifold,[5] which only may
Relieve my soul, and take my sins away.

3[6]

So foul is sin and loathsome in thy sight,
So foul with sin I see myself to be,
That till from sin I may be washed white,
So foul I dare not, Lord, approach to thee.
Oft hath thy mercy washed me before,
Thou madest me clean, but I am foul again.
Yet wash me, Lord, again, and wash me more.
Wash me, O Lord, and do away the stain
Of ugly sins that in my soul appear.
Let flow thy plenteous streams of cleansing grace.
Wash me again, yea wash me everywhere,
Both leprous body and defiled face.
Yea wash me all, for I am all unclean.
And from my sin, Lord, cleanse me once again.

---

1 *all-sufficing* sufficient.

2 *wreakful* vengeful.

3 Psalm 51:1a: "Have mercy on me, O God, according to thy steadfast love."

4 Psalm 51:1b: "According to thy abundant mercy blot out my transgressions."

5 *manifold* varied, complex.

6 Psalm 51:2: "Wash me thoroughly from my iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin!"

4[1]

Have mercy, Lord, have mercy, for I know
How much I need thy mercy in this case.
The horror of my guilt doth daily grow,
And growing wears my feeble hope of grace.
I feel and suffer in my thralled[2] breast
Secret remorse and gnawing of my heart.
I feel my sin, my sin that hath oppressed
My soul with sorrow and surmounting smart.
Draw me to mercy, for so oft as I
Presume to mercy to direct my sight,
My Chaos[3] and my heap of sin doth lie
Between me and thy mercy's shining light.
Whatever way I gaze about for grace,
My filth and fault are ever in my face.

5[4]

Grant thou me mercy, Lord; thee, thee alone
I have offended, and offending thee,
For mercy lo, how I do lie and groan.
Thou with all-piercing eye beheldest me,
Without regard, that sinned in thy sight.
Behold again how now my spirit it rues,
And wails the time, when I with foul delight
Thy sweet forbearing mercy did abuse.
My cruel conscience with sharpened knife
Doth splat[5] my ripped heart, and lays abroad
The loathsome secrets of my filthy life,
And spreads them forth before the face of God.
Whom shame from deed shameless could not restrain,
Shame for my deed is added to my pain.

6[6]

But mercy, Lord, O Lord some pity take,
Withdraw my soul from the deserved Hell,
O Lord of glory, for thy glory's sake,
That I may saved of thy mercy tell,
And show how thou, which mercy hast behight
To sighing sinners, that have broke thy laws,
Performest mercy, so as in the sight
Of them that judge the justice of thy cause
Thou only just be deemed, and no moe,[7]
The world's unjustice wholly to confound,[8]
That damning me to depth of during woe
Just in thy judgement shouldest thou be found,
And from thy deserved flames relieving me,
Just in thy mercy mayest thou also be.

7[9]

For lo, in sin, Lord, I begotten was,
With seed and shape my sin I took also,
Sin is my nature and my kind alas,
In sin my mother me conceived; lo
I am but sin, and sinful ought to die,
Die in his wrath that hath forbidden sin.
Such bloom and fruit lo sin doth multiply,
Such was my root, such is my juice within.
I plead not this as to excuse my blame,
On kind or parents mine own guilt to lay,
But by disclosing my sin, my shame,
And need of help, the plainer to display
Thy mighty mercy, if with plenteous grace
My plenteous sins it please thee to deface.

8[10]

Thou lovest simple sooth,[11] not hidden face
With truthless visor of deceiving show.
Lo simply, Lord, I do confess my case,
And simply crave thy mercy in my woe.
This secret wisdom hast thou granted me,
To see my sins and whence my sins do grow;
This hidden knowledge have I learned of thee,
To feel my sins, and how my sins do flow

---

1 Psalm 51:3: "For I know my transgressions, and my sin is ever before me."

2 *thralled* enslaved.

3 *Chaos* the "formless void" of primordial matter, the "great deep" or "abyss" out of which the cosmos or order of the universe was evolved.

4 Psalm 51:4a: "Against thee only have I sinned, and done that which is evil in thy sight."

5 *splat* cut up, split open

6 Psalm 51:4b: "So that thou art justified in thy sentence and blameless in thy judgement."

7 *moe* more.

8 *confound* overthrow, defeat, confuse.

9 Psalm 51:5: "Behold, I was brought forth in iniquity and in sin did my mother conceive me."

10 Psalm 51:6: "Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward being; therefore teach me wisdom in my secret heart."

11 *sooth* truth.

With such excess, that with unfeigned heart,
Dreading to drown, my Lord, lo how I flee,
Simply with tears bewailing my desert,
Relieved simply by thy hand to be.
Thou lovest truth, thou taughtest me the same.
Help, Lord of truth, for glory of thy name.

9[1]

With sweet hyssop[2] besprinkle thou my sprite,
Not such hyssop, nor so besprinkle me,
As law, unperfect shade of perfect light,
Did use as an appointed sign to be
Foreshowing figure of thy grace behight.[3]
With death and bloodshed of thine only son,
The sweet hyssop, cleanse me defiled wight.
Sprinkle my soul. And when thou so hast done,
Bedewed with drops of mercy and of grace,
I shall be clean as cleansed of my sin.
Ah, wash me Lord, for I am foul alas,
That only canst, Lord, wash me well within,
Wash me, O Lord; when I am washed so,
I shall be whiter than the whitest snow.

10[4]

Long have I heard, and yet I hear the sounds
Of dreadful threats and thunders of the law,
Which echo of my guilty mind resounds,
And with redoubled horror doth so draw
My listening soul from mercy's gentle voice,
That louder, Lord, I am constrained to call:
Lord, pierce mine ears, and make me to rejoice,
When I shall hear and when thy mercy shall
Sound in my heart the gospel of thy grace.
Then shalt thou give my hearing joy again,
The joy that only may relieve my case.
And then my bruised bones, that thou with pain
Hast made too weak my feebled corpse to bear,
Shall leap for joy, to show mine inward cheer.

11[5]

Look on me, Lord, though trembling I beknow
That sight of sin so sore offendeth thee,
That seeing sin, how it doth overflow
My whelmed soul, thou canst not look on me,
But with disdain, with horror and despite.
Look on me, Lord, but look not on my sin.
Not that I hope to hide it from thy sight,
Which seest me all without and eke[6] within.
But so remove it from thy wrathful eye,
And from the justice of thine angry face,
That thou impute[7] it not. Look not how I
Am foul by sin, but make me by thy grace
Pure in thy mercy's sight, and, Lord, I pray,
That hatest sin, wipe all my sins away.

12[8]

Sin and despair have so possessed my heart,
And hold my captive soul in such restraint,
As of thy mercies I can feel no part,
But still in languor[9] do I lie and faint.
Create a new pure heart within my breast;
Mine old can hold no liquor[10] of thy grace.
My feeble faith with heavy load oppressed
Staggering doth scarcely creep a reeling[11] pace,
And fallen it is too faint to rise again.
Renew, O Lord, in me a constant sprite,
That stayed with mercy may my soul sustain,
A sprite so settled and so firmly pight[12]
Within my bowels, that it never move,
But still uphold th' assurance of thy love.

13[13]

Lo prostrate, Lord, before thy face I lie,
With sighs deep drawn deep sorrow to express.

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1 Psalm 51:7: "Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."

2 *hyssop* a small bushy aromatic herb, native to Southern Europe, used medicinally. Its twigs were used for sprinkling in Jewish rites and for ceremonial purification.

3 *behight* vowed, promised.

4 Psalm 51:8: "Fill me with joy and gladness; let the bones which thou hast broken rejoice."

5 Psalm 51:9: "Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities."

6 *eke* also.

7 *impute* accuse.

8 Psalm 51:10: "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and put in a new and right spirit within me."

9 *languor* sickness, mental suffering, exhaustion.

10 *liquor* matter in a liquid state, solution.

11 *reeling* staggering.

12 *pight* pitched, placed.

13 Psalm 51:11: "Cast me not away from thy presence, and take not thy holy Spirit from me."

O Lord of mercy, mercy do I cry.
Drive me not from thy face in my distress,
Thy face of mercy and of sweet relief,
The face that feeds angels with only sight,
The face of comfort in extremest grief.
Take not away the succour[1] of thy sprite,
The Holy Sprite, which is mine only stay,
The stay that when despair assaileth me,
In faintest hope yet moveth me to pray,
To pray for mercy, and to pray to thee.
Lord, cast me not from presence of thy face,
Nor take me from the spirit of thy grace.

14[2]

But render me my wonted joys again,
Which sin hath reft, and planted in their place
Doubt of thy mercy, ground of all my pain.
The taste that thy love whilom[3] did embrace
My cheerful soul, the signs that did assure
My feeling ghost[4] of favour in thy sight,
Are fled from me, and wretched I endure
Senseless of grace, the absence of thy sprite.
Restore my joys, and make me feel again
The sweet return of grace that I have lost,
That I may hope I pray not all in vain.
With thy free sprite confirm my feeble ghost
To hold my faith from ruin and decay
With fast affiance[5] and assured stay.

15[6]

Lord, of thy mercy if thou me withdraw
From gaping throat of deep devouring Hell,
Lo, I shall preach the justice of thy law.
By mercy saved, thy mercy shall I tell.
The wicked I will teach thine only way,
Thy ways to take, and man's devise[7] to flee,
And such as lewd delight hath led astray,
To rue their error and return to thee.
So shall the proof of mine example preach
The bitter fruit of lust and foul delight;
So shall my pardon by thy mercy teach
The way to find sweet mercy in thy sight.
Have mercy, Lord, in me example make
Of law and mercy, for thy mercy's sake.

16[8]

O God, God of my health, my saving God,
Have mercy Lord, and show thy might to save,
Assoil[9] me, God, from guilt of guiltless blood,
And eke from sin that I ingrowing have
By flesh and blood and by corrupted kind.
Upon my blood and soul extend not, Lord,
Vengeance for blood, but mercy let me find,
And strike me not with thy revenging sword.
So Lord, my joying tongue shall talk thy praise,
Thy name my mouth shall utter in delight,
My voice shall sound thy justice, and thy ways,
Thy ways to justify thy sinful wight.
God of my health, from blood I saved so
Shall spread thy praise for all the world to know.

17[10]

Lo straining cramp of cold despair again
In feeble breast doth pinch my pining heart,
So as in greatest need to cry and plain
My speech doth fail to utter thee my smart.
Refresh my yielding heart, with warming grace,
And loose my speech, and make me call to thee.
Lord, open thou my lips to show my case,
My Lord, for mercy lo to thee I flee.
I cannot pray without thy moving aid,
Ne can I rise, ne can I stand alone.
Lord, make me pray, and grant when I have prayed.
Lord loose my lips, I may express my moan,
And finding grace with open mouth I may
Thy mercies praise, and holy name display.

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1 *succour* aid, help.

2 Psalm 51:12: "Restore to me the joy of thy salvation, and uphold me with a willing spirit."

3 *whilom* some time before or ago.

4 *ghost* spirit.

5 *affiance* confidence, faith.

6 Psalm 51:13: "Then I will teach transgressors thy ways, and sinners will return to thee."

7 *devise* contriving, or planning.

8 Psalm 51:14: "Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation, and my tongue will sing aloud of thy deliverance."

9 *Assoil* absolve from sin, grant absolution to, pardon, forgive.

10 Psalm 51:15: "O Lord, open thou my lips, and my mouth shall show forth thy praise."

18[1]

Thy mercies' praise, instead of sacrifice,
With thankful mind so shall I yield to thee,
For if it were delightful in thine eyes,
Or hereby might thy wrath appeased be,
Of cattle slain and burnt with sacred flame
Up to the heaven the vapoury smoke to send;
Of guiltless beasts, to purge my guilt and blame,
On altars broiled the savour should ascend,
To pease[2] thy wrath. But thy sweet Son alone,
With one sufficing sacrifice for all
Appeaseth thee, and maketh thee at one
With sinful man, and hath repaired our fall.
That sacred host is ever in thine eyes,
The praise of that I yield for sacrifice.

19[3]

I yield myself, I offer up my ghost,
My slain delights, my dying heart to thee.
To God a troubled sprite is pleasing host.
My troubled sprite doth dread like him to be,
In whom tasteless languor with lingering pain
Hath feebled[4] so the starved appetite,
That food too late is offered all in vain,
To hold in fainting corpse the fleeing sprite.
My pining[5] soul for famine of thy grace
So fears alas the faintness of my faith,
I offer up my troubled sprite; alas,
My troubled sprite refuse not in thy wrath.
Such offering likes thee,[6] ne wilt thou despise
The broken humble heart in angry wise.

20[7]

Show mercy, Lord, not unto me alone,
But stretch thy favour and thy pleased will,
To spread thy bounty and thy grace upon
Sion,[8] for Sion is thy holy hill,
That thy Jerusalem with mighty wall
May be enclosed under thy defence,
And builded so that it may never fall
By mining fraud[9] or mighty violence.
Defend thy Church, Lord, and advance it so,
So in despite of tyranny to stand,
That trembling at thy power the world may know
It is upholden by thy mighty hand,
That Sion and Jerusalem may be
A safe abode for them that honour thee.

21[10]

Then on thy hill, and in thy walled town,
Thou shalt receive the pleasing sacrifice,
The bruit[11] shall of thy praised name resound
In thankful mouths, and then with gentle eyes
Thou shalt behold upon thine altar lie
Many a yielden[12] host of humbled heart,
And round about then shall thy people cry:
"We praise thee, God, our God; thou only art
The God of might, of mercy, and of grace."
That I then, Lord, may also honour thee,
Relieve my sorrow, and my sins deface;
Be, Lord of mercy, merciful to me;
Restore my feeling of thy grace again;
Assure my soul, I crave it not in vain.

FINIS.

—1560

[1] Psalm 51:16: "For thou hast no delight in sacrifice; were I to give a burnt offering, thou wouldst not be pleased."

[2] *pease* appease, make peace.

[3] Psalm 51:17: "The sacrifice acceptable to God is a broken spirit; a broken and contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."

[4] *feebled* weakened.

[5] *pining* exhausted, consumed.

[6] *likes thee* you like.

[7] Psalm 51:18: "Do good to Zion in thy good pleasure; rebuild the walls of Jerusalem."

[8] *Sion* the name of one of the hills of Jerusalem, on which the city of David was built, and which became the centre of Jewish life and worship.

[9] *mining* undermining, weakening; *fraud* deceit.

[10] Psalm 51:19: "Then wilt thou delight in right sacrifices, in burnt offerings and whole burnt offerings; then bulls will be offered on thy altar."

[11] *bruit* noise, din.

[12] *yielden* yielded, surrendered.

John Foxe
1516/1517-1587

John Foxe was one of many Protestants who fled to the Continent during the reign of the Catholic Mary Tudor. While there, he collected accounts of the testimonies and persecutions of Protestants under Queen Mary. When Elizabeth I ascended the throne, many exiles returned, Foxe in 1559.

Foxe was committed to the reform of the Church to the "true faith," and his most influential contribution to this cause was his doctrinal and didactic history of Protestant martyrs, first published by the Protestant printer John Day in 1563. *Acts and Monuments of these Latter and Perilous Days* was extremely popular and became commonly known as "Foxe's Book of Martyrs." Four editions were printed during Foxe's lifetime, each edition enlarging the history until it reached almost six thousand folio pages. The second edition of 1570 found an official place in English cathedrals alongside the Bible. Although Foxe based his compilation on apparently authentic eyewitness accounts—to which he often refers—his sense of the dramatic and disturbing certainly shapes his narrative, as do the various authorial comments and woodcuts. The selections chosen here are examples of the varied stories from the reign of Mary I.

EDITION: *Actes and monuments of these latter and perillous dayes touching matters of the Church, wherein ar comprehended and de[s]cribed the great persecutions [and] horrible troubles, that have bene wrought and practised by the Romishe prelates, speciallye in this realme of Englande and Scotlande, from the yeare of our Lorde a thousande, unto the tyme nowe present.* London: John Day, 1563. STC 11222.

from *Acts and Monuments of These Latter and Perilous Days*

The Behaviour of Dr. Ridley and Master Latimer, at the Time of Their Death.[1]

Upon the north side of the town, in the ditch over against Baily College,[2] the place of execution was appointed, and for fear of any tumult that might arise to let[3] the burning of them, my Lord Williams was commanded, by the Queen's letters and the householders of the city, to be their assistant sufficiently appointed. And when everything was in a readiness, they were brought to the stake by the mayor and bailiffs: Master Ridley in a fair black gown, such as he was wont to wear when he was bishop, with a tippet[4] of sables about his neck nothing undressed.

Master Latimer in a poor Bristol frieze frock[5] all worn, with his buttoned cap, and a kerchief on his head, all ready to the fire, a new long shroud[6] hanging over his hose, down to the feet, which at first sight stirred men's hearts to rue upon them, beholding on the one side the honour they sometime had, and on the other the calamity whereunto they were then descended.

[...] Then Master Ridley, looking back, espied Master Latimer coming after, unto whom he said, "Oh, be ye there?" "Yea," said Master Latimer, "have after, as fast as I can follow." So he, following a pretty way off, at length they came both to the stake one after the other, where first Dr. Ridley entering the place, marvellous earnestly holding

[1] Ridley and Latimer were two Protestant reformers, executed during the reign of Mary Tudor, on 16 October 1555.

[2] *Baily College* Balliol, one of the colleges of Oxford, founded 1263.

[3] *let* hinder.

[4] *tippet* cape or short cloak.

[5] *Bristol frieze frock* Bristol was a centre of trade and manufacture; frieze is coarse woolen cloth.

[6] *shroud* can refer to clothing generally, but may be a winding sheet, in which corpses were laid out for burial.

up both his hands, looked towards heaven, and with a glimpse of his eye aside espying Master Latimer, with a wonderful cheerful look ran unto him, and embraced and kissed him and, as they that stood near reported, comforted him, saying, "Be of good heart, brother, for God will either assuage the fury of the flame, or else strengthen us to abide it."

With that went he to the stake, kneeled down by it, kissed it, most effectuously[1] prayed, and behind him Master Latimer kneeled, as earnestly calling upon God as he. After they arose, the one talked with the other a little while, till they which were appointed to see the execution removed themselves out of the sun. What they said I can learn of no man.

Then Dr. Smith[2] began his sermon to them upon this text of St. Paul in the thirteenth chapter of the first epistle to the Corinthians [...]: "If I yield my body to the fire to be burnt and have not charity, I shall gain nothing thereby."[3] Wherein he alleged that the goodness of the cause, nor the holiness of the person should not be judged by the order of the death, which he confirmed by the examples of Judas[4] and of a woman in Oxford that of late hanged herself, for that then they and such like (as he or two or three others recited) might be adjudged righteous, which desperately sundered their lives from their bodies, as he feared that those men that stood before him would do. But he cried still to the people to beware of them, for they were heretics and died out of the Church. And on the other side, he declared their diversity in opinions, as Lutherans, Oecolampadians, Zwinglians,[5] of which sect they were, he said, and that was the worst. But the old Church of Christ and the Catholic faith believed far otherwise. At which place they lifted up both hands and their eyes to Heaven, as it were calling God to witness of the truth. The which countenance they made in many other places of his sermon, whereas they thought he spoke amiss. He ended with a very short exhortation to them to recant and come home again to the Church, and save their lives and souls, which else were condemned. His sermon was scant, in all a quarter of an hour.

Dr. Ridley said unto Master Latimer, "Will you begin to answer the sermon, or shall I?" Master Latimer said, "Begin you first, I pray you." "I will," said Master Ridley.

Then, the wicked sermon being ended, Dr. Ridley and Master Latimer kneeled down upon their knees towards my Lord Williams of Thame, the vice-chancellor of Oxford, and divers other commissioners appointed for that purpose, who sat upon a form[6] thereby, unto whom Master Ridley said, "I beseech you, my lord, even for Christ's sake, that I may speak but two or three words." And whilst my lord bent his head to the mayor and vice-chancellor, as it appeared, to know whether he might give him leave to speak, the bailiffs and Dr. Marshall, vice-chancellor, ran hastily unto him, and with their hands stopped his mouth, and said, "Master Ridley, if you will revoke your erroneous opinions and recant the same, you shall not only have liberty so to do, but also the benefit of a subject: that is, have your life."

"Not otherwise?" said Master Ridley. "No," quoth Dr. Marshall. "Therefore, if you will not do so, then there is no remedy but you must suffer for your deserts." "Well," quoth Master Ridley, "so long as the breath is in my body, I will never deny my Lord God and his known truth. God's will be done in me!" And with that he rose up and said with a loud voice, "Well, then I commit our cause to almighty God, which shall indifferently judge all." To whose saying, Master Latimer added his old posy,[7] "Well, there is nothing hid, but it shall be opened." And he said he could answer Smith

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1 *effectuously* effectually, earnestly.

2 *Dr. Smith* Richard Smith (1500-63), professor of divinity.

3 See 1 Corinthians 13:3.

4 *Judas* Judas Iscariot, the disciple who betrayed Jesus Christ.

5 *Lutherans, Oecolampadians, Zwinglians* Lutherans were followers of the German religious reformer Martin Luther; Oecolampadians were followers of German religious reformer John Oecolampadius; Zwinglians were followers of the Swiss religious reformer Ulrich Zwinglian.

6 *form* bench.

7 *posy* motto.

well enough, if he might be suffered.[1] Incontinently they were commanded to make them ready, which they with all meekness obeyed. Master Ridley took his gown and his tippet, and gave it to his brother-in-law Master Shipside, who all his time of imprisonment, although he might not be suffered to come to him, lay there at his own charges to provide him necessaries, which from time to time he sent him by the sergeant that kept him. Some other of his apparel that was little worth he gave away; other the bailiffs took.

He gave away besides divers other small things to gentlemen standing by, and divers of them pitifully weeping, as to Sir Henry Lee he gave a new groat,[2] and to divers of my Lord Williams' gentlemen some napkins, some nutmegs, and rasins[3] of ginger, his dial[4] and such other things as he had about him, to everyone that stood next him. Some plucked the points[5] off his hose. Happy was he that might get any rag of him.

Master Latimer gave nothing, but very quietly suffered his keeper to pull off his hose and his other array, which to look unto was very simple. And being stripped into his shroud, he seemed as comely[6] a person to them that were there present as one should lightly[7] see; and whereas in his clothes he appeared a withered and crooked, silly[8] old man, he now stood bolt upright, as comely a father as one might lightly behold.

Then Master Ridley, standing as yet in his truss,[9] said to his brother, "It were best for me to go in my truss still." "No," quoth his brother, "it will put you to more pain, and the truss will do a poor man good." Whereunto Master Ridley said, "Be it, in the name of God," and so unlaced himself. Then, being in his shirt, he stood upon the foresaid stone,[10] and held up his hand and said, "O heavenly Father, I give unto thee most hearty thanks, for that thou hast called me to be a professor of thee, even unto death. I beseech thee, Lord God, take mercy upon this realm of England, and deliver the same from all her enemies."

Then the smith[11] took a chain of iron and brought the same about both Dr. Ridley's and Master Latimer's middles, and, as he was knocking in a staple, Dr. Ridley took the chain in his hand and shaked the same, for it did gird in[12] his belly, and looking aside to the smith, said, "Good fellow, knock it in hard, for the flesh will have his course." Then his brother[13] did bring him gunpowder in a bag, and would have tied the same about his neck. Master Ridley asked what it was. His brother said, "Gunpowder." "Then," said he, "I take it to be sent of God. Therefore I will receive it as sent of him. And have you any," said he, "for my brother," meaning Master Latimer. "Yea, sir, that I have," quoth his brother. "Then give it unto him," said he, "betime,[14] lest ye come too late." So his brother went and carried the same gunpowder unto Master Latimer.

The meantime, Dr. Ridley spoke unto my Lord Williams and said, "My lord, I must be a suitor unto your lordship in the behalf of divers poor men, and especially in the cause of my poor sister. I have made a supplication to the Queen's Majesty in their behalfs. I beseech your lordship, for Christ's sake, to be a mean to[15] her grace for them. My brother here hath the supplication and will resort to your lordship to certify you hereof. There is nothing in all the world that troubleth my conscience (I praise God), this only excepted. Whiles I was in the see[16] of London, divers poor men took leases of me, and agreed with me for the

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1 *suffered* allowed.
2 *groat* a small coin.
3 *rasins* roots.
4 *dial* timepiece.
5 *points* the laces or cords attaching the hose to the doublet.
6 *comely* becoming, pleasing, proper.
7 *lightly* readily or commonly.
8 *silly* helpless, weak.
9 *truss* a close-fitting garment or jacket worn by men and women.
10 *the foresaid stone* upon which the stake stands.
11 *smith* blacksmith, metalworker.
12 *gird in* encircle.
13 *brother* brother-in-law, Mr. Shipside.
14 *betime* early, quickly.
15 *mean to* means to reach.
16 *see* a diocese or territory under the jurisdiction of a bishop.

same. Now I hear say the bishop that now occupieth the same room will not allow my grants unto them made, but contrary unto all law and conscience, hath taken from them their livings, and will not suffer them to enjoy the same. I beseech you, my lord, be a mean for them. You shall do a good deed, and God will reward you."

Then brought they a faggot[1] kindled with fire, and laid the same down at Dr. Ridley's feet and when he saw the fire flaming up towards him, he cried with a wonderful loud voice, "*In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum. Domine recipe spiritum meum.*"[2] And after repeated this latter part often in English, "Lord, Lord, receive my spirit." Master Latimer crying as vehemently on the other side, "O Father of Heaven, receive my soul," who received the flame as it were embracing of it. After, as he had stroked his face with his hands, and as it were bathed them a little in the fire, soon died as it appeareth with very little pain or none.

But Master Ridley, by reason of the evil making of the fire unto him, because the wooden faggots were laid above the gorse,[3] and over-high built, the fire burned first beneath, being kept down by the wood, which when he felt, he desired them for Christ's sake to let the fire come unto him. Which when his brother-in-law heard, but not well understood, intending to rid him out of his pain (for the which cause he gave attendance), as one in such sorrow not well advised what he did, heaped faggots upon him, that he clean covered him, which made the fire more vehement beneath, that it burned clean all his nether parts before it once touched the upper, and that made him leap up and down under the faggots, and often desire them to let the fire come unto him, saying, "I cannot burn," which indeed appeared well. For after his legs were consumed, by reason of his struggling with the pain (whereof he had no release, but only his contentation[4] in God), he showed that side toward us clean, shirt and all untouched with flame. Yet in all this torment he forgot not to call unto God still, having in his mouth, "Lord have mercy upon me," intermeddling this cry, "Let the fire come unto me; I cannot burn." In which pangs he laboured till one of the standers-by with his bill[5] pulled off the faggots above, and where he espied the fire flame up, he wrested himself unto that side. And when the flame touched the gunpowder, he was seen [to] stir no more, but [was] espied burning on the other side by Master Latimer, which some said happened by reason that the chain loosed; others said that he fell over the chain by reason of the poise[6] of his body and the weakness of the nether limbs.

Some said that before he was like to fall from the stake, he desired them to hold him to it with their bills. Howsoever it was, surely it moved hundreds to tears to behold the horrible sight, for I think there was none that had not clean exiled all humanity and mercy which would not have lamented to behold the fury of the fire so rage upon their bodies. Signs there were of sorrow on every side. Some took it grievously to see their deaths, whose lives they held full dear. Some pitied their persons, that thought their souls had no need thereof. His brother moved many men, seeing his miserable case, seeing (I say) him compelled to such infelicity that he thought then to do him best service, when he hastened his end. Some cried out [on] fortune to see his endeavour, who most dearly loved him and sought his release, turn to his greater vexation and increase of pain. But whoso considered their preferments in time past, the places of honour that they sometime occupied in this commonwealth, the favour they were in with their princes, and the opinion of learning they had in the university they studied, could not choose but sorrow with tears to see so great dignity, honour, and estimation, so necessary members sometimes accounted, so many godly virtues, the

[1] *faggot* bundle of sticks.

[2] *In manus tuas ... recipe spiritum meum* Latin, "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit. O Lord, receive my spirit." The first sentence is from the Vulgate (St. Jerome's Latin translation of the Bible); these are Christ's last words before he dies on the cross (Luke 23:46). The second sentence is Ridley's own exclamation.

[3] *gorse* a prickly shrub.

[4] *contentation* contentment, satisfaction.

[5] *bill* a long wooden handle with a blade or spear at the end.

[6] *poise* heaviness.

study of so many years, such excellent learning, to be put into the fire and consumed in one moment. Well, dead they are, and the reward of this world they have already.

A Lamentable Example of Cruelty Showed upon John Bolton, a Man of Reading,[1] Imprisoned for the True Testimony of a Christian Conscience

The Lent following the coronation of Queen Mary, which Lent was in anno.[2] 1554, there was a writing set upon the church door at Reading in Berkshire, containing matter against the Mass, but the author thereof then and a long time after was unknown, although now certainly known to be indeed one John Moyer, who afterward confessed the fact, recanted, and is now made minister. Great inquisition was in every place thereabouts, but nothing, as I said, could be found certainly. Amongst many others one John Bolton was suspected, and being asked his mind of the Mass, answered that he took it to be against the word of God and contumelious[3] to Christ. Upon the which words, he was by the mayor (whose name was Boyer, and by science a tanner), with other officers, committed to the jail about three weeks before Easter, where being kept by the space of a week or a fortnight in the under-prison or dungeon, afterwards was had up to a chamber of the jailor's (whose name was Welch), having his bed and other necessaries to help himself withal, and so continued until Gardiner, the bishop of Winchester, came through the town with King Philip and Queen Mary, straight upon their marriage at Winchester.

Then the said Bishop, hearing of the said John Bolton, sent for him to talk with him persuading him what he could to relent from the truth. But he stood steadfast and most boldly reproved the said Bishop to his face, and replied most earnestly against his persuasions, whereby the Bishop, being greatly moved, commanded he should be had to prison again, there to be kept with bread and water and nothing else, charging further that whosoever came to him should, in anywise, immediately be set by him.[4]

Well, John Bolton thereupon was carried again to the jail and put into the dungeon or under-prison where he was before, which is under the ground about twelve feet deep, compassed about with most thick walls, without any light saving that only which cometh down at the entry, but (which is the best) both above the head and underfoot it is boarded. And (alas) to no purpose, poor John Bolton might say, for he was not once suffered to walk any part therein, but [was] most cruelly stocked and chained, as hereafter followeth.

In the said dungeon is a marvellous evil scent or odour, and the whole proportion most terrible to see. In the midst thereof be a huge pair of stocks, of a great height, wherein they did put both his hands and his feet; on the other side of the stocks were his legs tied with a great chain of iron, being surely fastened to a great mighty block unmoveable. And hanging on this sort by the hands and feet sometimes a day and a night together, his body not touching any part of the ground, the jailor often would ease him and loose his hands sometimes at night, but his feet he would keep in the stocks still, whole three or four days together.

And being in this woeful and most miserable case, the jailor and his family would wickedly in the night season oftentimes (to trouble the good poor man) cast squibs[5] of fire into the dungeon, whereby his empty and careful head might be troubled with vain and fond fantasies, which came to pass, as hereafter shall be showed.

Now his honest good neighbours, hearing of his perplexity, were not a little careful for him[6] and sent their benevolence liberally to him, as whole-

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1 Reading is a town in Berkshire, just west of London.

2 *anno* the year.

3 *contumelious* contemptuous, insolent.

4 *be set by him* i.e., join him in prison.

5 *squibs* small explosives or fireworks.

6 *were not a little careful for him* i.e., were full of care or concern for him.

some meats and drinks to comfort his weak body, which always was either eaten up by the jailor and his household, or else brought to the grate of the prison and there given to dogs before his face, so cruel and unmerciful was this wicked jailor. Whereby the said poor John Bolton was enforced (alas the pity) to eat his own excrements for very hunger, some thinketh for the space of six days, some thinketh more, some less; but although how long the time is uncertain, yet that he did it is most true.

Thus was he in the lower prison just twelve months and ten weeks, having sometimes his hands and feet in the stocks, sometimes his feet only, sometimes neither; sometimes having checks, taunts, scornings, threatenings and mockings; otherwhiles having meat, otherwhiles his own ordure; until at the last, with terrible torments, solitary sighings, lack of liberty, meat, drink, with such like, and also eating that which nature most abhorreth, and that never was heard of before in any tyrant's days, began, I say, at the last, to be full of ravings and strange fantasies, in such sort that men took him as one without reason and distract of mind. Which being once known unto Sir Francis Englefield, he, with his bloody brother the parson of Englefield, thought good to rid the prison of him, and so he was discharged.

It is not to be forgotten, amongst so many troubles, that in prison was laid awhile, for fornication, a collar-maker by his science, who being of nature very tender and feeling not one quarter of John Bolton's troubles and miserable torments, fell mad. And through friendship of them who were more mad than he, liberty was given him to sit at the grate of the dungeon, to work for his living and to have the benefit of light, which is (as prisoners say) no small benefit. This madman having his tools, that is to say an awl and a stretcher, and his liberty therewith, used the same almost to the destruction of his own wife and the said John Bolton. For she coming to visit him, being great with child and thinking of no danger (poor woman) towards her, the wretched madman ungraciously thrust his awl in her body, and slew the little babe within her womb. And yet not content therewith, but to increase his mischief more and more, he also with the same instruments did in divers places hurt the said John Bolton sitting in the stocks, to the great peril of his life, and no less danger of the same continually while the said collar-maker remained in prison, as it appeareth evidently at this present upon his body, for them that list to see.

Such cruelty, and so greatly was truth hated and whoredom maintained by this wicked jailer, that the evil person could have liberty to do his mischief when he would, where the poor simple John Bolton (laid in for conscience sake to Godward) might not once have so much favour as to be free from the stocks and to walk a little for his comfort. This is the truth of this story, approved by sufficient and credible testimonies, as well of the inhabitors of the said town of Reading, whose letters, at this present, for the certification thereof we have to show, dated to us the twelfth day of May, as also by the confirmation of the party himself on whom this cruelty was showed, being although, through the same their extreme handling, weak and feeble, yet (God be praised) a man alive.

—1563

Lady Jane Grey
1537-1554

Lady Jane Grey's short life was dominated by the political desires of others. The daughter of Henry Grey, duke of Suffolk, and Frances Grey (whose mother was Henry VIII's sister, Mary), Jane was closely related to the Tudor monarchs, Edward VI, Mary I, and Elizabeth I.[1] Close to the throne by birth, Jane's position as a pawn in the game of Tudor power politics was assured by two realities: (1) Henry VIII's will, which stipulated that the children of his younger sister Mary, and not his older sister Margaret, should be next in line of succession if his own children failed to produce heirs of their own; and (2) the ambitions of her father as well as John Dudley, duke of Northumberland, her father-in-law, who was the power behind the throne of Edward VI. Northumberland's attempts to circumvent the true succession in favour of this young Protestant woman were grounded in personal and family ambition: he had earlier secured a marriage between Jane and his youngest son, Guildford, which placed his own family in the line of royal succession.[2] The attempted coup was a failure and Jane Grey, already resident in the Tower awaiting her coronation, remained there as a prisoner, as Mary I was declared Queen of England. She was executed in 1554 for her unwilling involvement in this attempted coup.

Lady Jane Grey is perhaps the sixteenth-century woman who has most thoroughly taken up a position in popular consciousness, through representations of her in movies, plays, and novels. Although her romantic representation as the doomed, innocent pawn of powerful men is the one which has become dominant, her writings testify to a woman of stalwart Protestant belief, one whom some nineteenth- and early twentieth-century critics have had difficulty dealing with on her own terms.[3] There has been some debate, for example, about whether she is really the author of "Lady Jane to a Learned Man [her early tutor Master Harding] ...," implicitly because the letter's invective is unlady-like. Her more recent critics, such as Carole Levin, have focused instead on her education, which was remarkably thorough even for a young woman of royal aspirations. By the age of seven, Harding had begun instructing her in Greek and Latin, and she seems to have acquired as well some acquaintance with Italian, French, and Spanish.[4] Apart from the usual training in dancing and music, she also received a thorough grounding in Scripture and theology. These studies led to her development of strong Protestant views from an early age. They also led to her correspondence with some of the Continent's most famous reformers, such as Heinrich Bullinger.[5] While resident in the household of Katherine Parr—Henry VIII's widowed queen who soon married Thomas Seymour, lord admiral and Edward VI's uncle, during an abortive attempt by Seymour to arrange Jane's marriage to the nine year old Edward VI—Jane Grey found scope to pursue her religious and intellectual interests. Katherine Parr, long a friend of the reformers and a firm advocate of justification by faith and the necessity of individual Bible study, was an enormous influence on the young Jane Grey.[6] The most famous portrayal of Jane Grey at study occurs in Roger Ascham's *The Schoolmaster* (1570), where he recounts a chance meeting with Jane while on a visit to one of the Greys' homes at Bradgate. That the rest of the household was out hunting while she was engaged in "reading Phaedon Platonis in Greek" caused Ascham some surprise. Jane Grey's response to his query provides an intimate glimpse into her position within her family and the treatment of her scholarly bent:

> One of the greatest benefit that ever God gave me is that he sent me so sharp and severe parents and so gentle a schoolmaster. For when I am in the presence of father or mother, whether I speak, keep silent, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merry or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing anything else, I must do it [...] even so per-

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1 C. Levin, "Lady Jane Grey," *DLB 132*, p. 149.

2 C. Levin, "Lady Jane Grey: Protestant Queen and Martyr," *Silent But for the Word: Tudor Women as Patrons, Translators, and Writers of Religious Works*, ed. M.P. Hannay (Kent, 1985), p. 96.

3 Ibid., p. 92.

4 Ibid., p. 93.

5 A. Plowden, "Grey [married name Dudley], Lady Jane (1537-1554)," *DNB online.*

6 Levin, "Lady Jane Grey," pp. 149-50.

> fectly as God made the world, or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened [...] that I must think myself in hell till time come that I must go to Master Ayler, who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing while I am with him. And when I am called from him, I fall on weeping because whatsoever I do else but learning is full of grief, trouble, fear, and wholly misliking unto me.

While many of Lady Jane's works remained in manuscript, and most were written in the genre of the letter, we need to be wary about classifying these writings as strictly personal and private. She wrote most of her letters, prayers, and verses while awaiting her execution; she knew that they would be widely circulated and copied. She may also have suspected that they would make their way into print. They are in this sense public writings and are carefully shaped as a contribution to Protestant didactic and polemical literature.

Lady Jane's most important writings went into print almost immediately. Her letter to her sister Katherine, written on the eve of her execution (see below), was appended to a volume entitled *A Most Fruitful, Pithy and Learned Treatise, How a Christian Man Ought to Behave Himself in the Danger of Death: and How They Are to Be Relieved and Comforted, Whose Dear Friends are Departed out of This World, Most Necessary for This, Our Unfortunate Age and Sorrowful Days.* Undated (although probably written early in 1555), and with no declared author, publisher, or bookseller, this book's Protestant bent—along with its appended letter by Lady Jane Grey—perhaps made it an understandably dangerous work to produce early in the reign of the Roman Catholic queen, Mary I. However, both this letter and some of Grey's important statements about Protestantism also appeared in 1554, published by John Day, in an uncompromisingly titled book, *An Epistle of the Lady Jane, a Right Virtuous Woman, to a Learned Man of the Late Fallen from the Truth of God's Most Holy Word, for Fear of the Worlde. Read it, to Thy Consolation. Whereunto is Added the Communication that She Had with Master Feckenham upon Her Faith and Belefe of the Sacraments. Also Another Epistle to Her Sister, with the Words She Spoke upon the Scaffold before She Suffered.* Grey's works, however, were most effectively popularized and she herself represented earliest as a Protestant martyr in John Foxe's encyclopaedic account of Protestant martyrdom, *Acts and Monuments of These Latter and Perilous Days* (1563).

EDITIONS: "Lady Jane Grey to Her Father" in *Foxe's Book of Martyrs.* Ed. J. Cumming. London: G. Virtue, 1838. John Foxe, *Actes and monuments of these latter and perilous days.* London: John Day, 1563. STC 11222.

Letter

Lady Jane Grey to Her Father,[1] 9 February 1554

Father, although it hath pleased God to hasten my death by you, by whom my life should rather have been lengthened; yet can I so patiently take it, that I yield God more hearty thanks for shortening my woeful days, than if the world had been given unto my possession, with life lengthened at my own will, and albeit I am very well assured of your impatient dolours, redoubled in many ways, both in bewailing your own woe, and especially, as I am informed, my woeful state, yet, my dear father, if I may without offence rejoice in my own mishaps, herein I may account myself blessed, that, washing my hands with the innocence of my fact,[2] my

[1] *Father* This letter is found in Harleian MSS. 2194.f.23. While Henry Grey, duke of Suffolk, was pardoned by Mary when he surrendered his claim to the English throne for his daughter Jane, he was later executed for treason in 1554, when he took part in the uprisings against Mary's marriage to the fanatical Roman Catholic prince, Philip of Spain.

[2] *fact* crime, wrongdoing.

guiltless blood may cry before the Lord, "Mercy to the innocent."

And yet though I must needs acknowledge that being constrained, and, as you know well enough, continually assayed, yet in taking upon me I seemed to consent, and therein grievously offended the queen and her laws; yet do I assuredly trust that this my offence towards God is so much the less, in that, being in so royal estate as I was, mine enforced honour blended never with mine innocent heart. And thus, good father, I have opened unto you the state wherein I at present stand; my death at hand, although to you perhaps it may seem woeful, yet to me there is nothing that can be more welcome than from this vale of misery to aspire to that heavenly throne of all joy and pleasure, with Christ our Saviour; in whose steadfast faith, if it may be lawful for the daughter so to write to the father, the Lord that hitherto hath so strengthened you, so continue to keep you, that at the last we may meet in Heaven with the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

I am,

Your obedient daughter till death,

JANE DUDLEY

—1554

from John Foxe, *Acts and Monuments of These Latter and Perilous Days*

In November the Archbishop Cranmer[1] (not withstanding he had earnestly refused to subscribe to the King's will in disinheriting his sister Mary, alleging many and pithy reasons for her legitimation[2]) was in the Guildhall of London arraigned and attainted of high treason, with the Lady Jane, and three of the Duke of Northumberland's sons, which all at the entreaty of certain persons were had again to the Tower.[3]

In this meanwhile Cardinal Pole,[4] being sent for by Queen Mary, was by the Emperor[5] requested to stay with him, to the intent (as some think) that his presence in England should not be a let[6] to the marriage, which he intended between Philip his son and Queen Mary;[7] for the making whereof, he sent a most ample ambassade,[8] with full power to make up the marriage betwixt them, which took such success, that after they had commoned[9] of the matter a few days, they knit up the knot.

This was done about the beginning of January, and was very evil taken of the people, and of many of the nobility, who for this and for religion, conspiring among themselves, made a rebellion, whereof Sir Thomas Wyatt, knight, was one of the chief beginners, who being in Kent, said, as many else perceived that the Queen and the Council would by foreign marriages bring upon this realm most miserable servitude, and establish popish religion. About the 25 of January, news came to London of this stir in Kent, and shortly after of the Duke of Suffolk, who was fled into Warwickshire and Leicestershire, there to gather a

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1 *Archbishop Cranmer* Thomas Cranmer (1489-1556), archbishop of Canterbury, who supported Henry VIII's attempts to break away from Rome and papal authority; although Cranmer recanted his Protestant views under the Roman Catholic monarch, Mary I, he was ordered burnt at the stake in 1556, at which time he returned to his former religious stance (*DNB*).

2 *Mary ... legitimation* Henry VIII's will attempted to disinherit Mary, Henry's daughter by Katharine of Aragon, by declaring her illegitimate, a move which Cranmer vigorously resisted.

3 *the Tower* the Tower of London, a prison usually reserved for noble prisoners who were usually under charges of treason.

4 *Cardinal Pole* Reginald Pole (1500-58); although one of Henry VIII's favoured humanists and a near kinsman, Pole eventually sided with Rome in the quarrel between his King and his Pope, writing an attack on Henry's attempt to be declared "Supreme Head of the Church." This piece so enraged Henry that he attempted to have Pole extradited from Italy to stand trial for treason; this attempt as well as various more covert attempts to have him assassinated failed. Returning to England in 1554, Pole was instrumental in Mary I's program of Roman Catholic restoration, and she made him archbishop of Canterbury in 1556. He died in 1558, the same year as Mary herself, and in fact within hours of her death.

5 *the Emperor* Charles V, king of Spain.

6 *let* hindrance, obstacle.

7 *Philip ... Mary* Mary seems to have also been persuaded by Philip to bar Pole, who had been appointed papal legate to England, from entering the country until the status of the Church's seized, secularized property had been decided upon.

8 *ambassade* ambassadorial entourage.

9 *commoned* conversed, talked.

power. The Queen, therefore, caused them both with the two Carews of Devonshire to be proclaimed traitors, and sent into Kent against Wyatt, Thomas, duke of Norfolk, who, being about Rochester bridge forsaken of them that went with him, returned safe again to London, without any harm done unto him, and without bloodshed of either party. After the Duke of Norfolk was sent the Earl of Huntington in post,[1] who entering the city of Coventry before the Duke, disappointed him of his purpose. Wherefore the Duke in great distress committed himself to the keeping of a servant of his own in a Park, who like a false traitor bewrayed[2] him. And so he was brought up to the Tower of London.

In the meanwhile Peter Carew, hearing of that was done, fled into France, but the others were taken, and Wyatt came towards London in the beginning of February, from whom the Emperor's ambassadors sped themselves away in haste all by water. The Queen, hearing of Wyatt's coming, came into the city into the Guildhall, where she made a vehement oration against Wyatt, declaring that she neither had, nor would consent to marry otherwise than should seem to the Council to be for the wealth[3] of the realm. Wherefore she desired them of the city to stick to her in the suppressing of rebellious traitors, and defending her royal estate.

As concerning Wyatt, after that he, coming to Southwark,[4] could not be received that way into London, returning another way by Kingston with his army, he came up through the streets to Ludgate, whereas returning thence, was resisted at Temple bar[5] and there apprehended, which was upon Ash Wednesday,[6] at what time at the apprehension of the said Wyatt there was a general pardon by the herald proclaimed, promising generally pardon of life. Yet that not withstanding, gallows and gibbets were erected in all parts of the city and suburbs of London to the number of twenty or thereabouts (three being set up in Cheapside[7]). Whereupon, diverse[8] of the captains and soldiers of Wyatt were hanged, and he himself afterward executed at Tower Hill and then quartered,[9] whose head after being set up upon the gallows at Hayhill, was there stolen away, and great search made for the same, concerning whose cause and matter I partly refer them to the English chronicles, such as list[10] more fully to be satisfied therein, and partly hereafter more shall be touched among other things done in the month of April.

The 12 day of February was beheaded the Lady Jane, to whom was sent Master Feckenham, alias Howman, from the Queen, two days before her death, to common[11] with her, and to reduce her from the doctrine of Christ to Queen Mary's religion, the effect of which communication here followeth.

The Communication Had Between the Lady Jane and Feckenham

FECKENHAM: Madam, I lament your heavy case, and yet I doubt not but that you bear out this sorrow of yours with a constant and patient mind.

JANE: You are welcome unto me, sir, if your coming be to give Christian exhortation. And as for my heavy case, (I thank God) I do so little lament it, that rather I accompt[12] the same for a more manifest declaration of God's favour toward me than ever he showed me any time before. And therefore there is no cause why either you or other which bear me good will should lament or be grieved with this my case, being a thing so profitable for my soul health.

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1 *in post* with all speed.

2 *bewrayed* betrayed, revealed.

3 *wealth* well-being, good.

4 *Southwark* a district or suburb of London.

5 *Ludgate* one of the gates of London, which leads into the precinct of Westminster and Fleet street; *Temple bar* another of London's gates which separated Westminster from London proper.

6 *Ash Wednesday* the first day of Lent, the forty day period of fasting and repentance which precedes the feast of Easter.

7 *Cheapside* the market district on the W side of London.

8 *diverse* many.

9 *quartered* "the prescribed punishment for male traitors was to be hung, drawn and quartered" (*Hist. Dict. Tudor England*, p. 505).

10 *list* desire, wish.

11 *common* converse.

12 *accompt* account.

FECKENHAM: I am here come to you at this present sent from the Queen and her Council, to instruct you in the true doctrine of the right faith, although I have so great confidence in you, that I shall have (I trust) little need to travail[1] with you much therein.

JANE: Forsooth, I heartily thank the Queen's Highness, which is not unmindful of her humble subject, and I hope likewise that you no less will do your duty therein both truly and faithfully, according to that you were sent for.

FECKENHAM: What is then required of a Christian?

JANE: That he should believe in God, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, three persons and one God.[2]

FECKENHAM: What? Is there nothing else to be required or looked for in a Christian, but to believe in God?

JANE: Yes, we must believe in him, we must love him with all our heart, with all our soul, and with all our mind, and our neighbour as ourself.[3]

FECKENHAM: Why,[4] then faith justifieth not, nor saveth not.

JANE: Yes verily, faith (as Saint Paul sayeth) only justifieth.[5]

FECKENHAM: Why, Saint Paul sayeth, if I have all faith without love, it is nothing.[6]

JANE: True it is, for how can I love him whom I trust not, or how can I trust him whom I love not? Faith and love goeth both together, and yet love is comprehended in faith.

FECKENHAM: How shall we love our neighbour?

JANE: To love our neighbour is to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, and give drink to the thirsty, and to do to him as we would do to ourselves.[7]

FECKENHAM: Why, then it is necessary unto salvation to do good works also, and it is not sufficient only to believe.

JANE: I deny that, and I affirm that faith only saveth, but it is meet[8] for a Christian, in token that he doth follow his master Christ, to do good works, yet may we not say that they profit to salvation. For when we have done all, yet we be unprofitable servants, and faith only in Christ's blood saveth.

FECKENHAM: How many sacraments are there?

JANE: Two. The one, the sacrament of Baptism, and the other the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

FECKENHAM: No, there are seven.[9]

JANE: By what Scripture find ye that?

FECKENHAM: Well, we will talk of that hereafter, but what is signified by your two sacraments?

JANE: By the sacrament of Baptism, I am washed with water, and regenerated by the Spirit, and that washing is a token to me that I am the child of God. The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper offered unto me is a sure seal and testimony that I am by the blood of Christ, which he shed for me on the cross, made partaker of the everlasting Kingdom.

FECKENHAM: Why, what do you receive in that sacrament? Do you not receive the very body and blood of Christ?[10]

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[1] *travail* labour.

[2] *three persons and one God* i.e., the doctrine of the Trinity, or triune nature of God, which both Catholics and Protestant reformers accepted.

[3] *we must ... ourself* Christ's words to the scribe (e.g., Mark 12:30-31).

[4] *Why* here and elsewhere in the conversation, an interjection indicating surprise, and sometimes disagreement, with the previous statement.

[5] *faith ... only justifieth* a reference to the justification by faith which Paul speaks of in his Letter to the Romans and in his Letter to the Galatians, partly in the context of the early Church's controversy over the necessity for circumcision for converts from non-Jewish cultures (see especially, Romans 3-11; Galatians 2:16-21; Galatians 3:11-29). For a full discussion of justification by faith, see Hugh Latimer, "Sermon on the Ploughers," p. 115, note 6.

[6] *if I have ... it is nothing* "And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could move mountains, and have not charity [i.e., love], I am nothing" (1 Corinthians 13:2).

[7] *To love our neighbour ... do to ourselves* These works of corporal mercy are recommended by Christ. See Matthew 25:35-40.

[8] *meet* appropriate, befitting.

[9] *seven* In Roman Catholicism there are seven sacraments: Baptism, Communion (the Lord's Supper), Confession, Confirmation, Marriage, Extreme Unction (the Anointing of the Dying), and Holy Orders (consecration of priests and the taking of vows of other religious). Protestant reformers rejected all but Baptism and the Lord's Supper as having no justification or grounding in Scripture.

[10] *very body ... of Christ* the crux of the Protestant-Catholic debate over the nature of the body and blood of Christ in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper; put simply, Catholics asserted that the bread and wine is mystically transformed during the ceremony of the Mass into

JANE: No surely I do not so believe. I think that in the Supper, I neither receive flesh nor blood, but only bread and wine, which bread when it is broken, and the wine when it is drunken, putteth me in remembrance how that for my sins the body of Christ was broken, and his blood shed on the cross. And with that bread and wine I receive the benefits that cometh by the breaking of his body, and shedding of his blood for our sins on the cross.

FECKENHAM: Why, doth not Christ speak these words: "Take, eat, this is my body"?[1] Require we any plainer words? Doth he not say it is his body?

JANE: I grant he sayeth so, and so he sayeth, "I am the vine, I am the door,"[2] but he is never the more for that the door nor the vine. Doth not Saint Paul say[3] that he calleth things that are not, as though they were? God forbid that I should say that I eat the very natural body or blood of Christ. For then either I should pluck away my redemption, either else there were two bodies, or two Christs, or else twelve bodies. One body was tormented on the cross. And then if they did eat another body, then either he had two bodies, either else if his body were eaten, then it was not broken upon the cross, or else if it were broken upon the cross, it was not eaten of his disciples.

FECKENHAM: Why, is it not as possible that Christ by his power could make his body both to be eaten and broken, as to be born of a woman without seed of a man, and as to walk upon the sea having a body, and other such like miracles as he wrought by his power only?

JANE: Yes verily. If God would have done at his supper any miracle he might have done so: but I say that then he minded no work nor miracle, but only to break his body and shed his blood on the cross for our sins. But I pray you answer me to this one question: where was Christ when he said, "Take, eat, this is my body"? Was he not at table when he said so? He was at that time alive, and suffered not till the next day. Well, what took he but bread, what broke he but bread, and what gave he but bread? Look what he took, he broke, and look what he broke, he gave, and look what he gave, they did eat, and yet all this while he himself was alive and at supper before his disciples, or else they were deceived.

FECKENHAM: You ground your faith upon such authors as say and unsay both with a breath, and not upon the Church to whom ye ought to give credit.

JANE: No, I ground my faith on God's word, and not upon the Church, for if the Church be a good Church, the faith of the Church must be tried by God's word, and not God's word by the Church, neither yet my faith. Shall I believe the Church because of antiquity,[4] or shall I give credit to the Church that taketh away from me the half part of the Lord's Supper,[5] and will not let any layman receive it in both kinds but themselves, which thing if they deny to us, then deny they to us part of our salvation. And I say that is an evil Church, and not the spouse of Christ, but the spouse of the Devil that altereth the Lord's Supper, and both taketh from it and addeth to it. To that Church (say I) God will add plagues, and from that Church will he take their part out of the book of life. Do they learn that of St. Paul when he ministered to the Corinthians in both kinds? Shall I believe this Church? God forbid.

FECKENHAM: That was done for a good intent of the Church, to avoid an heresy that sprung on it.[6]

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the real presence of Christ, into his actual body and blood, while the Protestant reformers asserted that the bread and wine are not so transformed and are simply a sign, seal, or testament of Christ's sacrifice and the believer's salvation.

1 *Take, eat ... body* Matthew 26:26-27.

2 *I am ... door* "I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture" (John 10:9); "I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman" (John 15:1).

3 *St. Paul say* Romans 4:17.

4 *Shall I believe ... antiquity* i.e., shall I believe what the Church declares because it is an ancient institution?

5 *half part of the Lord's Supper* Laypeople were allowed at this time to receive communion only in the form of the bread; the priest would consecrate both the bread and wine but only he and his fellow religious could receive both the bread and wine.

6 *heresy ... on it* The Synod of Lambeth in 1291 restricted the consecrated wine to the celebrant of the Mass, but allowed unconsecrated wine to be consumed by the laity. The heresy to which Feckenham refers remains obscure.

JANE: Why, shall the Church alter God's will and ordinance for a good intent? How did King Saul?[1] God the Lord defend.

With these and such like persuasions he would have had her leaned to the Church, but it would not be. There were many more things whereof they reasoned, but these were the chiefest.

These Words Following Were Spoken Openly.

FECKENHAM: After this Feckenham took his leave saying that he was sorry for her. "For I am sure," quod he, "that we two shall never meet."

JANE: "True it is," said she, "that we shall never meet, except God turn your heart. For I am assured, unless you repent and turn to God, ye are in an evil case, and I pray God in the bowels of his mercy to send you his Holy Spirit, for he hath given you his great gift of utterance, if it please him to open the eyes of your heart.

A Letter Written by the Lady Jane in the End of the New Testament in Greek, the Which She Sent unto Her Sister Lady Katherine, Immediately before She Suffered

I have here sent you (good sister, Katherine) a book, which although it be not outwardly trimmed with gold, yet inwardly it is more worth than precious stones. It is the book, dear sister, of the law of the Lord. It is his testament and last will, which he bequeathed unto us wretches, which shall lead you to the path of eternal joy. And if you with a good mind read it, and with an earnest mind do follow it, it shall bring you to an immortal and everlasting life. It will teach you to live, and learn you to die. It shall win you more, than you should have gained by the possession of your woeful father's lands.[2] For as if God had prospered him you should have inherited his lands, so if you apply diligently this book, seeking to direct your life after it, you shall be an inheritor of such riches as neither the covetous shall withdraw from you, neither the thief shall steal, neither yet the moths corrupt.

Desire with David,[3] good sister, to understand the law of the Lord your God. Live still to die, that you (by death) may purchase eternal life. And trust not that the tenderness of your age shall lengthen your life. For as soon (if God call) goeth the young, as the old: and labour always to learn to die, defy the world, deny the Devil, and despise the flesh, and delight yourself only in the Lord. Be penitent for your sins, and yet despair not. Be strong in faith, and yet presume not. And desire with Saint Paul to be dissolved and to be with Christ, with whom even in death there is life. Be like the good servant, and even at midnight be waking, lest when death commeth and stealeth upon you like a thief in the night, you be with the evil servant found sleeping, and lest for lack of oil ye be found like the five foolish women,[4] and like him that had not on the wedding garment, and then ye be cast out from the marriage. Rejoice in Christ, as I trust I do. Follow the steps of your master Christ, and take up your cross, lay your sins on his back, and always embrace him. And as touching my death, rejoice as I do (good sister) that I shall be delivered of this corruption, and put on incorruption. For I am assured, that I shall for losing of a mortal life, win an immortal life. The which I pray God grant you, send you of his grace to live in his fear, and to die in the true Christian faith, from the which (in God's name) I exhort you, that you never swerve, neither for hope of life, nor fear of death. For if ye will deny

[1] *How did King Saul* a reference to Saul's reservation of certain oxen after a great victory, even though the Lord, through the prophet Samuel, had directed Saul to destroy everything that remained, including the enemies' cattle (1 Samuel 9-11).

[2] *your woeful father's lands* Her father, Henry Grey, duke of Somerset, had his lands confiscated when he was condemned for treason in 1554 (*DNB*).

[3] *David* King David, traditionally the author of the Psalms and a faithful Jewish king.

[4] *good servant … five foolish women* For the reference to the thief in the night, see Matthew 24:42-44; for the parable of the five wise and five foolish virgins, see Matthew 25:1-13.

his truth to lengthen your life, God will deny you, and yet shorten your days. And if you will cleave unto him, he will prolonge your days to your comfort and his glory, to the which glory God bring me now, and you hereafter, when it pleaseth him to call you. Fare you well (good sister) and put your only trust in God, who only must help you.

A Certain Prayer of the Lady Jane in the Time of Her Trouble

O Lord thou God and Father of my life, hear me poor and desolate woman, which fleeth unto thee only in all troubles and miseries. Thou O Lord art the only defender and deliverer of those that put their trust in thee. And therefore, I, being defiled with sin, encumbered with afflictions, unquieted with troubles, wrapped in cares, overwhelmed with miseries, vexed with temptations, and grievously tormented with the long imprisonment of this vile mass of clay, my body and blood, do come unto thee, O merciful Saviour, craving thy mercy and help, without the which so little hope of deliverance is left that I may utterly despair of any liberty. Albeit, it is expedient, that seeing our life standeth upon trying,[1] we should be visited some time with some adversity, whereby we might both be tried whether we be of thy flock or no, and also know thee and ourselves the better, yet thou that saidst thou wouldst not suffer us to be tempted above our power,[2] be merciful unto me, now a miserable wretch, I beseech thee, which, with Solomon, do cry unto thee, humbly desiring thee, that I may neither be too much puffed up with prosperity, neither too much pressed down with adversity,[3] lest I, being too full, should deny thee, my God, or being too low brought, should despair and blaspheme thee, my Lord and Saviour. O merciful God, consider my misery, best known unto thee, and be thou now unto me a strong tower of defence. I humbly require thee, suffer me not to be tempted, above my power, but either be thou a deliverer unto me out of this great misery, or else give me grace patiently to bear thy heavy hand and sharp correction. It was thy right hand that delivered the people of Israel out of the hands of Pharaoh, which for the space of four hundred years did oppress them, and keep them in bondage.[4] Let it therefore likewise seem good to thy fatherly goodness, to deliver me, sorrowful wretch, for whom thy son Christ shed his precious blood on the cross, out of this miserable captivity and bondage, wherein I am now. How long wilt thou be absent? Forever? Oh, Lord hast thou forgotten to be gracious, and hast thou shut up thy loving kindness in displeasure? Wilt thou be no more entreated? Is thy mercy clean gone forever, and thy promise come utterly to an end forevermore? Why dost thou make so long tarrying? Shall I despair of thy mercy?[5] Oh God, far be that from me; I am thy workmanship, created in Christ Jesus. Give me grace therefore to tarry thy leisure, and patiently to bear thy works, assuredly knowing, that as thou canst, so thou wilt deliver me, when it shall please thee, nothing doubting or mistrusting thy goodness towards me, for thou wottest better what is good for me than I do. Therefore do with me in all things what thou wilt, and plague me what way thou wilt. Only, in the meantime, arm me, I beseech thee, with thy armour, that I may stand fast, my loins being girded with verity, having on the breast-plate of righteousness, and shod with the shoes prepared by the Gospel of peace, above all things, taking to me the shield of faith, wherewith I may be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked, and taking the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the spirit, which is thy most holy word, praying always, with all manner of prayer and supplication, that I may refer myself to thy will, abiding thy pleasure, and comforting myself with those troubles that it shall please thee to send me,[6]

[1] *trying* testing.

[2] *tempted above our power* i.e., 1 Corinthians 10:13.

[3] *with Solomon … adversity* See 1 Kings 3:6-9.

[4] *the people of Israel … bondage* See Exodus 3-15.

[5] *How long … thy mercy* an echo of several exclamations in Psalms. See Psalms 89:46, 90:13, and 13:1.

[6] *with thy armour … to send me* This description of the Christian armed for combat against the world, the flesh, and the Devil is from Ephesians 6:13-18.

seeing such troubles be profitable for me, and seeing I am assuredly persuaded that it cannot be but well all that thou doest. Hear me, O merciful Father, for his sake, whom thou wouldst should be a sacrifice for my sins, to whom with thee and the Holy Ghost, be all honour and glory. Amen!

Certain Pretty Verses Written by the Said Lady Jane with a Pin.

Non aliena putes homini quae obtingere possunt,
Sors hodierna mihi, tunc erit illa tibi.

Do never think it strange,
Though now I have misfortune
For if that fortune change,
The same to thee may happen.

Jane Dudley.

Deo iuvante nil nocet livor malus.
Et non iuvante nil juvat labor gravis;
Post tenebras spero lucem.

If God do help thee,
Hate shall not hurt thee.
If God do fail thee,
Then shall not labour prevail thee.

—1563

William Baldwin

d. in or before 1563

While William Baldwin is best known for his role as editor of *A Mirror for Magistrates* (1559), he was also the author of other moral and controversial tracts. While the popular and frequently reprinted *A Treatise of Moral Philosophy* (1547) was largely a compendium of ancient philosophy, more typical of his oeuvre are Baldwin's virulently anti-Catholic tracts, such as his translation of the satirical Latin text *Wonderful News of the Death of Paul III*, which features the narrator following the soul of the late Pope into Hell, and his inventive and original prose narrative, *Beware the Cat* (1570). Baldwin's early life and family connections are unknown, although he seems to have come from the West Country (perhaps Wales) and may be the same William Baldwin who attended Oxford University and later petitioned for a master's degree in 1533. In 1547, Baldwin entered the service of the printer Edward Whitchurch, serving as a corrector of the press until 1553. Whitchurch, a London merchant who took up his career as a printer because of his deeply held Protestant beliefs, joined with Richard Grafton to produce a stream of Protestant and anti-Catholic tracts, as well as "the earliest editions of the English Bible."[1] In this milieu, Baldwin published his first works, including *A Treatise of Moral Philosophy* (1547) and *Canticles or Ballads of Solomon in English Meters* (1549). In 1554 he prepared the first edition of what later became *A Mirror for Magistrates*. This early forerunner of the 1559 *Mirror* was an edition of John Lydgate's *Fall of Princes*—with added material by Baldwin and others—entitled *A Memorial of Such Princes, as since the Time of King Richard the Second, Have Been Unfortunate in the Realm of England*. Suppressed by the government almost immediately after it was offered for sale in September of 1554, Baldwin did not dare revise and publish the work again until 1559, when it became *A Mirror for Magistrates*. Similarly, while *Beware the Cat* was written early in 1553,[2] it was not published until seven years after Baldwin's death. It was initially suppressed for the same reasons that spurred its composition in the first place: the ascension of Mary I to the throne of England, and her public commitment to the restoration of Roman Catholicism and the eradication of Protestantism. As Ringler and Flachmann note, *Beware the Cat*'s first edition coincided with a time of increased religious tension, since the Northern Rebellion (1569) and the Pope's excommunication of Elizabeth I (1570) created increasing demand for anti-Catholic satire.[3]

Although Baldwin was a strident Protestant reformer and deeply engaged in Whitchurch's project of Protestant publishing, he also seems to have been a survivor in the deeply troubled transitions between the reigns of Edward VI, Mary I, and Elizabeth I. His Court employment under Edward VI consisted of assisting George Ferrers, the master of the King's pastimes, with the Christmas festivities; Baldwin prepared at least one masque and a play for presentation before the King, although it is unclear whether they were ever actually performed. After the death of Edward and the accession of the Roman Catholic Mary I, Baldwin found himself suddenly associated with the pro-Catholic printer, John Wayland, who held the initial licence to print *A Mirror for Magistrates*. Although Baldwin continued to work in this new atmosphere, he later showed his continuing dedication to the Protestant faith, becoming a deacon in 1559, later a minister and vicar, and finally a rector in 1561. Continuing his interest in print, Baldwin agreed

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[1] W.A. Ringler, Jr. and M. Flachmann, eds., Beware the Cat *by William Baldwin: The First English Novel* (San Marino, CA, 1988), p. xv.

[2] Ibid., p. xiv.

[3] Ibid., p. xxix.

to help John Stow prepare an abridged version of his English chronicles. He was unable to proceed with this project, however, since in 1563, after having delivered a highly inflammatory public sermon which recommended the hanging of all remaining bishops and papists, he succumbed to the plague, dying in an outbreak which would finally claim more than 17,000 people in London.

EDITION: Excerpts from the text and notes of William Baldwin's *Beware the Cat.* Ed. William A. Ringler, Jr. and Michael Flachmann (San Marino, CA, 1988) are reprinted with the permission of the Henry E. Huntington Library.

Beware the Cat

As Ringler and Flachmann, Baldwin's modern editors have pointed out, although *Beware the Cat* draws on a number of different genres—the beast fable, the jest book, and the Tudor polemic, among others—it is a uniquely unified and coherent narrative, where "sober fact" is combined with "outrageous fiction."[1] Largely a religious satire, *Beware the Cat* attacks many of the same Roman Catholic abuses which appear also in the works of Hugh Latimer, Anne Askew, John Bale, John Foxe, and Lady Jane Grey. These include the veneration of saints; the belief in transubstantiation; the use of auricular confession; the celibacy of the clergy; the saying of the mass in Latin rather than local vernaculars; the mass itself, and particularly its characterization of the Lord's Supper as a sacrifice; the sale of indulgences; and the fees attached to all kinds of ecclesiastical services, both spiritual and temporal. The reformist charges that Roman Catholicism had replaced the true worship of Christ and the study of Scripture with superstitious rites that were idolatrous, smacked of magic, and had no grounding in the Bible underlie Baldwin's frequent and less-than-flattering representation of priests and their relationship with their former parishioners. Many of the episodes in *Beware the Cat*, from the exchange of stories about Grimalkin in "The First Part of Master Streamer's Oration" to the bawdy deception the old widow practises upon the credulous merchant's wife in "The Third Part," play upon the reformist condemnation of Roman Catholic explanations for the rituals and rites of the mass, the veneration of the saints, etc. While Catholic defenders emphasized the ability of church tradition to authorize practices which are not specifically referred to in Scripture, reformists struck back with satires like Baldwin's, which ridiculed unwritten traditions. Baldwin often shows "the fantastic grounds upon which oral reports came to be credited and accepted as 'unwritten verities.'"[2]

More recent criticism has turned its attention to Baldwin's contribution to the art of English prose narrative, and has focused on his two narrators: one, an unreliable narrator, Master Streamer; the other, the narrator of the text's frame, and perhaps also of its argumentative and complex marginal annotation. Baldwin allows Streamer to reveal his own limitations (mainly, his pomposity and pedantry) through the style of his narration, which is full of "Latin quotations and esoteric bits of learning that

[1] Ibid., p. xxi.
[2] Ibid., p. xviii.

are often ludicrously incorrect."[1] Ringler and Flachmann demonstrate that the marginalia, in particular, helps Baldwin accomplish his larger goals, by allowing him to comment satirically and often pointedly on the absurdities of Master Streamer's ideas and methods of argument. The marginalia and its contribution to Baldwin's narrative has attracted the most attention from critics, with E.T. Bonahue arguing that "the hermeneutic signals produced by prefatory and conclusory components, and by the marginal gloss framing Master Streamer's oration, confront, interrogate, and to some extent deconstruct the work's narrative authority."[2] In the tradition of marginalia as interpretive frame, Baldwin's comments do more than simply explain and summarize the main points of the argument or narrative. Instead they require the reader to engage in an ongoing dialectic between text and margin, an engagement which Bonahue traces to "the growing willingness among Renaissance readers to engage and interrogate ecclesiastical as well as literary authorities previously held inviolate."[3]

from *Beware the Cat*[4]

T.K. to the Reader [1584][5]

This little book, *Beware the Cat*,
most pleasantly compiled,
In time obscured was, and so
since that hath been exiled.

Exiled because, perchance at first,
it showed the toys and drifts[6]
Of such as then, by wiles and wills,
maintained popish shifts.[7]

Shifts such as those, in such a time,
delighted for to use,
Whereby full many simple souls
they did full sore abuse.

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[1] Ibid., p. xxiii.

[2] "'I Know the Place and the Persons': The Play of Textual Frames in Baldwin's *Beware the Cat*," *Studies in Philology* 91.3 (Summer 1994): 286.

[3] Ibid., p. 293.

[4] The full title and subtitle reads: *A Marvellous History Entitled, Beware the Cat. Containing diverse wonderful and incredible matters. Very pleasant and merry to read.*

[5] Ringler and Flachmann suggest that T.K. may be Thomas Knell, the younger (fl. 1560-81); Knell was a clergyman who wrote a number of Protestant broadsides and pamphlets, some in verse, and many expressing decidedly anti-Catholic opinions (*DNB*). The most accessible of his works is "A Pithy Note to Papists" (in verse, 1570; reprinted in *Illustrations of Early English Popular Literature*, 2 vols., ed. J.P. Collier [London, 1863; reissued, New York, 1966], 1.1-20); these verses are not Baldwin's and their addition to the 1584 edition aims at explaining "why it was withheld earlier from publication" and at pointing to the contemporary fears of Catholic plotting in the 1580s (p. 57).

[6] *toys and drifts* foolish or idle fancies and schemes or plots.

[7] *shifts* stratagems, evasions, subterfuges.

Abuse? Yea sure, and that with spight,[1]
whenas the Cat gan[2] tell
Of many pranks of popish priests
both foolish, mad, and fell.[3]

Fell? Sure, and vain, if judgment right
appear to be in place,
And so as fell in pleasant wise[4]
this fiction shows their grace.

Grace? Nay sure, ungraciousness
of such and many mo,
Which may be told in these our days
to make us laugh also.

Also to laugh? Nay, rather weep
to see such shifts now used,
And that in every sort of men
true virtue is abused.

Abused? Yea, and quite down cast,
let us be sure of that;
And therefore now, as hath been said,
I say, "Beware the Cat."

The Cat full pleasantly will show
some sleights that now are wrought,[5]
And make some laugh which unto mirth
to be constrained[6] are loath.

Loath? Yea, for over-passing grief
that much bereaves[7] their mind,
For such disorder as in states
of every sort they find.

Find? Yea, who can now boast but that
the Cat will him disclose?[8]
Therefore, in midst of mirth I say,
"Beware the Cat" to those.
Vale.[9]

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1 *spight* i.e., spite.
2 *gan* i.e., began.
3 *fell* savage, cruel, ruthless.
4 *wise* manner, way, fashion.
5 *sleights* cunning tricks, ruses; *wrought* created, fashioned.
6 *to be constrained* to be forced, compelled.
7 *bereaves* despoils, afflicts.
8 *disclose* reveal, expose.
9 *Vale* Latin, "Farewell."

THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY

Love and Live.[1]
To the Right Worshipful Esquire
Master John Young,[2]
Grace and Health.

I have penned for your mastership's pleasure one of the stories which Master Streamer[3] told the last Christmas, and which you so fain[4] would have heard reported by Master Ferrers[5] himself. And although I be unable to pen or speak it so pleasantly as he could, yet have I so nearly used both the order and words of him that spoke them (which is not the least virtue of a reporter) that I doubt not but that he and Master Willot[6] shall in the reading think they hear Master Streamer speak, and he himself in the like action shall doubt whether he speaketh or readeth. I have divided his oration into three parts, and set the argument before them and an instruction after them, with such notes[7] as might be gathered thereof, so making it book-like,[8] and entitled *Beware the Cat.*

But because I doubt whether Master Streamer will be contented that other men plow with his oxen (I mean pen such things as he speaketh, which perhaps he would rather do himself to have, as he deserveth, the glory of both), therefore I beseech you to learn his mind herein, and if he agree it pass in such sort, yet that he peruse it before the printing and amend it if in any point I have mistaken him. I pray you likewise to ask Master Ferrers his judgement herein,

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[1] *Love and Live* According to Ringler and Flachmann, this was Baldwin's personal motto (perhaps derived from Matthew 5:44-45), which appeared at the beginning of all of his works (p. 57).

[2] *John Young* "[P]robably the courtier who in 1551 attended the Marquess of Northampton on his embassy to France and who was knighted by Elizabeth during her 1574 visit to Bristol" (Ringler and Flachmann, p. 57).

[3] *Master Streamer* According to the narrative which follows, Master Streamer was a priest, a learned man (who knew four ancient languages), and a writer. However, although the Register of the University of Oxford shows a Gregory Streamer at the institution between 1529 and 1531, we know nothing more about him. Baldwin's Streamer is clearly a fictional character: the name "Streamer" does not appear in the Revels Accounts for the period ("no author named Streamer is recorded"); neither of the two books of which he claims authorship seems to have existed; "and John Day did not print any 'Greek alphabets' during the reign of Edward VI" (Ringler and Flachmann, p. 58). In short, although at least one contemporary respondent to Baldwin's book assumed Streamer was a real person, none of the biographical "facts" that Baldwin gives about this man can be verified (Ringler and Flachmann, p. 58).

[4] *fain* gladly, willingly, with pleasure.

[5] *Master Ferrers* George Ferrers (?1500-79), master of the King's pastimes (1551-53), courtier, soldier, lawyer, and poet; one of Baldwin's collaborators on *A Mirror for Magistrates.*

[6] *Master Willot* identity uncertain; Ringler and Flachmann note the existence of a Thomas Willett (a sub-almoner to Edward VI), but he is not mentioned in the Revels Accounts (p. 58).

[7] *notes* the side notes or marginalia; on the marginalia, see the headnote, above. For another example of intertextually challenging marginalia, see Spenser's *The Shepheardes Calender* (1579); pp. 784-85, 788-91, 794-97, 801-02.

[8] *his oration into three parts ... book-like* E.T. Bonahue suggests that this is an acknowledgement by G.B. that he is not simply a reporter, but an editor, actively shaping the text; according to Bonahue, "book-like" refers to the editor's goal of "transform[ing] an oral discourse into writing and identify[ing] it as a volume worthy of respect" ("'I Know the Place and the Persons,'" p. 293). Baldwin, however, as a long-time corrector of the press, also points to *Beware the Cat*'s status as a relatively new cultural object—the printed book—with new methods of presenting and disseminating knowledge. Aspects of the book which we accept as commonplace, such as the title pages, running heads, marginal notes, indexes, and the like, were originally introduced into the printed book as a means of encouraging sales among a public for whom books were still relatively novel objects. See E. Eisenstein, *The Printing Press as an Agent of Change*, 2 vols. (Cambridge, 1970), 1.1 and pp. 88-159; and T. Bowers, "The Production and Communication of Knowledge in William Baldwin's *Beware the Cat*," *Criticism* 33 (1991): 1-29.

and show him that the *Cure of the Great Plague*,[1] of Master Streamer's translation out of the Arabic which he sent me from Margate, shall be imprinted as soon as I may conveniently.

And if I shall perceive by your trial that Master Streamer allow my endeavours in this kind, I will hereafter, as Plato did by Socrates,[2] pen out such things of the rest of our Christmas communications as shall be to his great glory, and no less pleasure to all them that desire such kinds of knowledge. In the meanwhile I beseech you to accept my good will, and learn to "Beware the Cat." So shall you not only perform that I seek, but also please the Almighty, who always preserve you. Amen.

Yours to his power,[3]
G[ulielmus][4] B[aldwin].

THE ARGUMENT

It chanced that at Christmas last I was at court with Master Ferrers, then master of the King's Majesty's pastimes, about setting forth of certain interludes, which for the King's recreation we had devised and were in learning.[5] In which time, among many other exercises among ourselves, we used nightly at our lodging to talk of sundry things for the furtherance of such offices wherein each man as then served. For which purpose it pleased Master Ferrers to make me his bedfellow,[6] and upon a pallet cast upon the rushes in his own chamber to lodge Master Willot and Master Streamer, the one his astronomer, the other his divine.[7] And among many other things too long to rehearse, it happened on a night (which I think was the twenty-eighth of December), after that Master Ferrers was come from the court and in bed, there fell a controversy between Master Streamer, who with Master Willot had already slept his first sleep, and me, that was newly come unto bed, the effect whereof was whether birds and beasts had reason.[8]

The occasion thereof was this: I had heard that the King's players were learning a play of Aesop's Crow[9] wherein the most part of the actors were birds, the device whereof I discommended, saying it was not comical to make either speechless things to speak or brutish things to common[10] reasonably; and although in a tale it were sufferable to imagine and tell

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1 *Cure of the Great Plague* No such book is listed in the Stationers' Register.

2 *as Plato did by Socrates* Without Plato's (c. 429-347 BCE) early dialogues, as well as his *Apology* and *Phaedo*, we would have little notion of the Greek philosopher Socrates' (469-399 BCE) teachings since he wrote nothing himself.

3 *his power* i.e., the power of God.

4 *G[ulielmus]* the Latin form of "William."

5 *certain interludes … in learning* According to Ringler and Flachmann, the Revels Accounts for 1552/53 show that Baldwin was preparing a number of court entertainments or "interludes," including a "Mask [i.e., a masque] of Cats" and "An Irish Play of the State of Ireland," both of which have obvious bearing on *Beware the Cat* (p. xvi).

6 *his bedfellow* It was not unusual for individuals of the same sex to share a bed in this period.

7 *divine* priest.

8 *whether birds and beasts had reason* a debate which features in classical texts, such as in Plutarch's "Beasts are rational" (*Moralia*, trans. Henry Iden [1557], 985D-992E) and in contemporary Continental works, such as Giovanni Bastiti's *La Circe* (1548).

9 *Aesop's Crow* Ringler and Flachmann note that although some literary historians have used Baldwin's comments here as evidence that such a play was indeed performed before Edward VI, the Revels Accounts list "no such play, nor costumes appropriate to it" (p. 58); "the fable concerns an ugly crow ridiculed for strutting in feathers plucked from other birds" (p. 58).

10 *to common* to communicate, converse.

of something by them spoken or reasonably done (which kind Aesop[1] laudably used), yet it was uncomely,[2] said I, and without example of any author, to bring them in lively personages to speak, do, reason and allege authorities out of authors.[3] Master Streamer, my lord's divine, being more divine in this point than I was ware of, held the contrary part, affirming that beasts and fowls had reason, and that as much as men, yea, and in some points more.

Master Ferrers himself and his astronomer wakened with our talk and harkened to us, but would take part on neither side. And when Master Streamer had for proof of his assertion declared many things (of elephants that walked upon cords,[4] hedgehogs that knew always what weather would come,[5] foxes and dogs that after they had been all night abroad killing geese and sheep would come home in the morning and put their necks into their collars, parrots that bewailed their keepers' deaths, swallows that with celandine open their young ones' eyes,[6] and a hundred things more), which I denied to come of reason, and to be but natural kindly[7] actions, alleging for my proof authority of most grave and learned philosophers.

"Well," quoth[8] Master Streamer, "I know what I know, and I speak not only what by hearsay of some philosophers I know, but what I myself have proved."

"Why," quoth I then, "have you proof of beasts' and fowls' reason?"

"Yea," quoth he, "I have heard them and understand them both speak and reason as well as I hear and understand you."

At this Master Ferrers laughed. But I, remembering what I had read in Albertus' works,[9] thought there might be somewhat more than I did know; wherefore I asked him what beasts or fowls he had heard, and where and when. At this he paused awhile, and at last said: "If that I thought you could be content to hear me, and without any interruption till I have done mark[10] what I say, I would tell you such a story of one piece of mine own experimenting as should both make you wonder and put you out of doubt concerning this matter; but this I promise you afore, if I do tell it, that as soon as any man curiously interrupteth me, I will leave off and not speak one word more." When we had promised quietly to hear, he, turning himself so in his bed as we might best hear him, said as followeth.

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1 *Aesop* early sixth-century BCE writer of Greek fables, famous for his animal tales, each of which ends with a humorous and/or telling point.

2 *uncomely* improper, unseemly.

3 *allege authorities out of authors* The citing of passages and ideas from widely acknowledged, highly respected authors was an indispensable argumentative strategy in the Middle Ages and Renaissance.

4 *elephants … cords* reference obscure. In his *Natural History*, Pliny states that elephants can "mount up and climb against a rope"; he also records a story of elephants that, required to disembark a ship by means of a narrow, makeshift bridge, conquered their fear and made the crossing by walking backwards with their tails to the bank and their heads towards the sea (1.93).

5 *hedgehogs … come* "Hedgehogs foresee a coming storm" (Bodenham, *Garden of the Muses* [1600], p. 153).

6 *swallows that with celandine … eyes* See *Pliny, Natural History*, 1.210. The juice of the celandine plant was a common remedy for weak eyes.

7 *kindly* appropriate to the species or kind of animal.

8 *quoth* said.

9 *Albertus' works* Albertus Magnus, thirteenth-century philosopher, to whom was mistakenly attributed a "collection of unbelievable marvels" and "magical formulas," the *Liber Aggregationis seu Liber Secretorum* ("The Book of Secrets of the Virtues of Herbs, Stones, and Certain Beasts," 1477; translated from Latin into English, c. 1550). Baldwin's contemporaries viewed the book as a "work of entertainment rather than information," and "did not take [it] seriously." Baldwin later quotes one of the book's formulae (Ringler and Flachmann, p. 58). See p. 254.

10 *mark* consider, give heed or attention to.

THE FIRST PART OF MASTER STREAMER'S ORATION

Being lodged (as, I thank him, I have been often) at a friend's house of mine, which, more roomish within than garish without, standeth at Saint Martin's Lane end and hangeth partly upon the town wall that is called Aldersgate[1] (either of one Aldrich, or else of elders, that is to say ancient men of the city which among them builded it—as bishops did Bishopsgate; or else of eldern trees, which perchance as they do in the gardens now thereabout, so while the common[2] there was vacant grew abundantly in the same place where the gate was after builded, and called thereof Elderngate—as Moorgate took the name of the field without it, which hath been a very moor; or else, because it is the most ancient gate of the city, was thereof in respect of the other, as Newgate, called the Eldergate; or else, as Ludgate taketh the name of Lud who builded it—so most part of heralds, I know, will soonest assent that Aluredus builded this; but they are deceived, for he and his wife Algay builded Aldgate, which thereof taketh the name as Cripplegate doth of a cripple, who begged so much in his life, as put to the silver weather cock which he stole from Paul's steeple, after his death builded it).[3] But whereofsoever this gate Aldersgate took the name (which longeth chiefly to historiers to know), at my friend's house, which, as I said, standeth so near that it is over it, I lay oftentimes, and that for sundry causes, sometime for lack of other lodging, and sometime as while my Greek alphabets were in printing to see that it might truly be corrected.[4] And sure it is a shame for all young men that they be no more studious in the tongues; but the world is now come to that pass, that if he can prate[5] a little Latin and handle a racquet and a pair of six-square bowls,[6] he shall sooner obtain any living[7] than the best learned in a whole city; which is the cause that learning is so despised and baggagical[8] things so much advanced.

Why Aldersgate was so named.

Bishops builded Bishopsgate.

Why Moorgate.

Why Newgate.

Why Ludgate.

Why Aldgate.

Why Cripplegate.

Paul's weathercock was silver.

Against young men's negligence.

Against unlawful games.

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[1] According to Ringler and Flachmann, "contemporaries would recognize this as the printing shop and dwelling of the well-known publisher John Day, who occupied premises over Aldersgate from 1548 until 1553" (p. 59). John Stowe confirms this fact, noting that "John Day, stationer, a late famous printer of many good books, in our time, dwelt in this gate, and built much upon the wall of the city towards the parish church of St. Anne" (*Survey London*, 1598, I, 34). Like Baldwin's employer, Whitchurch, Day "was a radical Protestant who devoted his printing almost entirely to religious works in furtherance of the Reformation" (p. 59).

[2] *common* common or public land.

[3] *(either of one Aldrich … after his death builded it)* "Streamer's irrelevant and pompous explanations of the names of seven of the ten principal gates of London have little or no basis in fact. Aldrich, Aluredus (Alfred), and Algay appear to be made-up names; King Lud is a fiction of Geoffrey of Monmouth; the cripple who stole the weathercock (which was copper, not silver) from St. Paul's Cathedral is pure fabrication," although this tale soon turns up in Thomas Deloney, popular prose writer, and John Davies, poet. John Stow commented on this absurdly muddled history, setting the record straight on the origins of the name "Aldersgate": "so called not of Aldrich or of elders, that is to say, ancient men, builders thereof; not of eldern trees growing there more abundantly than in other places, as some have fabled (in a book called *Beware the Cat*), but for the antiquity of the gate itself, as being one of the first four gates of the city ..." (*Survey London*, 1598, I, 34 ; quoted in Ringler and Flachmann, p. 59).

[4] *my Greek alphabets were in printing to see that it might truly be corrected* It was relatively common practice for authors to reside with their printers to help prepare their books for the press.

[5] *prate* to speak insolently or boastfully; to chatter.

[6] *six-square bowls* "six-sided bowling balls, i.e., dice" (Ringler and Flachmann, p. 59).

[7] *living* an ecclesiastical position, usually one with a specified income and (sometimes) a residence attached.

[8] *baggagical* worthless; the complaint that learning is undervalued in comparison to other things that guarantee worldly advancement is an ancient one.

While I lay at the foresaid house for the causes aforesaid, I was lodged in a chamber hard by the printing house, which had a fair bay window opening into the garden, the earth whereof is almost as high as Saint Anne's Church top, which standeth thereby. At the other end of the printing house, as you enter in, is a side door and three or four steps which go up to the leads[1] of the gate, whereas sometime quarters of men, which is a loathly and abominable sight, do stand up upon poles.[2] I call it abominable because it is not only against nature but against Scripture; for God commanded by Moses that, after the sun went down, all such as were hanged or otherwise put to death should be buried, lest if the sun saw them the next day His wrath should come upon them and plague them, as He hath done this and many other realms for the like transgression.[3] And I marvel where men have learned it or for what cause they do it, except it be to feed and please the devils. For sure I believe that some spirits, Misanthropi or Molochitus, who lived by the savour of man's blood, did, after their sacrifices failed (in which men were slain and offered unto them), put into butcherly heathen tyrants' heads to mangle and boil Christian transgressors and to set up their quarters for them to feed upon.[4] And therefore I would counsel all men to bury or burn all executed bodies, and refrain from making such abominable sacrifice as I have often seen, with ravens or rather devils feeding upon them, in this foresaid leads—in the which every night many cats assembled, and there made such a noise that I could not sleep for them.

God plagueth abomination.

Evil spirits live by the savour of man's blood.

Good ghostly[5] *counsel of Master Streamer.*

Wherefore, on a time as I was sitting by the fire with certain of the house,[6] I told them what a noise and what a wawling the cats had made there the night before from ten o'clock till one, so that neither I could sleep nor study for them; and by means of this introduction we fell in communication of[7] cats. And some affirming, as I do now (but I was against it then), that they had understanding, for confirmation whereof one of the servants told this story.

A wise man may in some things change his opinion.

"There was in my country," quod[8] he, "a man" (the fellow was born in Staffordshire) "that had a young cat which he had brought up of a kitling,[9] and would nightly dally and play with it; and on a time as he rode through Kankwood[10] about certain business, a cat,

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1 *leads* the roof, so-called because roofs were partly constructed out of sheets or strips of lead.

2 *quarters of men … do stand up upon poles* "The penalty for treason was to be hanged, cut down while still alive, disembowelled, and cut into quarters; the head was set on a pike on London Bridge, and the quarters were placed on various gates of the city. A priest had been quartered in July 1548; three Norfolk rebels in August 1549; and four Devonshire rebels in January 1550 (*Wriothesley's Chronicle*, Camden Society, n.s. 20 [1877]: 4, 32; quoted in Ringler and Flachmann, p. 59).

3 *for God commanded by Moses ... the like transgression* Deuteronomy 21:22-23.

4 *Misanthropi or Molochitus … to feed upon* In Leviticus 18:21, Moloch is a heathen idol delighting in human sacrifice; Misanthropi is an invented demonic spirit, from the Greek word meaning "hater of man."

5 *ghostly* spiritual.

6 *certain of the house* There are an additional four persons residing with Streamer in the house, each of whom contributes to the series of fireside tales, some autobiographical, others not, concerning the question of whether or not animals have reason and can discourse. They are (in the order in which they speak): (1) the man from Staffordshire, who tells the tale of another man meeting a cat in Kankwood, forty years before; (2) Thomas, who tells the tale of Grimalkin, which he in turn heard from a churl, as well as a tale about a friend who roasted a cat and a tale about werewolves; (3) another man, unnnamed, who ridicules Thomas's story, saying it is unreasonable; and (4) Master Sherry, who tells the tale of the Bishop of Alexandria, who is able to understand birds (Ringler and Flachmann, p. 59).

7 *in communication of* into conversation about.

8 *quod* said.

9 *kitling* kitten.

10 *Kankwood* also known as Cank Wood, in north-west Staffordshire.

A cat spoke to a man in Kankwood.

as he thought, leaped out of a bush before him and called him twice or thrice by his name. But because he made none answer nor spoke (for he was so afraid that he could not), she spoke to him plainly twice or thrice these words following: 'Commend me unto Titton Tatton and to Puss thy Catton, and tell her that Grimalkin[1] is dead.' This done she went her way, and the man went forward about his business. And after that he was returned home, in an evening sitting by the fire with his wife and his household, he told of his adventure in the wood. And when he had told them all the cat's message, his cat, which had harkened unto the tale, looked upon him sadly, and at the last said, 'And is Grimalkin dead? Then farewell dame,' and therewith went her way and was never seen after."

A wonderful wit of a cat.

When this tale was done, another of the company, which had been in Ireland, asked this fellow when this thing which he had told happened. He answered that he could not tell well, howbeit, as he conjectured, not passing forty years, for his mother knew both the man and the woman which ought[2] the cat that the message was sent unto. "Sure," quod the other, "then it may well be; for about that same time, as I heard, a like thing happened in Ireland where, if I conjecture not amiss, Grimalkin of whom you spoke was slain."

Grimalkin was slain in Ireland.

"Yea sir," quod I, "I pray you how so?"

Experience is an infallible persuader.

"I will tell you, Master Streamer," quod he, "that which was told me in Ireland, and which I have till now so little credited, that I was ashamed to report it. But hearing that[3] I hear now, and calling to mind my own experience when it was, I do so little misdoubt it that I think I never told, nor you ever heard, a more likely tale. While I was in Ireland, in the time that Mac Murrough and all the rest of the wild lords were the King's enemies, what time also mortal war was between the Fitz Harrises and the prior[4] and convent[5] of the abbey of Tintern, who counted them the King's friends and subjects, whose neighbour was Cahir Mac Art, a wild Irishman then the King's enemy and one which daily made inroads into the county of Wexford and burned such towns and carried away all such cattle as he might come by, by means whereof all the country from Clonmines to Ross became a waste wilderness and is scarce recovered until this day.[6] In this time, I say, as I was on a night at coshery[7] with one of Fitz Harris' churls, we fell in talk (as we have done now) of strange adventures, and of cats. And there, among other things, the churl (for so they call all farmers and husbandmen) told me as you shall hear.[8]

Civil war between the King's subjects.

The fashion of the Irish wars.

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1 *Grimalkin* The *OED* notes that this common cat's name finally came to mean "cat"; it is derived from "grey" and "malkin," and the latter can mean a female spirit or spectre. The first time "greymalkin" is used as the name of a devil or demon is in Shakespeare's *Macbeth* (1605).

2 *ought* owned.

3 *that* i.e., that which.

4 *prior* the superior or head of this monastery.

5 *convent* the body of monks who comprised this abbey's religious community.

6 *whose neighbour was Cahir Mac Art … until this day* "Thomas' syntax is contorted. His meaning is that the Fitz Harrises and the prior of Tintern, the king's friends, were at war with the wild Irish Mac Murrough and Cahir Mac Art" (Ringler and Flachmann, p. 60).

7 *coshery* Irish, "feast."

8 *Mac Murrough and all … as you shall hear* "In 1336, Mac Morrough, chief of the clan Kavanagh, defeated the Englishmen of Wexford under Sir Matthew Fitz Henry; in 1525, Nicholas Fitz Henry and others, pursued by Irishmen, fled to the town of Ross, but the inhabitants closed the gates against them and they were slain (H.F. Hore, *History of Wexford* [1900], pp. 63, 233). The priory of Tintern, founded by Welsh monks in the thirteenth century, was dissolved in 1538. The Fitz Henrys (Fitz Harrises in the text) and the Butlers were families of Anglo-Norman descent who sided with the English and carried on local warfare against the native Irish. Mac Morrough was the name or title of descendants of the ancient kings of Leinster. The

A churl's tale.

"There was, not seven years past, a kern[1] of John Butler's dwelling in the fassock[2] of Bantry called Patrick Apore, who minding to make a prey in the night upon Cahir Mac Art, his master's enemy, got him with his boy (for so they call their horse-keepers be they never so old knaves) into his country,[3] and in the night time entered into a town of two houses, and broke in and slew the people, and then took such cattle as they found, which was a cow and a sheep, and departed therewith homeward. But doubting[4] they should be pursued (the cur dogs made such a shrill barking), he got him into a church, thinking to lurk there till midnight was past, for there he was sure that no man would suspect or seek him—for the wild Irishmen have had churches in such reverence (till our men taught them the contrary) that they neither would, nor durst, either rob ought thence or hurt any man that took the churchyard for sanctuary, no, though he had killed his father.[6]

This was an Irish town.

Irish curs bark sore.[5]

The wild Irishmen were better than we in reverencing their religion.

"And while this kern was in the church he thought it best to dine, for he had eaten little that day. Wherefore he made his boy go gather sticks, and strake fire with his feres,[7] and made a fire in the church, and killed the sheep, and after the Irish fashion laid it thereupon and roasted it. But when it was ready, and that he thought to eat it, there came in a cat and set her by him, and said in Irish, 'Shane foel,' which is, 'Give me some meat.' He, amazed at this, gave her the quarter[9] that was in his hand, which immediately she did eat up, and asked more till she had consumed all the sheep; and, like a cormorant[10] not satisfied therewith, asked still for more. Wherefore they supposed it were the Devil, and therefore thinking it wisdom to please him, killed the cow which they had stolen, and when they had flayed[11] it gave the cat a quarter, which she immediately devoured. Then they gave her two other quarters; and in the meanwhile, after their country fashion, they did cut a piece of the hide and pricked it upon four stakes which they set about the fire, and therein they sod[12] a piece of the cow for themselves, and with the rest of the hide they made each of them laps to wear about their feet like brogues,[13] both to keep their feet from hurt all the next day,

The old Irish diet was to dine at night.

A malapert guest that cometh unbidden.[8]

A cat eat a sheep.

The woodkern's cookery.

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historical Cahir Mac Art Kavanagh (d. 1554), assumed the title of Mac Murrough from 1547 to 1550. The land had been laid waste from Clonmines, on Barrow Bay near Tintern Abbey, inland to Ross (a Mac Murrough stronghold) about fifteen miles north on the Barrow River. The fassock of Bantry lay between this area and the English town of Wexford to the east" (Ringler and Flachmann, pp. 60-61).

1 *kern* Irish term for a light-armed Irish foot soldier.

2 *fassock* Irish, "fassagh, wilderness area (not in *OED*)" (Ringler and Flachmann, p. 61).

3 *got him with his boy … into his country* i.e., Patrick Apore, John Butler's kern, went with his horse-keeper into the country of Cahir Mac Art.

4 *doubting* suspecting, fearing.

5 *sore* very much, a great deal.

6 *he got him into a church … killed his father* the Roman Catholic practice of designating some churches and other holy sites as places of sanctuary for those fleeing the king's law; one of the many traditional powers of the pre-Reformation English church which drew reformist criticism in this period (see headnote).

7 *feres* flints, materials for sparking a fire.

8 *A malapert guest that cometh unbidden* a variation on the proverb, "An unwelcome guest is welcome when gone" (*Tilley* G475); *malapert* presumptuous, impudent, saucy.

9 *quarter* When butchered, animals like cows and deer were traditionally divided into four pieces or quarters, each containing a leg.

10 *cormorant* a large sea-bird traditionally thought voracious and greedy.

11 *flayed* skinned.

12 *sod* boiled.

13 *laps* wrappings; *brogues* crude shoes made usually of untanned hide and worn by the people in the wilder parts of Ireland and Scotland.

and also to serve for meat the next night, if they could get none other, by broiling them upon coals.

Kerns for lack of meat eat their shoes roasted.

"By this time the cat had eaten three quarters and called for more. Wherefore they gave her that which was a-seething; and doubting lest, when she had eaten that, she would eat them too because they had no more for her, they got them out of the church and the kern took his horse and away he rode as fast as he could hie.[1] When he was a mile or two from the church the moon began to shine, and his boy espied the cat upon his master's horse behind him and told him. Whereupon the kern took his dart,[2] and turning his face toward her, flung it and struck her through with it. But immediately there came to her such a sight[3] of cats that, after long fight with them, his boy was killed and eaten up, and he himself, as good and as swift as his horse was, had much to do to scape.[4]

A kern killed Grimalkin.

Cats did kill and eat a man.

"When he was come home and had put off his harness (which was a corslet of mail made like a shirt, and his skull covered over with gilt leather and crested with otter skin), all weary and hungry he set him down by his wife and told her his adventure, which, when a kitling which his wife kept, scarce half a year old, had heard, up she started and said, 'Hast thou killed Grimalkin!' And therewith she plunged in his face, and with her teeth took him by the throat, and ere that she could be plucked away, she had strangled him. This the churl told me now about thirty-three winters past; and it was done, as he and divers[5] other creditable men informed me, not seven years before. Whereupon I gather that this Grimalkin was it which the cat in Kankwood sent news of unto the cat which we heard of even now."

The kern's armour.

A kitling killeth the kern that slew Grimalkin.

A very strange conjecture.

"Tush," quod another that sat by, "your conjecture is too unreasonable; for to admit that cats have reason and that they do in their own language understand one another, yet how should a cat in Kankwood know what is done in Ireland?"

"How?" quod he, "even as we know what is done in the realms of France, Flanders, and Spain, yea, and almost in all the world beside. There be few ships but have cats belonging unto them, which bring news unto their fellows out of all quarters."

Each realm knoweth what is done in all other.

Cats carry news.

"Yea," quod the other, "but why should all cats love to hear of Grimalkin, or how should Grimalkin eat so much meat as you speak of, or why should all cats so labour to revenge her death?"

"Nay, that passeth my cunning," quod he, "to show in all; howbeit in part conjectures may be made, as thus. It may be that Grimalkin and her line[6] is as much esteemed and hath the same dignity among cats, as either the humble[7] or master bee hath among the whole hive, at whose commandment all bees are obedient, whose succour and safeguard they seek, whose wrongs they all revenge;[8] or as the Pope hath had ere[9] this over all Christendom, in whose cause all his clergy would not only scratch and bite, but kill and burn to

Bees love and obey their governor.

The Pope's clergy are crueller than cats.

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1 *hie* strive, exert himself.

2 *dart* generally, a light pointed weapon; here possibly a spear or lance.

3 *sight* multitude, crowd.

4 *scape* i.e., escape.

5 *divers* various.

6 *line* i.e., bloodline, lineage.

7 *humble* bumble.

8 *humble or master bee … all revenge* The beehive became in the Renaissance a common metaphor for the well-ordered monarchy. Pliny's *Natural History* (1.319-20) describes the absolute obedience of hive bees to their bumble bee or king.

9 *ere* before, prior to.

powder (though they knew not why) whomsoever they thought to think but once against him—which Pope, all things considered, devoureth more at every meal than Grimalkin did at her last supper."

The Pope a great waster.

"Nay," said I then, "although the Pope, by exactions[1] and other baggagical trumpery,[2] have spoiled all people of mighty spoils,[3] yet (as touching[4] his own person) he eateth and weareth as little as any other man, though peradventure[5] more sumptuous and costly, and in greater abundance provided. And I heard a very proper saying in this behalf[6] of King Henry VII:[7] When a servant of his told him what abundance of meat he had seen at an abbot's[8] table, he reported him to be a great glutton; he asked if the abbot eat up all, and when he answered no, but his guests did eat the most part, 'Ah,' quod the King, 'thou callest him glutton for his liberality to feed thee and such other unthankful churls.' Like to this fellow are all ruffians,[9] for let honest, worshipful men of the city make them good cheer or lend them money as they commonly do, and what have they for their labour? Either foul, reproachful names (as 'dunghill churls,'[10] 'cuckold knaves'[11]), or else spiteful and slanderous reports, as to be usurers and decayers of the common weal.[12] And although that some of them be such indeed, yet I abhor to hear other of whom they deserve well, so lewdly[14] to report them. But now, to return to your communication, I marvel how Grimalkin (as you term her), if she were no bigger, could eat so much meat at once."

A little sufficeth him that hath enough.

Such jests a man may have enough.

The wisdom of King Henry VII.

The unthankful are to be abhorred.[13]

"I do not think," quod he that told the tale, "that she did eat all (although she asked all), but took her choice and laid the rest by, as we see in the feeding of many things. For a wolf, although a cony[15] be more than he can eat, yet will he kill a cow or twain[16] for his breakfast—likewise all other ravenous beasts. Now, that love and fellowship and a desire to save their kind is among cats, I know by experience. For there was one that hired a friend of mine, in pastime, to roast a cat alive, and promised him for his labour twenty

Ravenours spoil more than they occupy.[17]
Like loveth the like.[18]

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1 *exactions* illegal or exorbitant demands, extortion; there may be a buried reference to tithes.

2 *baggagical trumpery* nonsensical or worthless deceits, impostures, trickery; "trumpery" is also used to refer contemptuously to religious ceremonies and practices considered to be superstitious, as is the case with Baldwin's Protestant contempt for the Catholic Mass and the practices of the Catholic Church in general.

3 *have spoiled all people of mighty spoils* have plundered or robbed people of great or extensive goods/possessions; "spoils" often refers to goods or possessions seized by force, especially in war: loot, booty, or plunder.

4 *touching* concerning.

5 *peradventure* perhaps, not improbably.

6 *in this behalf* in this respect.

7 *Henry VII* "No other version of this anecdote has been found" (Ringler and Flachmann, p. 61).

8 *abbot* the spiritual and financial head of an abbey or monastery.

9 *ruffians* low-born individuals, given to violent and brutish acts.

10 *churls* boors, base-born fellows.

11 *cuckold knaves* "cuckold": cheating; also a man whose wife has been unfaithful; "knaves": deceitful, unprincipled men.

12 *usurers and decayers of the common weal* Usurers were individuals who lent money at a specified, and usually very high, rate of interest; in the Renaissance, usury was considered unchristian, being explicitly condemned by Scripture, the Church Fathers, and numerous sermons. Until the late sixteenth-century, usury was a crime, and even once legalized (in the act of 1571) it was subject to severe social and cultural disapproval; *common weal* common good; also, the commonwealth, the nation.

13 *The unthankful are to be abhorred* a variation on the proverb, "Ingratitude comprehends (is the worst of) all fault (vices)" (*Tilley* M435).

14 *lewdly* ignorantly.

15 *cony* rabbit.

16 *twain* two.

17 *occupy* use.

18 *Like loveth the like* Proverb, "Like will to like" (*Tilley* L286).

shillings. My friend, to be sure, caused a cooper[1] to fasten him into a hogshead,[2] in which he turned a spit, whereupon was a quick cat.[3] But ere he had turned a while, whether it was the smell of the cat's wool that singed, or else her cry that called them, I cannot tell, but there came such a sort[4] of cats that if I and other hardy men (which were well scrat[5] for our labour) had not behaved us the better, the hogshead, as fast as it was hooped,[7] could not have kept my cousin from them."

A quick cat roasted.

Cat will to kind.[6]

"Indeed," quod a well-learned man and one of excellent judgement that was then in the company, "it doth appear that there is in cats, as in all other kinds of beasts, a certain reason and language whereby they understand one another. But, as touching this, Grimalkin I take rather to be an hagat[9] or a witch than a cat. For witches have gone often in that likeness—and thereof hath come the proverb, as true as common, that a cat hath nine lives (that is to say, a witch may take on her a cat's body nine times)."[10]

Some think this was Master Sherry.[8]

Witches may take upon them the likeness of other things.

"By my faith, sir, this is strange," quod I myself, "that a witch should take on her a cat's body. I have read that the Pythonesses could cause their spirits to take upon them dead men's bodies,[11] and the airy spirits which we call demons (of which kind are incubus and succubus,[12]

Airy spirits take on them dead men's bodies.

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1 *cooper* a craftsman who makes and repairs wooden vessels made out of staves, like barrels.

2 *hogshead* a large cask for liquids, usually liquor.

3 *to roast a cat alive … quick cat* "As part of the midsummer festivities at Paris in 1572, a fox and live cats were suspended in a bag over a bonfire (James M. Osborn, *Young Philip Sidney*, New Haven, 1972, p. 43, quoted in Ringler and Flachmann, pp. 61-62). Although cats were often burned alive as witches' familiars, or accompanying spirits, there are few references to cats being burned as a normal part of English holiday entertainments. However, bear-baiting and cock-fighting were both popular blood-sports in the period; *quick* alive.

4 *sort* great number.

5 *scrat* scratched.

6 *Cat will to kind* Proverb, "Cat (kit) after kind" (*Tilley* C135).

7 *as fast as it was hooped* "as tightly or securely as it was fastened together": casks were made out of staves of wood, bound together with circles (hoops) of wood or flattened metal.

8 *Master Sherry* "Probably Richard Sherry, an Oxford M.A. and former headmaster of Magdalen College School, whose translation of J. Brentius's *Exposition upon the Sixth Chapter of St. John* (the miracles of the loaves and fishes and of Christ walking upon the water) was printed by John Day on 9 April 1550, and whose *Treatise of Schemes and Tropes* was printed by Day in December 1550, only a few months before June 1551, the supposed date of the events told to Streamer in Day's printing house" (Ringler and Flachmann, p. 62).

9 *hagat* demonic spirit in female form; also a synonym for "witch," a woman who associates with and serves Satan.

10 *that a cat hath nine lives … nine times* Proverb (*Tilley* C154); the belief that witches could take on other forms was widespread, and the form of the cat is one of the most frequently mentioned in texts of the period. See, for example, *A Rehearsal both strange and true … at Windsor* (1579) in Barbara Rosen, ed. *Witchcraft in England, 1558-1618* (Amherst, 1969, p. 83, note 92). For two skeptical accounts, see George Mora, gen. ed., *Witches, Devils, and Doctors in the Renaissance: Johann Weyer, De praestigiis daemonum* (Binghamton, 1991) pp. 192-94, 337-42, 548-49, and Reginald Scot, *The Discovery of Witchcraft* (1584; Dover, 1984), p. 6.

11 *the Pythonesses … dead men's bodies* The Pythonesses (or the Pythian woman) are "equated with the witch of Endor ... in 1 Samuel 28:7-15," who is supposed to have raised Samuel from the dead at the urging of King Saul, so that the prophet might foretell Saul's future. "The Geneva [Bible] sidenote explains that the form of Samuel appeared to Saul, 'To his imagination, albeit was Satan, who to blind his eyes took upon him the form of Samuel'" (Ringler and Flachmann, p. 62). For similar accounts of this Scriptural episode see Mora, *Witches, Devils, and Doctors*, pp. 127-33 and Scot, *Discovery*, Book VII, chapters 8-14.

12 *incubus and succubus* "incubus": an evil spirit or demon which descends upon people in their sleep, especially women with whom they seek sexual intercourse; "succubus": a demon in female form which has sex with men while they sleep. For an account of the tradition behind these two demons, see Mora, *Witches, Devils, and Doctors*, pp. 231-33 and 249-51; and Scot, *Discovery*, Book IV.

Robin Goodfellow the fairy,[1] and goblins, which the miners call telchines[2]) could at their pleasure take upon them any other sorts. But that a woman, being so large a body, should strain her into the body of a cat (or into that form either), I have not much heard of, nor can well perceive how it may be, which maketh me (I promise you) believe it the less."

Wise men dissemble their cunning.

"Well, Master Streamer," quod he, "I know you are not so ignorant herein as you make yourself; but this is your accustomed fashion,[3] always to make men believe that you be not so well learned as you be. *Sapiens enim celat scientiam*, which appeared well by Socrates.[4] For I know, being skilled as you be in the tongues (chiefly the Calde,[6] Arabic, and Egyptian) and having read so many authors therein, you must needs be skillful in these matters; but where you spoke of instrusion of a woman's body into a cat's, you either play Nichodem[7] or the stubborn popish conjurer:[8] whereof one would creep into his mother's belly again, the other would bring Christ out of Heaven to thrust him into a piece of bread[9] (but as the one of them is gross[10] and the other perverse, so in this point I must place you with one of them). For although witches may take upon them cats' bodies, or alter the shape of their or other bodies, yet this is not done by putting their own bodies thereinto, but either by bringing their souls for the time out of their bodies and putting them in the other, or by deluding the sight and fantasies[11] of the seers. As when I make a candle with the brain of a horse and brimstone, the light of the candle maketh all kinds of heads appear horseheads, but yet it altereth the form of no head, but deceiveth the right conception of the eye (which, through the false light, receiveth a like form)."[12]

Master Streamer is well seen in tongues.[5]

Transubstantiationers destroy Christ's manhood.

How witches transform their shape.

One kind of magic consisteth in deceiving the senses.

Then quod he that had been in Ireland, "I cannot tell, sir, by what means witches do change their own likeness and the shapes of other things, but I have heard of so many and seen so much myself, that I am sure they do it. For in Ireland, as they have been ere this in England, witches are for fear had in high reverence. They be so cunning that they can

Witches are reverenced for fear.

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1 *Robin Goodfellow the fairy* a sportive or capricious elf or goblin believed to haunt the English countryside in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; also called Hobgoblin or Puck; appears most famously as a character in Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream.*

2 *telchines* "metal-working magicians of Rhodes who kill with a glance" (*Metamorphoses*, 7.365; Ringler and Flachmann, p. 62). For a natural explanation of this ability see Mora, *Witches, Devils, and Doctors*, p. 266.

3 *accustomed fashion* customary habit.

4 *Sapiens enim celat scientiam, which appeared well by Socrates* Latin, "For the wise hide their knowledge." According to Plato, "Socrates is wise because he knows he has no wisdom" (*Apology* 21, quoted in Ringler and Flachmann, p. 62).

5 *Master Streamer is well seen in tongues* i.e., he is skilled in languages.

6 *Calde* "Chaldean, the biblical Aramaic" (Ringler and Flachmann, p. 62).

7 *Nichodem* Nichodemus. "Jesus said, 'Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.' Nichodemus asked, 'How can a man be born which is old? Can he enter into his mother's womb again, and be born?'" (John 3:3-4).

8 *the stubborn popish conjurer* i.e., the Roman Catholic priest whose consecration of the bread and wine during the Mass was dismissed by reformers as superstition and magic.

9 *the other would … bread* The Roman Catholic doctrine of transubstantiation asserts that during the sacrament of the Eucharist or the Lord's Supper the priest's consecration of the bread and wine transforms them miraculously into the actual flesh and blood of Christ; the bread and wine are not symbols or tokens of Christ's sacrifice as Protestant reformers contended.

10 *gross* monstrous; obviously in error.

11 *fantasies* "fantasy": the mental faculty which allows one to apprehend an object of perception.

12 *As when I make a candle … a like form* "When thou wilt that they which be in a place seem without heads, take smart brimstone, with oil, and put it in a lamp and make light with it, and put it in the midst of men, and thou shalt see a marvellous thing" (Albertus Magnus, *Book of Secrets*, ed. Best and Brightman, pp. 89-90, quoted in Ringler and Flachmann, p. 62).

change the shapes of things as they list[1] at their pleasure and so deceive the people thereby that an act was made in Ireland that no man should buy any red swine.[2] The cause whereof was this: The witches used to send to the markets many red swine, fair and fat to see unto as any might be, and would in that form continue long; but if it chanced the buyers of them to bring them to any water, immediately they found them returned either into wisps of hay, straw, old rotten boards, or such like trumpery, by means whereof they lost their money or such other cattle as they gave in exchange for them.

An act forbidding to buy red swine.

Sorcerers make swine of hay and other baggage.

"There is also, in Ireland, one nation whereof some one man and woman are at every seven years' end turned into wolves, and so continue in the woods the space of seven years. And if they hap to live out the time, they return to their own form again, and other twain are turned for the like time into the same shape—which is a penance (as they say) enjoined that stock by Saint Patrick for some wickedness of their ancestors.[3] And that this is true witnessed a man whom I left alive in Ireland who had performed this seven years' penance, whose wife was slain while she was a wolf in her last year. This man told to many men, whose cattle he had worried and whose bodies he had assailed while he was a wolf, so plain and evident tokens and showed such scars of wounds which other men had given him, both in his man's shape before he was a wolf and in his wolf's shape since, which all appeared upon his skin, that it was evident to all men (yea, and to the bishop, too, upon whose grant it was recorded and registered[4]) that the matter was undoubtedly past all peradventure.[5]

Men turned into wolves.

Saint Patrick's plague.

A man proved himself to have been a wolf seven years.

A Bishop confirmeth Saint Patrick's plague.

"And I am sure you are not ignorant of the hermit whom, as St. Augustine writeth, a witch would in an ass's form ride upon to market.[6] But now how these witches made their swine, and how these folk were turned from shape to shape, whether by some ointment

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[1] *as they list* as they like or desire.

[2] *act … Ireland … red swine* According to Ringler and Flachmann, the story of the red swine, as well as the story of the werewolves, and the witch and the hermit (below), can all be found in Giraldus Cambrensis's *Topographia Hibernica.* Since this work was not published until 1603 in William Camden's *Anglica, Normannica, Hibernica, Cambrica, a Veteribus Scripta* ("England, Normandy, Hibernia, Cambria, from Old papers"), Ringler and Flachmann speculate that Baldwin used a manuscript version of it. They note further that there was apparently no such law made concerning red swine in Ireland (pp. 62-63) and print an "abbreviated paraphrase" of the stories in their edition.

[3] *Saint Patrick … wickedness of their ancestors* "In the printed text of Giraldus, St. Natalis delivered the curse. Patrick may have appeared in the manuscript Baldwin had access to, but if so the reference would be to the eleventh-century Patrick, bishop of Dublin" (ibid, p. 63).

[4] *upon whose grant it was recorded and registered* "grant": consent, permission; perhaps a reference to Giraldus's version where he recounts being asked by the bishop of Meath what he (the bishop) should do about the matter of the werewolves, and Giraldus "advised him to send an account of it to the pope attested under [the bishop's] seal, which he did" (quoted in Ringler and Flachmann, p. 63). Giraldus's main point, and that which probably drew Baldwin to the stories, is (as Ringler and Flachmann note) the contrast which Giraldus draws between human-animal transformation (either it is a punishment from God, the result of a demonic curse, or simply an illusion occasioned by trickery and deception) with the truly miraculous transformation of the bread and wine into the true body and blood of Christ in the Roman Catholic sacrament of the Eucharist (p. 63). That Giraldus concludes his anecdotes about supernatural transformation by referring to the mystical transformation of bread and wine in the Roman Catholic mass is significant since, "the fundamental fictional construct of *Beware the Cat* [is] that belief in the physical efficacy of the mass is as absurd as belief in animals having power of speech " (p. 63).

[5] *past all peradventure* out of the realm of uncertainty, beyond question.

[6] *the hermit whom, as St. Augustine writeth, a witch would in an ass's form ride upon to market* based on Augustine's *City of God* 18.18, which Giraldus quotes, concerning "stablewomen, who had learned evil arts, [and] who fed travellers something in cheese that transformed them into beasts and made them bear burdens" (quoted in Ringler and Flachmann, p. 63).

whose clearness deceived men's sights till either the water washed away the ointment, or else that the clearness of the water excelled the clearness of the ointment (and so betrayed the operation of it), I am as uncertain as I am sure that it were the spirits called demons, forced by enchantments, which moved those bodies till shame of their shape discovered caused them to leave them. But as for the transformation of the wolves, [it] is either miraculous as Naaman's leprosy in the stock of Gehesie,[1] or else [due] to shameful, crafty, malicious sorcery. And as the one way is unsearchable, so I think there might means be found to guess how it is done the other way. For witches are by nature exceeding malicious, and if it chance that some witch, for displeasure taken with this wolvish nation, gave her daughter charge in her deathbed when she taught her the science (for till that time witches never teach it, nor then but to their eldest and best-loved daughter) that she should, at every seven years' end, confect some ointment which seven years' space might be in force against all other clearness to represent unto men's eyes the shape of a wolf; and in the night season to go herself in likeness either of the mare or some other night form and anoint therewith the bodies of some couple of that kindred which she hated; and that after her time she should charge her daughter to observe the same, and to charge her daughter after her to do the like forever, so that this charge is given always by tradition with the science, and so is continued and observed by this witch's offspring, by whom two of this kindred (as it may be supposed) are every seven years' space turned into wolves."

How sorcerers may make swine.

Demons are the souls of counterfeit bodies.

Witches are by nature malicious.

When and to whom witches teach their science.

How men are changed into wolves.

Witchcraft is kin to unwritten verities, for both go by traditions.

When I had heard these tales and the reason of the doing showed by the teller, "Ah, Thomas," quod I (for that was his name; he died afterwards of a disease which he took in Newgate,[3] where he lay long for suspicion of magic[4] because he had desired a prisoner to promise him his soul after he was hanged), "I perceive now the old proverb is true: 'The still sow eateth up all the draff.'[5] You go and behave yourself so simply that a man would think you were but a fool, but you have uttered such proof of natural knowledge in this your brief talk, as I think (except myself and few more the best-learned alive) none could have done the like."

Many shrewd[2] diseases do breed in Newgate.

The best learned are not the greatest boasters.[6]

"You say your pleasure, Master Streamer," quod he. "As for me, I have said nothing but that[7] I have seen, and whereof any man might conjecture as I do."

That a man seeth, he may boldly say.

"You have spoken full well," quod he that gave occasion of this tale, "and your conjectures are right reasonable. For like as by ointments (as you suppose) the Irish witches do make the form of swine and wolves appear to all men's sight, so think I that by the like power English witches and Irish witches may and do turn themselves into cats. For I heard it told while I was in the university, by a credible clerk[8] of Oxford, how that in the days

A woman was found in a cat's likeness and punished.

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1 *Naaman's leprosy in the stock of Gehesie* The prophet Elisha cured Naaman of leprosy, but when Naaman tried to reward Elisha, the prophet refused to accept anything in return. However, when Elisha found that his own servant, Gehazi, had secretly accepted the offered gifts, Elisha cursed Gehazi and his descendants (i.e., his "stock") with Naaman's leprosy (2 Kings 5).

2 *shrewd* serious.

3 *Newgate* famous London prison for felons.

4 *for suspicion of magic* on suspicion of having practised magic or sorcery.

5 *'The still sow eateth up all the draff'* "the quiet sow eateth up all the swill," meaning that an unassuming, demure person is best at committing and getting away with mischievous acts, or at getting his or her own way (*Tilley* S681).

6 *The best learned are not the greatest boasters* a variation on the proverb, "The greatest boasters are not the greatest doers" and "great boast and small roast" (in these and related expressions the contrast is generally between "talking" and "acting" [*Tilley* B489; B488]).

7 *but that* i.e., but that which.

8 *clerk* scholar; also, an ordained minister.

when he was a child an old woman was brought before the official and accused for a witch, which (in the likeness of a cat) would go into her neighbours' houses and steal thence what she listed.[1] Which complaint was proved true by a place of the woman's skin, which her accusers (with a firebrand that they hurled at her) had singed while she went a-thieving in her cat's likeness.[2] So that, to conclude as I began, I think that the cat which you call Grimalkin, whose name carrieth in it matter to confirm my conjecture (for Malkin is a woman's name, as witnesseth the proverb 'there be more maids than Malkin'[3]), I think, I say, that it was a witch in a cat's likeness; and that for the wit and craft of her, other natural cats[4] that were not so wise have had her and her race in reverence among them, thinking her to be but a mere cat as they themselves were—like as we silly fools long time, for his sly and crafty juggling,[5] reverenced the Pope, thinking him to have been but a man (though much holier than we ourselves were), whereas indeed he was a very incarnated devil, like as this Grimalkin was an incarnate witch."

Witches never use their art but to evil.

It is to be thought that Grimalkin was a witch.

Cats may be deceived as well as Christian folk.

"Why then, sir," said I, "do you think that natural cats have wit and that they understand one another?" "What else, Master Streamer?" quod he. "There is no kind of sensible[6] creatures but have reason and understanding; whereby, in their kind, each understandeth other and do therein in some points so excel that the consideration thereof moved Pythagoras (as you know) to believe and affirm that after death men's souls went into beasts and beasts' souls into men, and every one according to his desert in his former body.[7] And although his opinion be fond and false, yet that which drew him thereto is evident and true—and that is the wit and reason of diverse beasts, and again the dull, beastly, brutish ignorance of diverse men.

All sensible creatures have reason and understanding.

Pythagoras' opinion concerning souls.

Some beasts are wiser than men.

"But that beasts understand one another, and fowls likewise, beside that we see by daily experience in marking[8] them, the story of the bishop of Alexandria by record doth prove. For he found the means, either through diligence so to mark them, or else through magic natural so to subtiliate his sensible powers, either by purging his brain by dry drinks and fumes, or else to augment the brains of his power perceptible by other natural medicines,[9] that he understood all kind of creatures by their voices. For being on a time sitting at dinner

A bishop understood all kind of creatures' voices.

The brain is the organ of understanding.

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1 *listed* desired, wanted.

2 *For I heard it told while I was in the university … in her cat's likeness* The precise episode is difficult to pinpoint but the elements of the anecdote are common in accounts of witchcraft trials in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The injuring or wounding of a suspicious cat or some other animal and then finding a wound of similar size and shape on the accused witch turns up in a number of the different accounts. See Rosen, *Witchcraft in England, 1558-1618*, p. 95.

3 *'there be more maids than Malkin'* i.e., "there are more unmarried girls than Malkin (a common girl's name in the period, a familiar diminutive of Matilda or Maude)"; thus, "there's more than one available girl" (*Tilley* M39).

4 *natural cats* as opposed to the supernatural variety—witches' familiars or the witch herself transformed into a cat.

5 *juggling* trickery, deception.

6 *sensible* capable of feeling or perceiving.

7 *the consideration thereof moved Pythagoras … in his former body* Pythagoras (fl. c. 530 BCE), the Greek philosopher who taught that souls transmigrated between animal and man in a process of purification through reincarnation, with each soul rising (or sinking) to its appropriate level.

8 *marking* observing, watching.

9 *For he found the means … through magic natural so to subtiliate his sensible powers … by other natural medicines* According to Rosen, "natural magic ... was thought of as the working of secret correspondences in the nature of things to produce automatic results not understood by the science of the day, but accepted as scientific," such as medicine, wherein an illness would respond to a particular herb which resembled in some way a symptom of the illness *(Witchcraft in England, 1558-1618*, p. 4). Here, the bishop uses unnamed herbs, taking them in the form of dry drinks (medicinal potions made out of herbs and other natural elements which were thought naturally dry, according to the traditional method of classifying the properties of

in a house among his friends, he harkened diligently to a sparrow that came fleeing[1] and chirping to other that were about the house, and smiled to himself to hear her. And when one of the company desired to know why he smiled, he said 'At the sparrow's tale. For she telleth them,' quod he, 'that in the highway, not a quarter of a mile hence, a sack of wheat is even now fallen off a horseback and broken, and all the wheat run out, and therefore biddeth them come thither to dinner.' And when the guests, musing[2] hereat, sent to prove the truth, they found it even so as he had told them."

A sparrow called her fellows to a banquet.

When this tale was ended, the clock struck nine; whereupon old Thomas, because he had far to his lodging, took his leave and departed. The rest of the company got them also either to their business or to their beds. And I went straight to my chamber (before remembered) and took a book in my hand to have studied, but the remembrance of this former talk so troubled me that I could think of nothing else, but mused still and, as it were, examined more narrowly what every man had spoken.

Master Streamer is always given much to study.

THE SECOND PART OF MASTER STREAMER'S ORATION

Ere I had been long in this contemplation, the cats, whose crying the night before had been occasion of all that which I have told you, were assembled again in the leads which I spoke of, where the dead men's quarters were set up; and after the same sort[3] as they did the night before, one sang in one tune, another in another, even such another service as my lord's chapel upon the scaffold sang before the King.[4] They observed no musical chords, neither diatesseron, diapente, nor diapason;[5] and yet I ween[6] I lie, for one cat, groaning as a bear doth when dogs be let slip to him,[7] trolled out so low and so loud a bass that, in comparison of another cat which, crying like a young child, squealed out the shrieking treble, it might be well counted a double diapason.[8] Wherefore, to the intent I might perceive the better the cause of their assembly, and by their gestures perceive part of their meaning, I went softly and fair[9] into a chamber which hath a window into the same leads,[10] and in the dark

Cats assembled in the leads.

Cats have sundry voices.

The diligence of the author to understand all things.

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animals, vegetables and minerals in terms of their relative levels of heat, coldness, dryness, and moistness) and fumes (such dry herbs or other natural elements could not simply be put together in a potion and drunk, but could also be burned and the resulting fumes inhaled or otherwise absorbed by the body), in order to subtiliate (refine or purify) his sensible powers (the abilities of his five senses). Streamer also speculates that the bishop may be aiming at using other natural medicines to augment his intellectual and perceptive powers ("the brains of his power perceptible"). On the classification of natural elements in terms of Galenic medicine, see C. Rawcliffe, *Medicine and Society in Later Medieval England* (Phoenix Mill, 1995, pp. 53-54).

1 *fleeing* i.e., flying.

2 *musing* wondering or marvelling.

3 *after the same sort* in the same way.

4 *even such another service as my lord's chapel upon the scaffold sang before the King* "probably a reference to a company of choristers kept by some great nobleman" (Ringler and Flachmann, p. 64); *scaffold* stage or platform for performance.

5 *no musical chords, neither diatesseron, diapente, nor diapason* "musical intervals of a fourth, a fifth, and an octave, respectively" (ibid., p. 64).

6 *ween* think, suppose, believe.

7 *groaning as a bear doth when dogs be let slip to him* The Tudor sport of bear-baiting involved tying a bear to a stake and setting dogs upon it; *let slip* unleashed.

8 *double diapason* "probably two-part harmony of base and treble (not in *OED*)" (Ringler and Flachmann, p. 64).

9 *fair* gently or quietly, without haste.

10 *a window into the same leads* possibly an attic window set into the roof.

standing closely,[1] I viewed through the trellis,[2] as well as I could, all their gestures and behaviour.

And I promise you it was a thing worth the marking to see what countenances,[3] what becks,[4] yea and what order[5] was among them. For one cat, which was a mighty big one, grey-haired, bristle-bearded, and having broad eyes which shone and sparkled like two stars, sat in the midst, and on either side of her sat another. And before her stood three more, whereof one mewed continually, save when the great cat groaned. And ever when the great cat had done, this mewing cat began again, first stretching out her neck and, as it were, making 'beisance[6] to them which sat. And oftentimes, in the midst of this cat's mewing, all the rest would suddenly each one in his tune bray[7] forth and incontinently[8] hush again, as it were laughing at somewhat which they heard the other cat declare. And after this sort I beheld them from ten till it was twelve o'clock, at which time, whether it were some vessel in the kitchen under or some board in the printing house hard by I cannot tell, but somewhat fell with such a noise that all the cats got them up upon the house; and I, fearing lest any arose to see what was fallen they would charge me with the hurling down of it if they found me there, I whipped into my chamber quickly and, finding my lamp still burning, I set me down upon my bed and devised[10] upon the doings of these cats, casting[11] all manner of ways what might be conjectured thereof to know what they meant.

Cats keep order among themselves.

Cats make courtesy with their necks and tails.

Note here the painfulness[9] of the author.

The good housewife's candle never goeth out.

And by and by I deemed that the grey cat which sat in the midst was the chief and sat as judge among the rest, and that the cat which continually mewed declared some matter or made account to her of somewhat. By means whereof I was straight caught with such a desire to know what she had said that I could not sleep of all that night, but lay devising by what means I might learn to understand them. And calling to mind that I had read in Albertus Magnus' works a way how to be able to understand birds' voices, I made no more to do, but sought in my library for the little book entitled *De Virtutibus Animalium, etc.*, and greedily read it over. And when I came to "Si vis voces avium intelligere, etc.,"[12] Lord how glad I was. And when I had thoroughly marked the description of the medicine, and considered with myself the nature and power of everything therein and how and upon what it wrought,[13] I devised thereby how, with part of those things and additions of other of like virtue and operation, to make a philter[14] for to serve my purpose.

Earnest desire banisheth sleep.

Albertus Magnus teacheth many wonders.

A philosopher searcheth the nature of all things.

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1 *closely* secretly.

2 *trellis* window screen.

3 *countenances* behaviour, conduct.

4 *becks* mute gestures, indicating assent or notifying another of a command; sometimes a gesture of salutation or respect.

5 *order* i.e., specifically what ranks, classes or other social divisions existed among them.

6 *'beisance* i.e., obeisance; a gesture of respect, such as a bow or curtsey.

7 *bray* cry out loudly and harshly.

8 *incontinently* immediately.

9 *painfulness* the quality of being painstaking, laborious, or careful.

10 *devised* meditated, deliberated.

11 *casting* considering, pondering.

12 *Albertus Magnus' works ... "Si vis voces avium intelligere, etc."* from Albertus Magnus's *Liber Secretorum de Virtutibus Herbarum Lapidum et Animalium ...*; Streamer translates the section to which he refers, below. See p. 241, note 9; p. 249, note 12.

13 *wrought* worked, operated.

14 *philter* here, a magical potion.

A description of the resurrection of the sun.

And as soon as restless Phoebus was come up out of the smoking sea and, with shaking his golden-coloured beams which were all the night long in Thetis'[1] moist bosom, had dropped off his silver sweat into Hera's dry lap,[2] and kissing fair Aurora with glowing mouth had driven from her the advouterer[3] Lucifer,[4] and was mounted so high to look upon Europa[5] that, for all the height of Mile-End steeple,[6] he spied me through the glass window lying upon my bed, up I arose and got me abroad to seek for such things as might serve for the earnest business which I went about.

Nothing may be hid from friends.

How to understand birds.

And because you be all my friends that are here I will hide nothing from you, but declare from point to point how I behaved myself both in making and taking my philter. "If thou wilt understand," sayeth Albert, "the voices of birds or of beasts, take two in thy company, and upon Simon and Jude's day early in the morning, get thee with hounds into a certain wood, and the first beast that thou meetest take, and prepare with the heart of a fox, and thou shalt have thy purpose; and whosoever thou kissest shall understand them as well as thyself."

Men and dogs 'fraid out of their wits in proving an experiment.

An hedgehog is one of the planetical beasts, and therefore good in magic.[9]

Medicine for the gout.

Because his writing here is doubtful,[7] because he sayeth "quoddam nemus," a certain wood, and because I knew three men not many years past which, while they went about this hunting were so 'fraid, whether with an evil spirit or with their own imagination I cannot tell, but home they came with their hair standing on end, and some of them have been the worse ever since, and their hounds likewise; and seeing it was so long to St. Jude's Day,[8] therefore I determined not to hunt at all. But conjecturing that the beast which they should take was an hedgehog (which at that time of the year goeth most abroad), and knowing by reason that the flesh thereof was by nature full of natural heat—and therefore, the principal parts being eaten, must needs expulse gross matters and subtile[10] the brain (as by the like power it engendreth fine blood and helpeth much both against the gout and the cramp)—I got me forth towards St. John's Wood,[11] whereas not two days before I had seen one. And see the lucky and unlucky chance! By the way as I went I met with hunters who had that morning killed a fox and three hares, who (I thank them) gave me an hare and the fox's whole body (except the case[12]) and six smart lashes with a slip,[13] because (wherein I did mean no harm) I asked them if they had seen anywhere a hedgehog that morning.

The liberality of hunters.

Superstitious hunters are kin to the papists.

And here, save that my tale is otherwise long, I would show you my mind of these wicked, superstitious observations of foolish hunters, for they be like (as me seemeth) to

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1 *Thetis* one of the Greek sea goddesses, daughter of Nereus and Doris; thus, the sea itself.

2 *Hera's dry lap* "Streamer apparently means the earth, though Hera, as wife of Zeus, is queen of the heavens, and fruitful rather than dry (barren)" (Ringler and Flachmann, p. 64).

3 *advouterer* adulterer, presumably because Aurora, the goddess of the dawn, is more properly the consort of Phoebus, the sun god, than of Lucifer, the morning star.

4 *As soon as restless Phoebus … Lucifer* Streamer's pompous imitation of classical epics and their descriptions of the rising sun. See Homer, Virgil, and Chaucer, *The Franklin's Tale*, V, 1016-18 (Ringler and Flachmann, p. 64).

5 *Europa* Europe.

6 *Mile-End steeple* "located approximately a mile outside Aldgate, the eastern gate of London; Aldersgate, where Streamer is, lies to the north-west of Aldgate" (Ringler and Flachmann, p. 65).

7 *doubtful* ambiguous.

8 *St. Jude's Day* "28 October—Streamer prepared his philter about 11 June" (Ringler and Flachmann, p. 65).

9 *An hedgehog … magic* Ringler and Flachmann found no connection "between the hedgehog and any planet" (p. 65).

10 *subtile* rarefy, purify.

11 *St. John's Wood* "northwest of Aldersgate, outside the city walls, near Islington" (Ringler and Flachmann, p. 65).

12 *case* skin, hide.

13 *slip* "leash, used as a whip" (Ringler and Flachmann, p. 65).

the papists, which for speaking of good and true words punish good and honest men. Are not apes, owls, cuckoos, bears, and urchins[1] God's good creatures? Why, then, is it not lawful to name them? If they say it bringeth ill luck in the game,[2] then are they unlucky, idolatrical, miscreant infidels and have no true belief in God's providence. I beshrew[3] their superstitious hearts, for my buttocks did bear the burden of their mischief.

All creatures are good.

To observe times, days, or words argueth infidelity.

And yet I thank them again for the fox and the hare which they gave me; for with the two hounds at my girdle[4] I went a-hunting, till indeed under an hedge in a hole of the earth by the root of an hollow tree I found an hedgehog with a bushel of crabs[5] about him, whom I killed straight with my knife, saying "Shavol swashmeth, gorgona Iiscud," and with the other beasts, hung him at my girdle, and came homeward as fast as I could hie.[7] But when I came in the close besides Islington, commonly called St. John's Field, a kite,[8] belike very hungry, spied at my back the skinless fox, and thinking to have a morsel strake at it, and that so eagerly that one of his claws was entered so deep that, before he could loose it, I drew out my knife and killed him, saying "Javol sheleg hutotheca Iiscud,"[9] and to make up the mess[10] brought him home with the rest.

He that seeketh findeth.[6]

Albertus sayeth if a man when he prepareth any medicine tell aloud why he maketh it, it will be of more force.

[...]

Then took I the galls[11] of all these beasts, and the kite's toe, and served them likewise, keeping the liquor[12] that dropped from them. At twelve of the clock, what time the sun began his planetical dominion,[13] I went to dinner. But meat I ate none, save the boiled urchin; my bread was the cake mentioned before; my drink was the distillation of the urchin's broth, which was exceeding strong and pleasant both in taste and savour.

Master Streamer varieth from the astronomers in his planet hours.

---

1 *urchins* hedgehogs; Ringler and Flachmann note that Scot, Nashe, and Shakespeare associate hedgehogs with fairies (p. 65).

2 *game* hunt, chase.

3 *beshrew* curse, blame greatly.

4 *girdle* a belt worn round the waist to secure or confine garments; also employed as a means of carrying light articles, especially a weapon or purse.

5 *crabs* i.e., crab apples.

6 *He that seeketh findeth* Matthew 7:8. Proverb, "He that seeks finds" (*Tilley* S213).

7 *hie* hurry.

8 *kite* a bird of prey.

9 *Shavol swashmeth, gorgona Iiscud ... Iiscud* according to Ringler and Flachmann, not in Albertus's *Liber Secretorum.*

10 *mess* a prepared dish (of a specified kind of food).

11 *galls* the gallbladders.

12 *liquor* liquid.

13 *planetical dominion* Most of the ideas which underlie Streamer's comments about the sun, moon, and Mercury in these next paragraphs, come from Albertus Magnus's *Discourse of the Nature and Qualities of the Seven Planets* (appended to his *Liber Secretorum*). In this treatise, Albertus advises that "every true act must be done under his planet; and it is better if it be done in the proper day of the planet, and in his own proper hour, as for an example ... under Mercury, loss, debt, fear." As Ringler and Flachmann note, Streamer had only partially read Albertus's instructions, and certainly did not understand them, since he proceeds to get a great deal wrong, particularly when he assumes solar or "clock" hours are the same as planetary hours in Albertus's scheme. As a result he is also mistaken when he talks of the dominant times of the sun and Mercury, which accounts for G.B.'s sly remark in the margin. As Ringler and Flachmann conclude, Streamer's errors suggest "he knew a few terms, but was entirely confused about both astronomical and astrological systems. He attempts to parade his learning, but instead reveals his ignorance." For a detailed account of Albertus's scheme and Streamer's ignorant variations from it, see Ringler and Flachmann, pp. 66-67. On the relationship between astrology and the preparation of medicines, see Rawcliffe, *Medicine and Society in Later Medieval England*, pp. 98-99.

The intelligible diet.

After that I had dined well, my head waxed[1] so heavy that I could not choose but sleep. And after that I waked again, which was within an hour. My mouth and my nose purged exceedingly such yellow, white, and tawny matters as I never saw before, nor thought that any such had been in man's body. When a pint of this gear[2] was come forth my rheum[3] ceased, and my head and all my body was in exceeding good temper, and a thousand things which I had not thought of in twenty years before came so freshly to my mind as if they had been then presently done, heard, or seen. Whereby I perceived that my brain (chiefly the nuke memorative[5]) was marvellously well purged. My imagination also was so fresh that by and by I could show a probable reason what, and in what sort, and upon what matter, everything which I had taken wrought, and the cause why.

There be many strange humours in many men's heads.
The remembrance lieth in the noodle[4] of the head.

A good philosopher.

[...]

Mercury furthereth all fine and subtle practices.[7]

And at six o'clock at night, what time the sun's dominion began again,[6] I supped with the rest of the meat which I left at dinner. And when Mercury's reign approached, which was within two hours after, I drank a great draught of my stilled water,[8] and anointed my head all over with the wine and oil before described, and with the water which came out of the galls I washed mine eyes. And because no humours should ascend into my head by evaporation of my reins through the chine bone,[9] I took an ounce of Alkakengi[10] in powder, which I had for a like purpose not two days afore bought at the 'pothecaries,[11] and therewith rubbed and chafed my back from the neck down to the middle, and heated in a frying pan my pillows[12] afresh, and laid them to mine ears, and tied a kercher[13] about my head, and with my lozenges and trochisks[14] in a box, I went out among the servants [...] I took a lozenge in my mouth and kept it under my tongue [...] While this pastime endured, methought I heard one cry with a loud voice, "What Isegrim, what Isegrim";[15] and there-

The chiefest point of wisdom is to prevent inconveniencies.

Heat augmenteth the virtue of outward plasters.

---

1 *waxed* grew, gradually became.

2 *gear* corrupt and foul matter; pus (although *OED* records first instance in 1562).

3 *rheum* watery matter secreted by the mucus glands or membranes (into the nose, eyes, mouth, etc); when abnormal, rheums were supposed to cause or indicate disease.

4 *noodle* i.e., noddle, the back of the head.

5 *nuke memorative* The "nuke" is the nape of the neck, and "the seat of memory was supposed to be in the back part of the brain" (Ringler and Flachmann, p. 67). In late medieval anatomy texts, the brain is represented as having separate chambers for each faculty.

6 *sun's dominion began again* Ringler and Flachmann point out that according to Albertus's scheme "if the Sun was dominant at noon, it would not become dominant again until the second hour of the night, which would be eight o'clock according to Streamer's improper method of equating solar and planetary time" (p. 67).

7 *Mercury furthereth all fine and subtle practices* The god and thus the planet named after him were both thought characterized by craftiness, deceitful trickery, and subtle schemes.

8 *great draught of my stilled water* "draught": the quantity of drink swallowed at one "pull" or gulp; "stilled": i.e., distilled.

9 *no humours should ascend into my head by evaporation of my reins through the chine bone* "chine bone": the vertebral column, the spine, the backbone; "evaporation of my reins": excretions from my kidneys.

10 *Alkakengi* variation of *Alkekengi*: a plant also called winter-cherry from its ornamental scarlet fruit.

11 *'pothecaries* i.e., apothecary's: one who prepared and sold drugs for medicinal purposes.

12 *pillows* pads of cloth which Streamer has soaked in his medicinal concoction, as a method of delivering the mixture into his ears.

13 *kercher* a cloth used to cover the head, formerly a woman's headdress.

14 *trochisks* medicated tablets or disks (pastilles or lozenges).

15 *Isegrim* an appellation applied, after the manner of a proper name, to the wolf; rare in English use.

fore I asked whose name was Isegrim, saying that one did call him. But they said they knew none of that name, nor heard any that did call. "No," quod I (for it called still), "Hear you nobody? Who is that called so loud?"

"We hear nothing but a cat," quod they, "which meweth above in the leads."

Good success of things maketh men joyous. Saturn is a cold, old planet.

When I saw it was so indeed, and that I understood what the cat said, glad was I as any man alive. And taking my leave of them as though I would to bed straight, I went into my chamber (for it was past nine of the clock). And because the hour of Saturnus' cold dominion[1] approached, I put on my gown and got me privily[2] to the place in the which I had viewed the cats the night before. And when I had settled myself where I might conveniently hear and see all things done in the leads where this cat cried still for Isegrim, I put into my two nostrils two trochisks and into my mouth two lozenges, one above my tongue the other under; and put off my left shoe, because of Jupiter's appropinquation;[3] and laid the fox tail under my foot.[4] And to hear the better, I took off my pillows which stopped mine ears; and then listened and viewed as attentively as I could.

There is great cunning in due applying of medicines.

The cause of hearing.

But I warrant you the pellicle, or filmy rime, that lyeth within the bottom of mine ear hole, from whence little veins carry the sounds to the senses,[5] was with this medicine in my pillows so purged and parched, or at least dried, that the least moving of the air, whether struck with breath of living creatures, which we call voices, or with the moving of dead (as winds, waters, trees, carts, falling of stones, etc.), which are named noises, sounded so shrill in my head by reverberation of my 'fined films,[6] that the sound of them altogether was so disordered and monstrous that I could discern no one from other, save only the harmony of the moving of the spheres,[7] which noise excelled all other as much both in pleasance

The difference between voices and noises.

The harmony of Heaven excelleth all other.

---

[1] *the hour of Saturnus' cold dominion* according to Ringler and Flachmann, one of Streamer's correct astrological calculations based on Albertus's treatise. See p. 256, note 13.

[2] *privily* stealthily, craftily.

[3] *put off my left shoe, because of Jupiter's appropinquation* again, a reference to Streamer's astrological calculations, correct here (according to Ringler and Flachmann, p. 67). The correctness of the calculation is undermined by Baldwin's sly presentation of Streamer's absurd methods of taking his medicines under Jupiter's appropinquation or approach. Clearly aimed at increasing the potency of the medication itself, these methods (as G.B.'s sardonic marginal note indicates) only serve to make Streamer appear ridiculous.

[4] *laid the fox tail under my foot* The source of this superstitious practice remains a mystery, although traditionally the fox-tail is one of the accoutrements of the professional fool or jester (see *Brewer's Dict. Phrase and Fable*, 1894).

[5] *the pellicle … the senses* Streamer's explanation of the anatomy of the ear and the way the medicine in the pads has essentially cleared them out so that his hearing is preternaturally sensitive is essentially accurate for the period. A "pellicle" is more usually defined as a membrane, cuticle or thin skin, but it can also be a thin substance (rime) covering another surface. According to Thomas Vicary, the ear has "sinews that are the Organs or Instruments of hearing, [which] spring each from the Brain, from whence the seven pairs of sinews do spring" (*The Anatomy of the Body of Man*, 1548; ed. F.J. Furnivall et al. [Oxford, 1888], p. 38). Each sinew has a "teat" which receives sound and conveys it to the other senses.

[6] *'fined* refined, rendered especially sensitive; *films* membranes.

[7] *harmony of the moving of the spheres* In Renaissance cosmology (derived largely from Aristotle and Ptolemy) the heavens were represented as orderly, eternal, and unchanging, while the earth was disordered, fallen, finite, and mutable. The heavens were arranged as series of concentric spheres, with earth at the centre; outward from the earth, one would encounter the spheres of water, air, fire, the moon (which marked the boundary between the perfection of the heavens and the fallen nature of the earth), and finally the aether. Seven spheres were reserved for the planets, and one each for the fixed stars or firmament, the crystalline sphere and finally the Primum Mobile, the outermost sphere which gives motion to all the others. God existed above and beyond these spheres. Although Aristotle objected that the spheres moved soundlessly, according to Pythagoras, the friction between the spheres leads each to give off a particular note, thus producing the "music of the spheres" that Streamer refers to. This music was believed normally inaudible to human hearing. See Rivers, *Classical and Christian Ideas in English Renaissance Poetry: A Student's Guide*, 2nd ed. (London, 1996), pp. 68-87.

and shrill highness of sound as the Zodiac[1] itself surmounteth all other creatures in altitude of place. For in comparison of the basest of this noise, which is the moving of Saturn by means of his large compass,[2] the highest voices of birds and the straitest whistling of the wind, or any other organ pipes whose sounds I heard confused together, appeared but a low bass. And yet was those an high treble to the voice of beasts, to which as a mean the running of rivers was a tenor; and the boiling of the sea and the cataracts or gulfs thereof a goodly bass; and the rushing, brising,[3] and falling of the clouds a deep diapason.[4]

The harmony of elemental mixtures.

While I harkened to this broil,[5] labouring to discern both voices and noises asunder, I heard such a mixture as I think was never in Chaucer's House of Fame;[6] for there was nothing within an hundred mile of me done on any side (for from so far, but no farther, the air may come because of obliquation[7]) but I heard it as well as if I had been by it, and could discern all voices, but by means of noises understand none. Lord what ado women made in their beds—some scolding; some laughing; some weeping; some singing to their sucking children, which made a woeful noise with their continual crying. And one shrewd[8] wife a great way off (I think at St. Albans[10]) called her husband "cuckold" so loud and shrilly that I heard that plain; and would fain have heard the rest, but could not by no means for barking of dogs, grunting of hogs, wawling of cats, rumbling of rats, gaggling of geese, humming of bees, rousing of bucks, gaggling of ducks, singing of swans, ringing of pans, crowing of cocks, sewing of socks, cackling of hens, scrabbling of pens, peeping of mice, trulling[12] of dice, curling[13] of frogs, and toads in the bogs, chirking of crickets, shutting of

Chaucer's House of Fame.

At every hundred mile the air reflecteth by means of the roundness of the world.

The cart and cucking stool groveth for such.[9]

Here the poetical fury[11] *came upon him. Many noises in the night which all men hear not.*

---

1 *Zodiac* the astrological organization of the sky into twelve houses, and seven planets, the arrangement of which at birth and at other crucial points in life, could govern the health and constitution of a person's body, the formation of his/her character, and the prospects of his/her career.

2 *the moving of Saturn by means of his large compass* The planet Saturn is, in terms of the cosmology discussed above (p. 258, note 7), moving in the sphere which is farthest away from the earth, and thus is situated in the largest of the planetary spheres; its size made it seem likely that it would have a deep and thunderous musical note (Rivers, *Classical and Christian Ideas*, pp. 78-79).

3 *brising* crushing.

4 *deep diapason* See p. 253, note 8.

5 *broil* confused disturbance or tumult.

6 *Chaucer's House of Fame* In the poem of the same name, Chaucer has a dream wherein he visits the House of Fame as the guest of Jupiter who wants to reward the poet for all his services to literature and especially love poetry; there, the poet encounters a press of people, including some thousands of famous musicians playing music on a bewildering variety of instruments, rich ladies and gentlemen, and famous authors; because the House of Fame is so high in the heavens, each noise made on earth is heard there greatly magnified. See Book II, ll.711-852.

7 *obliquation* a bending aside or in an oblique direction; a twisting awry.

8 *shrewd* shrewish.

9 *The cart and cucking stool groveth for such* The "cart" (used for the public exposure and punishment of various offenders, but especially lewd and uncontrollable women) and the "cucking stool" (a chair in which the offender was fastened and exposed to the jeers of bystanders, or conveyed to a pond or river and dunked) were traditional punishments for the obstinate woman or shrewish wife in Renaissance England; *groveth* means "comes into existence" (Ringler and Flachmann, p. 69).

10 *St. Albans* a town in Hertfordshire, 21 miles north of London.

11 *fury* inspired frenzy of one possessed by a god; often applied to poets and the source or inspiration of their work in the period (cf. Sidney, *Defence of Poesy*, pp. 716-19).

12 *trulling* throwing.

13 *curling* calling, rumbling.

wickets,[1] shriking[2] of owls, flittering of fowls, routing[3] of knaves, snorting[4] of slaves, farting of churls, fizzling[5] of girls, with many things else—as ringing of bells, counting of coins, mounting of groins, whispering of lovers, springling of plovers,[6] groaning and spewing, baking and brewing, scratching and rubbing, watching and shrugging—with such a sort of commixed noises as would a-deaf anybody to have heard; much more me, seeing that the pannicles[7] of mine ears were with my medicine made so fine and stiff, and that by the temperate heat of the things therein, that like a tabor[8] dried before the fire or else a lute string by heat shrunk nearer, they were incomparably amended in receiving and yielding the shrillness of any touching sounds.

Over much noise maketh one deaf.

Heat shrilleth all moist instruments.

While I was earnestly harkening, as I said, to hear the woman, minding nothing else, the greatest bell in St. Botolph's steeple, which is hard by,[9] was tolled for some rich body that then lay in passing,[10] the sound whereof came with such a rumble into mine ear that I thought all the devils in Hell had broken loose and were come about me, and was so afraid therewith that, when I felt the foxtail under my foot (which through fear I had forgot), I deemed it had been the Devil indeed. And therefore I cried out as loud as ever I could, "The Devil, the Devil, the Devil!" But when some of the folks, raised with my noise, had sought me in my chamber and found me not there, they went seeking about, calling one to another, "Where is he? Where is he? I cannot find Master Streamer." Which noise and stir of them was so great in mine ears and passing man's common sound, that I thought they had been devils indeed which sought and asked for me.

All sudden things astonish us.

Fertilitas sibi ipsi nocus.[11]

Wherefore I crept close into a corner in the chimney and hid me, saying many good prayers to save me from them. And because their noise was so terrible that I could not abide it, I thought best to stop mine ears, thinking thereby I should be the less afraid. And as I was thereabout, a crow, which belike was nodding asleep on the chimney top, fell down into the chimney over my head, whose flittering in the fall made such a noise that, when I felt his feet upon my head, I thought that the Devil had been come indeed and seized upon me. And when I cast up my hand to save me, and therewith touched him, he called me "knave" in his language, after such a sort that I swooned[13] for fear. And by that[14] I was come to myself again, he was flowen from me into the chamber roof, and there he sat all night.

Danger maketh men devout.

How evil haps[12] *run together.*

A man may die only by imagination of harm.

---

1 *wicket* a small door or gate made in, or placed beside, a large one.

2 *shriking* i.e., shrieking.

3 *routing* snoring; belching.

4 *snorting* snoring.

5 *fizzling* "fizzle": to break wind silently.

6 *springling of plovers* springing, or rising up of small birds.

7 *pannicles* membranes.

8 *tabor* small drum.

9 *hard by* close by.

10 *St. Botolph's … in passing* St. Botolph's church on the west side of Aldersgate street, about a mile east of the gate; the church bells were traditionally tolled for the passing of a parish's wealthy and respected members.

11 *Fertilitas sibi ipsi nocus* Latin, "fertility is harmful to itself."

12 *evil haps* bad or unlucky occurrences. Proverb, "One misfortune comes on the neck of another" (*Tilley* M1013); see also M1004, M1012, and *Hamlet*, 4.5.78-79 ("When sorrows come, they come not single spies, / But in battalions").

13 *swooned* fainted.

14 *by that* i.e., by the time.

Then took I my pillows to stop mine ears; for the rumble that the servants made I took for the devils, it was so great and shrill. And I had no sooner put them on, but by and by I heard it was the servants which sought for me, and that I was deceived through my clearness of hearing, for the bell which put me in all this fear (for which I never loved bells since) tolled still, and I perceived well enough what it was. And seeing that the servants would not leave calling and seeking till they found me, I went down to them and feigned that a cat had been in my chamber and 'fraid me. Whereupon they went to bed again, and I to mine old place.

We hate forever whatsoever hath harmed us.

THE THIRD PART OF MASTER STREAMER'S ORATION

By this time waning Cynthia, which the day before had filled her growing horns, was come upon our hemisphere and freshly yielded forth her brother's light, which the reverberation of Thetis' trembling face, now full by means of spring, had fully cast upon her,[1] whereof she must needs lose every day more and more, by means the neap abasing Thetis' swollen face would make her to cast beyond her those rades,[2] which before the full the spring had caused her to throw short—like as, with a crystal glass a man may, by the placing of it either high or low, so cast the sun or a candlelight upon any round glass of water that it shall make the light thereof both in waxing and waning to counterfeit the moon. For you shall understand—chiefly you, Master Willot, that are my lord's astronomer—that all our ancestors have failed in knowledge of natural causes; for it is not the moon that causeth the sea to ebb and flow, neither to neap and spring, but the neaping and springing of the sea is the cause of the moon's both waxing and waning. For the moonlight is nothing save the shining of the sun cast into the element[3] by opposition of the sea; as also the stars are nothing else but the sunlight reflected upon the face of rivers and cast upon the crystalline heaven,[4] which because rivers always keep like course, therefore are the stars always of one bigness. As for the course of the stars, from east to west is natural by means of the sun's like moving; but in that they ascend and descend (that is, sometime come northward and sometime go southward), that is caused also by the sun's being either on this side or on the other side his line like-nightical.[5] The like reason followeth for the poles[6] not moving, and that is

The description of the moon as full.

How to counterfeit the moon.

Astronomers are deceived.

The spring and neaping of the sea causeth the moon to wax and wane.

What the moon and stars be.

The sun's moving is cause of divers moving of the stars.

Why the poles do not move.

---

1 *By this time waning Cynthia … had fully cast upon her* Like his description of the sunrise, this description is pompous and "ostentatiously learned" (Ringler and Flachmann, p. 69); Cynthia is one of the names of Diana, goddess of the moon and the hunt. Here, the moon has, the day before, achieved fullness (her horns have been filled); she is described as reflecting the light of her brother, the Sun, which has been reflected itself in the wavering surface of the sea (the trembling face of Thetis, one of the sea deities and here a personification of the sea itself). Streamer presents the moon as going through the portion of its cycle called the waning of the moon, where from being full it begins to wane, becoming smaller and smaller each day, in conjunction with the cycle of the tides. The moon is full during the time of the spring tide, "when the high water-level [of the sea] reaches its maximum after the full moon," and it begins to wane during the neap tide, "after the first and third quarters of the moon when the water level is lowest" (p. 69).

2 *rades* "radiations, rays (not in *OED*)" (ibid. p. 69).

3 *element* air.

4 *crystalline heaven* "Streamer confuses this with the firmament, the sphere of the fixed stars" (Ringler and Flachmann, p. 69). See p. 258, note 7.

5 *like-nightical* a coined word, not in the *OED*; "Streamer's literal Englishing of 'equinoctial,'" which refers to the celestial or terrestrial equator (Ringler and Flachmann, p. 69).

6 *poles* i.e., the North and South poles.

the situation of those rivers or dead seas which cast[1] them and the roundness and egg-form of the firmament.[2] But to let this pass, which in my *Book of Heaven and Hell*[3] shall be plainly not only declared but both by reason and experience proved, I will come again to my matter.[4]

I take this book to be it that is entitled Of the Great Egg.

When Cynthia, I say, as following her brother's steps, had looked in at my chamber window and saw me neither in my bed nor at my book, she hied her apace[5] into the south, and at a little hole in the house roof peeped in and saw me where I was set to harken to the cats. And by this time all the cats which were there the night before were assembled with many other, only the great grey one excepted. Unto whom, as soon as he was come, all the rest did their 'beisance[6] as they did the night before. And when he was set, thus he began in his language (which I understood as well as if he had spoken English).

The man is studious. Light searcheth all things.

Good manners among cats.

"Ah my dear friends and fellows, you may say I have been a lingerer this night and that I have tarried long; but you must pardon me for I could come no sooner. For when this evening I went into an ambry[8] where was much good meat to steal my supper, there came a wench not thinking I had been there and clapped the lid down, by means whereof I have had much to do to get forth. Also, in the way as I came hither over the housetops, in a gutter were thieves breaking in at the window, who 'fraid me so that I lost my way and fell down into the street and had much to do to escape the dogs. But seeing that by the grace of Hagat and Heg I am now come, although I perceive by the tail of the Great Bear and by Alhabor,[9] which are now somewhat southward, that the fifth hour of our night approacheth; yet, seeing this is the last night of my charge[10] and that tomorrow I must again to my lord Cammoloch (at this all the cats spread along their tails and cried, 'Hagat and Heg save him'), go to now[11] good Mouse-slayer," quod he, "and that time which my misfortune hath lost, recover again by the briefness of thy talk."

The strange hap of Grisard.

Sweet meat must have sour sauce.[7]

Cats are afraid of thieves.

Hagat and Heg are witches which the cats do worship.

Cats are skilled in astronomy.

Cammoloch is chief prince among cats.

Gentleness becometh officers.

"I will, my lord," quod Mouse-slayer, which is the cat which as I told you stood before the great cat the night before continually mewing; who in her language, after that with her tail she had made courtesy,[12] shrunk in her neck and said, "Whereas by virtue of your commission from my lord Cammoloch (whose life Hagat and Heg defend), who by inheritance and our free election enjoyeth the empire of his traitorously murdered mother the goddess

Mouse-slayer telleth on her story.

Grimolochin is the same that was late called Grimalkin.

---

1 *cast* reflect.

2 *the roundness and egg-form of the firmament* In *The Kalender of Shepherdes* (1506) the world is compared to a round apple: "The elements which be in it composed, is closed with the first heaven like as the yolk of an egg is closed within the white of an egg" (quoted in Ringler and Flachmann, p. 70).

3 *Book of Heaven and Hell* like *Of the Great Egg*, an imaginary book (no Stationers' Register or *STC* entry).

4 *For you shall understand—chiefly you, Master Willot, that are my lord's astronomer … I will come again to my matter* Ringler and Flachmann comment that "Streamer reverses Ptolemaic astronomical theories with somewhat less success than Copernicus, who had not yet been heard of in England" (p. 69).

5 *hied her apace* hurried herself immediately.

6 *'beisance* i.e., obeisance.

7 *Sweet meat must have sour sauce* Proverb, "He deserves not the sweet that will not taste of the sour" (*Tilley* S1035). For related proverbs, see S1036, S1038, and H556.

8 *ambry* store-closet, pantry.

9 *by the tail of the Great Bear and by Alhabor* the Great Bear is the constellation Ursa Major (also known as the Big Dipper); Alhabor refers to "the dog star Sirius (*Kalender of Shepherdes*)" (Ringler and Flachmann, p. 70).

10 *charge* commission; an office entrusted to one.

11 *go to now* an exhortation: "carry on, now!"

12 *made courtesy* bowed or made an obeisance in a ritual fashion.

Grimolochin, you his greffier[1] and chief counsellor, my lord Grisard,[2] with Isegrim[3] and Pol-noir[4] your assistants, upon a complaint put up in your high dais by that false accuser Catch-rat, who beareth me malice because I refused his lecherously offered delights, have caused me, in purging of myself before this honourable company, to declare my whole life since the blind days of my kitlinghood. You remember, I trust, how in the two nights passed I have declared my life for four years' space, wherein you perceive how I behaved me all that time.

She purgeth herself by declaring her life.

"Wherefore, to begin where I left last, ye shall understand that my lord and lady, whose lives I declared unto you last yesternight, left the city and went to dwell in the country, and carried me with them. And being there strange[5] I lost their house, and with Bird-hunt my mate, the gentlest in honest venery[6] that ever I met with, went to a town where he dwelt called Stratford—either Stony, upon Tine, or upon Avon,[7] I do not well remember which—where I dwelled half a year—and this was in the time when preachers had leave to speak against the mass, but it was not forbidden till half a year after.[8] In this time I saw nothing worthy to certify[9] my lord of, save this.

Mouse-slayer was by her mistress carried into the country.

Bird-hunt was Mouse-slayer's mate.

"My dame, with whom I dwelt, and her husband were both old, and therefore hard to be turned from their rooted belief which they had in the mass, which caused divers young folk, chiefly their sons and a learned kinsman of theirs, to be the more earnest to teach and persuade them. And when they had almost brought the matter to a good point,[11] I cannot tell how it chanced, but my dame's sight failed her, and she was so sick that she kept her bed two days. Wherefore she sent for the parish priest, her old ghostly father;[12] and when all were voided[13] the chamber save I and they two, she told him how sick she was and how blind, so that she could see nothing, and desired him to pray for her and give her good counsel. To whom he said thus, 'It is no marvel though you be sick and blind in body which suffer your soul willingly to be blinded. You send for me now, but why send you not for me when these new heretics teach you to leave the Catholic belief of Christ's flesh in the

Old errors are hard to be removed.[10]

A sudden disease.

Cats are admitted to all secrets.
A jolly, persuading knave.

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1 *greffier* registrar, clerk, or notary.

2 *Grisard* as an adjective = "greyish."

3 *Isegrim* See p. 257, note 15.

4 *Pol-noir* literally, "black head."

5 *being there strange* being unfamiliar or unacquainted with (the area).

6 *honest venery* "venery": the sport of hunting; here, more probably, the practice or pursuit of sexual pleasure; indulgence of sexual desire.

7 *Stratford—either Stony, upon Tine, or upon Avon* Stratford Stony is in Buckinghamshire; Stratford-upon-Tine is in Northumberland; Stratford-upon-Avon is in Warwickshire.

8 *and this was in the time when preachers … till half a year after* "Neither the government nor the church officially encouraged attacks on the Mass, but they were condoned. The number of pulpit attacks is unrecorded, but in 1547 five books and pamphlets were published against the mass, in 1548 twenty-three, and in 1549 three. The first Edwardian Act of Uniformity (2 & 3 Edw. VI, c. 1, 1549), which abolished the Latin mass and established the English Communion Service, passed both Houses of Parliament by 21 January, received royal assent on 14 March, but was not ordered into effect nationally until Whitsunday (9 June) 1549—though some parishes in London and elsewhere in England used the new Communion Service from early March onwards" (Ringler and Flachmann, p. 70).

9 *to certify* to inform (with the added sense of guaranteeing the certainty/truth of the information).

10 *Old errors are hard to be removed* playing on the proverb, "Custom (use) is another (a second) nature" (*Tilley* C932).

11 *good point* good juncture; the precise moment for decision or action.

12 *ghostly father* a confessor or spiritual director.

13 *voided* absent from.

sacrament?'[1] 'Why sir,' quod she, 'I did send for you once, and when you came they posed[2] you so with Holy Writ[3] and saints' writings that you could say nothing but call them "heretics," and that they had made the New Testament themselves.'

Railing and slandering are the papists' Scriptures.

"'Yea,' quod he, 'but did I not bid you take heed then, and told you how God would plague you?' 'Yes, good sir,' quod she, 'you did, and now to my pain I find you too true a prophet. But I beseech you forgive me and pray to God for me, and whatsoever you will teach me, that will I believe unto the death.' 'Well,' quod he, 'God refuseth no sinners that will repent,[5] and therefore in any case believe that Christ's flesh, body, soul, and bone is as it was born of our Blessed Lady in the consecrated host, and see that therefore you worship it, pray, and offer to it. For by it any of your friends' souls may be brought out of Purgatory[6] (which these new heretics say is no place at all—but when their souls fry in it, they shall tell me another tale). And that you may know that all I say is true, and that the mass can deliver such as trust in it from all manner of sins, I will by and by[7] say you a mass that shall restore your sight and health.'

A true coal prophet.[4]

Ghostly counsel of a popish confessor.

No such persuasion as miracles chiefly in helping one from grief.

"Then took he out of his bosom a wafer cake[8] and called for wine. And then, shutting the door unto him, revised himself in a surplice,[10] and upon a table set before the bed he laid his porteous,[11] and thereout he said mass. And when he came to the elevation,[12] he lifted up the cake and said to my dame (which in two days afore saw nothing), 'Wipe thine eyes, thou sinful woman, and look upon thy Maker.' With that she lifted up herself and saw the cake, and had her sight and her health as well as ever she had before. When mass was done she thanked God and him exceedingly, and he gave charge that she should tell to no

Veritas quaerit angulos.[9]

A young knave made an old woman's maker.

---

[1] *Christ's flesh in the sacrament* the belief in transubstantiation. See p. 249, note 9 and p. 250, note 4.

[2] *posed* confused or perplexed (with questions about). As Ringler and Flachmann note, "the Reformers were shocked at the ignorance of some of the clergy. Bishop Hooper, on a visitation in 1551, found that half the clergy he examined could not repeat the Ten Commandments, and more than a tenth did not know where the Lord's Prayer appeared in the Bible" (p. 70). However, for a more balanced appraisal of the actual extent of clerical ignorance before the English Reformation, see C. Haigh, *English Reformations: Religion, Politics, and Society under the Tudors* (Oxford, 1993), pp. 40-44.

[3] *Holy Writ* the Bible.

[4] *A true coal prophet* not in *OED*; perhaps a "coal-black" or "evil" prophet.

[5] *God refuseth no sinners that will repent* Catholics believed that confession, contrition, and penance could reduce divine punishment for sin, while the reformers held that one could do nothing to win salvation, that it was a gift from God to the elect.

[6] *Purgatory* in Catholic doctine, that median place between Heaven and Hell, where the faithful pay the penalties for their forgiven sins, being purged before they can ascend to Heaven; Catholics believed that the prayers of the living could speed the departed souls through Purgatory.

[7] *by and by* immediately, at once.

[8] *wafer cake* the thin disk of unleavened bread used at the Eucharist in the Western Church before the Reformation, and subsequently in the rituals of Roman Catholics, Lutherans, and some Anglicans; the compound "wafer-cake" carries with it connotations of hostility and contempt, since it was the term which reformers used when challenging and dismissing the Catholic doctrines surrounding the Eucharist.

[9] *Veritas quaerit angulos* Latin, "truth seeks out corners."

[10] *revised himself in a surplice* "revised": dressed himself (not in *OED*); "surplice": a loose vestment of white linen having wide sleeves and, in the amplest form, reaching to the feet, worn (usually over a cassock) by clerics and others taking part in church services.

[11] *porteous* a portable breviary in the medieval church; a breviary is the book containing the "Divine office" for each day—consisting of psalms, collects, and lections or readings from Scripture and the lives of saints—which those who are in religious orders (i.e., priests, monks, etc.) are bound to recite.

[12] *the elevation* During the Roman Catholic mass, the consecrated host is lifted up so it may be adored by the congregation; once again, a practice thought idolatrous by the reformers.

young folks how she was holp,[1] for his bishop had throughout the diocese forbidden them to say or sing any mass, but commanded her that secretly unto old honest men and women she should at all times most devoutly rehearse[3] it. And by reason of this miracle, many are so confirmed in that belief that, although by a common law all masses upon penalty were since forbidden,[4] divers[5] have them privily and nightly said in their chambers until this day.

Old folk are lighter of credit than young.[2]

Cats hear many privy night masses.

"'Marry sir,' quod Pol-noir, 'this was either a mighty miracle or else a mischievous subtlety of a magistical[6] minister. But sure if the priest by magical art blinded her not afore, and so by like magical sorcery cured her again, it were as good for us to hire him or other priests at our delivery to sing a mass before our kitlings, that they might in their birth be delivered of their blindness.[7] And sure, if I knew the priest, it should scape me hard but I would have one litter of kitlings in some chamber where he useth now to say his privy night masses.' 'What need that?' quod Mouseslayer, 'it would do them no good. For I myself, upon like consideration, kittened since in another mistress's chamber of mine where a priest every day said mass; but my kitlings saw naught the better, but rather the worse.'

Sorcerers may make folk blind.

Why masses may serve well.

Devout kitlings that heard mass so young.

"But when I heard that the lord with whom I went into the country would to London to dwell again, I kept the house so well[8] for a month before that my lady when she went carried me with her. And when I was come to London again, I went in visitation to mine old acquaintance. And when I was great with kitling, because I would not be unpurveyed[9] of a place to kitten in, I got in favour and household with an old gentlewoman, a widow, with whom I passed out this whole year.

Flatters are diligent when they spy a profit.

"This woman got her living by boarding young gentlemen, for whom she kept always fair wenches in store, for whose sake she had the more resort.[10] And to tell you the truth of her trade, it was fine and crafty, and not so dangerous as deceitful. For when she had soaked from young gentlemen all that they had, then would she cast them off, except they fell to cheating. Wherefore many of them in the nighttime would go abroad and bring the next morning home with them sometimes money, sometime jewels (as rings or chains), sometime apparel; and sometime they would come again cursing their ill fortune, with nothing save peradventure dry blows or wet wounds. But whatsoever they brought, my dame would take it and find the means either so to gage[12] it that she would never fetch it again, or else melt it and sell it to the goldsmiths.

The trade of an old gentlewoman.

Whores, gaming, and good hostesses make many gentlemen make shameful shifts.

All is fish that cometh to the net.[11]

---

1 *holp* i.e., helped.

2 *Old folk are lighter of credit than young* i.e., the old are more gullible than the young.

3 *rehearse* repeat.

4 *by a common law all masses upon penalty were since forbidden* See p. 263, note 8.

5 *divers* here an indefinite numeral word expressing multiplicity, without committing the speaker to "many" or "few."

6 *magistical* not in *OED*; perhaps derived from "mage" meaning magician; or from "magic."

7 *at our delivery to sing a mass before our kitlings … blindness* Pol-noir suggests that the cat community should hire priests to say the mass while females give birth, since the old blind woman's experience offers the hope that the natural "blindness" of newborn kittens would be instantly remedied.

8 *kept the house so well* either she protected or guarded the house so well; or she stayed indoors, or confined herself to the house, often figuratively used to mean "stayed in the house for the purpose of guarding it."

9 *unpurveyed* unfurnished, unsupplied (with something).

10 *resort* access to.

11 *All is fish that cometh to the net* proverb, referring to people who turn all circumstances to their advantage or profit (*Tilley* A136).

12 *gage* pawn.

"And notwithstanding that she used these wicked practices, yet was she very holy and religious. And therefore, although that all images were forbidden,[1] yet kept she one of Our Lady in her coffer.[3] And every night, when everybody were gone to bed and none in her chamber but she and I, then would she fetch Her out, and set Her upon her cupboard, and light up two or three wax candles afore Her, and then kneel down to Her, sometime an whole hour, saying over her beads[4] and praying Her to be good unto her and to save her and all her guests both from danger and shame, and promising that then she would honour and serve Her during all her life.

A Catholic queen.[2]

Images cannot see to hear, except they have much light.

Our Lady is hired to play the bawd.[5]

"While I was with this woman I was always much cherished and made of, for on nights while she was a-praying, I would be playing with her beads and always catch them as she let them fall, and would sometime put my head in the compass of them and run away with them about my neck, whereat many times she took great pleasure, yea and so did Our Lady too. For my dame would say sometimes to Her, 'Yea, Blessed Lady, I know thou hearest me by thy smiling at my cat.'

Old women love their cats well.

The image laughed to see the cat play with her dame's beads.

"And never did my dame do me any hurt save once, and that I was even with her for; and that was thus. There was a gentleman, one of her boarders, much enamoured in the beauty of a merchantman's wife in the city, whom he could by no means persuade to satisfy his lust. Yea, when he made her great banquets, offered her rich apparel and all kind of jewels precious which commonly women delight in, yea and large sums of money which corrupt even the gods themselves, yet could he by no means alter her mind, so much she esteemed her good name and honesty. Wherefore, forced through desire of that which he could not but long for, and so much the more because it was most earnestly denied him, he broke[7] his mind to my dame, and entreated her to aid him to win this young woman's favour, and promised her for her labour whatsoever she would require.

Love is loiterers' occupation.

An honest wife.

Quid non mortalia pectora cogis, auri sacra fames?[6]

"Whereupon my dame, which was taken for as honest as any in the city, found the means to desire this young woman to a dinner. And against she should come,[9] my dame gave me a piece of pudding which she had filled full of mustard, which as soon as I had eaten wrought so in my head that it made mine eyes run all the day after; and to mend this she blew pepper in my nose to make me neese.[10] And when the young wife was come, after that my dame had showed her all the commodities of her house (for women delight much to show forth what they have), they set them down together at the table, none save only

All is not gold that glistereth.[8]

Mustard purgeth the head and pepper maketh one neese.

Women are glorious.

---

1 *all images were forbidden* The Royal Injunctions of 1547 ordered the removal of "abused" images (statues, crosses, and the like) from all churches; it was the injunction which caused the most popular opposition in that year at the parish-level.

2 *A Catholic queen* more often spelled "quean": harlot, strumpet, whore.

3 *Our Lady in her coffer* "Our Lady": Mary, the mother of Jesus Christ; "coffer": a strong box in which money or valuables were kept.

4 *saying over her beads* i.e., praying the Rosary, a Roman Catholic devotion dedicated to the Virgin Mary (Our Lady), which consists of a set number of "Hail Marys" and "Our Fathers"; the user keeps track of the number he or she has said by counting them out on a series of small perforated balls threaded on a string or chain. The reformers attacked the Rosary as another example of Roman Catholic idolatry and superstition.

5 *bawd* a procuress or madam.

6 *Quid non mortalia pectora cogis, auri sacra fames?* Latin, "To what dost thou not drive the hearts of men, O accursed hunger for gold!" (Virgil, *Aeneid*, 3.56-57).

7 *broke* revealed.

8 *All is not gold that glistereth* Proverb (*Tilley* A146).

9 *against she should come* i.e., in preparation or anticipation of her arrival.

10 *neese* i.e., sneeze.

they two. And while they were in gossips' talk about the behaviours of this woman and that, I came as I was accustomed and sat by my dame. And when the young woman, hearing me cough and seeing me weep continually, asked what I ailed, my dame, who had tears at her commandment, sighed and, fallen as it were into a sudden dump, brast[2] forth a-weeping and said: 'In faith, mistress, I think I am the infortunatest woman alive, upon whom God hath at once poured forth all his plagues. For my husband, the honestest man that lived, He hath taken from me; and with him mine heir and only son, the most towardly[3] young man that was alive; and yet, not satisfied herewith, lo here my only daughter, which (though I say it) was as fair a woman and as fortunately married as any in this city, He hath, for her honesty[4] or cruelty I cannot tell whether, turned into this likeness, wherein she hath been above this two months, continually weeping as you see and lamenting her miserable wretchedness.'[5]

Gossips' common chat.

Women can weep when they will.[1]

There is no deceit to the cheat of an old bawd.

A shameful lie shamefully set forth.

"'The young woman, astonished at this tale, and crediting it by means of my dame's lachrymable[6] protes[ta]tion and deep dissimulation, asked her the more earnestly how and by what chance, and for what cause as she thought, she was so altered. 'Ah,' quod my dame, 'as I said before, I cannot tell what I should think; whether excuse my daughter and accuse God, or else blame her and acquit Him. For this my daughter, being as I said fortunately married, and so beloved of her husband and loving again to him as now we both too late do and forever I think shall rue, was loved exceedingly of another young man, who made great suit and labour unto her. But she, as I think all women should, esteeming her honesty and promise made to her husband the day of their marriage, refused still his desire. But because he was importunate, she came at last and told me it. And I, thinking that I did well, charged her in any case (which full oft since I have repented) that she should not consent unto him, but to shake him off with shrewd words and threatening answers. She did so; alas, alas the while. And the young man, seeing none other boot,[9] went home and fell sick; and loving so honestly and secretly that he would make none other of his counsel, forpined[10] and languished upon his bed the space of three days, receiving neither meat nor drink. And then, perceiving his death to approach, he wrote a letter, which I have in my purse, and sent it by his boy to my daughter. If you can read you shall see it; I cannot, but my daughter here could very well, and write too.' Herewith my dame wept apace, and took the letter out of her purse and gave it this young woman, who read it in form following.

Tears move young minds lightly.

Women are orators by nature.[7]

All women ought above all things to esteem their honesty.[8]

Sharp words and threatening answers will soon cool adulterers.

It is as much pity to see a woman weep as to see a goose go barefoot.[11]

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1 *Women can weep when they will* playing on the proverb, "Trust not a woman when she weeps" (*Tilley* W638) and "Women have tears of dissimulations as well as sorrow" (*Tilley* W701).

2 *brast* northern form of "burst."

3 *towardly* promising.

4 *honesty* chastity.

5 There are many sources for this "widely disseminated story of the weeping bitch ... but, as Holden pointed out, Baldwin's immediate source is 'The Fables of Alfonce,' No. 11, in William Caxton's *Fables of Aesop* (1483), where 'chienne' (bitch) is translated 'cat'"(Ringler and Flachmann, pp. 71-72).

6 *lachrymable* tearful.

7 *Women are orators by nature* Proverb, "Women are great talkers" (*Tilley* W701).

8 *All women ought above all things to esteem their honesty* cf. "She that loses her modesty and honesty has nothing else worth losing (never finds them again)" (*Tilley* M1033).

9 *none other boot* no other alternative.

10 *forpined* wasted, pined away.

11 *It is as much pity to see a woman weep as to see a goose go barefoot* Proverb (*Tilley* P365).

The Nameless Lover to the Nameless Beloved, in whose love, sith[1] he may not live, he only desireth license to die.

Cursed be the woeful time wherein mutual love first mixed the mass of my miserable carcass. Cursed be the hour that ever the fatal destinies have ought for me purveyed. Yea, cursed be the unhappy hour, may I say, in which I first saw those piercing eyes which, by insensible and unquenchable power inflaming my heart to desire, are so blind of all mercy as will rather with rigour consume my life than rue[2] my grief with one drop of pity. I sue not to you, my dear unloving love, for any kind of grace, the doubtful hope whereof despair hath long since with the pouring showers of cruel words utterly quenched. But thus much I desire, which also by right me thinketh my faithful love hath well deserved, that sith your fidelity in wedlock (which I can and must needs praise, as would to God I could not) will suffer my pined corpse no longer to retain the breath through cold cares wholly consumed, yet at the least, which is also an office of friendship before the gods meritorious, come visit him, who if ought might quench love should not love, whose mouth these three days hath taken no food, whose eyes the like time have taken no rest, whose heart this three weeks was never merry, whose mind these three months was never quiet, whose bed this seven nights was never made, and who (to be brief) is in all parts so enfeebled that living he dieth and dead awhile he liveth. And when this silly ghost[3] shall leave this cruel and miserable prison, in recompense of his love, life, and death, let those white and tender hands of yours close up those open windows[4] through which the uncomfortable light of your beauty shone first into his heart. If you refuse this to do, I beseech the gods immortal, to whom immediately I go, that as without any kind of either love or kindness you have caused me to die, so that none other caught with your beauty do likewise perish; I beseech (I say) the just gods that either they change that honest stony heart, or else disfigure that fair merciless favour.[5] Thus, for want of force either to endite[6] or write any more, I take my leave, desiring you either to come and see me die, or if I be dead before, to see me honestly buried.

Yours unregarded alive. G.S.[7]

A tender heart is easily pierced.

"When the young woman had read this letter, she took it again to my dame, and with much to do to withhold her swelling tears, she said, 'I am sorry for your heaviness,[8] much more for this poor man's, but most of all for your daughter's. But what did she after she saw this letter?' 'Ah,' quod my dame, 'she esteemed it as she did his suits before. She sent him a rough answer in writing; but or ever the boy came home with it, his master was dead.

Women's answers are never to seek.[9]

---

1 *sith* since.

2 *rue* pity, feel sorrow for.

3 *silly* deserving of pity, compassion or sympathy; *ghost* spirit.

4 *those open windows* i.e., his eyes.

5 *favour* face.

6 *endite* obsolete form of "indict," meaning "to condemn or reproach."

7 *G.S.* "the initials of the reporter, Gregory Streamer" (Ringler and Flachmann, p. 73).

8 *heaviness* sorrow, grief.

9 *Women's answers are never to seek* Proverb, "A woman's answer is never to seek" (*Tilley* W670); cf. "A woman is never without an excuse" (W654).

Within two days after, my son-in-law (her husband) died suddenly. And within two days after, as she sat here with me lamenting his death, a voice cried aloud, "Ah, flinty heart, repent thy cruelty." And immediately (oh, extreme rigor!) she was changed as you now see her. Whereupon I gather that though God would have us keep our faith to our husbands, yet rather than any other should die for our sakes, we should not make any conscience[1] to save their lives. For it fareth[2] in this point as it doth in all other; for as all extremities are vices, so is it a vice, as appeareth plainly by the punishment of my daughter, to be too extreme in honesty, chastity, or any other kind of virtue.'

Note the craft of a bawd.

All extremities are to be forsaken.[3]

"'This, with other talk of my dame in the dinner time, so sank into the young woman's mind that the same afternoon she sent for the gentleman whom she had erst[5] so constantly refused and promised him that, if he would appoint her an unsuspected place, she would be glad to meet him to fulfill all his lust, which he appointed to be the next day at my dame's house. Where, when they were all assembled, I, minding to acquit my dame for giving me mustard, caught a quick[6] mouse, whereof my dame always was exceedingly afraid, and came with it under her clothes and there let it go, which immediately crope[7] up upon her leg. But Lord, how she bestirred her then; how she cried out; and how pale she looked. And I, to amend the matter, making as though I leaped at the mouse, all to-bescrat[8] her thighs and her belly, so that I dare say she was not whole again in two months after. And when the young woman, to whom she showed her pounced[9] thighs, said I was an unnatural daughter to deal so with my mother, 'Nay, nay,' quod she, 'I cannot blame her, for it was through my counsel that she suffered all this sorrow. And yet I dare say she did it against her will, thinking to have caught the mouse, which else I dare say would have crept into my belly.' By this means was this innocent woman, otherwise invincible, brought to consent to commit whoredom.

Evil communication confoundeth good virtues.[4]

Cats are malicious. Women are afraid of their own shadows. The cat payeth her dame for her mustard.

It is an unnatural child that will hurt the mother.

Let young women take heed of old bawds.

"Shortly after, this young woman begged me of my dame; and to her I went, and dwelled with her all that year. In which year, as all the cats in the parish can tell, I never disobeyed or transgressed our holy law in refusing the concupiscential[10] company of any cat nor the act of generation, although sometimes it were more painful to me than pleasant, if it were offered in due and convenient time. Indeed, I confess I refused Catch-rat, and bit him and scrat him, which our law forbiddeth. For on a time this year when I was great with kitlings, which he of a proud stomach refused to help to get,[11] although I earnestly wooed him thereto; what time he loved so much his own daughter Slick-skin that all other seemed

Cats have laws among them which they keep better than we do ours.

He that despiseth those that love him shall be despised of them that he loveth.

---

1 *make any conscience* "make it a matter of [any] conscience; have [any] scruples about"; "not allow scruples to prevent saving" (Ringler and Flachmann, p. 73).

2 *it fareth* it happens, turns out.

3 *All extremities are to be forsaken* a variation on the proverb, "The golden mean [i.e., the middle path or way] is best" (*Tilley* M792).

4 *Evil communication confoundeth good virtues* Proverb, "Evil communications (words) corrupt good manners" (*Tilley* C558; cf. 1 Corinthians 15:33).

5 *erst* earlier.

6 *quick* living.

7 *crope* i.e., crept.

8 *to-bescrat* i.e., bescratch: covered with scratches, scratched all over.

9 *pounced* beaten or bruised.

10 *concupiscential* lustful.

11 *to help to get* to help conceive through sexual intercourse.

vile in his sight, which also esteemed him as much as he did the rest—that is, never a whit. In this time (I say) when I was great with kitling, I found him in a gutter eating a bat which he had caught that evening; and as you know not only we, but also women in our case, do oft long for many things, so I then longed for a piece of the reremouse,[1] and desired him, for saving of my kitten, to give me a morsel, though it were but of the leather-like wing. But he, like an unnatural, ravenous churl, eat it all up and would give me none. And as men do nowadays to their wives, he gave me bitter words, saying we longed for wantonness and not for any need. This grieved me so sore, chiefly for the lack of that I longed for, that I was sick two days after, and had not it been for good dame Isegrim, who brought me a piece of a mouse and made me believe it was of a back,[2] I had lost my burden by kittening ten days before my time.

Cats do long while they be with kitten.

There be churls among cats as well as among Christian folk.

It is the conceit of a thing and not the thing itself that is longed for.

"When I was recovered and went abroad again, about three days, this cruel churl met me and needs would have been doing[3] with me. To whom, when I had made answer according to his deserts, and told him withal, which he might see too by my belly what case I was in, tush, there was no remedy (I think he had eaten savoury[4]), but for all that I could say, he would have his will. I, seeing that, and that he would ravish me perforce,[5] I cried out for help as loud as ever I could squawl, and to defend myself till succour came I scrat and bit as hard as ever I could. And this notwithstanding, had not Isegrim and her son Lightfoot come the sooner (who both are here and can witness), he would have marred[6] me quite. Now, whether I might in this case refuse him, and do as I did without breach of our holy law, which forbiddeth us females to refuse any males not exceeding the number of ten in a night, judge you, my lords, to whom the interpretation of the laws belongeth.

Churls must be churlishly served.

Savoury is an hot herb provoking lust in cats.

A law for adultery among cats.

"'Yes, surely,' quod Grisard, 'for in the third year of the reign of Glascalon, at a court holden in Catwood, as appeareth in the records, they decreed upon that exception, forbidding any male in this case to force any female, and that upon great penalties. But to let this pass, whereof we were satisfied in your purgation the first night, tell us how you behaved you with your new mistress, and that as briefly as you can; for lo where Corleonis is almost plain west, whereby ye know the goblins' hour approacheth.'[7]

Glascalon was chief prince of the cats after Grimolochin.

After one o'clock at midnight the goblins go abroad, and as soon as any cock croweth, which is their hour, that is at three, they return homeward.

"After I was come to my young mistress," quod Mouse-slayer, "she made much of me, thinking that I had been my old dame's daughter, and many tales she told thereof to her gossips. My master also made much of me, because I would take meat in my foot and therewith put it in my mouth and feed. In this house dwelt an ungracious fellow who, delighting much in unhappy turns,[9] on a time took four walnut shells and filled them full of soft pitch, and put them upon my feet, and then put my feet into cold water till the pitch

Divers men delight in divers fond[8] things.
A cat was shoed.

---

1 *reremouse* bat.

2 *back* i.e., bat.

3 *doing* having sex.

4 *savoury* "the herb satureia, considered an aphrodisiac by Ovid (*Ars Amatoria* 2.415) and Martial (3.75.4)" (Ringler and Flachmann, p. 73).

5 *ravish me perforce* seize upon me, or rape me forcibly, violently.

6 *marred* mangled, disfigured.

7 *where Corleonis … goblins' hour approacheth* according to Ringler and Flachmann, Corleonis is "a fixed star in the constellation Leo" (p. 73); in reference to the "goblins' hour," Ringler and Flachmann say that "the superstition is as old as the fourth century AD. Cf. *Hamlet* 1.1.152" (p. 73).

8 *fond* foolish.

9 *turns* tricks or practical jokes.

was hardened, and then he let me go. But Lord, how strange it was to me to go in shoes, and how they vexed me, for when I ran upon any steep thing they made me slide and fall down. Wherefore all that afternoon, for anger that I could not get off my shoes, I hid me in a corner of the garret which was boarded, under which my master and mistress lay. And at night when they were all in bed, I spied a mouse playing in the floor; and when I ran at her to catch her, my shoes made such a noise upon the boards that it waked my master, who was a man very fearful of spirits. And when he with his servants harkened well to the noise, which went pit-pat, pit-pat, as it had been the trampling of a horse, they waxed[2] all afraid and said surely it was the Devil.

Natural delight expelleth melancholy.

The fearful are always suspicious.[1]

"And as one of them, a hardy fellow (even he that had shoed me), came upstairs to see what it was, I went downward to meet him and made such a rattling that, when he saw my glistering eyes, he fell down backward and broke his head, crying out, 'The Devil, the Devil, the Devil.' Which his master and all the rest hearing, ran naked as they were into the street and cried the same cry.

Wickedness is a scourge itself to such as invent it.

"Whereupon the neighbours arose and called up, among other, an old priest, who lamented much the lack of holy water which they were forbidden to make.[3] Howbeit,[4] he went to church and took out of the font some of the christening water, and took his chalice and therein a wafer unconsecrate,[5] and put on a surplice, and his stole[6] about his neck, and fet[7] out of his chamber a piece of holy candle which he had kept two year. And herewith he came to the house, and with his candle-light in the one hand and a holy-water sprinkle[8] in the other hand, and his chalice and wafer in sight of his bosom, and a pot of font-water at his girdle, up he came praying towards the garret, and all the people after him.

Holy water was good for conjurers.

This fellow thought to beguile the Devil.

A conjurer can have no better apparel.

"And when I saw this, and thinking I should have seen some mass that night, as many nights before in other places I had, I ran towards them thinking to meet them. But when the priest heard me come, and by a glimpsing had seen me, down he fell upon them that were behind him, and with his chalice hurt one, with his water pot another, and his holy candle fell into another priest's breech beneath (who, while the rest were hawsoning[9] me, was conjuring[10] our maid at the stair foot) and all to-besinged[11] him, for he was so afraid

Cats hear mo[re] masses than all men hear of.

Priests have been good conjurers of such kind of spirits.

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1 *The fearful are always suspicious* Cf. the proverb, "Who is in fault (guilty) suspects everybody" (*Tilley* F117).

2 *waxed* grew.

3 *holy water which they were forbidden to make* The Royal Injunctions of 1547 also forbade certain customary ceremonies of the Roman Catholic church, such as the blessing of water in preparation for its use in being poured or sprinkled over people and/or objects in a ritual blessing.

4 *Howbeit* nevertheless.

5 *chalice and therein a wafer unconsecrate* "chalice": the cup in which the wine is contained, consecrated, and then administered in the Roman Catholic celebration of the Eucharist or Lord's Supper; here, it is holding the wafer of unleavened bread; the bread is "unconsecrate," meaning that it has not yet been transformed through the sacrifice of the Eucharist into the body of Christ. See p. 249, note 9.

6 *surplice, and his stole* "surplice": see p. 264, note 10; "stole": a vestment consisting of a narrow strip of silk or linen, worn over the shoulders and hanging down to the knee or lower; often referred to as the vestment worn by a priest when he is engaged in exorcism or conjuration.

7 *fet* fetched.

8 *holy-water sprinkle* device for sprinkling holy water.

9 *hawsoning* "exorcizing" (Ringler and Flachmann, p. 73); not in *OED.*

10 *conjuring* beseeching, imploring (Baldwin implies that the priest takes the opportunity to tempt the household's maid to sexual incontinence). But cf. p. 274, note 6.

11 *to-besinged* completely singed, burned.

with the noise of the rest which fell that he had not the power to put it out. When I saw all this business, down I ran among them where they lay on heaps. But such a fear as they were all in then I think was never seen afore; for the old priest, which was so tumbled among them that his face lay upon a boy's bare arse, which belike was fallen headlong under him, was so astonished that, when the boy, which for fear had beshit himself, had all to-rayed[1] his face, he neither felt nor smelt it, nor removed from him.

Fear taketh away the senses.

"Then went I to my dame, which lay among the rest God knoweth very madly, and so mewed and curled about her that at last she said, 'I ween[3] it be my cat.' That hearing the knave that had shoed me, and calling to mind that erst he had forgot, said it was so indeed and nothing else. That hearing the priest, in whose holy breech the holy candle all this while lay burning, he took heart a grace,[4] and before he was spied rose up and took the candle in his hand, and looked upon me and all the company, and fell a-laughing at the handsome lying of his fellow's face. The rest, hearing him, came every man to himself and arose and looked upon me, and cursed the knave which had shoed me, who would in no case be aknown of it. This done, they got hot water and dissolved the pitch and plucked off my shoes. And then every man (after they desired each other not to be aknown of this night's work) for shame departed to their lodgings, and all our household went to bed again."

A liar and a doer of shrewd turns ought to have a good memory.[2]

One hardy man encourageth many cowards.

Silence is the best friend that shame hath.

When all the cats, and I too for company, had laughed at this space, Mouse-slayer proceeded and said, "After this about three-quarters of a year, which was at Whitsuntide[5] last, I played another prank, and that was this. The gentleman, who by mine old dame's lying and my weeping was accepted and retained of my mistress, came often home to our house, and always in my master's absence was doing with my dame. Wherefore, desirous that my master might know it (for they spent his goods so lavishly between them that, notwithstanding his great trade of merchandise, they had, unweeting[6] to him, almost undone[7] him already), I sought how I might bewray[8] them. Which as hap would,[9] at the time remembered afore, came to pass thus. While this gentleman was doing with my dame, my master came in—so suddenly that he had no leisure to pluck up his hose,[11] but with them about his legs ran into a corner behind the painted cloth,[12] and there stood (I warrant you) as still as a mouse. As soon as my master came in, his wife, according to her old wont,[13] caught him about his neck and kissed him, and devised many means to have got him forth again. But he, being weary, sat down and called for his dinner. And when she saw there was none

The author laughed in a cat's voice.

Adulterers are diligent in waiting their times.

A wanton wife and a back door will soon make a rich man poor.[10]

Chance oftentimes betrayeth evil.

None seem outwardly so loving as whores.

---

1 *to-rayed* completely soiled.

2 *A liar and a doer of shrewd turns ought to have a good memory* Proverb, "A liar should have a good memory" (*Tilley* L219).

3 *ween* think, believe.

4 *he took heart a grace* i.e., he plucked up his courage.

5 *Whitsuntide* Whit Sunday and the days immediately following it. Whit Sunday is the seventh Sunday after Easter, observed as a festival of the Christian Church in commemoration of the descent of the Holy Spirit upon the apostles on the day of Pentecost.

6 *unweeting* unknowing.

7 *undone* ruined.

8 *bewray* betray; expose (a person) by divulging a secret to his or her discredit.

9 *as hap would* i.e., as fortune willed it, as it chanced.

10 *A wanton wife and a back door will soon make a rich man poor* Proverb, "A nice wife and a back door do often make a rich man poor" (*Tilley* W370; cf. B21 and D48).

11 *hose* breeches, stockings, or leggings.

12 *painted cloth* a tapestry, a hanging for a room painted or worked with figures, mottoes, or texts.

13 *wont* custom, habit.

other remedy, she brought it him, which was a mess of potage[1] and a piece of beef, whereas she and her franion[3] had broke their fast with capons,[4] hot venison, marrow bones, and all other kind of dainties.

Sine Baccho et cetera friget Venus.[2]

"I, seeing this, and minding to show my master how he was ordered, got behind the cloth, and to make the man speak I all to-pawed him with my claws upon his bare legs and buttocks. And for all this, he stood still and never moved. But my master heard me and, thinking I was catching a mouse, bade my dame go help me. Who, knowing what beast was there, came to the cloth and called me away, saying, 'Come puss, come puss,' and cast me meat into the floor. But I, minding another thing, and seeing that scratching could not move him, suddenly I leaped up and caught him by the genitals with my teeth, and bit so hard that, when he had restrained more than I thought any man could, at last he cried out, and caught me by the neck thinking to strangle me. My master, not smelling but hearing such a rat as was not wont to be about such walls, came to the cloth and lift it up, and there found this bare-arst gentleman strangling me who had his stones[7] in my mouth. And when I saw my master I let go my hold, and the gentleman his. And away I ran immediately to the place where I now dwell, and never came there since. So that how they agreed among them I cannot tell, nor never durst[9] go see for fear of my life.

Fear overcometh smart.[5]

All are not mice that are behind painted cloths.

It is justice to pun[i]sh those parts that offend.[6]

Whoredom will be known be it never so warily hid.[8]

"'Thus have I told you, my good lords, all things that have been done and happened through me, wherein you perceive my loyalty and obedience to all good laws, and how shamelessly and falsely I am accused for a transgressor. And I pray you, as you have perceived, so certify my liege great Cammoloch (whose life both Hagat and Heg preserve) of my behaviour."

There be false accusers among all kind of creatures.

When Grisard, Isegrim, and Pol-noir, the commissioners, had heard this declaration and request of Mouse-slayer, they praised her much. And after that they had commanded her, with all the cats there, to be on St. Catherine's day[12] next ensuing at Caithness where, as they said, Cammoloch would hold his court, they departed. And I, glad to have heard that I heard, and sorry that I had not understood what was said the other two nights before, got me to my bed and slept a-good.

Justices should cherish the innocents accused.[10]

Travail and watching maketh sound sleeping.[11]

And the next morning, when I went out into the garden, I heard a strange cat ask of our cat what Mouse-slayer had done before the commissioners those three nights. To whom

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1 *mess of potage* a portion of a kind of liquid, partly liquid or pulpy food, such as milk, broth, porridge, boiled vegetables, etc.

2 *Sine Baccho et cetera friget Venus* Proverb, "Without Ceres and Bacchus, Venus grows cold" (*Tilley* C211). Ceres is the classical goddess of the harvest; Bacchus the god of wine; and Venus the goddess of love and desire.

3 *franion* gallant or paramour.

4 *capons* castrated cocks (considered a delicacy in the period).

5 *smart* sharp, physical pain.

6 *It is justice to pun[i]sh those parts that offend* a variation on Matthew 18:8-9: "And if thine eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee." Cf. *Tilley* E226, F225, and T419.

7 *stones* testicles.

8 *Whoredom will be known be it never so warily hid* a variation on the proverb, "Murder will out" (*Tilley* M1315; cf. T591), indicating that there is no crime or sin, no matter how well concealed, that will not eventually be exposed.

9 *durst* dared.

10 *Justices should cherish the innocents accused* not in *Tilley*.

11 *Travail and watching maketh sound sleeping* "travail": labour; "watching": staying awake.

12 *St. Catherine's day* "November 25th, in the northernmost county in Scotland, used in this sentence for its alliterative effect" (Ringler and Flachmann, p. 74). Caithness is in north-east Scotland (*Topographical Dict.*, p. 89).

our cat answered, that she had purged herself of a crime that was laid to her charge by Catch-rat, and declared her whole life for six years' space. "Whereof in the first two years as she said," said she, "she had five masters: a priest, a baker, a lawyer, a broker,[1] and a butcher; all whose privy deceits which she had seen she declared the first night. In the next two years she had seven masters: a bishop, a knight, a pothecary, a goldsmith, an usurer, an alchemist,[2] and a lord; whose cruelty, study, craft, cunning, niggishness,[3] folly, waste, and oppression she declared the second night, wherein this doing was notable. Because the knight, having a fair lady to his wife, gave his mind so much to his book that he seldom lay with her, this cat, pitying her mistress and minding to fray[4] him from lying alone, on a night when her master lay from her, got to his mouth and drew so his breath that she almost stifled him. A like part she played with the usurer, who, being rich and yet living miserably and feigning him poor, she got one day, while his treasure chest stood open, and hid her therein; whereof he not knowing locked her in it. And when at night he came thither again and heard one stirring there, and thinking it had been the Devil, he called the priest and many other persons to come and help him to conjure.[6] And when in their sight he opened his chest, out leaped she and they saw what riches he had and cessed[7] him thereafter. As for what was done and said yesternight, both of my lord Grisard's hard adventure and of Mouse-slayer's bestowing her other two last years, which is nothing in comparison of any of the other two years before, I need not tell you for you were present and heard it yourself."

Mouse-slayer was six year old.

Cats change their dwellings often.

Men ought to lie with their wives.

A niggard[5] *is neither good to his self nor to any other.*

The Devil delighteth to dwell among money.
All in this book is nothing in comparison of that the cat told before.

This talk, lo, I heard between these two cats. And then I got me in, and broke my fast with bread and butter, and dined at noon with common meat,[8] which so repleted my head again and my other powers in the first digestion, that by nighttime they were as gross as ever they were before. For when I harkened at night to other two cats, which as I perceived by their gestures spoke of the same matter, I understood never a word.

Gross meats make gross wits.

Lo, here have I told you all (chiefly you, my lord[9]) a wonderful matter, and yet as incredible as it is wonderful. Notwithstanding, when I may have convenient time, I will tell you other things which these eyes of mine have seen and these ears of mine have heard, and that of mysteries so far passing this, that all which I have said now shall in comparison thereof be nothing at all to be believed.[10] In the meanwhile, I will pray you to help to get me some money to convey me on my journey to Caithness, for I have been going thither these five years and never was able to perform my journey.

Wonders are incredible.

In comparison of a diamond, crystal hath no colour.
Poverty hindreth many excellent attempts.

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1 *broker* pawnbroker or agent; sometimes also a procurer or pimp.

2 *alchemist* a person who studies and practises alchemy, the chemistry of the Middle Ages and sixteenth century.

3 *niggishness* niggardliness; stinginess.

4 *fray* frighten, scare [him] away from.

5 *niggard* stingy, miserly person.

6 *to conjure* to summon (a devil or spirit) to appear or do one's bidding, by using a magic spell; although it seems here to mean "exorcize," to purify a place of demons or evil spirits through the use of sacred ritual or magic spells, the *OED* assigns the first use of "conjure" in this sense to 1862.

7 *cessed* taxed; the process of officially estimating the taxable value of (property, land, etc.).

8 *common meat* ordinary or usual food for a noonday meal.

9 *my lord* Master Ferrers. See p. 239, note 5.

10 *I will tell you … nothing at all to be believed* Baldwin plays here on 1 Corinthians 2:9: "But as it is written, eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

When Master Ferrers had promised that he would, every man shut up his shop windows,[1] which the fore-said talk kept open two hours longer than they should have been.

AN EXHORTATION

I know these things will seem marvellous to many men, that cats should understand and speak, have a governor among themselves, and be obedient to their laws. And were it not for the approved authority of the ecstatical[2] author of whom I heard it, I should myself be as doubtful as they. But seeing I know the place[3] and the persons with whom he talked of these matters before he experimented his wonderful and strange confections, I am the less doubtful of any truth therein. Wherefore, seeing he hath in his oration proved that cats do understand us and mark our secret doings, and so declare them among themselves; that through help of the medicines by him described any man may, as he did, understand them; I would counsel all men to take heed of wickedness, and eschew secret sins and privy mischievous counsels, lest, to their shame, all the world at length do know thereof. But if any man, for doubt hereof, do put away[4] his cat, then shall his so doing testify his secret naughty[5] living, which he is more ashamed his cat should see than God and His angels, which see, mark, and behold all men's closest doings.[6]

And that we may take profit by this declaration of Master Streamer, let us so live, both openly and privily that neither our own cat, admitted to all secrets, be able to declare aught of us to the world save what is laudable and honest; nor the Devil's cat, which will we or nill we[7] seeth and writeth all our ill doings, have ought to lay against us afore the face of God, who not only with shame but with everlasting torment will punish all sin and wickedness. And ever when thou goest about anything, call to mind this proverb, *Beware the Cat*;[8] not to tie up thy cat till thou have done, but to see that neither thine own nor the Devil's cat (which cannot be tied up) find anything therein whereof to accuse thee to thy shame.

Thus doing, thou canst not do amiss; but shalt have such good report through the cat's declaration, that thou shalt, in recompence of Master Streamer's labour who giveth thee this warning, sing unto God this hymn of his making.

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1 *shop windows* i.e., eyes (to cease the business of the day; go to sleep).

2 *ecstatical* i.e., ecstatic; to be in an extreme emotional or psychological state, to be in a frenzy or stupor caused by astonishment, fear or passion; it is possible that the narrator is also referring sardonically to the word's spiritual meaning, where an ecstatic state was one of rapture, a kind of "out-of-body" experience where a person becomes unaware of bodily sensation in the contemplation of things divine. However, the *OED* does not cite a use of this kind before 1652; likewise, the application to states of poetic frenzy and rapture are later than *Beware the Cat.*

3 *place* John Day's printing house. See p. 242, note 1.

4 *put away* dispose of, drive away.

5 *naughty* evil, wicked.

6 *closest doings* most concealed actions.

7 *nill we* will we not.

8 *this proverb, Beware the Cat* Although "Beware the Cat" is not listed as a proverbial expression in *Tilley*, there are a number of expressions that refer to the cat's intense gaze and its awareness of everything that goes on in a person's household. See *Tilley* C128, C169, C175, and C180.

THE HYMN

Who givest wit to whales, to apes, to owls;
And kindly speech to fish, to flesh, to fowls;
And spirit to men in soul and body clean,
To mark and know what other creatures mean;

Which hast given grace to Gregory,[1] no pope,
No king, no lord; whose treasures are their hope;
But silly priest, which like a streamer[2] waves
In ghostly good, despised of foolish knaves.

Which hast, I say, given grace to him to know
The course of things above and here below,[3]
With skill so great in languages and tongues
As never breathed from Mithridates'[4] lungs.

To whom the hunter of birds, of mice and rats,
Did speak as plain as Kate that thrummeth hats;[5]
By mean of whom is openly bewrayed
Such things as closely were both done and said.

To him grant, Lord, with healthy wealth and rest,
Long life to unload to us his learned breast;
With fame so great to overlive his grave,
As none had erst, nor any after have.

FINIS

Imprinted at London by John Allde,[6] Anno Domini 1570, and are to be sold by John Arnold at the North Door of Paul's.

—1570

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[1] *Gregory* Master Streamer's first name; the last Pope named Gregory (Gregory XII, 1380-1417) was deposed in 1409 (Ringler and Flachmann, p. 74) during the complicated Western schism when there were two rival popes, one in Rome and one in Avignon.

[2] *silly* innocent, but perhaps also foolish, or ignorant; *streamer* obviously a play on the central narrator's last name, but also a long, narrow flag; Bonahue suggests that the name "Streamer" describes "both the volubility of his talk and its tendency to meander over the textual landscape" ("'I Know the Place and the Persons,'" p. 289).

[3] *above and here below* in Heaven and on earth.

[4] *Mithridates* Mithridates VI (the Great, 120-63 BCE), king of Pontos, ruler of Asia Minor, famous for his grasp of 24 languages (*Dict. Ancient Hist.*, pp. 418-19; *Classical Dict.*, p. 418).

[5] *as Kate that thrummeth hats* "thrummeth": decorates with tufts, tassels, or fringes of thread; "Kate" a common girl's name in the period.

[6] *John Allde* also spelled Aldaye and Aldye (*fl.* 1555-92); he was a stationer and printer, and from 1560 to 1567 he was largely a printer of ballads and broadsides, although soon after he widened his offerings to include other popular books.

from *A Mirror for Magistrates*

A Mirror for Magistrates (1559, censored; 2nd ed., 1563) is a verse anthology of *de casibus* tragedies (i.e., those concerning the "fall" of persons usually of exalted rank or status) edited by William Baldwin, but composed by a number of writers (including Thomas Churchyard, Thomas Phaer, Thomas Sackville, Thomas Chaloner, George Ferrers, and Baldwin himself). There is a strong anti-Catholic and pro-Protestant strain in some of these pieces which was probably the reason for the government's suppression of *Mirror*'s early progenitor: the 1554 edition of John Lydgate's *Fall of Princes* (1494)—itself a translation of Boccaccio's *De Casibus Virorum Illustrium*—with new tragedies aimed at updating Lydgate's account. Suppressed under the Catholic monarch Mary I (crowned, 1553), the extent of this volume's offensiveness—it does after all show the public and private flaws of England's powerful governing elites, addressing implicitly Mary I's own government through its less than flattering representation of kings and noblemen[1]—may perhaps be indicated by the unusually thorough nature of this suppression: of this work all that remains are two pages of text and some title pages. Although Baldwin and his collaborators' new additions to Lydgate's popular work focus on what might seem to us safely distanced historical events, generally that period of civil unrest in England known as The Wars of the Roses (1455-85), for his contemporaries (especially for those in power) this focus allowed for a dangerous critique of the present government and its Catholic religious commitments.[2] *A Mirror for Magistrates*' historical sources are, as Baldwin himself indicates in the text, Fabyan, Hall, and Sir Thomas More, with Hall taking precedence in certain cases when these writers disagree. Although *Mirror* is a set of *de casibus* tragedies and although Baldwin's two prefaces indicate that it is aimed largely at exposing, reproving, and correcting the failings of those in authority, a significant number of these tragedies deal with individuals of far less lofty rank than kings, noblemen, and gentlemen.[3]

[1] P. Budra, *A Mirror for Magistrates and the De Casibus Tradition* (Toronto, 2000), pp. 22-23.

[2] Ibid., pp. 22-24.

[3] In our annotations, we have used the following editions of Fabyan, Hall, and More: Robert Fabyan, *The New Chronicles of England and France* (Pynson's edition, 1516), ed. H. Ellis, London, 1811; Edward Hall, *Hall's Chronicle* [*The Union of the Two Noble and Illustrious Families of Lancaster and York* (1548; 1550)], London, 1809; Thomas More, *The History of King Richard the Third*, ed., R.S. Sylvester, *The Complete Works of St. Thomas More*, vol. 2 (New Haven, 1963).

EDITION: *A Mirrour For Magistrates*. London: [Imprinted] by Thomas Marsh, 1563. STC 1248.

ADDITIONAL ONLINE TEXT: William Baldwin, et al., "How Collingbourne Was Cruelly Executed for Making a Foolish Rhyme" in "The Second Part of the *Mirror for Magistrates*," *Mirror for Magistrates* (1563).

A Mirror for Magistrates.[4]

Love and Live[5]

To the Nobility and All Other in Office, God Grant Wisdom and All Things Needful for the Preservation of Their Estates. Amen.

Plato among many other of his notable sentences[6] concerning the government of a commonweal hath this: "Well is that realm governed in which the ambitious desire not to bear office."[7] Whereby you may perceive, Right Honourable, what offices are where they be duly executed: not gainful spoils for the greedy to hunt for, but painful toils for the heedy to be charged with.[8] You may perceive also

[4] The subtitle reads: "Wherein may be seen by example of other, with how grievous plagues vices are punished: and how frail and unstable worldly prosperity is found, even of those, whom fortune seemeth most highly to favour." It is followed by the Latin epigram *Foelix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum* ("Happy is he whom the dangers of others makes cautious"). The London printer Thomas Marsh (Marshe, Marche) (active, 1554-87) produced not just *Mirror* but an influential collection of tragedies by the Roman playwright Seneca. Budra notes that while Marsh's output was prolific and eclectic, ranging from religious works to cookbooks, he favoured later in his career the genres of tragedy and history, perhaps on account of the success of *Mirror* (*A Mirror for Magistrates*, p. 11).

[5] *Love and Live* See Baldwin's *Beware the Cat*, p. 239, note 1.

[6] *sentences* pithy wise sayings; maxims.

[7] See *Republic* 1.347 in *The Dialogues of Plato*, trans. B. Jowett, 2 vols. (New York, 1920), p. 612.

[8] *to be charged with* to have a task, duty, or responsibility laid upon.

by this sentence that there is nothing more necessary in a commonweal than that officers be diligent and trusty in their charges. And sure in whatsoever realm such provision is made that officers be forced to do their duties, there is it as hard a matter to get an officer, as it is in other places to shift off[1] and put by those that with flattery, bribes and other shifts, sue and preace[2] for offices. For the ambitious (that is to say, prollers[3] for power or gain) seek not for offices to help other,[4] for which cause offices are ordained, but with the undoing of other, to prank up[5] themselves. And therefore bar them once of this bait, and force them to do their duties, and they will give more to be rid from their charges than they did at the first to buy them, for they seek only their commodity[6] and ease. And therefore, where the ambitious seek no office, there no doubt offices are duly ministered; and where offices are duly ministered, it cannot be chosen but the people are good, whereof must needs follow a good commonweal. For if the officers be good, the people cannot be ill. Thus the goodness or badness of any realm lieth in the goodness or badness of the rulers. And therefore not without great cause do the holy apostles so earnestly charge us to pray for the magistrates:[7] for indeed the wealth and quiet of every commonweal, the disorder also and miseries of the same, come specifically through them. I need not go either to the Romans or Greeks for proof hereof, neither yet the Jews or other nations, whose commonweals have always flourished while their officers were good, and decayed and ran to ruin when naughty men had the regiment. Our own country stories (if we read and mark them) will show us examples enow;[8] would God we had not seen more than enow. I purpose not to stand here upon the particulars, because they be in part set forth in the tragedies. Yet by the way this I note, wishing all others to do the like: namely, that as good governors have never lacked their deserved renown, so have not the bad escaped infamy, besides such plagues as are horrible to hear of.

For God (the ordainer of offices) although he suffer[9] them for punishment of the people to be often occupied of such as are rather spoilers and Judases[10] than toilers or justices (whom the Scripture therefore calleth hypocrites), yet suffereth he them not to 'scape unpunished, because they dishonour him. For it is God's own office, yea his chief office, which they bear and abuse. For as justice is the chief virtue, so is the ministration thereof the chiefest office: and therefore hath God established it with the chiefest name, honouring and calling kings, and all officers under them, by his own name: gods. Ye be all gods, as many as have in your charge any ministration of justice.[11] What a foul shame were it for any now to take upon them the name and office of God, and in their doings to show themselves devils? God cannot of justice but plague such shameless presumption and hypocrisy, and that with shameful death, diseases, or infamy. How he hath plagued evil rulers from time to time, in other nations, you may see gathered in Boccas' book entitled *The Fall of Princes*, translated into English by Lydgate.[12] How he hath dealt with some of our countrymen, your ancestors, for sundry vices not yet left, this

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[1] *shift off* to get rid of (a person).

[2] *sue and preace* petition and press.

[3] *prollers* prowlers.

[4] *other* i.e., other people; others.

[5] *undoing* ruining; destroying; *prank up* show off; make ostentatious show or display.

[6] *commodity* here, selfish or private interest, profit.

[7] Paul encourages obedience and submission to "rulers and authorities" (Titus 3:1), but specifically urges Christians to pray for "kings and all who are in high positions" in 1 Timothy 2:1.

[8] *enow* enough, sufficient.

[9] *suffer* allows, permits.

[10] *Judases* so-called for Judas Iscariot, the betrayer of Jesus.

[11] Psalm 82:6.

[12] John Lydgate (c. 1370-1449/50), monk and scholar. His prodigious literary output included a number of translations of continental texts. *The Fall of Princes* (published 1494) was a free translation of the 1409 French version of *De Casibus Virorum Illustrium* ("On The Falls of Famous Men"; written between 1356 and 1360; revised 1373) by the Italian poet and humanist scholar Giovanni Boccaccio (?1313-75). *The Fall of Princes* was Lydgate's most influential and popular work (Budra, *A Mirror for Magistrates*, pp. 5-7). See headnote.

book named *A Mirror for Magistrates* can show, which therefore I humbly offer unto your Honours, beseeching you to accept it favourably. For here as in a looking glass, you shall see (if any vice be in you) how the like hath been punished in others heretofore, whereby admonished, I trust it will be a good occasion to move you to the sooner amendment. This is the chiefest end why it is set forth, which God grant it may attain.

[1]The work was begun and part of it printed in Queen Mary's time, but hindered by the Lord Chancellor that then was. Nevertheless, through the means of my Lord Stafford,[2] the first part was licensed, and imprinted the first year of the reign of this our most noble and virtuous Queen,[3] and dedicate[d] then to your Honours with this preface.

Since which time, although I have been called to another trade of life,[4] yet my good Lord Stafford hath not ceased to call upon me, to publish so much as I had gotten at other men's hands, so that through his lordship's earnest means, I have now also set forth another part, containing as little of mine own, as the first part doth of other men's. Which in the name of all the authors, I humbly dedicate unto your Honours, instantly wishing that it may so like and delight your minds that your cheerful receiving thereof may encourage worthy wits to enterprise and perform the rest; which as soon as I may procure, I intend through God's leave, and your favourable allowance, to publish with all expedition. In the meanwhile my lords and gods, (for so I may call you) I most humbly beseech your Honours[5] favourably to accept this rude[6] mirror, and diligently to read and consider it. And although you shall find in it that some have for their virtue been envied and murdered, yet cease not you to be virtuous, but do your offices to the uttermost: suppress[7] sin boldly, both in yourselves and other, so shall God (whose officers[8] you are) either so maintain you, that no malice shall prevail, or if it do, it shall be for your good, and to your eternal glory both here and in Heaven which I beseech God you may both covet and attain. Amen.

Yours most humble,

William Baldwin.

A Brief Memorial of Sundry Unfortunate Englishmen.

William Baldwin to the Reader.

When the printer had purposed with himself to print Lydgate's book of *The Fall of Princes*, and had made privy thereto many both honourable and worshipful, he was counselled by divers[9] of them

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[1] The 1st edition (1559) reads from this point instead: "The work was begun, and part of it printed four years ago, but hindered by the Lord Chancellor that then was, nevertheless, through the means of my Lord Stafford, lately perused and licensed. When I first took it in hand, I had the help of many granted, and offered of some, but of few performed, scarce of any: So that where I intended to have continued it to Queen Mary's time, I have been fain [i.e., obligated] to end it much sooner: yet so, that it may stand for a pattern, till the rest be ready: which with God's grace (if I may have any help) shall be shortly. In the meanwhile my lords and gods (for so I may call you), I most humbly beseech you, favourably to accept this rude mirror, and diligently to read and consider it. And although you shall find in it that some have for their virtue been envied and murdered, yet cease not you to be virtuous, but do your offices to the uttermost: punish sin boldly, both in yourselves and others, so shall God (whose lieutenants you are) either so maintain you that no malice shall prevail, or if it do it shall be for your good and to your eternal glory both here and in Heaven, which I beseech God you may covet and attain. Amen

Yours most humble

William Baldwin"

[2] Henry Stafford, tenth Baron Stafford (1501-63), a supporter of Henry VIII's break with Rome, although under Mary I he reconverted to Catholicism. Author of a number of translations, his efforts on behalf of Baldwin and *Mirror* may be connected to his interest in history and in the preservation of historical documents (C.S.L. Davis, "Henry Stafford, tenth Baron Stafford," *DNB online*, 2005).

[3] *Queen* i.e., Elizabeth I.

[4] *another trade of life* The available evidence suggests that Baldwin was ordained a deacon in 1559 and became vicar of Tortington (Sussex) in 1559-60; then, he became rector of St. Michael le Quern in Cheapside (London) in 1561 (N. Gutierrez, "William Baldwin," *DLB 132*, p. 25).

[5] *your Honours* "you" in 1559 Preface.

[6] *rude* crudely fashioned; of language and composition: lacking in elegance, polish; deficient in literary merit.

[7] *suppress* "punish" in 1559 Preface.

[8] *officers* "lieutenants" in 1559 Preface.

[9] *divers* various, several, sundry.

to procure to have the story continued from where as Bochas[1] left unto this present time, chiefly of such as fortune had dallied with here in this island; which might be as a mirror for all men, as well nobles as others, to show the slippery deceits of the wavering lady[2] and the due reward of all kind of vices. Which advice liked him so well, that he required me to take pains[3] therein; but because it was a matter passing my wit and skill, and more thankless than gainful to meddle in, I refused utterly to undertake it, except I might have the help of such as in wit were apt, in learning allowed, and in judgement and estimation able to wield and furnish so weighty an enterprise, thinking even so to shift my hands. But he, earnest and diligent in his affairs, procured Atlas to set under his shoulder:[4] for shortly after, divers learned men, whose many gifts need few praises, consented to take upon them part of the travail.[5] And when certain of them to the number of seven were through a general assent at an appointed time and place gathered together to devise thereupon, I resorted unto them, bearing with me the book of Bochas, translated by Dan[6] Lydgate, for the better observation of his order; which although we liked well, yet would it not comely[7] serve, seeing that both Bochas and Lydgate were dead, neither were there any alive that meddled with like argument, to whom the unfortunate might make their moan.[8]

To make therefore a state mete[9] for the matter, they all agreed that I should usurp Bochas' room,[10] and the wretched princes complain unto me: and took upon themselves every man for his part to be sundry personages, and in their behalfs to bewail unto me their grievous chances, heavy destinies, and woeful misfortunes.

This done, we opened such books of chronicles as we had there present, and Master Ferrers,[11] after he had found where Bochas left, which was about the end of King Edward III's reign, to begin the matter said thus:

"I marvel what Bochas meaneth to forget among his miserable princes such as were of our nation, whose number is as great as their adventures wonderful. For to let pass all, both Britons, Danes, and Saxons, and to come to the last Conquest,[12] what a sort are they, and some even in his own time? As for example, King Richard I, slain with a quarrel in his chief prosperity, also King John, his brother as some say, poisoned. Are not their histories rueful and of rare example? But as it should appear, he being an Italian minded most the Roman and Italic[13] story, or else perhaps he wanted[14] our country chronicles. It were therefore a goodly and notable matter to search and discourse our whole story from the first beginning of the inhabiting of the isle. But seeing the printer's mind is to have us follow where Lydgate left, we will leave that great labour to others that may intend it and (as blind bayard is always boldest[15]) I will begin at the time of Richard II, a time as

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[1] *Bochas* Boccaccio. See p. 278, note 12.

[2] Fortune was often depicted as a fickle and unpredictable woman.

[3] *take pains* work diligently and carefully.

[4] *Atlas* one of the Titans, who because he assisted the giants in making war against the gods was condemned by Jupiter (Zeus), the king of the gods, to bear the burden of the heavens on his shoulders (*Classical Dict.*, p. 100); *set* i.e., sit.

[5] *travail* labour, work.

[6] *Dan* an honorific, equivalent to "Master" or "Sir."

[7] *comely* here, properly (pleasing to aesthetic taste).

[8] In both Boccaccio's *De Casibus Virorum Illustrium* and Lydgate's *The Fall of Princes*, the fates of the fallen men are conveyed in the third person, reported by the narrative personae of Boccaccio and Lydgate themselves. In *Mirror*, this type of mediation is minimized, since the ghosts of the fallen tell their own stories in the first person (Budra, *A Mirror for Magistrates*, p. 9).

[9] *mete* fitting, appropriate.

[10] *room* an office or post (considered as pertaining to a particular person, especially by right or by inheritance).

[11] *Master Ferrers* George Ferrers (c. 1510-79), courtier, poet, MP, and justice of the peace, who edited and translated the compilation of legal and government documents, *The Great Book of Statutes* (1533). See Baldwin's *Beware the Cat*, p. 239, note 5.

[12] *last Conquest* i.e., the Norman Conquest of 1066.

[13] *Italic* Italian.

[14] *wanted* lacked, did not have.

[15] Proverb, "Who so bold (as bold) as blind bayard?" (*Tilley* B112), where a "bayard" is a bay horse. *OED* notes that the origins of this saying are obscure, but there are many proverbs that describe boldness as blind (*Tilley* B507; H634; M909).

unfortunate as the ruler therein. And forasmuch, friend Baldwin, as it shall be your charge to note, and pen orderly the whole process, I will so far as my memory and judgement serveth, somewhat further you in the truth of the story."

[...]

How King Richard II Was for His Evil Governance Deposed from His Seat, and Miserably Murdered in Prison[1]

Happy is the prince that hath in wealth the grace
To follow virtue, keeping vices under,
But woe to him whose will hath wisdom's place:
For who so renteth right and law asunder
On him at length, lo, all the world shall wonder.
High birth, choice fortune, force, nor princely mace[2]
Can warrant king or kaiser from the case;[3]
Shame sueth[4] sin, as rain drops do the thunder.
Let princes therefore virtuous life embrace,
That wilful pleasures cause them not to blunder.

Behold my hap, see how the seely rout[5]
Do gaze upon me, and each to other say:
"See where he lieth for whom none late might route,[6]
Lo how the power, the pride, and rich array
Of mighty rulers lightly fade away.
The King which erst[7] kept all the realm in doubt,
The veriest rascal now dare check and lout:[8]
What mould be kings made of but carrain[9] clay?
Behold his wounds, how blue[10] they be about,
Which while he lived, thought never to decay."

Methink I hear the people thus devise:
And therefore Baldwin sith[11] thou wilt declare
How princes fell, to make the living wise,
My vicious story in no point see thou spare,
But paint it out, that rulers may beware
Good counsel, law, or virtue to despise.
For realms have rules, a rulers have a size,[12]
Which if they keep not, doubtless say I dare
That either's griefs the other shall agrise[13]
Till the one be lost, the other brought to care.[14]

I am a king that ruled all by lust,[15]
That forced not of[16] virtue, right, or law,
But always put false flatterers most in trust,
Ensuing such as could my vices claw,[17]
By faithful counsel passing not a straw.[18]
What pleasure pricked,[19] that thought I to be just.
I set my mind to feed, to spoil, to just;[20]
Three meals a day could scarce content my maw,[21]
And all to augment my lecherous mind that must
To Venus' pleasures alway be in awe.[22]

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[1] Richard II (1367-1400; reigned, 1377-99), younger son of Edward, the Black Prince of Wales.

[2] *mace* sceptre or staff of office.

[3] *Can warrant king or kaiser from the case* i.e., can guarantee the security or immunity of king or kaiser from chance, hazard, or fortune; *kaiser* emperor (as a ruler superior to kings); "king or kaiser" was a popular alliterative phrase from the thirteenth to the seventeenth century.

[4] *sueth* follows upon as a consequence or result.

[5] *seely rout* ignorant rabble.

[6] *late might route* recently might uproot (extirpate, destroy).

[7] *erst* earlier; not long ago.

[8] *lout* revile, taunt, mock.

[9] *mould* earth, regarded as the material of the human body; *carrain* carrion: decaying and corrupted flesh (applied in contempt to the human body, as no better than carrion).

[10] *blue* livid, swollen.

[11] *sith* since.

[12] *a* and; *a size* an assize for the administration of justice.

[13] *agrise* horrify, terrify.

[14] *care* burdened state of mind arising from fear or concern; anxiety.

[15] *lust* will, desire (especially, desire for sensual pleasure).

[16] *forced not of* did not care about or concern [himself] over.

[17] *Ensuing* following (especially, following the guidance of [a person, etc.]); *claw* flatter, gratify.

[18] *passing not a straw* caring not at all.

[19] *pricked* urged, incited.

[20] *spoil* plunder, rob; *just* joust: to participate in tournaments or other chivalric contests of skill and strength.

[21] *maw* stomach (voracious appetite).

[22] Richard's prodigality and indulgence in all manner of sensual pleasure is recorded by Fabyan in an interpolation in the 1542 and 1549 editions of his *Chronicles* (see p. 544, note 3). Fabyan pointedly accuses Richard of corrupting the Church by intentionally appointing like-minded bishops.

For maintenance whereof, my realm I polled[1]
Through subsidies, sore fines, loans, many a prest,[2]
Blank charters, oaths, and shifts[3] not known of old,
For which my subjects did me sore detest.[4]
I also made away the town of Brest;[5]
My fault wherein because mine uncle told
(For princes' vices may not be controlled)
I found the means the bowels to unbrest.[6]
The peers and lords that did his cause uphold,
With death, exile, or grievous fines oppressed.[7]

Neither lacked I aid in any wicked deed,
For gaping gulls[8] whom I promoted had
Would further all in hope of higher meed.[9]
A king can never imagine ought so bad
But most about him will perform it glad,
For sickness seldom doth so swiftly breed
As vicious humours[10] grow the grief to feed.
Thus kings' estates of all be worst bestad,[11]
Abused in wealth, abandoned at need,
And nearest harm when they be least adrad.[12]

My life and death the truth of this can try:[13]
For while I fought in Ireland with my foes,
Mine uncle Edmund whom I left to guide
My realm at home, right trait'rously arose
To help the Percys plying my depose,
And called from France Earl Bolenbroke, whom I
Condemned ten years in exile to lie:[14]
Who cruelly did put to death all those

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[1] *polled* plundered by excessive taxation.

[2] *subsidies* a tax (authorized by Parliament originally for the use of the monarch), which in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was often a tax of 4*s.* in the pound on land and 2*s* 8*d* in the pound on movables; *sore* oppressively heavy; *loans* in this period, forced contributions of money from private individuals or bodies towards the expenses of the state; *prest* a loan (often forced) made to a sovereign in an emergency; a forced grant.

[3] *Blank charters* During Richard II's reign, a "charter" was a document given to agents of the Crown with power to fill in as they pleased; *shifts* stratagems, dishonest tricks.

[4] See Fabyan, pp. 529, 543-44.

[5] *made away the town of Brest* Richard's second marriage, to Isabella, daughter of Charles VI of France, involved his ceding the town of Brest to the Duke of Britanny. Fabyan notes that on evil advice Richard surrendered this territory for a large sum of money. Fabyan gives a detailed account of Richard's angry confrontation with his uncle, Thomas, duke of Gloucester, with Gloucester stating that Richard should have first won some towns with acts of valour before he sold those that his predecessors had so achieved. The resultant poisoned relationship "ceased not till the said Duke was put to death by murder unlawfully" (p. 541).

[6] *unbrest* unburst; See Fabyan, pp. 542, 566-67. Holinshed notes that there is some disagreement between earlier chroniclers about the method of Gloucester's murder, although they concur in Richard's responsibility for it. The general consensus seems to be that he was smothered or strangled (*Chronicles*, 1586, 3.837).

[7] According to Fabyan, the Earl of Arundel was executed, the Earl of Warwick imprisoned for life, the Archbishop of Canterbury exiled, and Sir John Cobham and Sir John Cheney imprisoned for life (pp. 542-43). Fabyan does not mention those who were merely heavily fined, although the Parliament called by Richard at the time had illegally disinherited a number of persons (p. 543).

[8] *gulls* fools, dupes, simpletons.

[9] *meed* reward. According to Fabyan, the commons and the aristocracy alike were restless and unhappy with Richard's rule, not just because of excessive and extortionate taxation, but also because Richard chose favourites "of low birth and of small reputation" so that "the men of honour were kept out of favour." He chose officers whom he knew "would lean more to his weal [i.e., profit, advantage] than to the common weal of his land or of his subjects" (p. 543). Fabyan explicitly offers greed as the motivation of Richard's favourites.

[10] *humours* referring to the medical theory inherited from the Greeks and Romans which held that the human body was composed of four distinct liquids or humours: phlegm, blood, yellow bile or choler, and black bile or melancholy. An individual's character depended on the particular balance of these humours.

[11] *bestad* bestead: situated, circumstanced.

[12] *adrad* adread: frightened, in dread.

[13] *try* to put to the proof; test; prove.

[14] According to Fabyan, Edmund, duke of York, Richard's uncle, had been left in charge during Richard's campaign in Ireland. However, Fabyan does not accuse York of the kind of active treason implied here. Cf. Holinshed who presents York as attempting but failing to gather sufficient military support from the commons; on his way to meet Richard, York was met by Henry at Berkeley Castle, at which point he and many other nobles threw in their lot with the invader (*Chronicles*, 1586, 3.852-53). After Richard II's death, Henry Bolingbroke, duke of Hereford, became Henry IV.

According to Fabyan, Henry accused the Duke of Norfolk either of treason (for saying that Richard had essentially engineered the deaths of his own kinsmen) or embezzlement. In either case, they decided to meet in trial by combat to determine the guilt or innocence of the accused. Richard halted the combat before it had begun and exiled Henry for ten years and Norfolk for life (pp. 544-45). Cf. Holinshed's *Chronicles*, 3.844-45.

That in mine aid durst look but once awry,[1]
Whose number was but slender I suppose.[2]

For when I was come back this stir to stay,[3]
The Earl of Worcester whom I trusted most[4]
(Whiles we in Wales at Flint our castle lay
Both to refresh and multiply mine host)
Did in my hall in sight of least and most
Bebreak his staff, my household office stay,
Bad each make shift,[5] and rode himself away.
See princes, see the power whereof we boast:
Whom most we trust, at need do us betray,
Through whose false faith my land and life I lost.

For when my traitorous steward thus was goen,
My servants shrank away on every side,
That caught I was, and carried to my foen;[6]
Who for their prince a prison did provide,
And therein kept me, till Duke Henry's pride
Did cause me yield him up my crown and throne,
Which shortly made my friendly foes to groan:
For Henry seeing in me their falsehood tried
Abhorred them all, and would be ruled by none,
For which they sought to stop him strait a tide.

The chief conspired by death to drive him down,
For which exploit, a solemn oath they swore
To render me my liberty and crown,
Whereof themselves deprived me before.
But salves help seld[7] an overlong suffered sore;
To stop the breech no boot to run or rown[8]
When swelling floods have overflown the town;
Till sails be spread the ship may keep the shore,
And anchors weighed, though all the freight[9] do frown,
With stream and steer perforce to shall be bore.[10]

For though the peers set Henry in his state,
Yet could they not displace him thence again;
And where they easily put me down of late,
They could restore me by no manner pain.[11]
Things hardly mend, but may be marred amain,[12]
And when a man is fall'n in froward fate
Still mischiefs light one on another's pate;[13]
And well meant means his mishaps to restrain
Ware wretched moans, whereby his joys abate.
Due proof whereof in me appeareth plain.

For when King Henry knew that for my cause
His lords in mask would kill him if they might,[14]
To dash all doubts, he took no farther pause
But sent Sir Pierce of Exton a trait'rous knight
To Pomfret Castle, with other armed light,
Who causeless killed me there against all laws.[15]
Thus lawless life to lawless death ay[16] draws.
Wherefore bid kings be ruled and rule by right;
Who worketh his will and shunneth wisdom's saws[17]
In flattery's claws and shame's foul paws shall light.

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1 [*to look*] *awry* to look askance or asquint; here, the meaning seems to be that Bolingbroke executed even those who merely gave him a side-long glance (i.e., indicated very covertly their dislike of his treatment of Richard).

2 Henry did indeed execute speedily some of Richard's favourites and staunchest supporters: William Scroop, earl of Wiltshire, Sir Henry Green, and Sir John Bushy (Fabyan, p. 546).

3 *stir to stay* insurrection to halt.

4 Sir Thomas Percy, earl of Worcester, lord steward of the King's household. For this incident, see Fabyan, p. 546.

5 *Bad* bade: commanded, ordered; *make shift* provide for his own safety or interests; depend on his own efforts.

6 *foen* foe.

7 *seld* seldom.

8 *no boot* it is useless, it is in vain; *rown* flee.

9 *freight* cargo.

10 *With stream and steer … bore* i.e., by the current and the helmsman [the ship] shall of necessity also be carried forward.

11 *no manner pain* no kind of effort.

12 *amain* violently, with great force.

13 *mischiefs light* evils arrive, settle on; *pate* head.

14 Fabyan notes that the dukes of Aumarl, Surrey, and Exeter, as well as the earls of Salisbury and Gloucester (along with unnamed others) conspired to kill Henry during a Twelfth Night entertainment ("a disguising or a mumming"). However, Aumarl revealed the conspiracy to Henry and the conspirators were all arrested and executed (pp. 567-68).

15 *But sent Sir Pierce … laws* According to Fabyan, Pierce was accompanied by eight others, four of whom Richard killed before he died (p. 568).

16 *ay* ever, always.

17 *saws* wise sayings.

When he had ended this so woeful a tragedy, and to all princes a right worthy instruction, we paused, having passed through a miserable time full of piteous tragedies. And seeing the reign of Henry IV ensued, a man more ware and prosperous in his doings, although not untroubled with wars both of outforth and inward enemies, we began to search what peers were fallen therein, whereof the number was not small. And yet because their examples were not much to be noted for our purpose, we passed over all the maskers (of whom King Richard's brother was chief) which were all slain and put to death for their traitorous attempt.

[...]

"It is worth the labour," said one, "to weigh the works and judgements of God, which seeing they are known most evidently by comparing contraries, I will touch the story of Jack Cade in order next following, whom King Henry with all his puissance was no more able for a while to destroy (yet was he his rebellious enemy) than he was to preserve the Duke of Suffolk his dearest friend.[1] By which two examples doth appear how notably God disposeth all things, and that no force stretcheth farther than it pleaseth him to suffer. For this Cade being but base born, of no ability, and less power—accompanied with a few naked Kentishmen—caused the King with his army, at all points appointed, to leave the field, and to suffer him to do whatsoever he lusted. In whose behalf, seeing he is one of Fortune's whelps, I will trouble you a while to hear the process of his enterprise, which he may declare in manner following."

How Jack Cade Traitorously Rebelling against His King, Was for His Treasons and Cruel Doings Worthily Punished.[2]

Shall I call it fortune or my froward[3] folly
That lifted me, and laid me down below?
Or was it courage that me made so jolly,
Which of the stars and bodies 'greement grow?
Whatever it were this one point sure I know,
Which shall be mete for every man to mark:[4]
Our lust and wills our evils chiefly wark.[5]

It may be well that planets do incline,
And our complexions[6] move our minds to ill,
But such is reason, that they bring to fine
No work unaided of our lust and will:[7]
For heaven and earth are subject both to skill.[8]
The skill of God ruleth all, it is so strong;
Man may by skill guide things that to him long.[9]

Though lust be sturdy and will inclined to nought,
This forced by mixture,[10] that by Heaven's course,
Yet through the skill God hath in reason wrought
And given man, no lust nor will so coarse

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[1] Hall recounts how Henry VI (1421-71) was forced by the anger of the House of Commons to act against William de la Pole, the duke of Suffolk and the Queen's "chief friend and counsellor" (p. 219); the Commons blamed him for losses in France ("the release of Angeow and the deliverance of Mayne") and for the death of Humphrey, duke of Gloucester; they also believed that he and the Queen had usurped to themselves the King's authority. Although the King attempted to have Suffolk exiled, the Duke was apprehended and executed before he could leave the country. Hall calls this end "God's punishment," because Suffolk "was noted to be the very organ, engine, and deviser of the destruction of Humphrey, the good duke of Gloucester, and so the blood of the innocent man was with his dolorous death recompensed and punished" (p. 219). Fabyan's account is similar (pp. 622-23).

[2] Jack or John Cade (d. 1450), leader of a popular rebellion against the government of Henry VI and the highly unpopular and indeed extortionate taxes being collected by the King's officers (*DNB*, p. 623). See Hall, pp. 219-22 and Fabyan, pp. 622-25.

[3] *froward* perverse.

[4] *mark* take note of, pay particular attention to.

[5] *wark* work.

[6] *complexions* bodily habits or constitutions.

[7] *But such ... will* i.e., reason dictates that these forces (the planets and the humours) do not entirely bring to a fine (a conclusion, an end) any work, but that an individual's desire and will has a role in this conclusion.

[8] *skill* here, "conscience."

[9] *long* i.e., belong.

[10] *forced by mixture* i.e., compelled through the combination of the humours which determine a man's character or disposition.

But may be stayed or swaged[1] of the source,
So that it shall in nothing force the mind
To work our woe, or leave the proper kind.

But though this skill be given every man
To rule the will, and keep the mind aloft,
For lack of grace full few use it can,
These worldly pleasures tickle us so oft:
Skill is not weak, but will strong, flesh is soft
And yields itself to pleasure that it loveth,
And hales[2] the mind to that it most reproveth.

Now if this hap[3] whereby we yield our mind
To lust and will be Fortune, as we name her,
Then is she justly called false and blind,
And no reproach can be too much to blame her.
Yet is the shame our own when so we shame her,
For sure this hap, if it be rightly known,
Commeth of ourselves, and so the blame our own.

For who so liveth in the school of skill
And meddleth not with any world's affairs,
Forsaketh pomps and honours that do spill[4]
The mind's recourse to grace's quiet stayers,[5]
His state no fortune by no means appayers;[6]
For fortune is the folly and plague of those
Which to the world their wretched wills dispose.

Among which fools (mark, Baldwin) I am one
That would not stay myself in mine estate.[7]
I thought to rule, but to obey to none,
And therefore fell I with my king at bate.[8]
And to the end I might him better mate,[9]

'John Mortimer' I caused myself be called,
Whose kingly blood the Henrys nigh had thralled.[10]

This shift[11] I used the people to persuade
To leave their prince, on my side more to stick,
Whereas indeed my father's name was Cade
Whose noble stock[12] was never worth a stick.
But touching wit I was both ripe and quick,
Had strength of limbs, large stature, comely face,
Which made men ween my linage were not base.[13]

[...]

[Cade and his army defeat the army of the Staffords that the King has sent against them and, ignoring the King's desire to parley, march into London.]

And found there all things after my desire.
I entered London, did there what I list,[14]

---

[1] *stayed* stopped, halted; *swaged* made less violent, abated.

[2] *hales* drags, pulls violently.

[3] *hap* event or occurrence which befalls one; accident, happening.

[4] *spill* "spile," a form of "spoil": here, to destroy or prevent the full exercise, development, or enjoyment of.

[5] *stayers* supporters.

[6] *appayers* "appairs": injures, damages, impairs.

[7] *stay* keep; *estate* rank or position in life; also, condition with respect to worldly fortune or prosperity.

[8] *bate* contention, strife.

[9] *mate* perhaps, render helpless by terror; daunt; more likely, to equal, rival; to be a match for.

[10] *nigh* nearly, almost; *thralled* enslaved. Fabyan notes that the commons of Kent chose their captain "and named him Mortimer, and cousin to the Duke of York" (p. 622). While Fabyan does not explicitly account for this renaming, he has earlier described the conflict between Richard, duke of York, and Henry VI. In contrast, Hall is quite explicit in attributing the Kentish uprising to the machinations of York and his supporters. They, however, hid their involvement by persuading "a certain youngman of goodly stature, and pregnant wit, ... to take upon him the name of John Mortimer, although his name were John Cade, and not for a small policy, thinking that by that surname, the line and lineage of the assistant house of the earl of March, which were no small number, should be to him both adherent, and favourable" (p. 220). Hall emphasizes that Cade and his followers were "suborned" by educated men ("teachers" and "privy schoolmasters") who told them "that their attempt was both honourable to God and the King, and also profitable to the commonwealth" (p. 220). Holinshed's brief account concurs with Hall (*Chronicles*, 1586, 3.221-23), although he simply notes that Cade's assumed name was aimed at winning the support of the earl of March.

[11] *shift* stratagem, subterfuge, or trick.

[12] *stock* source of a line of descent; a family, a kindred (with a pun on the literal meaning of "stock," a tree branch).

[13] *ween* surmise, believe; *linage* lineage; *base* lowly in social terms; plebeian.

[14] *list* desired, wished.

The treasurer, Lord Sayes,[1] I did conspire
To have condemned: whereof when I missed[2]
(For he by law my malice did resist)[3]
By force I took him in Guildhall from the heap,[4]
And headed[5] him before the cross in Cheap.

His son-in-law, James Cromer, shrive of Kent,[6]
I caught at Mile end, whereas then he lay,
Beheaded him, and on a pole I sent
His head to London, where his father's lay.
With these two heads I made a pretty play,
For pight[7] on poles I bore them through the street,
And for my sport made each kiss other sweet.[8]

Then broke I prisons, let forth whom I would,[9]
And used the city as it had been mine,
Took from the merchants money, ware,[10] and gold:
From some by force, from other some by fine.
This at the length did cause them to repine,[11]
So that Lord Scales[12] consenting with the mayor,
Forbad us to their city to repair.[13]

For all this while mine host in Southwark[14] lay,
Who when they knew our passage was denied,
Came boldly to the bridge and made a fray,[15]
For in we would, the townsmen us defied;
But when with strokes we had the matter tried,
We won the bridge and set much part on fire.
This done to Southwark back we did retire.[16]

The morrow after came the Chancellor[17]
With general pardon for my men half gone,[18]
Which heard and read, the rest within an hour

[1] James Fiennes, Baron Say (or Saye) and Sele (d. 1450), lord chamberlain, member of the King's Council and lord treasurer, was (like William de la Pole, duke of Suffolk) extremely unpopular among the commons and the nobility; he was at various times accused of extortion and poor administration of his offices, as well as of being involved in the supposed murder of Duke Humphrey. Henry VI was pressured finally to send him to the Tower for having consented to the surrender of England's French provinces. Fabyan claims that the King's own army threatened to desert to Cade unless Say was put in the Tower; the King complied (p. 623). Hall is more expansive, noting that Say's imprisonment was motivated by the unrest in the King's army and undertaken by "the King, and certain of his Council not led by favour nor corrupted by rewards (to the intent to appease the furious rage of the inconstant multitude)" (p. 220). Hall adds that if other similarly unpopular councillors had been present they would have likewise been imprisoned: "But it was necessary that one should suffer, rather than all the nobility then should perish" (p. 220).

[2] *missed* failed (in an attempt or enterprise).

[3] *For he by law … resist* Say claimed the right to be tried by his aristocratic peers, but he was ignored and hastily beheaded at the large stone cross in Cheapside (London). See Fabyan, p. 624; Hall, p. 221.

[4] *Guildhall* the hall of the corporation of the city of London, used for municipal meetings, state banquets, trials, etc.; Say had been taken there by Cade's men to be arraigned by the mayor and the King's justices; *heap* multitude, host.

[5] *headed* beheaded.

[6] Actually William Crowmer (d. 1450), sheriff of Kent, who was generally despised because of his role in collecting extortionate taxes. See Fabyan, p. 624; Hall, p. 221.

[7] *pight* fixed.

[8] The description of this macabre treatment of the heads is in both Fabyan (p. 624) and Hall (p. 221). Hall calls Cade in this context a "cruel tyrant" and "bloody butcher"; his actions met with "great detestation of all the beholders."

[9] This detail does not appear in Fabyan, but see Hall, p. 222 (where this incident happens after the battle on London Bridge, below p. 286, ll. 115-19).

[10] *ware* wares, goods, commodities.

[11] *repine* murmur discontentedly, complain; on Cade's looting of prominent aldermen and merchants, see Fabyan, p. 624; Hall, p. 221.

[12] Thomas de Scales, seventh Lord of Scales (?1399-1460). Active in the French wars, he was in charge of the Tower (along with Matthew Gough) at the time of Cade's occupation of London, and handed Say over to Cade and his men. See Fabyan, p. 624; Hall, p. 221.

[13] *to repair* go (to or from a place).

[14] *Southwark* At this time, a borough which lay outside of the city of London, on the S side of the Thames (*Topographical Dict.*, p. 475).

[15] *bridge* London Bridge; *fray* noisy disturbance or skirmish.

[16] On 5 July, the citizens of London, concerned for the security of their property, joined a force under the command of Matthew Gough and occupied London Bridge in an attempt to bar Cade and his men from re-entering the city. In the ensuing battle, Cade's men drove the citizens and Gough's force "from the Southwark end of the bridge to the drawbridge in the centre." Having set the drawbridge on fire and killed many citizens (along with Gough), Cade's men finally retreated (J.G. "John Cade," *DNB*, p. 625). For accounts of the battle, see Fabyan, p. 625; Hall, pp. 221-22. Hall adds details about Gough, who had served the King as a captain in Normandy, and was "a man of great wit, [and] much experience in feats of chivalry" (p. 222).

[17] *Chancellor* Cardinal Kemp, archbishop of York. The chancellor was the most important and powerful member of the King's Council.

[18] *half gone* i.e., half of Cade's men had already deserted him.

Shrank all away, each man to shift for one.[1]
And when I saw they left me post alone,
I did disguise me like a knight of the post,
And into Sussex rode away in post.[2]

And there I lurked, till that cursed coin[3]
That restless beagle[4] sought and found me out.
For straight the King by promise did enjoin
A thousand mark to whosoever mought[5]
Apprend my corse,[6] which made men seek about.
Among the which one Alexander Iden[7]
Found out the hole wherein the fox was hidden.

But ere he took me I put him to his trumps,[8]
For yield I would not while my hands would hold,
But hope of money made him stir his stumps,[9]
And to assault me valiantly and bold.
Two hours and more our combat was not cold,
Till at the last he lent me such a stroke,
That down I fell and never after spoke.

Then was my carcass carried like a hog,
To Southwark borough where it lay a night,
And next day drawn to Newgate[10] like a dog,
All men rejoicing at the rueful[11] sight.
Then were on poles my parboiled quarters pight,[12]
And set aloft for vermin to devour,
Mete grave for rebels that resist the power.

Full little know we wretches what we do
When we presume our princes to resist.
We war with God, against his glory too,
That placeth in his office whom he list.
Therefore was never traitor yet but missed
The mark he shot and came to shameful end,
Nor never shall till God be forced to bend.

God hath ordained the power; all princes be
His lieutenants or debities[13] in realms;
Against their foes still therefore fighteth he,
And as his en'mies drives them to extremes;
Their wise devices prove but doltish dreams;
No subject ought for any kind of cause,
To force the Lord, but yield him to the laws.

And therefore, Baldwin, warn men follow reason,
Subdue their wills, and be not Fortune's slaves.
A troublous end doth ever follow treason;
There is no trust in rebels, rascal knaves,
In Fortune less, which worketh as the waves,

[1] *to shift for one* to look to his own safety or self-interest. Hall notes this immediate and dramatic effect of the general pardon on Cade's men (p. 222).

[2] Each of these "posts" has a slightly different meaning: *left me post alone* speedily or hastily abandoned me; *knight of the post* perhaps, simply a messenger, but the phrase also meant a perjurer or informer, one who made his living by giving false evidence; *in post* in the manner of a courier or bearer of dispatches; hence, at top speed, in haste. Hall notes explicitly that Cade's own flight was motivated by his perception that the aid promised by York's supporters was not forthcoming (p. 222).

[3] *coin* referring to the large reward offered by the King for Cade's capture, a thousand marks in Fabyan (p. 624) and Hall (p. 222).

[4] *beagle* a small hound used to track hares.

[5] *mark* 2/3 of a pound; *mought* obsolete past tense of "may."

[6] *corse* corpse.

[7] Iden was a Kentish gentleman, "who had either already been, or more probably was soon after, appointed sheriff of Kent in place of the murdered [William] Crowmer" (J.G., "John Cade," *DNB*, p. 625). See p. 286, note 6, above. According to Fabyan and Hall, Iden found Cade in a garden in Sussex. Fabyan simply notes that there was a struggle in which Cade was killed (p. 625). Hall declares that Iden "in his defence manfully slew the caitiff Cade" (p. 222).

[8] *put ... trumps* i.e., I put him to his last or final expedient.

[9] *stumps* humorous word for "legs"; thus, "to stir one's stumps": to move briskly, to do one's duty zealously.

[10] *Newgate* a famous London prison.

[11] *rueful* pitiful.

[12] According to Fabyan, Cade died in Sussex and his body was taken by cart to London, where it was beheaded and quartered; the head was set up on London Bridge, and his quarters were displayed in four different places in Kent (p. 625). Hall says that Iden "brought [Cade's] dead body to London, whose head was set on London Bridge" (p. 222), but says nothing about Cade being quartered and displayed in Kent. Neither speaks of the preparation of his body parts for their display. The pieces of Cade's body would have been parboiled in order to preserve them, so that they could remain an object lesson to passersby for a long time.

[13] *debities* deputies.

From whose assaults who list to stand at large,[1]
Must follow skill, and fly all worldly charge.[2]

"By saint Mary," quoth one, "if Jack were as well learned, as you have made his oration, whatsoever he was by birth, I warrant him a gentleman by his learning. How notably and philosopher-like hath he described Fortune and the causes of worldly cumbrance.[3] How uprightly also and how like a divine[4] hath he determined the states both of officers and rebels. For indeed officers be God's deputies, and it is God's office which they bear, and it is he which ordaineth thereto such as himself listeth: good when he favoureth the people, and evil when he will punish them. And therefore whosoever rebelleth against any ruler either good or bad, rebelleth against God, and shall be sure of a wicked[5] end, for God cannot but maintain his deputy. Yet this I note by the way concerning rebels and rebellions: although the Devil raise them, yet God always useth them to his glory, as a part of his justice. For when kings and chief rulers suffer their under-officers to misuse their subjects, and will not hear nor remedy their people's wrongs when they complain, then suffereth God the rebel to rage and to execute that part of his justice which the partial prince would not. For the Lord Sayes, a very corrupt officer, and one whom notwithstanding the King always maintained, was destroyed by this Jack, as was also the Bishop of Salisbury (a proud and covetous prelate) by other of the rebels.[6] And therefore whatsoever prince desireth to live quietly without rebellion must do his subjects right in all things, and punish such officers as grieve or oppress them; thus shall they be sure from all rebellion. And for the clearer opening hereof, it were well done to set forth this Lord Sayes' tragedy."

"What need that," quoth another, "seeing the like example is seen in the Duke of Suffolk, whose doings are declared sufficiently already? Nay, rather let us go forward, for we have a great many behind that may not be omitted, and the time as you see passeth away. As for this Lord Sayes whom Cade so cruelly killed and spitefully used after his death (I dare say) shall be known thereby what he was to all that read or hear this story, for God would never have suffered him to have been so used except he had first deserved it. Therefore, let him go, and with him the Bishop, and all others slain in that rebellion."

[...]

The Second Part of the Mirror for Magistrates.

William Baldwin to the Reader.

The time being come, when (according to our former appointment) we should meet together again to devise upon the tragical affairs of our English rulers, I, with such stories as I had procured and prepared, went to the place wherein we

[1] *at large* free, at liberty.

[2] *skill* conscience; *charge* responsibility, duty. While Fabyan (quite typically for his history) makes no comment on the significance of Cade's overthrow, Hall declares: "This is the success of all rebels, and this fortune chanceth ever to traitors. For where men strive against the stream, their boat never cometh to his pretenced [i.e., intended] port." He also notes that the King showed mercy to those who had participated in the uprising, "consider[ing] both their fragility and innocency, and how they with [i.e., by] perverse people were seduced and deceived: and so punished the stubborn heads, and delivered the ignorant and miserable people, to the great rejoicing of all his subjects" (p. 222). Fabyan simply records that during the trials in Kent eight men were put to death (p. 625).

[3] *cumbrance* trouble, distress; perhaps, also in the sense of "temptation."

[4] *divine* theologian.

[5] *wicked* in the 1559 edition, "wretched."

[6] Fabyan notes that the Bishop of Salisbury "was slain by the commons of that country" (pp. 625-26); Hall ascribes the murder to Salisbury's "own tenants and servants," and claims that it was "from thenceforth daily succeeded [by] murder, slaughter, and dissension" (pp. 222-23). While agreeing with Hall, Holinshed is more expansive, noting that Salisbury "(after he had said mass at Edington) was by his own tenants drawn from the altar, in his alb with his stole about his neck to the top of an hill, and there by them shamefully murdered, and after spoiled [i.e., robbed, pillaged] to the naked skin: they renting [i.e., rending, tearing] his bloody shirt, took every man a piece, and made boast of their wickedness" (*Chronicles*, 1586, 3.227).

had debated the former part. There found I the printer and all the rest of our friends and furtherers assembled and tarrying for us, save Master Ferrers, who shortly after according to his promise came thither.

When we had blamed him for his long tarrying, he satisfied us fully with this reasonable excuse:

"I have been letted,"[1] quoth he, "divers ways, but chiefly in tarrying for such tragedies as many of our friends at mine instance undertook to discourse, whereof I am sure you will be right glad, for more wits are better than one, and diversity of device[2] is always most pleasant. And although I have presently brought but a few, because no more are ready, yet shall you be sure hereafter to have all the rest, which notable men have undertaken, whereof some are half done, some more, some less, some scarce begun, which maketh me think that the diversity of brains in devising is like the sundriness of beasts in engendering: for some wits are ready and dispatch many matters speedily, like the coney[3] which littereth every month; some other are slow like the oliphant,[4] scarce delivering any matter in ten years. I dispraise neither of these births, for both be natural. But I commend most the mean, which is neither too slow nor too swift, for that is lion-like, and therefore most noble. For the right poet doth neither through haste bring forth swift, feeble rabbits,[5] neither doth he weary men in looking for his strong, jointless oliphants,[6] but in reasonable time he bringeth forth a perfect and lively lion, not a bear whelp that must be longer in licking than in breeding.[7] And yet I know many that do highly like that lumpish delivery. But every man hath his gift, and the diversity of our minds maketh everything to be liked. And therefore while the oliphants are in breeding (to whom I have therefore given the latter stories), I have brought you such as are already done to be published in the mean season,[8] wherein there needeth no further labour, but to place them in due order.

"Lo you, Baldwin, here is of mine own the Duke of Somerset slain at St. Albans with others, which I promised, whom I wish you should place last. There is also Shore's wife, trimly handled by Master Churchyard,[9] which I pray you place where you think most convenient. Here are others also of other men's, but they are rabbits. Do with them as you think best. I would tarry with a good will and help you in the order, save that my business is great and weighty, but I know you can do it well enough, and therefore, till we meet again I will leave you." Then delivered he the tragedies unto me and departed.

Divers of the rest liking his device used the like manner, for the printer delivered unto me the Lord Hastings penned by Master Dolman, and King Richard III complied by Francis Segars.[10]

Then said I, "Well, my masters, since you think it good to charge me with the order,[11] I am contented therewith, for as you have done, so have I likewise procured some of my friends to aid us in our labour. For Master Sackville hath aptly

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1 *letted* hindered, prevented.

2 *device* manner of invention; creative approach.

3 *coney* rabbit.

4 *oliphant* elephant. Pliny notes the extraordinary length of an elephant's gestation period (*Natural History*, 1.197), and also that an elephant will give birth to only a single baby at a time (1.303).

5 "Rabbits" was a word often applied contemptuously to individuals, especially novices or poor performers in a sport or game.

6 That elephants have unusual joints is also in Pliny (1.350).

7 It was a Renaissance commonplace that new-born bears were not completely formed and had to be licked into shape by their mothers (*Pliny, Natural History*, 1.215-16).

8 *mean season* meantime.

9 Thomas Churchyard (?1520-1604), writer and poet, is most famous for his contribution to *Mirror*, "Shore's Wife" (selected below). However, he also wrote satirical broadsides, lyric verse, autobiographical verse (an account of his adventures during military service in Scotland, Ireland, the Low Countries, and France), epitaphs, war tracts, moral discourses, and a poem on the particular regions and districts of Wales (A.H.B., "Thomas Churchyard," *DNB*, pp. 343-46).

10 Francis Dolman is not in *DNB*; Francis Segar or Seager (fl. 1549-63), translator and poet. Apart from his contribution to *Mirror* ("How Richard Plantagenet, Duke of Gloucester, Murdered His Brother's Children, Usurping the Crown"), Segar wrote moral verse, translations of the Psalms, and a popular versified education manual (R.B., "Francis Segar or Seagar," *DNB*, pp. 1134-35).

11 *to charge me with the order* i.e., to give me the responsibility of determining the order or organization of the various pieces; perhaps (more generally) to give me the responsibility for determining how we will proceed.

ordered[1] the Duke of Buckingham's Oration, and Master Cavil the blacksmith's, and others."[2]

"I pray you," quoth one of the company, "let us hear them."

"Nay, soft,"[3] quoth I, "we will take the chronicles, and note their places, and as they come, so will we orderly read them all."

To this they all agreed. Then one took the chronicle, whom therefore we made, and call, the reader, and he began to read the story of Prince Edward, called the fifth king of that name, and when he came to the apprehending of the Lord Rivers: "Stay there, I pray you," quoth I, "for here is his complaint." [...]

[...]

When I had read this, they liked it very well. [...] [One] moved a question about a great matter, and that is the variance of the chroniclers about the Lord Thomas Gray, Marquis Dorset, whom Fabyan everywhere calleth the Queen's brother; Sir Thomas More and Hall call him the Queen's son. Fabyan sayeth he was governor of the Prince, and had the conveyance of him from Ludlow towards London. The other (whom we follow) say he was then at London with the Queen, providing for the King's coronation, and took sanctuary with her as soon as he heard of the apprehending of his uncle.[4] This disagreeing of writers is a great hindrance of the truth, and no small cumbrance[5] to such as be diligent readers, besides the harm that may happen in succession of heritages.[6] It were therefore a worthy and a good deed for the nobility to cause all the records to be sought, and a true and perfect chronicle thereout to be written, unto which we refer the deciding of this, and of all other like controversies, giving this to understand in the mean time: that no man shall think his title either better or worse by anything that is written in any part of this treatise. For the only thing which is purposed herein, is by example of others' miseries to dissuade all men from all sins and vices. If by the way we touch anything concerning titles, we follow herein Hall's chronicle. And where we seem to swerve from his reasons and causes of divers doings, there we gather upon conjecture such things as seem most probable, or at the least most convenient for the furtherance of our purpose.

[...]

When I had read this, one said it was very dark,[7] and hard to be understood, except it were diligently and very leisurely considered.

"I like it the better," quoth another, "for that shall cause it to be the oftener read and the better remembered. Considering also that it is written for the learned (for such all magistrates are or should be), it cannot be too hard so long as it is sound and learnedly written."

Then said the reader: "The next here whom I find miserable are the King Edward's two sons, cruelly murdered in the Tower of London. Have you their tragedy?"

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1 *ordered* arranged, presented.

2 Thomas Sackville, first earl of Dorset and Baron Buckhurst (1536-1608), lawyer, courtier, MP, and one of Elizabeth's favourites. His most important literary works are his contributions to *Mirror* ("The Induction" [selected below] and the "Complaint of the Duke of Buckingham") and *Gorboduc* (1560/61), the first English tragedy in blank verse (written with Thomas Norton [1532-84]); *Cavil* Critics disagree over his identity, with the two main contenders being Nicholas Kervile [Carvell] (1527/28-66), Church of England clergyman and writer of Latin verse; and James Calfhill, later archdeacon of Colchester, also a writer of Latin poetry (B. Usher, "Nicholas Kervile [Carvell]," *DNB online*, 2005).

3 *soft* interjection: "Not so fast!"; "Wait a moment!"

4 For this disagreement between *Mirror*'s three sources, see Fabyan, p. 670; Hall, p. 264; and More, p. 10. The prince referred to is Edward V, whose life and reign were both brought to an abrupt end by the usurping Richard III, the prince's uncle (Hall, pp. 349-51).

5 *cumbrance* hindrance, impediment.

6 *succession of heritages* a reference to succession in terms of title, land, property, and inheritance.

7 *dark* obscure of meaning, difficult to be understood. The company has just finished hearing the tragedy of "How the Lord Hastings Was Betrayed by the Trusting Too Much to His Evil Counsellor Catesby, and Villainously Murdered in the Tower of London by Richard, Duke of Gloucester."

"No, surely," quoth I, "the Lord Vaulx[1] undertook to pen it, but what he hath done therein I am not certain, and therefore I let it pass till I know farther. I have here the Duke of Buckingham, King Richard's chief instrument, written by Master Thomas Sackville."

"Read it, we pray you," said they.

"With a good will," quoth I, "but first you shall hear his preface or induction."

"Hath he made a preface?" quoth one. "What meaneth he thereby, seeing none other hath used the like order?"

"I will tell you the cause thereof," quoth I, "which is this: after that he understood that some of the Council would not suffer the book to be printed in such order as we had agreed and determined, he purposed with himself to have gotten, at my hands, all the tragedies that were before the Duke of Buckingham's, which he would have preserved in one volume. And from that time backward, even to the time of William the Conqueror, he determined to continue and perfect all the story himself, in such order as Lydgate (following Bocchas) had already used. And therefore to make a meet induction into the matter, he devised this poesy, which in my judgement is so well penned that I would not have any verse thereof left out of our volume. Now that you know the cause and meaning of his doing, you shall also hear what he hath done. His induction beginneth thus:

The Induction

The wrathful winter proaching[2] on apace,
With blust'ring blasts had all ybared the treen,[3]
And old Saturnus,[4] with his frosty face,
With chilling cold had pierced the tender green;
The mantles rent, wherein enwrapped been
The gladsome groves that now lay overthrown,
The tapets[5] torn, and every bloom down blown.

The soil, that erst[6] so seemly was to seen,
Was all despoiled of her beauty's hue;
And soote[7] fresh flowers (wherewith the summer's queen
Had clad the earth) now Boreas'[8] blasts down blew;
And small fowls flocking, in their song did rue
The winter's wrath, wherewith each thing defast[9]
In woeful wise[10] bewailed the summer past.

Hawthorn had lost his motley livery,[11]
The naked twigs were shivering all for cold,
And dropping down the tears abundantly,
Each thing (methought) with weeping eye me told
The cruel season, bidding me withhold
Myself within, for I was gotten out
Into the fields, whereas I walked about.

[...]

And sorrowing I to see the summer flow'rs,
The lively green, the lusty leas[12] forlorn,
The sturdy trees so shattered with the show'rs,
The fields so fade that flourished so beforn,[13]

---

[1] *Lord Vaulx* Thomas Vaux, second Baron Vaux of Harrowden (1510-56), lyric poet. Two of his best-known poems were printed in *Tottel's Miscellany* (1557). L.B. Campbell notes that since he died before the publication of the 1563 *Mirror*, it is likely that parts of this edition, like that of 1559, were prepared and ready for printing in the reign of Mary ("Introduction," *The Mirror for Magistrates, Edited from Original Texts in the Huntington Library* [Cambridge, 1938], p. 13).

[2] *proaching* approaching.

[3] *ybared the treen* stripped the trees.

[4] *Saturnus* In astrology, Saturn (on account of its remoteness and slowness of motion) was supposed to cause coldness, sluggishness, and gloominess of temperament in those born under its influence, and in general to have a baleful effect on human affairs.

[5] *tapet* a piece of figured cloth used as a hanging, table-cover, carpet or the like; here, the flowers and green plants covering the ground or (again) the trees themselves.

[6] *erst* earlier, formerly.

[7] *soote* sweet.

[8] *Boreas* god of the north-wind.

[9] *defast* defaced: ruined, spoiled.

[10] *wise* way.

[11] *motley livery* The "clothing" of the hawthorn tree was often described as "white motley."

[12] *leas* meadows.

[13] *beforn* obsolete form of "before" (previously).

It taught me well all earthly things be born
To die the death, for nought long time may last.
The summer's beauty yields to winter's blast.

Then looking upward to the heaven's leams,[1]
With night's stars thick powdered everywhere,
Which erst so glistened with the golden streams
That cheerful Phoebus spread down from his sphere,
Beholding dark oppressing day so near;
The sudden sight reduced[2] to my mind
The sundry changes that in earth we find.

That musing on this worldly wealth in thought,
Which comes and goes more faster than we see
The flickering flame that with the fire is wrought,
My busy mind presented unto me
Such fall of peers as in this realm had be:[3]
That oft I wished some would their woes descrive,[4]
To warn the rest whom Fortune left alive.

And strait forth[5] stalking with redoubled pace,
For that I saw the night drew on so fast,
In black all clad there fell before my face
A piteous wight, whom woe had all forwast;[6]
Forth from her eyen the crystal tears outbrast,[7]
And sighing sore,[8] her hands she wrung and fold,
Tare all her hair that ruth[9] was to behold.

Her body small, forwithered and forespent,[10]
As is the stalk that summer's drought oppressed;
Her wealked face with woeful tears besprent,[11]
Her colour pale, and (as it seemed her best)
In woe and plaint reposed was her rest;
And as the stone that drops of water wears,
So dented were her cheeks with fall of tears.

Her eyes swollen with flowing streams afloat;
Wherewith her looks thrown up full piteously,
Her forceless hands together oft she smote,
With doleful shrieks that echoed in the sky;
Whose plaint such sighs did straight accompany
That in my doom[12] was never man did see
A wight[13] but half so woebegone as she.

I stood aghast beholding all her plight,
'Tween dread and dolour[14] so distrained in heart
That while my hairs upstarted with the sight,
The tears outstreamed with sorrow of her smart;[15]
But when I saw no end that could apart[16]
The deadly dewle[17] which she so sore did make,
With doleful[18] voice then thus to her I spake:

"Unwrap thy woes, whatever wight thou be,
And stint betime to spill[19] thyself with plaint;
Tell what thou art, and whence, for well I see
Thou canst not dure with sorrow thus attaint."[20]
And with that word of 'sorrow' all forfaint[21]
She looked up, and prostrate as she lay,
With piteous sound lo thus she gan to say:

---

1 *leams* lights, gleams of light.
2 *reduced* brought back, recalled [to one's memory or mind] (a common sixteenth-century usage).
3 *had be* i.e., had been.
4 *descrive* describe; specifically, in the sense of "write down."
5 *strait forth* immediately, at once.
6 *wight* chiefly with (good or bad) epithet, applied to supernatural, preternatural, or unearthly beings (obsolete or rare usage); *forwast* forwaste: emaciated, terribly enfeebled.
7 *eyen* eyes; *outbrast* outburst.
8 *sore* deeply, with great grief or distress.
9 *Tare* tore; *ruth* pity.
10 *forwithered* withered or dried up; *forespent* worn out with toil, sorrow, etc.
11 *wealked* whelked: withered, faded, dried up; *besprent* besprinkled.
12 *doom* personal judgement or opinion.
13 *wight* person, living creature.
14 *dolour* grief, sorrow.
15 *smart* mental pain, suffering, affliction (physical suffering implied as well).
16 *apart* verb: put aside, remove.
17 *dewle* obsolete form of "dule, dole, dool": grief, mourning.
18 *doleful* full of grief; sorrowful.
19 *stint* cease; leave off, forbear; *betime* soon, forthwith; *spill* destroy, ruin, overthrow.
20 *dure* endure; *attaint* attainted: overcome, overpowered, exhausted.
21 *all forfaint* completely and extremely faint.

"Alas, I wretch whom thus thou seest distrained[1]
With wasting woes that never shall aslake,[2]
Sorrow I am, in endless torment pained,
Among the Furies in the infernal lake,[3]
Where Pluto, god of Hell, so grisly[4] black,
Doth hold his throne, and Letheus' deadly taste
Doth reave remembrance of each thing
forepast.[5]

"Whence come I am, the dreary destiny
And luckless lot for to bemoan of those
Whom Fortune, in this maze of misery
Of wretched chance, most woeful mirrors chose;
That when thou seest how lightly[6] they did lose
Their pomp, their power, and that they thought
most sure,
Thou mayest soon deem no earthly joy more
dure."

[...]

[Sorrow leads the narrator on a Dante-esque journey to Hell, where he sees the following sights.]

An hideous hole all vast, withouten shape,
Of endless depth, o'erwhelmed with ragged
stone,
With ugly mouth and grisly jaws doth gape,
And to our sight confounds itself in one.
Here entered we, and yeding forth, anon[7]
An horrible loathly lake we might discern,
As black as pitch, that cleped is Averne.[8]

A deadly gulf where nought but rubbish grows,
With foul black swelth[9] in thickened lumps that
lies,
Which up in the air such stinking vapours throws
That over there may fly no fowl but dies,
Choked with the pestilent savours that arise.
Hither we come, whence forth we still did pace,
In dreadful fear amid the dreadful place.

And first within the porch and jaws of Hell
Sat deep *Remorse of Conscience*, all besprent
With tears: and to herself oft would she tell
Her wretchedness, and cursing never stent[10]
To sob and sigh, but ever thus lament
With thoughtful care as she that all in vain
Would wear and waste continually in pain.

Her eyes unsteadfast rolling here and there,
Whirled on each place, as place that vengeance
brought,
So was her mind continually in fear,
Tossed and tormented with the tedious thought
Of those detested crimes which she had
wrought:
With dreadful cheer[11] and looks thrown to the
sky,
Wishing for death, and yet she could not die.

Next saw we *Dread* all trembling how he shook,
With foot uncertain proffered here and there,
Benumbed of speech and with a ghastly look
Searched every place all pale and dead for fear,
His cap borne up with staring of his hear,[12]
Stonyed and amazed at his own shade for
dreed,[13]
And fearing greater dangers than was need.

---

1 *distrained* oppressed, afflicted.

2 *aslake* diminish, abate.

3 Also known as the Erinyes, the Furies were supernatural beings who visited vengeance upon a person guilty of crimes, particularly blood crimes, against his or her family. Orestes murders his mother and is subsequently driven mad by the Furies.

4 *grisly* causing horror or terror; causing feelings usually associated with thoughts of death, "the other world," ghosts, demons, etc.

5 *reave* take from, tear from by force; *forepast* that which has previously passed.

6 *lightly* easily; but in early use also, "swiftly."

7 *yeding* A pseudo-archaism of sixteenth-century poets and their imitators, "yede" is the past tense of "go"; *anon* straightaway, at once.

8 *cleped* named, called; *Averne* Avernus or Hell.

9 *swelth* foul or troubled water.

10 *stent* cease, stop.

11 *wrought* committed, performed, done; *cheer* look or expression of the face.

12 *staring* standing up; *hear* hair.

13 *Stonyed* astonyed: stunned; *shade* shadow; *dreed* dread.

And next within the entry of this lake
Sat fell *Revenge* gnashing her teeth for ire,[1]
Devising means how she may vengeance take,
Never in rest till she have her desire;
But frets within so farforth[2] with the fire
Of wreaking flames, that now determines she
To die by death, or 'venged by death to be.

When fell *Revenge* with bloody foul pretence
Had showed herself as next in order set,
With trembling limbs we softly parted thence,
Till in our eyes another sight we met:
When from my heart a sigh forthwith I fet,[3]
Ruing alas upon[4] the woeful plight
Of *Misery*, that next appeared in sight.

His face was lean and somedeal pined[5] away,
And eke[6] his hands consumed to the bone,
But what his body was I cannot say,
For on his carcass raiment[7] had he none
Save clouts[8] and patches pieced one by one.
With staff in hand and scrip[9] on shoulders cast,
His chief defence against the winter's blast.

His food, for most, was wild fruits of the tree,
Unless sometime some crumbs fell to his share,
Which in his wallet, long, God wot,[10] kept he,
As on the which full daint'ly would he fare;
His drink, the running stream; his cup, the bare
Of his palm closed; his bed, the hard cold ground.
To this poor life was *Misery* ybound.

Whose wretched state when we had well beheld,
With tender ruth on him and on his feres,[11]
In thoughtful cares, forth then our pace we held.
And by and by another shape appears
Of greedy *Care*, still brushing up the breres,[12]
His knuckles knobbed, his flesh deep dented in,
With tawed[13] hands, and hard ytanned skin.

The morrow gray no sooner hath begun
To spread his light, even peeping in our eyes,
When he is up and to his work yrun,
But let the night's black misty mantles rise,
And with foul dark never so much disguise
The fair bright day, yet ceaseth he no while,
But hath his candles to prolong his toil.

By him lay heavy *Sleep*, the cousin of *Death*,
Flat on the ground, and still as any stone,
A very corpse, save yielding forth a breath;
Small keep[14] took he whom Fortune frowned on,
Or whom she lifted up into the trone[15]
Of high renown, but as a living death,
So dead alive, of life he drew the breath.

The body's rest, the quiet of the heart,
The travail's ease, the still night's fere was he,
And of our life in earth the better part;
Reaver[16] of sight, and yet in whom we see
Things oft that tide,[17] and oft that never be.
Without respect esteeming equally
King Croesus' pomp and Irus' poverty.[18]

---

[1] *fell* fierce, savage; terrible; *ire* wrath, anger.
[2] *farforth* to such a great extent.
[3] *forthwith* at once, immediately; *fet* fetched.
[4] *Ruing … upon* having pity or compassion for.
[5] *somedeal* somewhat, partly; *pined* exhausted or wasted by suffering (or hunger).
[6] *eke* also, moreover.
[7] *raiment* clothing, apparel.
[8] *clouts* patches of cloth, leather, metal, etc., used for mending.
[9] *scrip* small bag or satchel, especially one carried by a pilgrim, shepherd, or beggar.
[10] *wallet* a bag for holding provisions, especially, for a journey on foot or horseback; *wot* knows.
[11] *feres* companions, comrades.
[12] *breres* briars.
[13] *tawed* tanned.
[14] *Small keep* little notice, care, or attention.
[15] *trone* throne.
[16] *Reaver* robber, plunderer.
[17] *tide* befall, happen (the difference here is between dreams that do and dreams that do not foretell the future).
[18] Croesus was an ancient king of Lydia (mid-6th century BCE), whose wealth was proverbial. In Homer's *Odyssey*, *Irus* is a beggar in Odysseus' island kingdom of Ithaca. Although his real name is Arnaeus, he is nicknamed Irus, "since he was at everyone's beck and call for an errand" (Bk. 18, ll. 1-7). When he tries to stop Odysseus from entering the palace, Odysseus fells him with a single blow. His poverty became proverbial (*Iro pauperior*: "Poorer than Irus").

And next in order sad *Old Age* we found,
His beard all hoar, his eyes hollow and blind,
With drooping cheer[1] still pouring on the ground,
As on the place where nature him assigned
To rest, when that the sisters had untwined
His vital thread and ended with their knife
The fleeting course of fast declining life.[2]

There heard we him with broken and hollow plaint
Rue with himself his end approaching fast,
And all for nought his wretched mind torment
With sweet remembrance of his pleasures past,
And fresh delights of lusty youth forwaste.
Recounting which, how would he sob and shriek,
And to be young again of Jove beseek.

But and the cruel Fates so fixed be
That time forepast cannot return again,
This one request of Jove yet prayed he:
That in such withered plight and wretched pain
As eld (accompanied with his loathsome train),[3]
Had brought on him, all were it woe and grief,
He might a while yet linger forth his lief,[4]

And not so soon descend into the pit,
Where death, when he the mortal corpse hath slain,
With retchless[5] hand in grave doth cover it,
Thereafter never to enjoy again
The gladsome light, but in the ground ylain,
In depth of darkness waste and wear to nought,
As he had never into the world been brought.

But who had seen him sobbing, how he stood
Unto himself and how he would bemoan
His youth forepast, as though it wrought him good
To talk of youth, all were his youth foregone,
He would have mused and marvelled much, whereon
This wretched *Age* should life desire so fain,[6]
And knows full well life doth but length his pain.

Crookbacked he was, tooth-shaken, and bleareyed,
Went on three feet, and sometime crept on four,[7]
With old lame bones that rattled by his side,
His scalp all pilled[8] and he with eld forlore;
His withered fist still knocking at *Death*'s door,
Fumbling and drivelling as he draws his breath;
For brief, the shape and messenger of *Death*.

And fast by him pale *Malady* was placed,
Sore[9] sick in bed, her colour all foregone,
Bereft of stomach,[10] savour, and of taste,
Ne could she brook[11] no meat but broths alone.
Her breath corrupt, her keepers every one
Abhorring her, her sickness past recure,[12]
Detesting physic[13] and all physic's cure.

But oh, the doleful sight that then we see!
We turned our look and on the other side
A grisly shape of *Famine* mought[14] we see,
With greedy looks and gaping mouth that cried
And roared for meat as she should there have died;
Her body thin and bare as any bone,
Whereto was left nought but the case[15] alone.

And that alas was gnawn on everywhere,
All full of holes, that I ne mought refrain
From tears to see how she her arms could tear,
And with her teeth gnash on the bones in vain,

---

1 *cheer* look, mien, countenance.
2 The sisters here are the three Fates. See p. 302, note 10.
3 *eld* old age; *train* attendants.
4 *lief* life.
5 *retchless* reckless: negligent, careless.
6 *fain* eagerly.
7 I.e., he sometimes used a cane and sometimes crawled on all fours.
8 *pilled* made bare of hair, made bald.
9 *Sore* seriously, grievously.
10 *Bereft of stomach* deprived of appetite.
11 *brook* endure, tolerate.
12 *recure* remedy, cure.
13 *physic* the medicines and curative practices of physicians.
14 *mought* might.
15 *case* skin.

When all for nought she fain would so sustain
Her starven corpse, that rather seemed a shade
Than any substance of a creature made.

Great was her force, whom stone wall could not stay,[1]
Her tearing nails snatching at all she saw;
With gaping jaws that by no means ymay
Be satisfied from hunger of her maw,[2]
But eats herself as she that hath no law;
Gnawing alas her carcass all in vain,
Where you may count each sinew, bone, and vein.

On her while we thus firmly fixed our eyes,
That bled for ruth of such a dreary sight,
Lo, suddenly she shright in so huge wise[3]
As made Hell gates to shiver with the might;
Wherewith a dart[4] we saw, how it did light
Right on her breast, and therewithal pale *Death*
Enthrilling it, to reave[5] her of her breath.

And by and by a dumb[6] dead corpse we saw,
Heavy and cold, the shape of *Death* aright,
That daunts[7] all earthly creatures to his law;
Against whose force in vain it is to fight;
Ne peers, ne princes, nor no mortal wight,
No towns, ne realms, cities, ne strongest tower,
But all, perforce,[8] must yield unto his power.

His dart anon out of the corpse he took,
And in his hand (a dreadful sight to see)
With great triumph eftsoons[9] the same he shook,
That most of all my fears affrayed[10] me;
His body dight with nought but bones perdy[11]
The naked shape of man there saw I plain,
All save the flesh, the sinew, and the vein.

Lastly stood *War* in glittering arms yclad.
With visage grim, stern looks, and blackly hued,
In his right hand a naked sword he had,
That to the hilts was all with blood embrued;
And in his left (that kings and kingdoms rued)
Famine and fire he held, and therewithal
He razed towns, and threw down towers and all.

Cities he sacked and realms that whilom[12] flowered
In honour, glory, and the rule above the best,
He overwhelmed and all their fame devoured,
Consumed, destroyed, wasted, and never ceased,
Till he their wealth, their name, and all oppressed.
His face forhewed[13] with wounds, and by his side
There hung his targe[14] with gashes deep and wide.

[The shield is decorated with a picture of *Deadly Debate*, depicted like Medusa, her snaky hair bound with a blood-stained cloth. Around her, there are depictions of various scenes of war, conquest, and pillage, such as Macedo's (Alexander the Great of Macedon's) destruction of Darius and his army, Hannibal's victories over the Romans, and the destruction of Cyrus and his army, among others.]

But Troy alas (methought) above them all,
It made mine eyes in very tears consume;
When I beheld the woeful word befall,
That by the wrathful will of gods was come,
And Jove's unmoved sentence and foredoom[15]
On Priam king, and on his town so bent,[16]
I could not lin,[17] but I must there lament.

---

1 *stay* detain, hold back; contain.
2 *maw* stomach.
3 *shright* shrieked; *in so huge wise* in so immense or overwhelming a way.
4 *dart* a pointed missile, such as a javelin, light spear, arrow, etc.
5 *Enthrilling* piercing; *reave* rob, plunder.
6 *dumb* speechless.
7 *daunts* brings into subjection.
8 *perforce* forcibly; of necessity; under compulsion.
9 *eftsoons* afterwards.
10 *affrayed* alarmed, frightened.
11 *dight* clothed, dressed; *perdy* perdie, pardie: certainly, assuredly
12 *whilom* once long ago, formerly, previously.
13 *forhewed* hewed or cut to pieces.
14 *targe* a light shield.
15 *foredoom* a doom or judgement pronounced beforehand; destiny.
16 *Priam* king of Troy, father of Paris. Paris's kidnapping of Helen, wife of King Menelaus, sparked the Trojan war; *bent* directed against.
17 *lin* desist from, cease, stop.

And that the more sith[1] Destiny was so stern
As force perforce, there might no force avail,
But she[2] must fall, and by her fall we learn
That cities, tow'rs, wealth, world, and all shall quail.
No manhood, might, nor nothing mought prevail,
All were there pressed[3] full many a prince and peer,
And many a knight that sold his death full dear.

Not worthy Hector, worthiest of them all,
Her hope, her joy, his force is now for nought.
O Troy, Troy, there is no boot but bale,[4]
The hugy[5] horse within thy walls is brought;
Thy turrets fall, thy knights, that whilom fought
In arms amid the field, are slain in bed,
Thy gods defiled and all thy honour dead.

The flames upspring and cruelly they creep
From wall to roof till all to cinders waste;
Some fire the houses where the wretches sleep,
Some rush in here, some run in there as fast;
In everywhere or sword or fire they taste;
The walls are torn, the towers whirled to the ground;
There is no mischief but may there be found.

Cassandra yet there saw I how they haled[6]
From Pallas' house, with spercled tress[7] undone,
Her wrists fast bound and with Greeks' rout empaled;[8]
And Priam eke,[9] in vain how did he run
To arms, whom Pyrrhus with despite hath done
To cruel death, and bathed him in the bain[10]
Of his son's blood, before the altar slain.[11]

But how can I descrive the doleful[12] sight
That in the shield so life-like fair did shine?
Sith in this world I think was never wight
Could have set forth the half, not half so fine.
I can no more but tell how there is seen
Fair Ilium fall in burning red gledes[13] down,
And from the soil great Troy, Neptunus' town.[14]

Herefrom when scarce I could mine eyes withdraw
That filled with tears as doth the springing well,
We passed on so farforth till we saw
Rude Acheron, a loathsome lake to tell,
That boils and bubs[15] up swelth as black as Hell,
Where grisly Charon, at their fixed tide,
Still ferries ghosts unto the farther side.[16]

The aged god no sooner *Sorrow* spied,
But hasting straight unto the bank apace,[17]
With hollow call unto the rout[18] he cried

---

1 *sith* since, seeing that.

2 *she* i.e., Troy.

3 *All were there* i.e., even though there were; *pressed* slaughtered, executed [as opposed to those knights who died fighting, killing some of the enemy before they themselves were killed, and therefore "selling their deaths full dear"].

4 *no boot but bale* no help or deliverance but only evil.

5 *hugy* huge. The Greeks hid themselves inside a large wooden horse, which they pretended to have left as a gift to the goddess Minerva. The Trojans took it within the city walls; in the night, the Greek soldiers poured out and sacked the city. See Virgil's *Aeneid*, Bk. 2.

6 *haled* dragged violently.

7 *Pallas' house* the temple of Pallas Athena (Minerva), the goddess of wisdom, whose priestess Cassandra was (*Aeneid*, 2.402-406). Cassandra was a prophetess and one of the daughters of King Priam; *spercled* unclear, perhaps "scattered" or "sparkled"; *tress* a plait or braid of hair.

8 *rout* violence; *empaled* made pale.

9 *eke* also.

10 *bain* a quantity of liquid placed in a suitable receptacle in which one may bathe.

11 The Greek warrior Pyrrhus killed Polites right in front of his parents, Priam and Hecuba. Pyrrhus proceeded to drag Priam through his son's blood and then killed him before the altar of Priam's household gods (*Aeneid*, 2.526-38; 550-53).

12 *doleful* distressing, sorrowful, mournful.

13 *Ilium* another name for Troy; *gledes* live coals; embers.

14 The sea god, Neptune, was the patron of Troy.

15 *bubs* throws up in bubbles.

16 Acheron was one of the principal rivers (not lakes) of Hades, across which Charon, the ferryman of the Underworld, transported the souls of the dead.

17 *apace* immediately, at once.

18 *hollow* not full-toned; sepulchral; *rout* disorderly crowd.

To swarve apart and give the goddess place;
Straight it was done, when to the shore we pace,
Where hand in hand as we then linked fast,
Within the boat we are together plast.[1]

And forth we launch full fraughted[2] to the brink,
When with the unwonted weight,[3] the rusty keel
Began to crack as if the same should sink;
We hoise[4] up mast and sail, that in a while
We set the shore, where scarcely we had while[5]
For to arrive, but that we heard anon
A three-sound bark confounded[6] all in one.

We had not long forth passed but that we saw
Black Cerberus,[7] the hideous hound of Hell,
With bristles reared and with a three-mouthed jaw,
Foredinning[8] the air with his horrible yell.
Out of the deep dark cave where he did dwell,
The goddess straight he knew, and by and by[9]
He peaced and couched[10] while that we passed by.

Thence come we to the horror and the Hell,
The large great kingdoms and the dreadful reign
Of Pluto[11] in his throne where he did dwell,
The wide waste places and the hugy plain:
The wailings, shrieks, and sundry sorts of pain,
The sighs, the sobs, the deep and deadly groan,
Earth, air, and all, resounding plaint and moan.

Here puled[12] the babes, and here the maids unwed
With folded hands their sorry chance[13] bewailed,
Here wept the guiltless slain, and lovers dead,
That slew themselves when nothing else availed;
A thousand sorts of sorrows here that wailed
With sighs and tears, sobs, shrikes, and all yfere,[14]
That (oh alas) it was a hell to hear.

We stayed us straight, and with a rueful fear,
Beheld this heavy sight, while from mine eyes,
The vapoured tears downstilled here and there,
And *Sorrow* eke in far more woeful wise.
Took on with plaint, up heaving to the skies
Her wretched hands, that with her cry the rout
Gan all in heaps to swarm us round about.

"Lo here," quoth *Sorrow*, "princes of renown,
That whilom sat on top of Fortune's wheel
Now laid full low, like wretches whirled down,
Even with one frown, that stayed[15] but with a smile,
And now behold the thing that thou erewhile
Saw only in thought, and what thou now shalt hear
Recompt the same to kesar,[16] king, and peer."

[...]

"How like you this, my masters?" quoth I.

"Very well," said one. "The tragedy[17] excelleth; the invention also of the induction and the descriptions are notable. But whereas[18] he feigneth to talk with princes in Hell, that I am sure

[1] *plast* placed.
[2] *fraughted* laden, loaded.
[3] The "unwonted weight" is that of the narrator, not a spirit but flesh and blood.
[4] *hoise* hoist.
[5] *while* noun: time.
[6] *confounded* mixed or mingled in a confused way.
[7] *Cerberus* the three-headed dog that guarded the entrance to the classical Underworld.
[8] *Foredinning* filling with noise; resounding throughout.
[9] *straight* immediately, straightaway; *by and by* directly, at once.
[10] *peaced* became still and silent; *couched* crouched; laid down.
[11] *Pluto* god of the Underworld.
[12] *puled* whined, cried
[13] *chance* fortune, destiny.
[14] *yfere* together.
[15] *stayed* remained standing.
[16] *Recompt* recount; *kesar* kaiser: caesar, emperor.
[17] Following "The Induction" is "The Complaint of Henry, Duke of Buckingham." In the last three stanzas of "The Induction," Buckingham approaches Sorrow and the narrator, "wringing his hands," "with ghastly looks," tearing his cloak, beating his "manly breast," and sighing. He then tells his tale.
[18] *whereas* seeing that, considering that.

will be misliked, because it is most certain that some of their souls be in Heaven. And although he herein do follow allowed poets in their description of Hell, yet it savoureth so much of Purgatory,[1] which the papists have digged thereout, that the ignorant may thereby be deceived."

"Not a whit, I warrant you," quoth I. "For he meaneth not by his Hell the place either of damned souls, or of such as lie for their fees,[2] but rather the grave, wherein the dead bodies of all sorts of people do rest till time of the Resurrection. And in this sense is Hell taken often in the Scriptures and the writings of learned Christians. And so (as he himself hath told me) he meaneth, and so would have it taken."

"Tush," quoth another, "what stand we hereupon? It is a poesy and no divinity,[3] and it is lawful for poets to feign what they list so it be appurtenant to the matter. And therefore let it pass even in such sort as you have read it."

"With a good will," quoth I. "But whereas you say a poet may feign what he list, indeed methink it should be so, and ought to be well taken of the hearers, but it hath not at all times been so allowed."

"Ye say truth," quoth the reader, "for here followeth in the story, that after the death of this Duke, one Collingbourne was cruelly put to death for making of a rhyme."[4]

[...]

[1] *Purgatory* In the Roman Catholic faith, a place where the souls of the faithful departed are punished and purged before being admitted to Heaven.

[2] *such as lie for their fees* i.e., lawyers.

[3] *divinity* theology; theological or doctrinal text.

[4] For the tragedy "How Collingbourne Was Cruelly Executed for Making a Foolish Rhyme," see the "Additional Online Texts."

How Shore's Wife, Edward the Fourth's Concubine, Was by King Richard Despoiled of All Her Goods and Forced to Do Open Penance[5]

Among the rest by Fortune overthrown,
I am not least that most may wail her fate.
My fame and bruit[6] abroad the world is blown;
Who can forget a thing thus done so late?[7]
My great mischance, my fall, and heavy state
Is such a mark[8] whereat each tongue doth shoot,
That my good name is plucked up by the root.

This wand'ring world bewitched me with wiles,
And won my wits with wanton sugared joys.
In Fortune's freaks[9] who trusts her when she smiles
Shall find her false and full of fickle toys;
Her triumphs all but fill our ears with noise;
Her flattering gifts are pleasures mixed with pain;
Yea, all her words are thunders threat'ning rain.

The fond desire that we in glory set
Doth thirl our hearts to hope in slipper hap.[10]
A blast of pomp is all the fruit we get,
And under that lies hid a sudden clap.[11]
In seeking rest unwares we fall in trap;
In groping flowers with nettles stung we are;
In labouring long we reap the crop of care.

[5] The author is Thomas Churchyard. See p. 289, note 9. Jane Shore (d. 1527?), daughter of a London merchant, and wife of the goldsmith, William Shore, became Edward IV's mistress around 1470, and the chroniclers agree that she had enormous influence over him. The story of Jane Shore is not in Fabyan. The main source for what follows is More, although Hall adds a few details to what he essentially reprints from More's account (*Chronicles*, pp. 363-64).

[6] *fame and bruit* celebrity and reputation or report.

[7] *late* recently, not long ago.

[8] *mark* a target in shooting.

[9] *freaks* a sudden, causeless change or turn of mind; capricious notion or whim.

[10] *thirl* probably "pierce," but perhaps also "enslave" (there are not many examples of figurative uses of this word in *OED*); *slipper hap* unstable and unreliable chance or fortune.

[11] *clap* sharp blow.

[...]

Myself for proof, lo, here I now appear
In woman's weed[1] with weeping, watered eyes,
That bought her youth and her delights full dear,
Whose loud reproach doth sound unto the skies,
And bids my corse out of the grave to rise,
As one that may no longer hide her face,
But needs must come and show her piteous case.

The sheet of shame wherein I shrouded was
Did move me oft to plain[2] before this day,
And in mine ears did ring the trump of brass,
Which is defame that doth each vice bewray.[3]
Yea though full dead and low in earth I lay,
I heard the voice of me what people sayde,
But then to speak, alas, I was affrayde.[4]

And now a time for me I see prepared;
I hear the lives and falls of many wights.
My tale, therefore, the better may be heard,
For at the torch the little candle lights.[5]
Where pageants be, small things fill out the sights.
Wherefore give ear, good Baldwin, do thy best,
My tragedy to place among the rest.

Because that truth shall witness well with thee,
I will rehearse in order as it fell
My life, my death, my doleful destiny,
My wealth, my woe, my doing every deal,[6]
My bitter bliss, wherein I long did dwell.
A whole discourse of me, Shore's wife by name,
Now shalt thou hear as thou hadst seen the same.

Of noble blood I cannot boast my birth,
For I was made out of the meanest mould,[7]
Mine heritage but seven foot of earth.
Fortune ne gave to me the gifts of gold,
But I could brag of nature, if I would,
Who filled my face with favour fresh and fair,
Whose beauty shone like Phoebus[8] in the air.

My shape, some said, was seemly[9] to each sight,
My countenance did show a sober grace,
Mine eyes in looks were never proved light,[10]
My tongue in words were chaste in every case,
Mine ears were deaf, and would no lovers place,
Save that (alas) a prince did blot my brow.
Lo, there the strong did make the weak to bow.

The majesty that kings to people bear,
The stately port, the awful cheer[11] they show,
Doth make the mean to shrink and couch[12] for fear,
Like as the hound that doth his master know.
What then, since I was made unto the bow?
There is no cloak can serve to hide my fault,
For I agreed the fort he should assault.

[...]

But clear from blame my friends cannot be found;
Before my time my youth they did abuse.
In marriage a prentice was I bound,
When that mere love I knew not how to use.[13]
But, wellaway,[14] that cannot me excuse.

---

1 *weed* attire, clothing.
2 *plain* bewail, lament, complain.
3 *bewray* reveal, disclose.
4 *affrayde* afraid.
5 A variation on the proverb, "A great torch may be lighted at a little candle" (*Tilley* T442).
6 *every deal* in every part, in every respect.
7 *meanest* poorest (in quality); most worthless; *mould* earth (regarded as the material or substance of the human body).
8 *Phoebus* the sun.
9 *seemly* fair, well-formed, handsome.
10 *light* wanton, unchaste, immodest.
11 *port* deportment, carriage, bearing; *awful cheer* awe-inspiring countenance, look, or expression of the face.
12 *mean* lowly, common; *couch* crouch or cower as a beast in obedience, fear, etc.
13 More notes: "This woman was born in London, worshipfully friended, honestly brought up, and very well married, saving somewhat too soon, her husband an honest citizen, young and goodly and of good substance. But forasmuch as they were coupled ere she were well ripe, she not very fervently loved, for whom she never longed." More adds that this circumstance "the more easily made her incline unto the King's appetite when he required her" (p. 55).
14 *wellaway* an exclamation of sorrow or lamentation.

The harm is mine, though they devised my care,[1]
And I must smart and sit in sland'rous snare.

Yet give me leave to plead my case at large.
If that the horse do run beyond his race,
Or anything that keepers have in charge
Do break their course, where rulers may take place,
Or meat be set before the hungry's face,
Who is in fault? The offender, yea or no,
Or they that are the cause of all this woe?

Note well what strife this forced marriage makes:
What loathed lives do come where love doth lack,
What scratting briars do grow upon such brakes,[2]
What common weals[3] by it are brought to wrack,
What heavy load is put on patience' back,
What strange delights this branch of vice doth breed,
And mark what grain springs out of such a seed.

Compel the hawk to sit that is unmanned,[4]
Or make the hound untaught to draw[5] the deer,
Or bring the free against his will in band,[6]
Or move the sad a pleasant tale to hear,
Your time is lost and you are never the near.[7]
So love ne learns of force the knot to knit;
She serves but those that feel sweet fancy's fit.

The less defame redounds to my dispraise:[8]
I was enticed by trains,[9] and trapped by trust;
Though in my power remained "yeas" or "nays,"
Unto my friends yet needs consent I must
In everything, yea lawful or unjust.
They brake the boughs and shaked the tree by sleight,
And bent the wand that might have grown full straight.

What help in this? The pale[10] thus broken down,
The deer must needs in danger run astray.
At me therefore why should the world so frown?
My weakness made my youth a prince's prey.
Though wisdom should the course of nature stay,[11]
Yet try[12] my case who list, and they shall prove
The ripest wits are soonest thralls[13] to love.

What need I more to clear myself too much?
A king me won, and had me at his call:
His royal state, his princely grace was such,
The hope of will (that women seek for all),[14]
The ease and wealth, the gifts which were not small,
Besieged me so strongly round about,
My power was weak, I could not hold him out.[15]

Duke Hannibal[16] in all his conquest great,
Or Caesar[17] yet, whose triumphs did exceed,
Of all their spoils,[18] which made them toil and sweat,
Were not so glad to have so rich a meed[19]
As was this Prince when I to him agreed,

---

1 *care* trouble, sorrow.

2 *scratting* scratching, wounding; *brakes* clumps of bushes, brushwood, or briars; thickets.

3 *common weals* commonwealths, nations, states.

4 *that is unmanned* i.e., that has not been trained [to sit on his master's gloved hand (in preparation for hunting)]. Not in *OED*.

5 *draw* search for; flush out.

6 *band* bondage.

7 *never the near* i.e., not any nearer to accomplishing your end or purpose.

8 *defame* dishonour, disgrace, evil repute; *dispraise* disparagement, blame, censure.

9 *trains* schemes devised to deceive or entrap; tricks, stratagems; perhaps, more precisely, something designed to lure an animal into a trap: a bait or decoy.

10 *pale* a fence made of stakes driven into the ground.

11 *stay* arrest, stop.

12 *try* test (in order to ascertain the truth of some matter).

13 *thralls* slaves.

14 I.e., the hope to have her own way (will).

15 More notes: "Howbeit the respect of his royalty, the hope of gay apparel, ease, pleasure, and other wanton wealth was able soon to pierce a soft tender heart" (p. 55).

16 Hannibal (247-183/82 BCE), the great Carthaginian general, crossed the Alps and invaded Italy during the Second Punic War, winning many decisive battles.

17 *Caesar* Julius Caesar.

18 *spoils* goods or property gained through conquest.

19 *meed* prize, reward.

And yielded me a prisoner willingly,
As one that knew no way away to flee.

The nightingale for all his merry voice,
Nor yet the lark that still delights to sing,
Did never make the hearers so rejoice
As I with words have made this worthy King.
I never jarred, in tune was every string,
I tempered so my tongue to please his ear
That what I said was current everywhere.

I joined my talk, my gestures, and my grace
In witty frames that long might last and stand,[1]
So that I brought the King in such a case
That to his death I was his chiefest hand.[2]
I governed him that ruled all this land.
I bare the sword, though he did wear the crown;
I strake the stroke that threw the mighty down.

If justice said that judgment was but death,
With my sweet words I could the King persuade,
And make him pause and take therein a breath,
Till I with suit the fautor's[3] peace had made.
I knew what way to use him in his trade.
I had the art to make the lion meek;
There was no point wherein I was to seek.

[...]

To purchase praise and win the people's zeal,
Yea, rather bent of kind[4] to do some good,
I ever did uphold the common weal.[5]
I had delight to save the guiltless blood;
Each suitor's cause, when that I understood,
I did prefer as it had been mine own,
And helped them up that might have been o'erthrown.

My power was pressed to right the poor man's wrong,
My hands were free to give where need required;
To watch[6] for grace I never thought it long;
To do men good I need not be desired.
Nor yet with gifts my heart was never hired.
But when the ball was at my foot to guide,
I played to those that Fortune did abide.[7]

My want[8] was wealth, my woe was ease at will,
My robes were rich and braver than the sun;
My fortune then was far above my skill;
My state was great, my glass[9] did ever run;
My fatal thread so happily was spun[10]
That then I sat in earthly pleasures clad,
And for the time a goddess' place I had.

But I had not so soon this life possessed,
But my good hap began to slip aside.
And Fortune then did me so sore molest
That unto plaints was turned all my pride.

---

[1] *The nightingale … stand* "Yet delighted not men so much in her beauty, as in her pleasant behaviour. For a proper wit had she, and could both read well and write, merry in company, ready and quick of answer, neither mute nor full of babble, sometime taunting without displeasure and not without disport." More records Edward stating that of his three "concubines" she was the "merriest" (p. 56).

[2] I.e., until the time he died I was his most important aide.

[3] *fautor* adherent, partisan, supporter.

[4] *bent of kind* inclined or disposed by nature.

[5] *common weal* the common good; the public interest; perhaps also, the state or commonwealth.

[6] *watch* as in to keep a vigil; wait for.

[7] I.e., that Fortune dwelt with; *I governed him that ruled all this land … did abide* More offers a similar evaluation of Shore's benevolent use of her influence with Edward: "[The King's] favour, to sayeth truth (for sin it were to belie the Devil), she never abused to any man's hurt, but to many a man's comfort and relief: where the King took displeasure, she would mitigate and appease his mind; where men were out of favour, she would bring them in his grace; for many that had highly offended, she obtained pardon; of great forfeitures, she got men remission; and finally, in many weighty suits, she stood many men in great stead, either for none or very small rewards, and those rather gay than rich: either for that she was content with the deed self well done, or for that she delighted to be sued unto, and to show what she was able to do with the King, or for that wanton women and wealthy be not always covetous" (p. 56).

[8] *want* poverty, destitution.

[9] *glass* hourglass.

[10] A reference to the three Fates or Destinies, responsible for dictating the scope, length, and shape of each person's life; Lachesis presides over and assigns each person's lot in life; Clotho spins the thread of life; and Atropos cuts the thread.

It booted not to row against the tide:[1]
Mine oars were weak, my heart and strength did fail,
The wind was rough, I durst not bear a sail.

What steps of strife belong to high estate!
The climbing up is doubtful to endure,
The seat itself doth purchase privy[2] hate,
And honour's fame is fickle and unsure.
And all she brings is flow'rs that be unpure,
Which fall as fast as they do sprout and spring,
And cannot last, they are so vain a thing.

We count no care to catch that[3] we do wish,
But what we win is long to us unknown.
Till present pain be served in our dish,
We scarce perceive whereon our grief hath grown.
What grain proves well that is so rashly sown?
If that a mean did measure all our deeds,
Instead of corn we should not gather weeds.

The settled mind is free from Fortune's power.
They need not fear who look not up aloft,
But they that climb are careful[4] every hour,
For when they fall they light not very soft.
Examples hath the wisest warned oft
That where the trees the smallest branches bear,
The storms do blow and have most rigour there.

[...]

As long as life remained in Edward's breast,
Who was but I? Who had such friends at call?
His body was no sooner put in chest,[5]
But well was him that could procure my fall.
His brother was mine enemy most of all,
Protector then, whose vice did still abound
From ill to worse till death did him confound.[6]

He falsely feigned that I of counsel was
To poison him, which thing I never meant;
But he could set thereon a face of brass[7]
To bring to pass his lewd and false intent.
To such mischief this tyrant's heart was bent,
To God ne man he never stood in awe,
For in his wrath he made his will a law.

Lord Hastings' blood for vengeance on him cries,[8]
And many more that were too long to name;
But most of all, and in most woeful wise,
I had good cause this wretched man to blame.
Before the world I suffered open shame:
Where people were as thick as is the sand
I penance took with taper in my hand.[9]

Each eye did stare and look me in the face;
As I passed by the rumours on me ran,
But patience then had lent me such a grace,
My quiet looks were praised of every man.
The shamefast blood brought me such colour than[10]

---

[1] Proverb, "It is hard (folly, in vain) to strive against the stream" (*Tilley* S927).

[2] *privy* secret; concealed.

[3] *care* trouble; *that* i.e., that which.

[4] *careful* full of care; anxious.

[5] *chest* coffin.

[6] *His brother was mine enemy … confound* Edward's brother was Richard of Gloucester, later Richard III; he became lord protector of England and of Edward's heir, Edward V, during the young king's minority.

[7] *a face of brass* a face insensible to shame; one full of effrontery or impudence.

[8] William Lord Hastings (1431-83) had been a favoured courtier under Edward IV, and lord chamberlain from 1461. On 14 June 1483 Hastings attended a council in the Tower of London, although he had been warned not to go, where Richard had him charged with treason and summarily executed. See More, pp. 50-54.

[9] More states that after Richard could not convince anyone that she had tried to bewitch him, and that she had been in league with Lord Hastings to murder him, he finally accused her of whoredom, for which sin the Bishop of London ordered this traditional public penance (p. 48, 54).

[10] *shamefast* bashful, modest; *than* then. More notes that during her penance "she went in countenance and pace demure so womanly, and albeit she were out of all array save her kirtle only: yet went she so fair and lovely, namely while the wondering of the people cast a comely rud [i.e., red or ruddiness] in her cheeks" (p. 54).

That thousands said, which saw my sober cheer,[1]
"It is great ruth to see this woman here."[2]

But what prevailed the people's pity there?
This raging wolf would spare no guiltless blood.
O wicked womb that such ill fruit did bear!
O cursed earth that yieldeth forth such mud!
The Hell consume all things that did thee good,
The Heavens shut their gates against thy sprite,
The world tread down thy glory under feet!

I ask of God a vengeance on thy bones;
Thy stinking corpse corrupts the air I know;
Thy shameful death no earthly wight bemoans,
For in thy life thy works were hated so
That every man did wish thy overthrow.
Wherefore I may, though partial now I am,
Curse every cause whereof thy body came.

[...]

Ye princes all, and rulers everychone,[3]
In punishment beware of hatred's ire.
Before ye scourge, take heed, look well thereon:
In wrath's ill will, if malice kindle fire,
Your hearts will burn in such a hot desire
That in those flames the smoke shall dim your sight,
Ye shall forget to join your justice right.

You should not judge till things be well deserned.[4]
Your charge is still to maintain upright laws.
In conscience' rules ye should be throughly learned;
Where clemency bids wrath and rashness pause,
And further saith, "Strike not without a cause,
And when ye smite do it for justice' sake,"
Then in good part[5] each man your scourge will take.

If that such zeal had moved this tyrant's mind
To make my plague a warning for the rest,
I had small cause such fault in him to find.
Such punishment is used for the best,
But by ill will and power I was oppressed.
He spoiled my goods, and left me bare and poor,
And caused me to beg from door to door.[6]

What fall was this, to come from prince's fare
To watch for crumbs among the blind and lame?
When alms was dealt I had a hungry share,
Because I knew not how to ask, for shame,
Till force and need had brought me in such frame[7]
That starve I must or learn to beg an alms,
With book in hand, and say St David's Psalms.[8]

Where I was wont[9] the golden chains to wear,
A pair of beads[10] about my neck was wound,
A linen cloth was lapped[11] about my hair.
A ragged gown that trailed on the ground,
A dish that clapped and gave a heavy sound,[12]

---

1 *sober cheer* serious expression, look, or countenance.

2 *ruth* a matter or occasion of sorrow or regret. More notes that she was generally pitied both by "those that were more amorous of her body than curious of her soul" and by those "good folk ... that hated her [manner of] living" yet were incensed with Richard's hypocrisy in having her so publicly corrected (p. 55).

3 *everychone* everyone.

4 Either "discerned" (perceived) or "decerned" (determined).

5 *in good part* favourably or without offence.

6 More records that after Hastings's execution, Richard "as it were for anger not for covetise ... sent into the house of Shore's wife (for her husband dwelled not with her) and spoiled [i.e., robbed] her of all that ever she had, above the value of two or three thousand marks, and sent her body to prison" (p. 54). Still alive at the time of More's writing, she had been reduced to a "beggarly condition, unfriended, [and] worn out of acquaintance" and "at this day she beggeth of many at this day living, that at this day had begged if she had not been" (pp. 56-57).

7 *frame* adapted or adjusted condition.

8 Authorship of the Psalms was traditionally ascribed to King David (probably died c. 970 BCE).

9 *wont* accustomed.

10 *beads* rosary beads.

11 *lapped* wrapped.

12 Lepers, beggars from lazar-houses, and mendicants generally would carry a wooden dish with a lid (a clap-dish) that they could use to give warning of their approach, and receive alms.

A staying staff and wallet[1] therewithal,
I bare about as witness of my fall.

I had no house wherein to hide my head;
The open street my lodging was perforce.
Full oft I went all hungry to my bed,
My flesh consumed, I looked like a corse.[2]
Yet in that plight[3] who had on me remorse?
O God, thou knowest my friends forsook me than,[4]
Not one holp[5] me that succoured many a man.

They frowned on me that fawned on me before,
And fled from me that followed me full fast;
They hated me, by whom I set much store,[6]
They knew full well my fortune did not last.
In every place I was condemned and cast.[7]
To plead my cause at bar[8] it was no boot,
For every man did tread me under foot.

Thus long I lived all weary of my life,
Till death approached and rid me from that woe.
Example take by me both maid and wife:
Beware, take heed, fall not to folly so;
A mirror make of my great overthrow;
Defy this world and all his wanton ways;
Beware by me that spent so ill her days.[9]

This was so well liked that all together exhorted me instantly to procure Master Churchyard to undertake and to pen as many more of the remainder as might by any means be attainted[10] at his hands.

And when I had promised I would do my diligence therein, they asked me if I had any more tragedies yet unread, for the evening was now at hand and there were enow already read to make a handsome volume.

"Indeed," quod I, "I purpose here to end the second part of this volume, for here endeth the cruel reign of King Richard III. And in another volume hereafter to discourse the residue from the beginning of King Henry VII to the end of this King and Queen's reign (if God so long will grant us life); and I beseech you all that you will diligently perform such stories as you have undertaken, and procure your friends, such as be learned, to help us with the rest; for there is in this part matter enough to set all the poets in England in work, and I would wish that every fine, apt wit would at the least undertake one, for so would it be a notable volume. For my part, I intend to be so impudent and importunate a suitor to so many as I know or may hereafter be acquainted with that no excuse shall serve to shake me off; and I desire you all to be as earnest.

—1563

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[1] *staying staff* a staff to lean upon; *wallet* beggar's bag or sack.

[2] More notes that at the time of his writing, she was very old and some men said that she could never have been beautiful even in her youth: "Whose judgement seemeth me somewhat like, as though men should guess the beauty of one long before departed, by her scalp taken out of the charnel house" (p. 55).

[3] *plight* here, evil or unfortunate condition, situation.

[4] *than* then.

[5] *holp* helped.

[6] *by whom I set much store* i.e., whom I placed much value on, whom I held in such high esteem.

[7] *cast* thrown down; found guilty; convicted (likely a synonym for "condemned" here, added for emphasis and to fill out the line).

[8] *at bar* in open court.

[9] More says, "I doubt not some shall think this woman too slight a thing to be written of and set among the remembrances of great matters." However, he argues that her story is worth recording precisely because of her fall from wealth and influence to penury and obscurity: "Her doings were not much less [i.e., than those men who are now only famous for the 'infamy of their ill deeds'], albeit they be much less remembered, because they were not so evil. For men use if they have an evil turn to write it in marble: and who doth us a good turn, we write it in dust, which is not worst proved by her" (pp. 56-57). Cf. Hall, p. 364.

[10] *attainted* attained.

Mary Stuart, queen of Scots
1542-1587

Mary Stuart's life and reign were full of controversy. Queen of Scotland at the age of one, she was raised in France from the age of five, married to the dauphin, Francis, at age twelve, and became Queen of France at age 16. After only two years of marriage, however, Francis died of an ear infection, and Mary returned to rule Scotland in 1560. Scotland had just become a Protestant country, and the Roman Catholic Mary struggled constantly with those who were suspicious of her religion and her ability, as a woman, to rule. When Mary remarried, her choice proved disastrous; Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley was ambitious and selfish, and he and Mary quickly became enemies. Darnley was murdered in 1567 under suspicious circumstances. Within three months, Mary married the suspected murderer, John Hepburn, earl of Bothwell. By this point, the Scottish nobles were highly distrustful of their Queen, and they briefly imprisoned her and forced her to agree to her own abdication in favour of her son, James VI. Mary escaped and fled to England, hopeful that Elizabeth would help her; instead, Mary was imprisoned for eighteen years before she was executed for treason. Part of the evidence brought against her in Scotland and in England was a silver casket containing twelve sonnets and various letters to Bothwell, written before her husband Darnley's murder; Mary's authorship of these has never been proved, but it has not been disproved either, and many contemporaries believed Mary wrote them. The sonnets included here reveal how complex the traditional Petrarchan formulas could become when the author was a monarch and a woman. Also included here is a poem Mary wrote to Elizabeth, hoping for succour from her English cousin.

EDITIONS: Mary Stuart's "Sonnets to Bothwell" in George Buchanan, *A detection of the actions of Mary Queen of Scots concerning the murther of her husband, and her conspiracy, adultery, and pretended marriage with the Earl Bothwell and a defence of the true Lords, maintainers of the King's Majesties action and authority.* Written in Latin by G. Buchanan; translated into Scotch and now made English. London: Printed [...] by R. Janeway, 1689. Wing B5282; "Sonnet to Elizabeth," from Caligula BV, fol. 316, British Library.

Sonnets to Bothwell[1]

O gods,[2] have of me compassion,
And show what certain proof
I may give, which shall not seem to him vain,
Of my love and fervent affection.
He alas, is he not already in possession
Of my body, of heart, that refuses no pain,
Nor dishonour in this life uncertain,
Offence of friends, nor worse affliction?
For him I esteem all my friends less than nothing,
And I will have good hope of my enemies.
I have put in hazard for him both fame[3] and conscience,
I will for his sake renounce the world.
I will die to set him forward.
What remains to give proof of my conscience?[4]

[O Dieux ayez de moy compassion,
Et m'enseignez quelle preuve certain
Je puis donner qui ne luy semble vain
De mon amour & ferme affection.

[1] This version of the sonnets here was published by George Buchanan during Mary's first trial in Scotland, entitled *A Detection of the Doings of Mary, Queen of Scots, Touching the murder of her husband* (1571). Provided are the sixteenth-century French "originals," and modernized and anglicized Scottish translations. Included here are the 1st, 2nd, 6th and 7th sonnets.

[2] *gods* This appears as "Goddess" in the 1571 edition.

[3] *fame* The French has "nom" or name here, the royal name upon which all Mary's "fame" rests.

[4] Note the French "original" has "constance" or constancy here.

Las! n'est il pas ja en possession
Du corps, du coeur qui ne refuse paine
Ny dishonneur, en la vie incertain,
Offense de parents, ne pire affliction?
Pour luy tous mes ames j'estime moins que rien
Et de mes ennemis je veux esperer bien.
J'ay hazardé pour luy & nom & conscience:
Je veux pour luy au monde renoncer:
Je veux mourir pour luy avancer.
Que reste il plus pour prouver ma constance?]

In his hands and in his full power,
I put my son, my honour, and my life,
My country, my subjects, my soul, all subdued
To him, and have no other will
For my scope,[1] which without deceit,
I will follow in spite of all envy
That may ensue. For I have no other desire
But to make him perceive my faithfulness,
For storm or fair weather that may come,
Never will it change dwelling or place.
Shortly I shall give of my truth such proof,
That he shall know my constancy without fiction,
Not by my weeping, or feigned obedience,
As others have done, but by other experience.

[Entre ses mains & en son plein pouvoir
Je metz mon filz, mon honneur, & may vie,
Mon pais, mes subjectz, mon ame assubjectie
Est tout à luy, & n'ay autre vaulloir
Pour mon object que sans le decevoir
Suivre je veux malgré tout l'envie
Qu'issir en peult, car je n'autre e vie
Que de ma foy, luy faire appercevoir
Que pour tempeste ou bonnace qui face,
Jamais ne veux changer demeure ou place.
Brief je feray de ma foy telle preuve,
Qu'il cognoistra sans fainte ma constance,
Non par mes pleurs ou fainte obeyssance,
Comme autres ont fait, mais par divers espreuve.]

[1] *no other will* / *For my scope* no other desire/ For my object.

And now she begins to see[2]
That she was of very evil judgement,
To esteem the love of such a lover,
And would feign deceive my love,[3]
By writings and painted learning,
Which, not the less, did not breed in her brain,[4]
But borrowed from some feat[5] author,
To feign one story and have none.
And for all that, her painted words,
Her tears, her plaints[6] full of dissimulation,
And her high cries and lamentations
Have won that point, that you keep in store
Her letters and writings, to which you give trust,
Yea, and love and believe her more than me.

[Et maintenant elle commence à voir
Qu'elle estoit bien de mauvais jugement
De n'estimer l'amour d'un tel amant
Et voudroit bien mon amy decevoir,
Par les escriptz tout fardez de sçavoir
Qui pourtant n'est en son esprit croissant
Ains emprunté de quelque autheur luissant,
A faint tresbien un envoy sans l'avoir
Et toutefois ses parolles fardez,
Ses pleurs, ses plaincts remplis de fictions,
Et ses hauts cris & lamentations
Ont tant gaigné qui par vous sont gardez
Ses lettres escriptes ausquelles vous donnez foy
Et si l'aymez & croyez plus que moy.]

You believe her (alas) I perceive it too well,
And call in doubt my firm constancy
(O my only wealth, and my only hope)
And I cannot assure you of my truth.
I see that you esteem me light,
And be[7] no way assured of me,

[2] The "she" in these sonnets is Bothwell's wife. He was divorced very shortly before he married Mary.

[3] *my love* i.e., Bothwell; *feign* "desires to," but this also plays with the meaning of "feign" as "pretend."

[4] *Which, not the less, did not breed in her brain* a somewhat confusing double negative, meaning "which her brain did not create."

[5] *feat* accomplished, successful.

[6] *plaints* complaints.

[7] *be* are.

And do suspect (my heart)[1] without any
appearing cause,
Discrediting me wrongfully.
You do not know the love I bear to you,
You suspect that other love transports me,
You think my words be but wind,
You paint my very heart as it were of[2] wax,
You imagine me a woman without judgment.
And all that increases my burning.

[Vous la croyez, las! trop je l'apperçoy
Et vous doutez de ma ferme constance,
O mon seul bien & mon seul esperance,
Et ne vous puis je asseurer de ma foy
Vous m'estimez leger que je voy,
Et si n'avez en moy nul asseurance
Et soupçonnez mon coeur sans apparence,
Vous deffiant à trop grand tort de moy.
Vous ignorez l'amour que je vous porte,
Vous soupçonnez qu'autre amour me transporte,
Vous estimez mes parolles du vent,
Vous depeignez de cire mon las coeur,
Vous me pensez femme sans jugement.
Et tout cela augmente mon ardeur.]

—composed, c. 1566-67

Sonnet to Elizabeth

A sole thought that profits and injures me,
Bitter and sweet, changing in my heart without
ceasing,
Between doubt and hope it oppresses me,
So much that peace and rest flee from me.
Thus, dear sister, if this card[3] outlines
The desire to see you that presses[4] me,
It is that I live in pain and sadness
If the result does not follow promptly.
I have seen the ship released from constraint
On the high seas near to entering the port,
And the serene changed to trouble;
Thus I am worried and fearful,
Not because of you, but because at times,
wrongly,
Fortune breaks sails and double rigging.

[Une seul penser qui me profite et nuit[5]
Amer et doux, change en mon coeur sans
cesse,
Entre le doute[6] et l'espoir il m'oppresse
Tant que la paix et le repos me fuient.
Donc, chère soeur, si cette carte suit
L'affection de vous voir qui me presse,
C'est que je vis en peine et en tristesse,
Si promptement l'effect[7] ne s'en ensuit.
J'ai vu la nef relâcher par contrainte
En haute mer proche d'entrer au port,
Et le serein se convertir en trouble.
Ainsi je suis en souci et en crainte,
Non pas de vous mais quant aux fois à tort
Fortune rompe voile et cordage double.]

—composed, c. 1567-68

[1] *(my heart)* This line could also have been translated without adding these parentheses.

[2] *as it were of* as if it were made of.

[3] *card* The French *carte* refers to Mary's letter, but within the metaphor that ends the sonnet, it is the card or map used by sailors.

[4] *presses* The French *me presse* may carry a sense of the press, a torture instrument.

[5] *nuit* nuire, to harm or injure.

[6] *doute* doubt, or perhaps fear.

[7] *l'effect* result or reply.

Sir Thomas Hoby
1530-1566

Most famous for his translation of Count Baldassare Castiglione's *Il Cortegiano* [*The Courtier*] (1528), Thomas Hoby was a career diplomat and civil servant, first in the service of Henry VIII and later under his son, Edward VI. Completed between 1552 and 1553, Hoby's translation had to wait for publication until his self-imposed exile on the Continent came to an end with the death of Mary I and the ascension of Elizabeth to the throne. On his return to England, he took up the quieter life of a landed gentleman on his estates in Berkshire and in 1561 he saw *The Courtier* through the press. It was published in London in the same year and was an immediate success, with three more editions soon appearing.

Baldassare Castiglione was an Italian humanist, writer, and diplomat. He gathered material for his wildly successful conduct manual from his experiences at the Urbino court of Guidobaldo da Montefeltro. A debate on the qualities of the ideal courtier, *The Courtier* was popular in a number of countries (both in the original Italian and its various translations) partly because of the extensive description of these moral, intellectual, and physical qualities, ranging from virtues like temperance, justice, and martial courage to different kinds of learning, in areas such as soldiership, literature, music, and the classics, to a variety of physically demanding activities, such as horsemanship, dancing, running, wrestling, and swordsmanship, to a certain grace and ease in social conversation.

Perhaps the two most influential aspects of Castiglione's *Il Cortegiano* have to do with its neo-Platonic discussions of love and its concept of *sprezzatura*. Both become very important concepts in fashioning the courtier and court culture in sixteenth-century England. *Sprezzatura*, an Italian term that Hoby most often translates as "grace" or "ease," refers to that quality which should pervade everything that the courtier does and says; all the skills and knowledge that he possesses should appear to have been achieved effortlessly, without application, study, or art. Through Hoby's translation, Castiglione introduced English courtiers and all those who read this popular book to the concept of "self-fashioning," the idea that each person could create and fashion their own identity and personality. In this sense, *The Courtier* is much like the period's "conduct manuals," offering the reader a set of moral, intellectual, educational, and social prescriptions for socially advantageous and morally correct conduct, although these goals are sometimes in tension with each other. Sir Thomas Elyot's *The Book of the Governor* (1531), for example, represents the ideal monarch as a person educated in humanist ideals, skilled in the minutiae of political life, and committed to the principles of reformed religion. Dedicated to Henry VIII, it aims at some of the same goals as *The Book of the Courtier*, although its focus is the monarch and not the courtier as such.

EDITION: *The courtyer of Count Baldessar Castilio.* London: By William Seres, 1561. STC 4778.

from *The Book of the Courtier*[1]

The Printer to the Reader

Greeting,

Now at the length (gentle reader) through the diligence of Master Hoby in penning and mine in printing, thou hast here set forth unto thee *The Book of the Courtier*, which for thy benefit had been done long since, but that there were certain places in it which of late years being misliked of some, that had the perusing of it (with what reason judge thou) the author thought it much better to keep it in darkness a while, than to put it in light imper-

[1] The full title and subtitles read: *The Courtier of Count Baldessar Castilio Divided into Four Books. Very necessary and profitable for young gentlemen and gentlewomen abiding in court, palace or place [i.e., manor house, chief residence on an estate], done into English by Thomas Hoby.*

fect and in piecemeal to serve the time. Use it, therefore, and so peruse it, that for thy profit, first he, and then I, may think our travail[1] herein well employed.

Farewell.

Thomas Sackville[2] in Commendation of the Work.

To the Reader.

These royal kings, that rear up to the sky
Their palace tops, and deck them all with gold,
With rare and curious works they feed the eye,
And show what riches here great princes hold.
A rarer work and richer far in worth,
Castilio's hand presenteth here to thee,
No proud ne golden court doth he set furth
But what in court a courtier ought to be.
The prince he raiseth huge and mighty walls,
Castilio frames a wight[3] of noble fame:
The king with gorgeous tissue[4] clads his halls,
The Count with golden virtue decks the same,
Whose passing skill lo[5] Hobby's pen displays
To Britain folk, a work of worthy praise.

To the Right Honourable the Lord Henry Hastings,[6] Son and Heir Apparent to the Noble Earl of Huntington.

Themistocles, the noble Athenian, in his banishment entertained most honourably with the king of Persia, willed upon a time to tell his cause by a spokesman, compared it to a piece of tapestry, that being spread abroad discloseth the beauty of the workmanship, but folded together, hideth it, and therefore demanded respite to learn the Persian tongue to tell his own cause.[7] Right so (Honourable Lord) this Courtier[8] hath long strayed about this realm, and the fruit of him either little or imperfectly received to the common benefit: for either men skilful in his tongue have delighted in him for their own private commodity,[9] or else he hath eftsones[10] spoken in piecemeal by an interpreter to such as desired to know his mind, and to practice his principles: the which how imperfect a thing it is, Themistocles and experience teach. But now, though late indeed, yet for all that at length, beside his three principal languages,[11] in the which he hath a long time haunted all the courts of Christendom, he is become an Englishman (which many a long time have wished, but few attempted and none achieved) and well-willing to dwell in the Court of England, and in plight[12] to tell his own cause. In whose commendation I shall not need to use any long process of words, for he can so well speak for himself, and answer to the opinion men have a long time conceived of him, that whatsoever I should write therein, were but labour in waste, and rather a diminishing, than a setting forth of his worthiness, and a great deal better it were to pass it over with silence, than to use briefness. Only for[13] the little acquaintance I have with him, and for the general profit is in him, my desire is he should now at his first arrival, a new man in this kind of trade, be well entertained and much honoured.

And forsomuch as none but a noble young gentleman, and trained up all his lifetime in court and

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1 *travail* work, labour.

2 Thomas Sackville (1536-1608), first earl of Dorset, poet, diplomat, and lord treasurer; co-author of the early tragedy *Gorboduc* (1562); writer of the "Induction" and "Complaint of Buckingham" in *Mirror for Magistrates* (2nd ed., 1563).

3 *wight* man, person.

4 *tissue* cloth; here, fine tapestries or wall-hangings.

5 *lo* behold.

6 Lord Henry Hastings (?1536-95), courtier and administrator, later earl of Huntington (1560), lord president of the North (1572-95), and lord lieutenant of Leicestershire; he was well-known as a zealous Protestant and patron of charities in his county of Leicestershire.

7 *Themistocles ... his own cause* See Plutarch's "Life of Themistocles" (*Plutarch, Lives*) for this anecdote.

8 *this Courtier* i.e., *The Book of the Courtier* in its original Italian editions.

9 *commodity* advantage, benefit, profit.

10 *eftsones* repeatedly.

11 *his three principal languages* French, Spanish, and Dutch.

12 *in plight* in [good] condition, state, or trim.

13 *Only for* i.e., only because of.

of worthy qualities, is mete[1] to receive and entertain so worthy a courtier, that like may fellowship and get estimation with his like, I do dedicate him unto your good lordship, that through your means and under your patronage he may be common[2] to a great many. And this do I not for that I suppose you stand in need of any of his instructions, but partly because you may see him confirm with reason the courtly fashions, comely exercises, and noble virtues, that unawares have from time to time crept into you, and already with practice and learning taken custom[3] in you; and partly to get him the more authority and credit through so honourable a patron. For no doubt, if you be seen willingly to embrace him, other young and courtly gentlemen will not shun his company; and so both he shall get him the reputation now here in England which he hath had a good while since beyond the sea, in Italy, Spain and France, and I shall think my small travail[4] well-employed and sufficiently recompensed. The honour and entertainment[5] that your noble ancestors showed Castilio the maker, when he was in this realm to be installed knight of the Order for the duke his master, was not so much as presently both he and this his handiwork shall receive of you.

Generally ought this[6] to be in estimation with all degrees of men: for to princes and great men, it is a rule to rule themselves that rule others, and one of the books that a noble philosopher exhorted a certain king to provide him, and diligently to search, for in them he should find written such matters, that friends durst not utter unto kings; to men grown in years,[7] a pathway to the beholding and musing of the mind, and to whatsoever else is mete for that age; to young gentlemen, an encouraging to garnish their mind with moral virtues, and their body with comely exercises, and both the one and the other with honest qualities to attain unto their noble end; to ladies and gentlewomen, a mirror to deck and trim themselves with virtuous conditions, comely behaviours, and honest entertainment toward all men; and to them all in general, a storehouse of most necessary implements for the conversation, use, and training up of man's life with courtly demeanours.

Were it not that the ancientness of time, the degree of a consul, and the eloquence of Latin style in these our days bear a great stroke,[8] I know not whether in the invention and disposition[9] of the matter, as Castilio hath followed Cicero, and applied to his purpose sundry examples and pithy sentences out of him, so he may in feat conveyance[10] and like trade of writing, be compared to him: but well I wot[11] for renown among the Italians, he is not inferior to him. Cicero, an excellent orator, in three books of an *Orator* unto his brother, fashioneth such a one as never was, nor yet is like to be;[12] Castilio, an excellent courtier, in three books of a *Courtier* unto his dear friend, fashioneth such a one as is hard to find and perhaps impossible. [...] Both Cicero and Castilio profess they follow not any certain appointed order of precepts or rules, as is used in the instruction of youth, but call to rehearsal matters debated in their times to and fro in the disputation of most eloquent men and excellent wits in every worthy quality, the one company in the old time assembled in Tusculane, and the other of late years in the new palace of Urbin. Where many most excellent wits in this realm have made no less of this book than the great Alexander did of Homer,[13] I cannot suf-

[1] *mete* fit, appropriate, proper.

[2] *common* i.e., commonly available.

[3] *taken custom* taken up an accustomed place in you.

[4] *travail* labour, work.

[5] *entertainment* hospitality.

[6] *this* i.e., *The Book of the Courtier.*

[7] I.e., "To men grown in years [*The Book of the Courtier* is] a pathway to the beholding ..."

[8] *bear a great stroke* i.e., have great influence, authority, or excellence.

[9] *invention and disposition* terms from classical rhetoric describing the composition of an argument; "invention" refers to the selection of topics to be treated or arguments to be used, while "disposition" to the due arrangement of the parts of an argument or discussion.

[10] *feat conveyance* apt communication.

[11] *wot* know, understand.

[12] Cicero's *De Oratore*, a treatise that was popular among Renaissance writers.

[13] *have made no less ... Homer* Alexander the Great (356-323 BCE) reportedly carried his copy of Homer's epic poem the *Iliad* on all his military expeditions, keeping it in a golden casket that he had seized from his defeated foe, King Darius of Persia.

ficiently wonder that they have not all this while from time to time done a common benefit to profit others as well as themselves.

In this point (I know not by what destiny) Englishmen are much inferior to well most all other nations: for where they set their delight and bend themselves with an honest strife of matching others to turn into their mother tongue not only the witty writings of other languages, but also of all the philosophers, and all sciences both Greek and Latin, our men ween[1] it sufficient to have a perfect knowledge to no other end but to profit themselves, and (as it were) after much pains in breaking up a gap,[2] bestow no less to close it up again, that others may with like travail follow after. And where our learned men for the most part hold opinion[3] to have the sciences in the mother tongue hurteth memory and hindereth learning, in my opinion they do full ill consider from whence the Grecians first and afterward the Latins fet[4] their knowledge. And without wading to any farther reasons that might be alleged, if they will mark well the truth, they shall see at this day, where the sciences are most turned into the vulgar tongue[5] there are best learned men, and comparing it with the contrary, they shall also find the effects contrary. In Italy (where the most translation of authors is) not only for philosophy, logic, humanity and all liberal sciences both in Greek and Latin (leaving apart Barbarus, Naugerius, Sannazarus, Bembus, Lazarus and the rest that of very late days flourished) Genoa, Tomitanus, Robertellus, Manutius, Piccolhomineus,[6] are presently very singular[7] and renowned throughout all Christendom; but also for the same in the vulgar tongue with little or no sight[8] at all in the Latin, Aretino, Gelli (a tailor in Florence) the Lady Victoria Columna, the Lady Dionora Sanseverina, the Lady Beatrice Loffreda, Veronica Gambera, Virginea Salvi[9] and infinite other men and women are most famous throughout Italy, whose divine works and excellent style both in rhyme and prose

1 *ween* believe, suppose, think.

2 *gap* a breach in a wall or hedge, as the result of violence or natural decay.

3 *hold opinion* i.e., are of the opinion that.

4 *fet* i.e., fetched, received; to draw or derive from a source.

5 *vulgar tongue* i.e., the vernacular of a nation.

6 *Barbarus* perhaps, Hermolaus Barbarus (Ermolao Barbaro; 1454-93/95?), scholar and professor of philosophy at the University of Padua, author of important translations of Aristotle and a critical analysis of the natural philosophy of Pliny the elder; or perhaps Francesco Barbaro (1390-1454), Venetian scholar and statesman, author of *De re uxoria* ("On marriage"); *Naugerius* Andrea Navagero (Andreas Naugerius; 1483-1529), poet, scholar, and diplomat, who published both in Latin and Italian; with other scholars, he helped edit classical texts for Aldus Manutius's press; *Sannazarus* Jacopo Sannazaro (1458-1530), leading humanist scholar and poet, who published both in Latin and in the vernacular, author of the influential pastoral romance *Arcadia*; *Bembus* Pietro Bembo (1470-1547), scholar, poet, literary critic, linguist, and Roman Catholic cardinal; author of *Gli Asolani* (1505), a dialogue on courtly love, he published both in Latin and the vernacular, and contributed substantially to the development of the Italian language. He appears as one of the interlocutors in *Courtier*, and offers the Neoplatonic discourse on love at its conclusion; *Lazarus* Lazzaro Bonamico (1477/78-1552), Venetian humanist and professor of Latin and Greek, a scholar of Cicero; *Genoa* Marcantonio Genua de' Passeri (1490/91-1563), scholar of Averroës and Aristotle, professor of natural philosophy (University of Padua, 1531-63); *Tomitanus* Bernardino Tomitano (1517-76), University of Padua professor of logic and Aristotelean philosophy; *Robertellus* Francesco Robortello of Udine, University of Padua, professor of Latin rhetoric (1552-57; 1561-67), author of the most influential Latin commentary (1548) on Aristotle's *Poetics*; *Manutius* Aldo Manuzio [Manuzio the elder] (1449-1515), humanist scholar and printer, publisher of important Greek and Latin texts, as well as grammars, dictionaries, and textbooks for the study of these ancient languages; he also printed important editions of Dante, Petrarch and Bembo; *Piccolhomineus* Alessandro Piccolomini (1508-79), philosopher and humanist scholar, translator of important Greek and Latin works (including selections from Ovid, Virgil, and Xenophon; as well as Aristotle's *Rhetoric* and *Poetics*), and author of vernacular commentaries on Aristotelean philosophy; he was also a poet and the author of two comedies.

7 *singular* eminent, distinguished, notable.

8 *sight* knowledge, skill, insight.

9 *Aretino* Pietro Aretino (1492-1556), Italian vernacular poet, playwright, satirist, and author of erotic works; he parodied *Courtier* in his popular stage comedy *La cortegiana*; *Gelli* Giambattista Gelli (1498-1563), Florentine humanist, Dante scholar, and playwright; *Victoria Columna* Vittoria Colonna (1492-1547), noblewoman, important vernacular Italian poet, and patron of the arts; friend of Sannazaro, Tasso, and Michaelangelo; her lyrics, both religious and amorous, first appeared in 1538; *Dionora Sanseverina* presumably, a member of the family of Sanseverino; she, Beatrice Loffreda, Vittoria Colonna, and Veronica Gàmbara are mentioned among a group of female luminaries in a dedicatory letter prefacing Vincenzo Valgrisi's 1557 edition of Boccaccio's *Decameron*; *Veronica Gambera* Veronica (*continued*)

give a sufficient testimony not only of their profound knowledge and noble wit, but also that knowledge may be obtained in studying only a man's own native tongue.

So that to be skilful and exercised[1] in authors translated is no less to be called learning than in the very same in the Latin or Greek tongue. Therefore, the translation of Latin or Greek authors doth not only not hinder learning, but it furthereth it; yea, it is learning itself, and a great stay[2] to youth, and the noble end to the which they ought to apply their wits, that with diligence and study have attained a perfect understanding, to open a gap for others to follow their steps, and a virtuous exercise for the unLatined to come by learning, and to fill their mind with the moral virtues, and their body with civil conditions, that they may both talk freely in all company, live uprightly though there were no laws, and be in a readiness against all kind of worldly chances that happen, which is the profit that cometh of philosophy. And he said well that was asked the question, "How much the learned differed from the unlearned." "So much," quoth he, "as the well-broken and ready horses, from the unbroken." Wherefore I wot[3] not how our learned men in this case can avoid the saying of Isocrates, to one that among sundry learned discourses at table spoke never a word: "If thou be unlearned, thou dost wisely: but if thou be learned, unwisely;" as who should say, learning is ill-bestowed where others be not profited by it. As I therefore have to my small skill bestowed some labour about this piece of work, even so could I wish with all my heart, profound learned men in the Greek and Latin should make the like proof, and every man store[4] the tongue, according to his knowledge and delight, above other men in some piece of learning, that we alone of the world may not be still counted barbarous in our tongue, as in time out of mind we have been in our manners. And so shall we perchance in time become as famous in England, as the learned men of other nations have been and presently are.

And though the hardness of this present matter be such, and mine unskilfulness to undertake this enterprise so great, that I might with good cause have despaired to bring to an end it[5] that many excellent wits have attempted, yet could I not choose but yield to the continual requests and often persuasions of many young gentlemen, which have (may chance) an opinion that to be in me that is not indeed, and unto whom in any reasonable matter I were skilful in, neither I could nor ought of duty to want[6] in fulfilling their desire. Notwithstanding a great while I forbore and lingered the time to see if any of a more perfect understanding in the tongue, and better practiced in the matter of the book (of whom we want not a number in this realm) would take the matter in hand, to do his country so great a benefit: and this imagination prevailed in me a long space after my duty done in translating the third book (that entreateth of a gentlewoman of the court) persuaded thereto, in that I was informed, it was as then in some forwardness by another, whose wit and style was greatly to be allowed, but since prevented by death he could not finish it. But of late being instantly craved upon afresh, I whetted[7] my style and settled myself to take in hand the other three books (that entreat of the perfection of a gentleman of the court) to fulfil their petition in what I am able, having time and leisure thereto, the which I have done, though not in effect, yet in appearance and that in a great deal shorter time, than the hardness of the matter required.

Gàmbara (1485-1550), poet, letter writer, and patron of the arts, niece of Emilia Pia (see p. 326, note 3), and friend of Pietro Bembo (see p. 312, note 6). After the death of her husband, Gàmbara became the successful ruler of his state, Correggio; her court became a centre of learning and she was a friend and supporter of writers such as Bandello, Aretino, and Ariosto; *Virginea Salvi* Virginia Salvi, popular and much-anthologized poet, whose works appeared alongside those of Colonna and Gàmbara in 1551.

1 *exercised* employed habitually (here, in reading and studying).

2 *stay* prop, support.

3 *wot* know.

4 *store* furnish, stock, supply.

5 *it* i.e., the translation of Castiglione's *Il Cortegiano.*

6 *want* lack.

7 *whetted* sharpened.

And where it shall not perhaps thoroughly please by reason my small understanding in the tongue, and less practice in the matters herein contained, is not of force to give it the brightness and full perfection in this our tongue that it hath in the Italian, it shall suffice yet that I have showed myself obedient in the respect a man ought to have toward his betters. And no more can they avoid the blame to charge me withal, than I to undertake it. Besides that, I have declared my good will and well meaning no less than if my cunning were greater, and could extend much farther. But paraventure[1] the rudeness of this shall be an encouraging of some other to give the onset[2] upon other matters with a better ripeness of style and much more aptness, and so shall this yet somewhat profit both ways.

But the estimation it must get by your Honour is the principal cause that setteth it out, and maketh it worn with the hands of heedful readers: for in case[3] you cheerfully receive it, men will reckon it good; if you allow it, worthy to be practiced; if you commend it, worthy to pass from hand to hand. Therefore, among the other good opinions men generally hold of you, let it not be the least that they may hold also no less of this that you allow and commend. And so shall you show undeserved kindness, I bounden duty, and all others good will to embrace and to welcome it out of Italy into England. And thus shall Castilio be esteemed such a one as he is indeed, and wex[4] familiar with all men, that of late was known of very few, and so mangled with variety of judgments, that he was (in a manner) maimed, and lost a good piece of his estimation. But in case judgements now feint,[5] or mine interpretation seem not pithy but rude, not proper but cold, there is no more imperfection in this Courtier than in Cyrus[6] himself in the translation of Xenophon into the Italian or any other tongue, the one as necessary and proper for a gentleman of the court, as the other for a king. And I shall desire my labour may so be taken well in worth, as I have endeavoured myself to follow the very meaning and words of the author, without being mislead by fancy, or leaving out any parcel[7] one or other, whereof I know not how some interpreters of this book into other languages can excuse themselves, and the more they be conferred,[8] the more it will perchance appear. Wherefore, receive you this as a token of my good will, and so receive it that the fruit, whatever it be, may be acknowledged at your hands, and you pass the expectation of men in this, as in all other things, which, no doubt, is very great of you: and I, to acknowledge this benefit, where my ability stretcheth to nothing else, shall at the least evermore wish unto your lordship long life, that you may go forward, as you do, in these beginnings, which promise a lucky end, to the honour of yourself, comfort of your friends, and forwardness of the commune weal[9] of your country.

—1556.

Your Lordship's most bounden,

THOMAS HOBY.

[1] *paraventure* maybe, perhaps.

[2] *to give the onset* to make a beginning, to start.

[3] *in case* i.e., if.

[4] *wex* wax, grow.

[5] *feint* either "deceive" or "turn weak" (as in "faint").

[6] Cyrus, king of Persia, whom the historian Xenophon presents as the ideal philosopher-prince. The first English translation of *Cyropaedeia* ("The Education of Cyrus") was William Barker's *The School of Cyrus* (1567). See James Tatum's 1987 edition for Garland Press (*The Renaissance Imagination*, Vol. 37).

[7] *parcel* small part.

[8] *conferred* compared.

[9] *commune weal* common good or health.

THE SECOND BOOK OF THE COURTIER[1]

[...]

"[...] as touching nobleness of birth, wit and disposition of person and grace of countenance, I say unto you that to get him[2] praise worthily and a good estimation with all men, and favour with such great men as he shall attend upon,[3] methink it behooveful[4] he have the understanding to frame all his life and to set forth his good qualities generally in company with all men without purchasing himself envy. The which how hard a matter it is of itself, a man may consider by the seldomness of such as are seen to attain to that point, because we are all the sort of us in very deed more inclined of nature to dispraise faults than to commend things well done. And a man would think that many by a certain rooted malice, although they manifestly discern the goodness, enforce themselves with all study and diligence to find in us either a fault or at the least the likeness of a fault.

"Therefore, it behooveth our courtier in all his doings to be chary and heedful,[5] and what so he sayeth or doth to accompany it with wisdom, and not only to set his delight to have in himself parts and excellent qualities, but also to order the tenor of his life after such a trade, that the whole may be answerable unto these parts, and see the self same to be always and in everything such that it disagree not from itself, but make one body of all these good qualities, so that every deed of his may be compact and framed[6] of all the virtues, as the Stoics[7] say the duty of a wise man is: although not withstanding always one virtue is the principal, but all are so knit and linked one to another, that they tend to one end, and all may be applied and serve to every purpose.

"Therefore, it behooveth he have the understanding to set them forth, and by comparison and (as it were) contrariety of the one, sometime to make the other the better known: as the good painters with a shadow make the lights of high places to appear, and so with light make low the shadows of plains, and meddle divers colours together,[8] so that through that diversity both the one and the other are more sightly to behold, and the placing of the figures contrary the one to the other is a help to them to do the feat that the painter's mind is to bring to pass. So that lowliness[9] is much to be commended in a gentleman that is of prowess and well seen in arms: and as that fierceness seemeth the greater when it is accompanied with sobermood,[10] even so doth sobermood increase and show itself the more through fierceness. Therefore, little speaking, much doing, and not praising a man's own self in commendable deeds, dissembling[11] them after an honest sort, doth increase both the one virtue and the other in a person that can discreetly use this trade.[12] And the like is to be said in all the other good qualities.

"Therefore will I have our courtier—in that he doth or sayeth—to use certain general rules, the which (in my mind) contain briefly as much as belongeth to me to speak. And for the first and chief

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1 *Courtier* consists of dialogues on the nature and function of the courtier, but these dialogues take place at a very specific time and place: at the palace of Guidobaldo da Montefeltro (1472-1508), duke of Urbino, Castiglione's employer; and on the evenings of 5-8 March 1507. The interlocutors are real people, prominent and powerful noblemen and noblewomen, many of whom knew each other and Castiglione. See W.J. Schnerr, "Two Courtiers: Castiglione and Rodrigues Lobo," *Comparative Literature* 13.2 (1961): 142; and P. Burke, *The Fortunes of the* Courtier (University Park, PA, 1995), pp. 25-32. The discussion takes place before and at the instigation of Elisabetta Gonzaga (1471-1526), wife of Guidobaldo and duchess of Urbino.

2 *him* the courtier.

3 *attend upon* wait upon, serve in the manner of a courtier.

4 *behooveful* useful, advantageous.

5 *chary* cautious, circumspect; *heedful* careful.

6 *compact and framed* composed and fashioned.

7 *Stoics* Greek philosophers, who advocated that men should govern their lives through reason, and thus be indifferent to pain, death, and other reversals of fortune.

8 *meddle divers colours together* i.e., mix different colours of paint together.

9 *lowliness* humility.

10 *sobermood* sobermindedness; sobriety of demeanour.

11 *dissembling* feigning, disguising, hiding.

12 *trade* course of action.

let him avoid (as the Count[1] said well in that behalf yesternight) above all things curiosity.[2] Afterward let him consider well what the thing is he doth or speaketh, the place where it is done, in presence of whom, in what time, the cause why he doth it, his age, his profession, the end whereto it tendeth, and the means that may bring him to it: and so let him apply himself discreetly with these advertisements to whatsoever he mindeth to do or speak."

After Sir Frederick[3] had thus said, he seemed to stay[4] a while. Then said Master Morello of Ortona,[5] "Methink these your rules teach but little. And I for my part am as skilful now as I was before you spoke them, although I remember I have heard them at other times also of friars with whom I have been in confession, and I ween[6] they term them 'circumstances.'"[7]

Then laughed Sir Frederick and said, "If you do well bear in mind, the Count willed yesternight that the chief profession of the courtier should be in arms, and spoke very largely[8] in what sort he should do it; therefore will we make no more rehearsal thereof. Yet by our rule it may be also understood, that where the courtier is at a skirmish, or assault, or battle upon the land, or in such other places of enterprise, he ought to work the matter wisely in separating himself from the multitude, and undertake his notable and bold feats which he hath to do with as little company as he can, and in the sight of noblemen that be of most estimation in the camp, and especially in the presence and (if it were possible) before the very eyes of his king or great personage he is in service withal: for indeed it is mete[9] to set forth to the show things well done. And I believe even as it is an ill matter to seek a false renown, and in the thing he deserveth no praise at all, so is it also an ill matter to defraud a man's self of his due estimation, and not to seek that praise which alone is the true reward of virtuous enterprises. And I remember I have known of them in my time that for all they were of prowess, yet in this point they have showed themselves but gross-headed,[10] and put their life in as great hazard to go take a flock of sheep, as in being the foremost to scale the walls of a battered town, the which our courtier will not do if he bear in mind the cause that bringeth him to the war, which ought to be only his estimation. And if he happen moreover to be one to show feats of chivalry in open sights at tilt, tourney, or *joco di canne*[11] or in any other exercise of the person, remembering the place where he is, and in presence of whom, he shall provide before hand to be in his armour no less handsome and sightly than sure,[12] and feed the eyes of the lookers-on with all things that he shall think may give him a good grace, and shall do his best to get him a horse set out with fair harness and sightly trappings, and to have proper devices, apt poesies,[13] and witty inventions that may draw unto him the

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[1] *the Count* Count Lodovico da Canossa (1476-1532), Veronese nobleman, diplomat, and servant to Pope Leo X and King Francis I. Made a bishop in 1516, he was a friend and kinsman of Castiglione. Hoby refers to him throughout as "Count Lewis."

[2] *curiosity* care or attention carried to excess; excessive attention lavished on trivial matters; fastidiousness.

[3] *Sir Frederick* Frederico Fregoso (1480-1541), humanist, linguist, courtier, scholar of ancient languages, and soldier, friend of Pietro Bembo and Castiglione, younger brother to Ottaviano, who was later ruler of Genoa (1513-22). He spent time in his youth at the court of his uncle, Guidobaldo da Montefeltro, the duke of Urbino.

[4] *stay* stop, pause.

[5] *Master Morello of Ortona* Sigismondo Morello da Ortona. In his youth, Morello was one of the duke of Urbino's soldiers; later, he became a trusted court retainer. According to *Courtier*, he is the oldest of the participants.

[6] *ween* understand, believe.

[7] *although I remember ... 'circumstances'* perhaps a reference to the circumstances under which a sin might be deemed more or less serious by a person's confessor, or perhaps more simply the rules set out for the examination of a penitent's conscience that would allow him or her to make a full and sincere confession of sin. The implication is that these "circumstances" (like the rules set out in the previous paragraph for the ideal courtier's speech and actions) are so vague in form and application as to be useless.

[8] *largely* comprehensively.

[9] *mete* appropriate, fitting.

[10] *gross-headed* dull, stupid.

[11] *tilt, tourney, or joco di canne* martial games to try combatants' skills at riding and jousting.

[12] *sure* not liable to break or give way; trusty, reliable.

[13] *trappings* gaily-ornamented cloths or coverings spread over the saddle of a horse; *proper devices* appropriate emblematic figures or designs (usually heraldic in origin, perhaps embroidered on one's clothes); *apt poesies* appropriate verses.

eyes of the lookers-on, as the adamant stone[1] doth iron. He shall never be among the last that come forth into the lists[2] to show themselves, considering the people, and especially women, take much more heed to the first than to the last, because the eyes and minds that at the beginning are greedy of that novelty, note every little matter and print it,[3] afterward by continuance they are not only full, but weary of it.

"Therefore was there a noble stage-player[4] in old time that for this respect would always be the first to come forth to play his part. In like manner also if our courtier do but talk of arms, he shall have an eye to the profession of them he talketh withal and according to that frame himself, and use one manner of talk with men, and another with women. And in case he will touch anything sounding to his own praise, he shall do it so dissemblingly[5] as it were at a chance and by the way and with the discretion and wariness that Count Lewis[6] showed us yesterday.

"Do you not now think, Master Morello, that our rules can teach somewhat? Trow[7] you not that friend of ours I told you of a few days ago had clean forgotten with whom he spoke, and why? When to entertain a gentlewoman whom he never saw before, at his first entering in talk with her, he began to tell how many men he had slain and what a hardy fellow he was, and how he could play at two-hand-sword and had never done until he had taught her how to defend certain strokes with a poleaxe being armed and how unarmed, and to show how (in a man's defence) to lay hand upon a dagger, so that the poor gentlewoman stood upon thorns, and thought an hour a thousand years till she were got from him, for fear lest he would go nigh to kill her as he had done those others. Into these errors run they that have not an eye to the 'circumstances' which you say ye have heard of friars.

[...]

"I would not our courtier should do as many do, that as soon as they come to any place, and also in the presence of great men with whom they have no acquaintance at all, without much entreating set out themselves to show as much as they know, yea and many times that they know not, so that a man would ween[8] they came purposely to show themselves for that, and that it is their principal profession. Therefore, let our courtier come to show his music as a thing to pass the time withal, and as he were enforced to do it, and not in the presence of noblemen nor of any great multitude. And for all he be skilful and doth well understand it, yet will I have him to dissemble the study and pains[9] that a man must needs take in all things that are well done. And let him make semblant[10] that he esteemeth but little in himself that quality, but in doing it excellently well make it much esteemed of other men.

[...]

"I will have our courtier therefore (beside that he hath and doth daily give men to understand that he is of the prowess which we have said ought to be in him) to turn all his thoughts and force of mind to love, and (as it were) to reverence the prince he serveth above all other things, and in his will, manners and fashions, to be altogether pliable to please him."

Here without any longer stay, Peter of Naples said, "Of these courtiers nowadays ye shall find ynow,[11] for (methink) in few words ye have painted us out a jolly flatterer."

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1 *adamant stone* a stone with magnetic properties.

2 *lists* the enclosed space within which tournaments and tilting matches were held.

3 *print it* fix it firmly in memory.

4 <*>*Q Roscius comoedus* [Hoby's note]. Quintus Roscius Gallus, ancient Roman actor, was famous for his ability in both comedy and tragedy.

5 *dissemblingly* feigningly, disguisedly.

6 *Count Lewis* See p. 316, note 1.

7 *Trow* think, believe.

8 *ween* believe, think.

9 *dissemble the study and pains* disguise the study and efforts.

10 *make semblant* to have or assume a specified expression or demeanour.

11 *ynow* i.e., enough.

"You are far deceived," answered Sir Frederick, "for flatterers love not their lords nor their friends, the which I say unto you I will have principally in our courtier. And to please him and to obey his commandments whom he serveth, may be done without flattery, for I mean the commandments that are reasonable and honest, or such as of themselves are neither good nor bad, as is gaming and pastime,[1] and giving himself more to some one exercise than to another. And to this will I have the courtier to frame himself, though by nature he were not inclined to it: so that whensoever his lord looketh upon him, he may think in his mind that he hath to talk with him of a matter that he will be glad to hear. The which shall come to pass if there be a good judgement in him to understand what pleaseth his prince and a wit and wisdom to know how to apply it, and a bent[2] will to make him pleased with the thing which perhaps by nature should displease him. And having these principles, he shall never be sad[3] before his prince nor melancholy, nor so solein[4] as many, that a man would ween were at debate with their lords, which is truly a hateful matter.

"He shall not be ill-tongued, and especially against his superiors, which happeneth often times: for it appeareth that there is a storm in courts that carrieth this condition with it, that always look who receiveth most benefits at his lord's hands, and promoted from very base degree to high estate, he is evermore complaining and reporteth worst of him: which is an uncomely[5] thing, not only for such as these be, but even for such as be ill-handled indeed.

"Our courtier shall use no fond sauciness.[6] He shall be no carrier about of trifling news. He shall not be overseen in speaking otherwhile words that may offend, where his intent was to please. He shall not be stubborn and full of contention, as some busybodies that a man would ween had none other delight but to vex and stir men like flies, and take upon them to contrary[7] every man spitefully without respect. He shall be no babbler, not given to lightness,[8] no liar, no boaster, nor fond flatterer, but sober, and keeping him always within his bounds, use continually—and especially abroad—the reverence and respect that becometh the servant toward the master. And shall not do, as many that meeting a prince how great soever he be, if they have once spoken with him before, come toward him with a certain smiling and friendly countenance, as though they would make of one their equal, or show favour to an inferior of theirs.

"Very seldom or (in manner) never shall he crave anything of his lord for himself, lest the lord having respect to deny it him for himself, should happen to grant it him with displeasure, which is far worse. Again, in suing for others he shall discreetly observe the times, and his suit shall be for honest and reasonable matters, and he shall so frame his suit, in leaving out those points that he shall know will trouble him, and in making easy after a comely sort the lets,[9] that his lord will evermore grant it him: and though he deny it, he shall not think to have offended him whom he meant not to do, for, because great men oftentimes after they have denied request to one that hath sued to them with great instance, think the person that laboured to them so earnestly for it, was very greedy of it, and therefore in not obtaining it, hath cause to bear him ill will that denied him it, and upon this suspicion they conceive a hatred against that person, and can never afterward brook[10] him nor afford him good countenance.[11]

"He shall not covet to press into the chamber or other secret places where his lord is withdrawn, unless he be bid, for all he be[12] of great authority

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1 *gaming and pastime* gambling and leisure activities.
2 *bent* determined or inclined.
3 *sad* serious, grave.
4 *solein* morose, sullen, unsociable.
5 *uncomely* unbecoming, improper.
6 *fond sauciness* foolish insolent presumption, arrogance.
7 *contrary* contradict.
8 *lightness* fickleness, frivolity, thoughtlessness.
9 *lets* hindrances, obstacles.
10 *brook* endure, tolerate.
11 *afford him good countenance* offer him favourable or welcoming looks.
12 *for all he be* i.e., even if he is.

with him: because great men oftentimes when they are privately gotten alone love a certain liberty to speak and do what they please, and therefore will not be seen or heard of any person that may lightly deem[1] of them, and reason willeth no less. Therefore, such as speak against great men for making of their chamber persons of no great quality in other things but in knowing how to attend about their person (methink) commit an error: because I cannot see why they should not have the liberty to refresh their minds, which we ourselves would have to refresh ours. But in case the courtier that is inured with weighty affairs happen to be afterward secretly in chamber with him, he ought to change his coat[2] and to defer grave matters till another time and place, and frame himself to pleasant communication, and such as his lord will be willing to give ear unto, lest he hinder that good mood of his.

"But herein and in all other things, let him have an especial regard that he be not cumbrous to him. And let him rather look to have favour and promotion offered him than crave it so openly in the face of the world, as many do that are so greedy of it that a man would ween[3] the not obtaining it grieveth them as much as the loss of life: and if they chance to enter into any displeasure, or else see others in favour, they are in such anguish of mind that they can by no means dissemble the malice, and so make all men laugh them to scorn: and many times they are the cause that great men favour some one, only to spite them withal. And afterward if they happen to enter in favour that passeth a mean,[4] they are so drunken in it, that they know not what to do for joy: and a man would ween that they wist[5] not what were become of their feet and hands, and (in a manner) are ready to call company to behold them and to rejoice with them, as a matter they have not been accustomed withal. Of this sort I will not have our courtier to be. I would have him esteem favour and promotion, but for all that not to love it so much that a man should think he could not live without it. And when he hath it, let him not show himself new or strange in it; nor wonder at it when it is offered him; nor refuse it in such sort as some that for very ignorance receive it not, and so make men believe that they acknowledge themselves unworthy of it. Yet ought a man always to humble himself somewhat under his degree, and not receive favour and promotions so easily as they be offered him, but refuse them modestly, showing he much esteemeth them and after such a sort that he may give him an occasion that offereth them to offer them with a great deal more instance: because the more resistance a man maketh in such manner to receive them, the more doth he seem to the prince that giveth them to be esteemed, and that the benefit which he bestoweth is so much the more, as he that receiveth it seemeth to make of it, thinking himself much honoured thereby. And these are the true and perfect promotions that make men esteemed of such as see them abroad: because when they are not craved, every man conjectureth they arise of true virtue, and so much the more as they are accompanied with modesty."

[...]

THE THIRD BOOK OF THE COURTIER

[...]

Then the Lord Julian[6] turning him to the Duchess: "Madam," quoth he, "since it is so your pleasure, I will speak that commeth to mind, but with very

[1] *lightly deem* carelessly or thoughtlessly judge.

[2] *change his coat* alter his manner.

[3] *ween* think.

[4] *passeth a mean* goes beyond the ordinary.

[5] *wist* knew.

[6] *Lord Julian* Giuliano de' Medici (1479-1516), third son of Lorenzo de' Medici (sometimes called Lorenzo the Magnificent). During his family's exile from Florence (beginning in 1494), Giuliano resided partly at the court of Urbino. When his family was restored to power, he became governor of Florence, and later received the important position of a general of the Church from his brother, Leo X. Reputedly a good poet but an uninspired soldier, he was a friend of Pietro Bembo.

great doubt to satisfy. And iwis[1] a great deal less pain it were for me to fashion a lady that should deserve to be queen of the world, than a perfect gentlewoman of the court, for of her I wot not where to fet[2] any pattern, but for a queen I should not need to seek far, and sufficient it were for me only to imagine the heavenly conditions of a lady whom I know, and through seeing them, direct all my thoughts to express plainly with words the thing that many see with their eyes, and where I could do no more, yet should I fulfil my duty in naming her."

Then said the Duchess: "Pass not your bounds, my Lord Julian, but mind the order taken, and fashion the gentlewoman of the palace, that this so worthy a mistress may have him that shall worthily serve her."

The Lord Julian proceeded: "For a proof therefore, madam, that your commandment may drive me to assay to do, yea the thing I have no skill in, I shall speak of this excellent woman, as I would have her. And when I have fashioned her after my mind, and can afterward get none other, I will take her as mine own, after the example of Pygmalion.[3] And whereas the Lord Gaspar[4] hath said that the very same rules that are given for the courtier serve also for the woman, I am of a contrary opinion. For albeit some qualities are common and necessary as well for the woman as the man, yet are there some other more meter[5] for the woman than for the man, and some again mete for the man that she ought in no wise[6] to meddle withal. The very same I say of the exercises of the body. But principally in her fashions, manners, words, gestures and conversation (methink) the woman ought to be much unlike the man. For right as it is seemly for him to show a certain manliness full and steady, so doth it well in a woman to have a tenderness, soft and mild, with a kind of womanly sweetness in every gesture of hers, that in going, standing and speaking whatever she lusteth,[7] may always make her appear a woman without any likeness of man. Adding therefore this principle to the rules that these lords have taught the courtier, I think well, she may serve her turn with many of them, and be endowed with very good qualities, as the Lord Gaspar sayeth. For many virtues of the mind I reckon be as necessary for a woman, as for a man. Likewise nobleness of birth, avoiding affectation or curiosity, to have a good grace of nature in all her doings, to be of good conditions, witty, foreseeing, not haughty, not envious, not ill-tongued, not light,[8] not contentious, not untowardly,[9] to have the knowledge to win and keep the good will of her lady and of all others, to do well and with a good grace the exercises comely for women.

"Methink well beauty is more necessary in her than in the courtier, for (to say the truth) there is a great lack in the woman that wanteth beauty. She ought also to be more circumspect and to take better heed that she give no occasion to be ill-reported of, and so to behave herself, that she be not only not spotted with any fault, but not so much as with suspicion. Because a woman hath not so many ways to defend herself from slanderous reports, as hath a man. But for so much as Count Lewis hath very particularly expressed the principal profession of the courtier, and willeth it to be in martial feats, methink also behooveful to utter (according to my judgement) what the gentlewoman's of the palace ought to be: in which point when I have thoroughly satisfied, I shall think myself rid of the greatest part of my duty. Leaving therefore apart the virtues of the mind that ought to be common to her with the courtier, as wisdom, nobleness of courage, staidness,[10] and many more, and likewise the conditions that are

1 *iwis* truly, certainly.

2 *fet* fetch.

3 *Pygmalion* the mythic Greek sculptor who fashioned a statue of a woman so perfect that he fell in love with it; Venus took pity on him and brought the statue to life.

4 *the Lord Gaspar* Gaspare Pallavicino (1486-1511), the youngest of the participants.

5 *meter* more appropriate, proper.

6 *wise* way.

7 *lusteth* desires, wishes.

8 *light* frivolous, unthinking.

9 *untowardly* froward, perverse, ill-disposed.

10 *staidness* sobriety of character, manner, or conduct.

mete for all women, as to be good and discreet, to have the understanding to order her husband's goods and her house and children when she is married, and all those parts that belong to a good huswife:[1] I say that for her that liveth in court, methink there belongeth unto her above all other things a certain sweetness in language that may delight, whereby she may gently entertain all kinds of men with talk worth the hearing and honest, and applied to the time and place, and to the degree of the person she communeth withal, accompanying with sober and quiet manners and with the honesty that must always be a stay to all her deeds, a ready liveliness of wit, whereby she may declare herself far wide from all dullness: but with such a kind of goodness that she may be esteemed no less chaste, wise and courteous than pleasant, feat-conceited[2] and sober: and therefore must she keep a certain mean[3] very hard, and (in a manner) derived of contrary matters, and come just to certain limits, but not pass them.

"This woman ought not therefore (to make herself good and honest) be so skemish[4] and make wise[5] to abhor both the company and the talk (though somewhat of the wantonest) if she be present, to get her thence by and by,[6] for a man may lightly guess that she feigned to be so coy to hide that in herself which she doubted others might come to the knowledge of; and such nice fashions[7] are always hateful. Neither ought she again (to show herself free and pleasant) speak words of dishonesty, nor use a certain familiarity without measure and bridle, and fashions to make men believe that of her that perhaps is not: but being present at such kind of talk, she ought to give the hearing with a little blushing and shamefastness.[8]

[...]

"And because the Lord Gaspar doth also ask what these many things be she ought to have a sight in,[9] and how to entertain, and whether the virtues ought to be applied to this entertainment, I say that I will have her to understand that[10] these lords have willed the courtier to know: and in those exercises that we have said are not comely for her, I will at the least she have that judgement that men can have of the things which they practice not, and this to have knowledge to praise and make of gentlemen more and less according to their deserts. And to make a brief rehearsal in few words of that is already said, I will that this woman have a sight in letters, in music, in drawing or painting, and skilful in dancing, and in devising sports and pastimes, accompanying with that discreet sobermood[11] and with the giving a good opinion of herself, the other principles also that have been taught the courtier. And thus in conversation, in laughing, in sporting, in jesting, finally in everything she shall be had in very great price, and shall entertain accordingly both with jests and feat conceits[12] mete for her, every person that commeth in her company. And albeit staidness, nobleness of courage, temperance, strength of the mind, wisdom and the other virtues a man would think belonged not to entertain, yet will I have her endowed with them all, not so much to entertain (although notwithstanding they may serve thereto also) as to be virtuous: and these virtues to make her such a one that she may deserve to be esteemed, and all her doings framed by them."

"I wonder then," quoth the Lord Gaspar smiling, "since you give women both letters, and staidness, and nobleness of courage and temperance, ye will not have them also to bear rule in cities, and to make laws, and to lead armies, and men to stand spinning in the kitchen."

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1 *huswife* i.e., housewife.

2 *feat-conceited* having a proper or appropriate wit/intelligence.

3 *mean* middle path.

4 *skemish* perhaps from "scheme": contriving, plotting.

5 *make wise* falsely wise (pretending to wisdom).

6 *by and by* immediately.

7 *nice fashions* fastidious, overly-scrupulous behaviours or actions.

8 *shamefastness* modesty.

9 *have a sight in* i.e., have knowledge or insight in.

10 *that* i.e., that which.

11 *sobermood* sobermindedness; sobriety of demeanour.

12 *feat conceits* apt figures of speech.

The Lord Julian answered in like manner, smiling: "Perhaps too this were not amiss." Then he proceeded: "Do you not know that Plato (which indeed was not very friendly to women) giveth them the overseeing of cities, and all other martial offices he appointeth to men? Think you not there were many to be found that could as well skill in ruling cities and armies, as men can? But I have not appointed them these offices, because I fashion a waiting gentlewoman of the court, not a queen. I see well you would covertly have up again the slanderous report that the Lord Octavian[1] gave women yesterday: namely, that they be most imperfect creatures, and not apt to work any virtuous deed, and of very little worthiness and of no value in respect of men. But surely both he and you should be in very great error if ye thought so."

Then said the Lord Gaspar: "I will not have up again matters already past, but you would fain[2] press me to speak some word that might offend these ladies' minds, to make them my foes, as you with flattering them falsely will purchase their good will. But they are so wise above other[s], that they love truth better (although it make not so much with them) than false praises: neither take they it in ill part for a man to say that men are of a more worthiness, and they will not let[3] to confess that you have spoken great wonders, and appointed to the gentlewoman of the palace certain fond impossible matters, and so many virtues that Socrates and Cato and all the philosophers in the world are nothing to her. For to tell you the plain truth, I marvel you were not ashamed so much to pass your bounds, where it ought to have sufficed ye to make this gentlewoman of the palace beautiful, sober, honest, well-spoken, and to have the understanding to entertain without running in slander, with dancing, music, sports, laughing, jests, and the other matters that we see daily used in court: but to go about to give her the knowledge of all things in the world, and to appoint her the virtues that so seldom times are seen in men, yea and in them of old time, it is a matter that can neither be held withal nor scantly heard.

"Now that women are imperfect creatures and consequently of less worthiness than men, and not apt to conceive those virtues that they are,[4] I purpose not to affirm it, because the prowess of these ladies were enough to make me a liar. Yet this I say unto you, that most wise men have left in writing that nature, because she is always set and bent to make things most perfect, if she could, would continually bring forth men, and when a woman is born, it is a slackness or default of nature, and contrary to that she would do. As it is also seen in one born blind, lame, or with some other impediment, and in trees many fruits that never ripen: even so may a woman be said to be a creature brought forth at a chance and by hap,[5] and that it is so, mark me the works of the man and the woman, and by them make your proof of the perfection of each of them. Howbeit[6] since these defaults of women are the wit of nature that hath so brought them forth, we ought not for this to hate them, nor feint[7] in having less respect to them than is mete, but to esteem them above that they are, methinketh a plain error."

[...]

Then answered Sir Frederick smiling, "Methink, my Lord Julian, this opinion of yours[8] is very sour and crabbed, and I believe you have learned it of some friar preacher, of them that rebuke women in love with laymen that their part may be the more.[9] And me seemeth you set over-hard laws to married women, for many there be that their husbands bear very sore hatred unto without cause, and nip them

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1 *the Lord Octavian* Ottaviano Fregoso (1470-1524), soldier, ambassador to France, and later governor of Genoa. He died in exile after the invasion of Genoa in 1522.

2 *fain* eagerly, willingly.

3 *let* pause.

4 *not apt to conceive those virtues that they are* i.e., not able to conceptualize or understand these virtues as they actually exist.

5 *hap* chance, accident.

6 *Howbeit* even so.

7 *feint* be deceptive, deceiving.

8 Lord Julian has just finished stating his opinion that married gentlewomen of the palace should not take lovers or engage in flirtations which might damage their reputations.

9 *that their part may be the more* i.e., that the friars themselves may have sexual access to these women instead.

at the heart, sometime in loving other women, otherwhile in working them all the displeasures they can imagine. Some are compelled by their fathers to take old men full of diseases, uglesome[1] and wayward, that make them lead their life in continual misery. And in case it were leefull[2] for such to be divorced and severed from them they be ill-coupled withal, perhaps it were not to be allowed that they should love any other than their husband. But when either through the stars, their enemies, or through the diversity of complexion, or any other casualty, it befalleth that in bed, which ought to be the nest of agreement and love, the cursed fury of Hell soweth the seed of his venom, which afterward bringeth forth disdain, suspicion and the pricking thorns of hatred, that tormenteth those unlucky souls bound cruelly together in the fast-linked chain that cannot be broken but by death, why will not you have it leefull for this woman to seek some easement for so hard a scourge, and give unto another that which her husband not only regardeth not, but rather clean abhorreth? I hold well that such as have meet husbands and be beloved of them ought not to do them injury; but the other in not loving him that loveth them do themselves injury."

"Nay, they do themselves injury in loving other beside their husband," answered the Lord Julian. "Yet since not loving is not many times in our will, if this mishap chance to the woman of the palace, that the hatred of her husband or the love of another bendeth her to love, I will have her to grant her lover nothing else but the mind: nor at any time to make him any certain token of love, neither in word nor gesture, nor any other way that he may be fully assured of it."

Then said Master Robert of Bari, smiling: "I appeal, my Lord Julian, from this judgement of yours, and I believe I shall have many fellows. But since you will teach this currishness[3] (that I may term it so) to married women, will ye also have the unmarried to be so cruel and discourteous, and not please their lovers at the least in somewhat?"

"In case my woman of the palace," answered the Lord Julian, "be not married, minding to love, I will have her to love one whom she may marry, neither will I think it an offence if she show him some token of love. In which matter I will teach her one general rule in few words, and that is, that she show him whom she loveth all tokens of love, but[4] such as may bring into the lover's mind a hope to obtain of her any dishonest matter. [...]"

[...]

THE FOURTH BOOK OF THE COURTIER

[...]

[Lord Octavian continues his speech.]

"The end therefore of a perfect courtier (whereof hitherto nothing hath been spoken) I believe is to purchase him, by the mean of the qualities which these lords have given him, in such wise[5] the good will and favour of the prince he is in service withal, that he may break his mind to him and always inform him frankly of the truth of every matter mete[6] for him to understand, without fear or peril to displease him. And when he[7] knoweth his mind[8] is bent to commit anything unseemly for him, to be bold to stand with him in it,[9] and to take courage after an honest sort at the favour which he hath gotten him[10] through his good qualities, to dissuade him from every ill purpose, and to set him in the way of virtue. And so shall the courtier, if he have the goodness in him that these lords have given him accompanied with readiness of wit, pleasantness, wisdom, knowledge in letters and so many other things, understand how to behave himself readily in

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1 *uglesome* fearful, horrible, gruesome.

2 *leeful* permissible, lawful.

3 *currishness* quarrelsomeness, baseness.

4 *but* i.e., except.

5 *in such wise* in such a way.

6 *mete* appropriate, fitting.

7 I.e., the courtier.

8 *his mind* i.e., the prince's mind.

9 *to stand with him in it* i.e., to argue with him about it; to stand up to him concerning it.

10 *he hath gotten him* i.e., which the courtier has himself achieved.

all occurrences to drive into his prince's head what honour and profit shall ensue to him and to his[1] by justice, liberality, valiantness of courage, meekness and by the other virtues that belong to a good prince, and contrariwise what slander and damage cometh of the vices contrary to them.

"And therefore in mine opinion, as music, sports, pastimes, and other pleasant fashions are (as a man would say) the flower of courtliness, even so is the training and the helping forward of the prince to goodness and the fearing him from evil, the fruit of it. And because the praise of well-doing consisteth chiefly in two points, whereof the one is, in choosing out an end that our purpose is directed unto that is good indeed: the other, the knowledge to find out apt and meet means to bring it to the appointed good end. Sure it is that the mind of him which thinketh to work so—that his prince shall not be deceived nor led with flatterers, railers and liars, but shall know both the good and the bad and bear love to the one and hatred to the other—is directed to a very good end.

"Methink again that the qualities which these lords have given the courtier may be a good means to compass it, and that because among many vices that we see nowadays in many of our princes the greatest are ignorance and self-liking, and the root of these two mischiefs is nothing else but lying, which vice is worthily abhorred of God and man, and more hurtful to princes than any other, because they have more scarcity than of anything else, of that which they need to have more plenty of than of any other thing: namely, of such as should tell them the truth and put them in mind of goodness. For enemies be not driven of love to do these offices, but they delight rather to have them live wickedly and never to amend; on the other side, they dare not rebuke them openly for fear they be punished. As for friends, few of them have free passage to them, and those few have a respect to reprehend[2] their vices so freely as they do private men's. And many times to curry favour and to purchase good will, they give themselves to nothing else but to feed them with matters that may delight and content their mind, though they be foul and dishonest. So that of friends they become flatterers, and to make a hand[3] by that strict familiarity, they speak and work always to please, and for the most part open the way with lies, which in the prince's mind engender ignorance, not of outward matters only, but also of his own self. And this may be said to be the greatest and foulest lie of all other, because the ignorant mind deceiveth himself and inwardly maketh lies of himself.

"Of this it cometh, that great men, beside that they never understand the truth of anything—drunken with the licentious liberty that rule bringeth with it and with abundance of delicacies drowned in pleasures—are so far out of the way and their mind is so corrupted in seeing themselves always obeyed and (as it were) worshipped with so much reverence and praise, without not only any reproof at all but also gainsaying,[4] that through this ignorance they wade to an extreme self-liking, so that afterward they admit no counsel nor advice of others. And because they believe that the understanding how to rule is a most easy matter, and to compass it there needeth neither art nor learning, but only stoutness,[5] they bend their mind and all their thoughts to the maintenance of that port[6] they keep, thinking it the true happiness to do what a man lusteth.[7] Therefore do some abhor reason and justice, because they ween[8] it a bridle and a certain mean to bring them in bondage and to 'minish[9] in them the contentation[10] and heart's ease that they have to bear rule, if they should observe it: and their rule were not perfect nor whole if they should be compelled to obey unto duty and honesty, because they have an opinion that 'Whoso obeyeth, is no right lord indeed.'

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1 *his* i.e., his family, his descendants.

2 *a respect to reprehend* a deferential hesitancy to reprove or criticize.

3 *to make a hand* to succeed.

4 *gainsaying* contradiction, opposition.

5 *stoutness* pride, arrogance; obstinacy.

6 *port* bearing, demeanour, comportment.

7 *lusteth* desires, wishes.

8 *ween* believe, suppose.

9 *'minish* i.e., diminish.

10 *contentation* contentment.

[...]

"But in case a grave philosopher should come before any of our princes, or whoever beside, that would show them plainly and without any circumstance the horrible face of true virtue and teach them good manners and what the life of a good prince ought to be, I am assured they would abhor him at the first sight, as a most venomous serpent, or else they would make him a laughing stock, as a most vile matter. I say therefore that since nowadays princes are so corrupt through ill usages, ignorance and false self-liking, and that it is so hard a matter to give them the knowledge of the truth and to bend them to virtue, and men with lies and flattery and such naughty means seek to curry favour with them, the courtier by the mean of those honest qualities that Count Lewis and Sir Frederick have given him, may soon, and ought to go about so to, purchase him the good will and allure unto him the mind of his prince, that he may make him a free and safe passage to commune with him[1] in every matter without troubling him. And if he be such a one as is said, he shall compass it with small pain, and so may he always open unto him the truth of every matter at ease. Beside this by little and little distil into his mind goodness, and teach him continency, stoutness of courage, justice, temperance, making him to taste what sweetness is hid under that little bitterness, which at the first sight appeareth unto him that withstandeth vices: which are always hurtful, displeasant and accompanied with ill report and shame, even as virtues are profitable, pleasant and praiseable, and inflame him to them with the examples of many famous captains, and of other notable personages, unto whom they of old time used to make images of metal and marble, and sometime of gold, and to set them up in common haunted places,[2] as well for the honour of them, as for an encouraging of others, that with an honest envy they might also endeavour themselves to reach unto that glory.

"In this wise may he lead him through the rough way of virtue (as it were) decking it about with boughs to shadow it and strewing it over with sightly flowers, to ease the grief of the painful journey in him that is but of a weak force. And sometime with music, sometime with arms, and horses, sometime with rhymes and meter, otherwhile with communication of love, and with all those ways that these lords have spoken of, continually keep that mind of his occupied in honest pleasure: imprinting notwithstanding therein always beside (as I have said) in company with these flickering provocations some virtuous condition, and beguiling him with a wholesome craft, as the wary physicians do, who many times when they minister to young and tender children in their sickness a medicine of a bitter taste anoint the cup about the brim with some sweet liquor. The courtier, therefore, applying to such a purpose this veil of pleasure, in every time, in every place, and in every exercise he shall attain to his end, and deserve much more praise and recompense than for any other good work that he can do in the world, because there is no treasure that doth so universally profit as doth a good prince, nor any mischief so universally hurt as an ill prince.

"Therefore, is there also in pain so bitter and cruel that were a sufficient punishment for those naughty and wicked courtiers, that make their honest and pleasant manners and their good qualities a cloak for an ill end, and by mean of them seek to come in favour with their princes for to corrupt them and to stray them from the way of virtue and to lead them to vice. For a man may say that such as these be do infect with deadly poison not one vessel, whereof one man alone drinketh, but the common fountain that all the people resorteth to."

[...]

"But in case our courtier will do as we have said, he shall find them all[3] in his prince's mind: and

[1] *him* i.e., the prince.

[2] *common haunted places* public places often frequented.

[3] In the section deleted here, Octavian speaks of all the qualities and attitudes that a courtier should help inculcate in his prince, all of which arise from virtues such as temperance, justice, sober mood, goodness, discernment, stoutness of courage, sumptuousness, thoughtfulness, meekness, courtesy, and pleasantness.

daily he shall see spring such beautiful flowers and fruits as all the delicious gardens in the world have not the like: and he shall feel very great contentation[1] within himself, when he remembereth that he hath given him not the things which foolish persons give—which is gold or silver, plate, garments, and such matters, whereof he that giveth them hath himself very great scarcity, and he that receiveth them exceeding great store—but that virtue which perhaps among all the matters that belong unto man is the chiefest and rarest: that is to say, the manner and way to rule and to reign in the right kind. Which alone were sufficient to make men happy, and to bring once again into the world the golden age, which is written to have been when Saturnus reigned in the old time."[2]

[...]

Here after a little debating of the matter to and fro among the company, with certain contentions tending to the commendation of that that had been spoken, and agreeing on all hands not yet to be bedtime, the Lord Julian said smiling: "Madam, I am so very an enemy to craft and guile that needs must I speak against the Lord Octavian who, for that he is (as I much doubt him) a secret conspirator with the Lord Gaspar against women, hath overshot himself in committing of two errors (in mine opinion) very great: whereof the one is, that meaning to prefer this courtier before the gentlewoman of the palace, and to make him to pass those bounds that she is not able to reach to, he hath also preferred him before the prince, which is most unseemly. The other, that he hath given him such an end, that it is evermore hard and otherwhile impossible for him to come by it: and yet when he doth come by it, he ought not to have the name of a courtier."

"I cannot see," quoth the Lady Emilia,[3] "how it is hard or impossible for the courtier to come by this his end, nor yet how the Lord Octavian hath preferred him before the prince."

"Grant it him not," answered the Lord Octavian, "for I have not preferred the courtier before the prince. And as touching the end of courtliness, I dare undertake that I am not overseen in any point."

Then answered the Lord Julian, "You cannot say, my Lord Octavian, that always the cause, by which the effect is such as it is, is no more such as the effect is. Therefore, needs must the courtier, by whose instruction the prince must be of such an excellency, be more excellent than the prince: and in this wise shall he be also of a more worthiness than the prince himself, which is most unfitting. Then concerning the end of courtliness, that which you have spoken may follow when there is little between the age of the prince and the courtier's: yet very hardly, for where there is small difference of age, it is likely there is also small difference of knowledge. But in case the prince be old and the courtier young, it is mete that the old prince know more than the young courtier, and where this followeth not always, it followeth sometime, and then is the end which you have appointed to the courtier impossible. In case again the prince be young and the courtier aged, much ado shall the courtier have to win him the good will of the prince with those qualities that you have given him. For (to say the truth) feats of arms and the other exercises belong unto young men and be not comely in age: and music, dancing, feastings, sportings, and love, be matters to be laughed at in old men, and (methink) to an instructor of the life and manners of a prince,—who ought to be a grave person and of authority, ripe in years and experience and (if it were possible) a good philosopher, a good captain and to have the knowledge almost of everything,—they are most unseemly. Wherefore he that instructeth a prince (I believe) ought

[1] *contentation* contentment.

[2] *the golden age ... Saturnus ... the old time* In classical literature, the golden age was the age of original human and natural perfection; Hesiod's poem *Works and Days* is the source for the division of history into a series of increasingly degenerate ages of mankind. Christian writers often represented the usurpation of Saturn by Jupiter as the fall from the worship of the one true god into antiquity's dedication to paganism.

[3] *Lady Emilia* Emilia Pia (d. 1528) was the wife of Antonio da Montefeltro (illegitimate son of Guidobaldo's father, and thus Guidobaldo's half-brother). She was the friend and companion of Elisabetta, duchess of Urbino.

not to be called a courtier, but deserveth a far greater and a more honourable name." [...]

[...]

The Lord Octavian laughed and said, "[...] Now to make you answer to your objections, you shall understand that I have not said that the instruction of the courtier ought to be the only cause why the prince should be such a one, for in case he be not inclined of nature and apt to be such a one, all diligence and exhortation of the courtier were in vain. As in like manner every good husbandman[1] should labour in vain that would take in hand to till and sow with good grain the barren sand of the sea, because this barrenness in that place is natural. But when to the good seed in a fruitful soil with the temperateness of air and rain meet for the season of the year, there is also applied the diligence of man's husbanding[2] the ground, always great abundance of corn is seen to spring plenteously: yet for all this, is it not to be said that the husbandman alone is the cause of it, although without him all the other things do little or nothing help the purpose.

"There be, therefore, many princes that would be good in case[3] their minds were well-tilled, and of them speak I, not of such as be like the barren country, and of nature so far wide from good conditions that no teaching were able to frame their mind to a right trade.[4] And forsomuch as (as we have already said) such customs and properties be engendered in us as our doings are, and virtue consisteth in doing and practice, it is not impossible nor any marvel that the courtier should train his prince in many virtues—as justice, liberality, noble courage—the practicing whereof he, through his greatness, may lightly put in use and make it custom, which the courtier cannot do, because he hath no means to practice them, and thus the prince inclined to virtue by the courtier may become more virtuous than the courtier. Beside that, you must conceive that the whetstone which cutteth not a whit[5] doth yet make a tool sharp: therefore although the courtier instructeth his prince, yet (me think) it is not to be said that he is of a more worthiness than his prince.

"That the end of this courtier is hard and sometime impossible, and that when the courtier doth come by it, he ought not to be named a courtier, but deserveth a greater name, I tell you plainly, that I deny not this hardness, because it is no less hard to find out so excellent a courtier, than to come by such an end. Yet by reason (methink) the impossibleness of the matter lieth not in the point that you have alleged. For in case the courtier be so young that he hath not understanding in the thing which he ought to have a knowledge in, it is not to the purpose to speak of him, because he is not the courtier that we entreat upon, neither is it possible for him that must have a sight[6] in so many things to be[7] very young. And if it happen moreover the prince to be so wise and good of himself, that he needeth no exhortations or counsel of others (although it be so hard a matter as every man knoweth) it sufficeth that the courtier be such a one as—if his prince had need—he could make him virtuous. And then may he in effect fulfil the other part: not to suffer him to be deceived, and to work that evermore he may understand the truth of everything, and bolster him against flatterers and railers, and all such as should endeavour to corrupt his mind with dishonest delights. And in this wise shall he come by a part of his end though he cannot practice the whole, which cannot be justly laid to him for a fault, since he refraineth the doing of it upon so good a ground. [...]"

[...]

They stood all hearkening heedfully to Bembo's reasoning, and after he had stayed a while and saw that none spoke, he said: "Since you have made me to begin to show our not young courtier this

1 *husbandman* farmer.
2 *husbanding* preparing.
3 *in case* i.e., in the event that.
4 *right trade* a morally correct way of life.
5 *whetstone* a stone used to sharpen metal blades; *not a whit* not at all.
6 *sight* knowledge.
7 *to be* i.e., if he is.

happy love, I will lead him yet somewhat farther forwards, because to stand still at this stay were somewhat perilous for him, considering, as we have oftentimes said, the soul is most inclined to the senses, and for all reason with discourse chooseth well, and knoweth that beauty not to spring of the body, and therefore setteth a bridle to the unhonest desires, yet to behold it always in that body doth oftentimes corrupt the right judgment. And where no other inconvenience ensueth upon it, one's absence from the wight[1] beloved carrieth a great passion with it; because the influence of that beauty when it is present giveth a wondrous delight to the lover, and, setting his heart on fire, quickeneth and melteth certain virtues in a trance and congealed in the soul, the which, nourished with the heat of love, flow about and go bubbling nigh the heart, and thrust out through the eyes those spirits which be most fine vapours made of the purest and clearest part of the blood, which receive the image of beauty and deck it with a thousand sundry furnitures.[2] Whereupon the soul taketh a delight, and with a certain wonder is aghast, and yet enjoyeth she it, and, as it were, astonied[3] together with the pleasure, feeleth the fear and reverence that men accustomably have toward holy matters, and thinketh herself to be in paradise. The lover, therefore, that considereth only the beauty in the body, loseth this treasure and happiness as soon as the woman beloved with her departure leaveth the eyes without their brightness, and consequently the soul as a widow without her joy. For since beauty is far off, that influence of love setteth not the heart on fire, as it did in presence. Whereupon the pores be dried up and withered, and yet doth the remembrance of beauty somewhat stir those virtues of the soul in such wise that they seek to scatter abroad the spirits, and they, finding the ways closed up, have no issue,[4] and still they seek to get out, and so with those shootings enclosed prick the soul and torment her bitterly, as young children when in their tender gums they begin to breed teeth. And hence come the tears, sighs, vexations, and torments of lovers; because the soul is always in affliction and travail[5] and, in a manner, waxeth wood,[6] until the beloved beauty cometh before her once again, and then she is immediately pacified and taketh breath, and, thoroughly bent to it, is nourished with most dainty food, and by her will would never depart from so sweet a sight.

"To avoid, therefore, the torment of this absence, and to enjoy beauty without passion, the courtier by the help of reason must full and wholly call back again the coveting of the body to beauty alone, and, in what he can, behold it in itself simple and pure, and frame it within his imagination sundered from all matter, and so make it friendly and loving to his soul, and there enjoy it, and have it with him day and night, in every time and place, without mistrust ever to lose it; keeping always fast in mind that the body is a most diverse[7] thing from beauty, and not only not increaseth but diminisheth the perfection of it. In this wise[8] shall our not young courtier be out of all bitterness and wretchedness that young men feel, in a manner continually, as jealousies, suspicions, disdains, angers, desperations, and certain rages full of madness, whereby many times they be led into so great error that some do not only beat the women whom they love, but rid themselves out of their life. He shall do no wrong to the husband, father, brethren, or kinsfolk of the woman beloved. He shall not bring her in slander. He shall not be in case with much ado otherwhile to refrain his eyes and tongue from discovering his desires to others. He shall not take thought at departure or in absence, because he shall evermore carry his precious treasure about with him shut fast within his heart. And besides, through the virtue of imagination, he shall fashion within himself that beauty much more fair than it is indeed.

"But among these commodities the lover shall find another yet far greater, in case he will take this

[1] *wight* creature.
[2] *furnitures* embellishments, adornments.
[3] *astonied* overwhelmed, astonished.
[4] *issue* way out, exit.
[5] *travail* toil, labour.
[6] *waxeth wood* grows mad.
[7] *diverse* different (in character or quality).
[8] *wise* way.

love for a stair, as it were, to climb up to another far higher than it. The which he shall bring to pass, if he will go and consider with himself what a streict[1] bond it is to be always in the trouble to behold the beauty of one body alone. And therefore, to come out of this so narrow a room, he shall gather in his thought by little and little so many ornaments that meddling[2] all beauties together he shall make a universal concept, and bring the multitude of them to the unity of one alone, that is generally spread over all the nature of man. And thus shall he behold no more the particular beauty of one woman, but an universal, that decketh out all bodies. Whereupon, being made dim with this greater light, he shall not pass upon the lesser, and, burning in a more excellent flame, he shall little esteem it that he set great store by at the first. This stair of love, though it be very noble and such as few arrive at it, yet is it not in this sort to be called perfect, forsomuch as where the imagination is of force to make conveyance and hath no knowledge but through those beginnings that the senses help her withal, she is not clean purged from gross darkness; and therefore, though she do consider that universal beauty in sunder[3] and in itself alone, yet doth she not well and clearly discern it, nor without some doubtfulness, by reason of the agreement that the fancies have with the body. Wherefore such as come to this love are like young birds almost flush,[4] which for all they flutter a little their tender wings, yet dare they not stray far from the nest, nor commit themselves to the wind and open weather. When our courtier, therefore, shall be come to this point, although he may be called a good and happy lover, in respect of them that be drowned in the misery of sensual love, yet will I not have him to set his heart at rest, but boldly proceed farther, following the high way after his guide, that leadeth him to the point of true happiness. And thus, instead of going out of his wit with thought, as he must do that will consider the bodily beauty, he may come into his wit to behold the beauty that is seen with the eyes of the mind, which then begin to be sharp and through-seeing, when the eyes of the body lose the flower of their sightliness.

"Therefore the soul, rid of vices, purged with the studies of true philosophy, occupied in spiritual, and exercised in matters of understanding, turning her to the beholding of her own substance, as it were raised out of a most deep sleep, openeth the eyes that all men have and few occupy,[5] and seeth in herself a shining beam of that light which is the true image of the angel-like beauty partened[6] with her, whereof she also partneth with the body a feeble shadow; therefore, waxed blind about earthly matters, is made most quick of sight about heavenly. And otherwhile when the stirring virtues of the body are withdrawn alone through earnest beholding, either fast bound through sleep, when she is not hindered by them, she feeleth a certain privy smell of the right angel-like beauty, and, ravished with the shining of that light, beginneth to be inflamed, and so greedily followeth after, that in a manner she waxeth drunken and beside herself, for coveting to couple herself with it, having found, to her weening,[7] the footsteps of God, in the beholding of whom, as in her happy end, she seeketh to settle herself. And therefore, burning in this most happy flame, she ariseth to the noblest part of her, which is the understanding, and there, no more shadowed with the dark night of earthly matters, seeth the heavenly beauty; but yet doth she not for all that enjoy it altogether perfectly, because she beholdeth it only in her particular understanding, which cannot conceive the passing[8] great universal beauty; whereupon, not thoroughly satisfied with this benefit, love giveth unto the soul a greater happiness. For like as through the particular beauty of one body he guideth her to the universal beauty of all bodies, even so in the last degree of perfection through particular understanding he guideth her to the universal

[1] *streict* tight, restrictive.
[2] *meddling* mixing, combining.
[3] *in sunder* apart or separate from (something).
[4] *flush* fledged, fit to fly.
[5] *occupy* use.
[6] *partened* shared.
[7] *weening* thought, belief, opinion.
[8] *passing* surpassingly, exceedingly.

understanding. Thus the soul kindled in the most holy fire of true heavenly love fleeth to couple herself with the nature of angels, and not only clean forsaketh sense,[1] but hath no more need of the discourse of reason, for, being changed into an angel, she understandeth all things that may be understood; and without any veil or cloud she seeth the main sea of the pure heavenly beauty, and receiveth it into her, and enjoyeth that sovereign happiness that cannot be comprehended of the senses. Since, therefore, the beauties which we daily see with these our dim eyes in bodies subject to corruption, that nevertheless be nothing else but dreams and most thin shadows of beauty, seem unto us so well-favoured and comely that oftentimes they kindle in us a most burning fire, and with such delight that we reckon no happiness may be compared to it that we feel otherwhile through the only look which the beloved countenance of a woman casteth at us; what happy wonder, what blessed abashment, may we reckon that to be that taketh the souls which come to have a sight of the heavenly beauty? What sweet flame, what sweet incense, may a man believe that to be which ariseth of the fountain of the sovereign and right beauty? Which is the origin of all other beauty, which never increaseth nor diminisheth, always beautiful, and of itself, as well on the one part as on the other, most simple, only like itself, and partner of none other, but in such wise beautiful that all other beautiful things be beautiful because they be partners of the beauty of it.

"This is the beauty unseparable from the high bounty which with her voice calleth and draweth to her all things; and not only to the endowed with understanding giveth understanding, to the reasonable reason, to the sensual sense and appetite to live, but also partaketh with plants and stones, as a print of herself, stirring, and the natural provocation of their properties. So much, therefore, is this love greater and happier than others as the cause that stirreth it is more excellent. And therefore, as common fire trieth gold and maketh it fine, so this most holy fire in souls destroyeth and consumeth whatsoever is mortal in them, and relieveth and maketh beautiful the heavenly part, which at the first by reason of the sense was dead and buried in them. This is the great fire in the which, the poets write, that Hercules was burned on the top of the mountain Oeta,[2] and, through that consuming with fire, after his death was holy and immortal. This is the fiery bush of Moses; the divided tongues of fire; the inflamed chariot of Elias;[3] which doubleth grace and happiness in their souls that be worthy to see it, when they forsake this earthly baseness and flee up unto Heaven. Let us, therefore, bend all our force and thoughts of soul to this most holy light, which showeth us the way which leadeth to Heaven; and after it, putting off the affections we were clad withal at our coming down, let us climb up the stairs which at the lowermost step have the shadow of sensual beauty, to the high mansion place where the heavenly, amiable, and right beauty dwelleth, which lieth hid in the innermost secrets of God, lest unhallowed eyes should come to the sight of it; and there shall we find a most happy end for our desires, true rest for our travails, certain remedy for miseries, a most healthful medicine for sickness, a most sure haven in the troublesome storms of the tempestuous sea of this life.

"What tongue mortal is there then, O most holy love, that can sufficiently praise thy worthiness? Thou most beautiful, most good, most wise, art derived of the unity of heavenly beauty, goodness, and wisdom, and therein dost thou abide, and unto it through it, as in a circle, turnest about. Thou the most sweet bond of the world, a mean betwixt heavenly and earthly things, with a bountiful temper bendest the high virtues to the government of the lower, and turning back the minds of mortal men to their beginning, couplest them

[1] *sense* i.e., the senses.

[2] <*>*Oeta* A mountain between Thessalia and Macedonia where is the sepulchre of Hercules [Hoby's note].

[3] *This … Elias* These are all references to encounters between humans and the divine in Scripture: God appears in the form of a burning bush that is never consumed, and commands Moses to lead the Jews out of their enslavement in Egypt into the Promised Land (Exodus 3:1-12); the Holy Spirit descends upon the apostles in the form of tongues of fire on Pentecost, allowing them to speak in many languages (Acts 2:1-13); the prophet Elijah is swept up to Heaven in a fiery chariot in 2 Kings 2:11-12.

with it. Thou with agreement bringest the elements in one, and stirrest nature to bring forth that which ariseth and is born for the succession of the life. Thou bringest severed matters into one, to the unperfect givest perfection, to the unlike likeness, to enmity amity, to the earth fruits, to the sea calmness, to the heaven lively light. Thou art the father of true pleasures, of grace, peace, lowliness, and goodwill, enemy to rude wildness and sluggishness—to be short, the beginning and end of all goodness. And forsomuch as thou delightest to dwell in the flower of beautiful bodies and beautiful souls, I suppose that thy abiding-place is now here among us, and from above otherwhile showest thyself a little to the eyes and minds of them that be worthy to see thee.

"Therefore vouchsafe, Lord, to hearken to our prayers, pour thyself into our hearts, and with the brightness of thy most holy fire lighten our darkness, and, like a trusty guide in this blind maze, show us the right way; reform the falsehood of the senses, and after long wandering in vanity give us the right and sound joy. Make us to smell those spiritual savours that relieve the virtues of the understanding, and to hear the heavenly harmony so tunable that no discord of passion take place any more in us. Make us drunken with the bottomless fountain of contentation[1] that always doth delight and never giveth fill, and that giveth a smack[2] of the right bliss unto whoso drinketh of the running and clear water thereof. Purge with the shining beams of thy light our eyes from misty ignorance, that they may no more set by mortal beauty, and well perceive that the things which at the first they thought themselves to see be not indeed, and those that they saw not to be in effect. Accept our souls that be offered unto thee for a sacrifice. Burn them in the lively flame that wasteth all gross filthiness, that after they be clean sundered from the body they may be coupled with an everlasting and most sweet bond to the heavenly beauty. And we, severed from ourselves, may be changed like right lovers into the beloved, and, after we be drawn from the earth, admitted to the feast of the angels, where, fed with immortal ambrosia and nectar, in the end we may die a most happy and lively death, as in times past died the fathers of old time, whose souls with most fervent zeal of beholding thou didst hale from the body and coupledst them with God."

When Bembo had hitherto spoken with such vehemency that a man would have thought him, as it were, ravished[3] and beside himself, he stood still without once moving, holding his eyes toward Heaven as astonied, when the Lady Emilia, which together with the rest gave most diligent ear to this talk, took him by the plait of his garment and plucking him a little, said: "Take heed, Master Peter, that these thoughts make not your soul also to forsake the body."

"Madam," answered Master Peter, "it should not be the first miracle that love hath wrought in me."

Then the Duchess and all the rest began afresh to be instant upon Master Bembo that he would proceed once more in his talk, and every one thought he felt in his mind, as it were, a certain sparkle of that godly love that pricked him, and they all coveted to hear farther; but Master Bembo: "My lords," quoth he, "I have spoken what the holy fury[4] of love hath, unsought for, indited[5] to me; now that, it seemeth, he inspireth me no more, I wot[6] not what to say. And I think verily that love will not have his secrets discovered any farther, nor that the courtier should pass the degree that his pleasure is I should show him, and therefore it is not perhaps lawful to speak any more in this matter."

[...]

—1561

1 *contentation* contentment.

2 *smack* taste.

3 *ravished* enraptured, overwhelmed.

4 *fury* inspired frenzy.

5 *indited* dictated.

6 *wot* know.

Roger Ascham
1514/1515-1568

Roger Ascham was a courtier, scholar, and respected educator. He not only tutored Princess Elizabeth from 1548 to 1550, but was also Latin Secretary for Edward VI, Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth. His treatise *The Schoolmaster* was written in response to requests to impart his knowledge of schooling to a wider audience, and is based on Renaissance humanist educational practices. In it, he asserts his belief in the Ciceronian technique of "double translation"—from Latin to English and back to Latin—and in the necessity of motivating students with praise rather than punishment. For Ascham, education was a public concern: it was the responsibility of parents as well as the children's teachers. The objective of education in Ascham's mind was to form the citizens who would become leaders of Protestant England. His warnings against the malign influence of Italy in the final section of book one of *The Schoolmaster* were very much informed by these national and religious sentiments. The treatise, published posthumously in 1570 by Ascham's wife, Margaret, was a key influence on Renaissance educational theory and practice.

EDITION: *The scholemaster, or plaine and perfite way of teachyng children, to understand, write, and speake, the Latin tonge* ... London: John Day, 1570. STC 832.

from *The Schoolmaster*

Or plain and perfect way of teaching children to understand, write, and speak the Latin tongue, but specially purposed for the private bringing up of youth in gentlemen and noblemen's houses, and commodious also for all such as have forgot the Latin tongue and would by themselves, without a schoolmaster, in short time and with small pains, recover a sufficient ability to understand, write and speak Latin.

To the Honourable Sir William Cecil, Knight, Principal Secretary to the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty.[1]

Sundry and reasonable be the causes why learned men have used to offer and dedicate such works as they put abroad to some such personage as they think fittest, either in respect of ability of defence, or skill for judgement, or private regard of kindness and duty. Every one of those considerations, sir, move me of right to offer this my late husband's, Master Ascham's, work unto you. For well remembering how much all good learning oweth unto you for defence thereof, as the university of Cambridge, of which my said late husband was a member, having in choosing you their worthy chancellor acknowledged; and how happily you have spent your time in such studies and carried the use thereof to the right end, to the good service of the Queen's Majesty and your country to all our benefits; thirdly, how much my said husband was many ways bound unto you, and how gladly and comfortably he used in his life to recognize and report your goodness toward him, leaving with me then his poor widow and a great sort of orphans a good comfort in the hope of your good continuance, which I have truly found to me and mine, and therefore do duly and daily pray for you and yours. I could not find any man for whose name this book was more agreeable for hope [of] protection, more meet[2] for submission to judgement, nor more due for respect of worthiness of your part and thankfulness of my husband's and mine. Good I trust it shall do, as I

[1] This opening letter is written by Ascham's wife Margaret. As the letter implies, Margaret was struggling to care for a large household, and hoped to prevail upon Cecil's remembrance of her husband for help.

[2] *meet* proper, fitting.

am put in great hope by many very well-learned that can well judge thereof. Meet therefore I compt[1] it that such good as my husband was able to do and leave to the commonweal, it should be received under your name, and that the world should owe thank[s] thereof to you, to whom my husband the author of it was, for good received of you, most dutifully bounden. And so beseeching you to take on you the defence of this book, to advance the good that may come of it by your allowance and furtherance to public use and benefit, and to accept the thankful recognition of me and my poor children, trusting of the continuance of your good memory of Master Ascham and his, and daily commending the prosperous estate of you and yours to God whom you serve and whose you are, I rest to trouble you,

Your humble Margaret Ascham.

The First Book for the Youth.

[...] There is a way touched in the first book of Cicero's *De Oratore*[2] which, wisely brought into schools, truly taught and constantly used, would not only take wholly away this butcherly fear in making of Latins, but would also, with ease and pleasure, and in short time as I know by good experience, work a true choice and placing of words, a right ordering of sentences, an easy understanding of the tongue, a readiness to speak, a facility to write, a true judgement, both of his own and other men's doings, what tongue so ever he doth use.

The way is this. After the three concordances learned, as I touched before,[3] let the master read unto him the *Epistles* of Cicero, gathered together and chosen out by Sturmius for the capacity of children.[4]

First, let him teach the child, cheerfully and plainly, the cause and matter of the letter; then, let him construe it into English so oft as the child may easily carry away the understanding of it; lastly, parse[5] it over perfectly. This done thus, let the child by and by both construe and parse it over again, so that it may appear that the child doubteth in nothing that his master taught him before. After this, the child must take a paper book and, sitting in some place where no man shall prompt him, by himself, let him translate into English his former lesson. Then showing it to his master, let the master take from him his Latin book and pausing an hour at the least, then let the child translate his own English into Latin again, in another paper book. When the child brings it, turned into Latin, the master must compare it with Tully's[6] book and lay them both together, and where the child does well, either in choosing or true placing of Tully's words, let the master praise him and say, "Here you do well." For I assure you, there is no such whetstone to sharpen a good wit and encourage a will to learning as is praise.

But if the child miss, either in forgetting a word or in changing a good with a worse, or misordering the sentence, I would not have the master either frown or chide with him, if the child have done his diligence and used no truantship therein. For I know by good experience that a child shall take more profit of two faults gently warned of than of four things rightly hit. For then the master shall have good occasion to say unto him, "N.[7] Tully would have used such a word, not this; Tully would have placed this word here, not there; would have used this case, this number, this person, this degree, this gender; he would have used this mood, this tense, this simple, rather than

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1 *compt* count.

2 *Cicero's De Oratore* a study of rhetoric by Marcus Tullius Cicero, a Roman orator and statesman.

3 *three concordances ... before* In the opening sentence, Ascham has outlined three "concords," or formal agreements between words as parts of speech: "the right joining together of substantives [forms of nouns] with adjectives, the noun with the verb, the relative [pronoun] with the antecedent."

4 Ascham had regular correspondence with Johann Sturm, a writer of educational treatises in Strasbourg. Sturms' *Ciceronis epistolarum libri IV* appeared in 1539.

5 *parse* to resolve a sentence into its component parts of speech and describe them grammatically.

6 *Tully* Marcus Tullius Cicero.

7 *N.* Latin, "nomen" (name); i.e., insert the name of the child here.

this compound; this adverb here, not there; he would have ended the sentence with this verb, not with that noun or participle, etc."[1]

In these few lines I have wrapped up the most tedious part of grammar and also the ground of almost all the rules that are so busily taught by the master, and so hardly learned by the scholar, in all common schools, which after this sort, the master shall teach without all error, and the scholar shall learn without great pain, the master being led by so sure a guide, and the scholar being brought into so plain and easy a way. And therefore we do not condemn rules, but we gladly teach rules, and teach them more plainly, sensibly, and orderly than they be commonly taught in common schools. For when the master shall compare Tully's book with his scholar's translation, let the master at the first lead and teach his scholar to join the rules of his grammar book with the examples of his present lesson, until the scholar by himself be able to fetch out of his grammar every rule for every example, so as the grammar book be ever in the scholar's hand, and also be used of him as a dictionary for every present use. This is a lively and perfect way of teaching of rules, where the common way used in common schools, to read the grammar alone by itself, is tedious for the master, hard for the scholar, cold and uncomfortable for them both.

Let your scholar be never afraid to ask you any doubt, but use discreetly the best allurements you can to encourage him to the same, lest his ever much fearing of you drive him to seek some misorderly shift, as to seek to be helped by some other book, or to be prompted by some other scholar, and so go about to beguile you much and himself more.

With this way of good understanding the matter, plain construing, diligent parsing, daily translating, cheerful admonishing, and heedful amending of faults, never leaving behind just praise for well doing, I would have the scholar brought up withal, till he had read and translated over the first book of Epistles chosen out by Sturmius, with a good piece of a comedy of Terence also.[2]

All this while, by my advice, the child shall use to speak no Latin, for as Cicero says in like matter, with like words, *loquendo, male loqui discunt*.[3] And that excellent learned man, G. Budaeus, in his *Greek Commentaries*,[4] sore complains that when he began to learn the Latin tongue, use of[5] speaking Latin at the table and elsewhere, unadvisedly, did bring him to such an evil choice of words, to such a crooked framing of sentences, that no one thing did hurt or hinder him more all the days of his life afterward, both for readiness in speaking and also good judgement in writing.

[...] now commonly, in the best schools in England, for words, right choice is smally regarded, true propriety wholly neglected, confusion is brought in, barbariousness is bred up so in young wits as afterward they be not only marred for speaking, but also corrupted in judgement, as with much ado, or never at all, they be brought to right frame again.

Yet all men covet to have their children speak Latin and so do I very earnestly too. We both have one purpose; we agree in desire, we wish one end, but we differ somewhat in order and way that leads rightly to that end. Other would have them speak at all adventures and, so they be speaking, to speak, the master cares not, the scholar knows not what. This is to seem and not to be, except it be to be bold without shame, rash without skill, full of words without wit. I wish to have them speak so as it may well appear that the brain does govern the tongue and that reason leads forth the talk. Socrates' doctrine is true in Plato and well marked and truly uttered by Horace in *Ars Poetica*, that wheresoever knowledge does accompany the wit,

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[1] These are all terms referring to Latin grammar and syntax; *simple* a verb in its simple form or without prefix; *compound* a combined or compound word or verb.

[2] *Terence* Roman writer of six influential comedies (195/185?-159 BCE).

[3] *loquendo, male loqui discunt* Latin, "by speaking, they learn to speak badly."

[4] *G. Budaeus in his Greek Commentaries* Guillaume Budé, a French humanist, made notable contributions to Greek scholarship; his *Commentarii linguae Graecae* was published in Paris in 1529.

[5] *use of* practice of.

there best utterance does always await upon the tongue,[1] for good understanding must first be bred in the child which, being nourished with skill and use of writing (as I will teach more largely hereafter), is the only way to bring him to judgement and readiness in speaking, and that in far shorter time (if he follow constantly the trade of this little lesson) than he shall do by common teaching of the common schools in England. [...]

I have now wished twice or thrice this gentle nature to be in a schoolmaster, and that I have done so neither by chance nor without some reason I will now declare at large why, in my opinion, love is fitter than fear, gentleness better than beating, to bring up a child rightly in learning.

With the common use of teaching and beating in common schools of England I will not greatly contend, which if I did, it were but a small grammatical controversy neither belonging to heresy nor treason, nor greatly touching God nor the prince, although, in very deed, in the end the good or ill bringing up of children does as much serve to the good or ill service of God, our prince, and our whole country as any one thing does beside.

I do gladly agree with all good schoolmasters in these points: to have children brought to good perfectness in learning, to all honesty in manners; to have all faults rightly amended; to have every vice severely[2] corrected; but for the order and way that leads rightly to these points, we somewhat differ. For commonly many schoolmasters, some as I have seen, more as I have heard tell, be of so crooked a nature as when they meet with a hard-witted scholar, they rather break him than bow[3] him, rather mar him than mend him. For when the schoolmaster is angry with some other matter, then will he soonest fall to beat his scholar, and though he himself should be punished for his folly, yet must he beat some scholar for his pleasure, though there be no cause for him to do so nor yet fault in the scholar to deserve so. These you will say be fond schoolmasters, and few they be that be found to be such. They be fond indeed, but surely overmany such be found everywhere. But this will I say, that even the wisest of your great beaters do as oft punish nature as they do correct faults. Yea, many times, the better nature is sorer punished, for if one by quickness of wit take his lesson readily, another, by hardness of wit, takes it not so speedily; the first is always commended, the other is commonly punished, when a wise schoolmaster should rather discreetly consider the right disposition of both their natures and not so much weigh what either of them is able to do now as what either of them is likely to do hereafter. For this I know, not only by reading of books in my study but also by experience of life abroad in the world, that those which be commonly the wisest, the best learned, and best men also when they be old, were never commonly the quickest of wit when they were young. [...]

And one example, whether love or fear doth work more in a child for virtue and learning, I will gladly report, which may be heard with some pleasure and followed with more profit. Before I went into Germany, I came to Broadgate in Leicestershire to take my leave of that noble Lady Jane Grey,[4] to whom I was exceeding much beholding. Her parents, the duke and the duchess, with all the household, gentlemen and gentlewomen, were hunting in the park. I found her in her chamber, reading *Phaedon Platonis* in Greek, and that with as much delight as some gentleman would read a merry tale in Bocase.[5] After salutation and duty done, with some other talk, I asked her why she would lose such pastime in the park.

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[1] *Socrates' … Ars Poetica* Socrates (469-399 BCE) was a Greek philosopher, whose teaching methods were preserved in the *Dialogues* of Plato (c. 428/27-c. 348/47 BCE), a Greek philosopher; *Horace* (65-8 BCE) was a Latin poet whose critical work *Ars Poetica* was highly influential.

[2] *severely* The original "seuerelie" might also mean "severally" (individually).

[3] *bow* direct or incline.

[4] *Lady Jane Grey* The daughter of Henry VIII's younger sister, Mary, Jane was very well-educated. She was executed at age sixteen for her unwilling part in a coup against Mary Tudor. See above, pp. 226-34.

[5] *Phaedon Platonis* Plato's *Phaedo* narrates a discussion which took place between Socrates and his friends in the last hours of his life, and is concerned with the nature of death and the immortality of the soul; *Bocase* Giovanni Boccaccio (1313-75), Italian writer of, among other genres, narrative fiction.

Smiling she answered me, "Iwis,[1] all their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure that I find in Plato. Alas, good folk, they never felt what true pleasure meant." "And how came you, Madam," quoth I, "to this deep knowledge of pleasure, and what did chiefly allure you unto it, seeing not many women, but very few men, have attained thereunto?" "I will tell you," quoth she, "and tell you a truth which perchance you will marvel at. One of the greatest benefits that ever God gave me is that he sent me so sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a schoolmaster. For when I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand or go, eat, drink, be merry or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing or doing anything else, I must do it, as it were, in such weight, measure, and number, even so perfectly as God made the world, or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea presently sometimes, with pinches, nips, and bobs,[2] and other ways which I will not name for the honour I bear them, so without measure misordered, that I think myself in Hell till time come that I must go to Master Aylmer, who teaches me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing, while I am with him. And when I am called from him, I fall on weeping, because whatsoever I do else but[3] learning is full of grief, trouble, fear, and whole misliking unto me. And thus my book has been so much my pleasure and brings daily to me more pleasure and more, that in respect of it all other pleasures in very deed be but trifles and troubles unto me." I remember this talk gladly, both because it is so worthy of memory and because also it was the last talk that ever I had and the last time that ever I saw that noble and worthy lady. [...]

[...] If some yet do not well understand what is an Englishman Italianated, I will plainly tell him:[4] he that by living and travelling in Italy brings home into England out of Italy the religion, the learning, the policy, the experience, the manners of Italy. That is to say, for religion, papistry or worse; for learning, less, commonly, than they carried out with them; for policy, a factious heart, a discoursing head, a mind to meddle in all men's matters; for experience, plenty of new mischiefs never known in England before; for manners, variety of vanities, and change of filthy living. These be the enchantments of Circe[5] brought out of Italy to mar men's manners in England much by example of ill life, but more by precepts of fond books of late translated out of Italian into English, sold in every shop in London, commended by honest titles the sooner to corrupt honest manners, dedicated overboldly to virtuous and honourable personages, the easier to beguile simple and innocent wits. It is pity that those which have authority and charge to allow and disallow books to be printed be no more circumspect herein than they are. Ten sermons at Paul's Cross[6] do not so much good for moving men to true doctrine as one of those books do harm with enticing men to ill living. Yea, I say farther, those books tend not so much to corrupt honest living as they do to subvert true religion. More papists be made by your merry books of Italy than by your earnest books of Louvain.[7] And because our great physicians do wink at the matter and make no count of this sore, I, though not admitted one of their fellowship, yet having been many years a prentice[8] to God's true religion, and trust to continue a poor journeyman[9] therein all the days of my life, for the duty I owe and love I bear both to true doctrine and honest living, though I have no authority to amend the sore myself, yet I will declare my good will to discover the sore to others.

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1 *Iwis* certainly.

2 *bobs* blows or raps.

3 *but* except, outside of.

4 After stating that book learning is a safer way to knowledge than is experience, Ascham outlines some of the variety of dangers facing those who insist on travelling to other countries.

5 *Circe* The enchantress Circe turned Ulysses' companions into swine.

6 *Paul's Cross* St. Paul's Cathedral in London.

7 *Louvain* part of the Spanish Netherlands (east of Brussels).

8 *prentice* apprentice.

9 *journeyman* one who has finished an apprenticeship and works for another (i.e., he is not a master).

St. Paul says that sects and ill opinions be the works of the flesh and fruits of sin.[1] This is spoken no more truly for the doctrine than sensibly for the reason. And why? For ill doings breed ill thinkings, and of corrupted manners spring perverted judgements. And how? There be in man two special things: man's will, man's mind. Where will inclines to goodness, the mind is bent to truth; where will is carried from goodness to vanity, the mind is soon drawn from truth to false opinion. And so the readiest way to entangle the mind with false doctrine is first to entice the will to wanton living. Therefore, when the busy and open papists abroad could not, by their contentious books, turn men in England fast enough from truth and right judgement in doctrine, then the subtle and secret papists at home procured bawdy books to be translated out of the Italian tongue, whereby overmany young wills and wits allured to wantonness do now boldly condemn all severe books that sound to honesty and godliness. In our forefathers' time, when papistry, as a standing pool, covered and overflowed all England, few books were read in our tongue saving certain books of chivalry, as they said, for pastime and pleasure, which, as some say, were made in monasteries by idle monks or wanton canons,[2] as one for example, *Morte D'Arthur*,[3] the whole pleasure of which book stands in two special points: in open manslaughter and bold bawdry, in which book those be counted the noblest knights that do kill most men without any quarrel and commit foulest adulteries by subtlest shifts, as Sir Lancelot with the wife of King Arthur his master; Sir Tristram with the wife of King Mark, his uncle; Sir Lamorak with the wife of King Lot, that was his own aunt. This is good stuff for wise men to laugh at, or honest men to take pleasure at. Yet I know when God's Bible was banished the court and *Morte D'Arthur* received into the prince's chamber. What toys the daily reading of such a book may work in the will of a young gentleman or a young maid that lives wealthily and idly, wise men can judge and honest men do pity. And yet ten *Morte D'Arthurs* do not the tenth part so much harm as one of these books made in Italy and translated in England. They open not fond and common ways to vice, but such subtle, cunning, new, and diverse shifts to carry young wills to vanity and young wits to mischief, to teach old bawds new school points, as the simple head of an Englishman is not able to invent, nor never was heard of in England before, yea, when papistry overflowed all. Suffer these books to be read and they shall soon displace all books of godly learning, for they, carrying the will to vanity and marring good manners, shall easily corrupt the mind with ill opinions and false judgement in doctrine, first to think ill of all true religion, and at last to think nothing of God himself, one special point that is to be learned in Italy and Italian books. And that which is most to be lamented and therefore more needful to be looked to, there be more of these ungracious books set out in print within these few months than have been seen in England many score years before. And because our Englishmen made Italians cannot hurt but certain persons and in certain places, therefore these Italian books are made English to bring mischief enough openly and boldly to all states, great and mean, young and old, everywhere.

And thus you see how will enticed to wantonness does easily allure the mind to false opinions, and how corrupt manners in living breed false judgement in doctrine, how sin and fleshliness bring forth sects and heresies. And therefore suffer not vain books to breed vanity in men's wills if you would have God's truth take root in men's minds. [...]

I know none will be offended with this my general writing but only such as find themselves guilty privately therein, who shall have good leave to be offended with me until they begin to amend themselves. I touch not them that be good, and I

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[1] *St Paul ... sin* Galatians 5:19-21: "Now the works of the flesh are plain: immorality, impurity, licentiousness, idolatry, sorcery, enmity, strife, jealousy, anger, selfishness, dissension, party spirit, envy, drunkenness, carousing, and the like...."

[2] *canons* clergymen living within the precincts of a cathedral or collegiate church.

[3] *Morte D'Arthur* the title of the cycle of Arthurian legends by Sir Thomas Malory, printed in 1485.

say too little of them that be naught. And so, though not enough for their deserving, yet sufficiently for this time and more else when if occasion so require.

And thus far have I wandered from my first purpose of teaching a child, yet not altogether out of the way, because this whole talk has tended to the only advancement of truth in religion, and honesty of living, and has been wholly within the compass of learning and good manners, the special points belonging in the right bringing up of youth.

But to my matter: as I began plainly and simply with my young scholar, so will I not leave him, God willing, until I have brought him a perfect scholar out of the school and placed him in the university to become a fit student for logic and rhetoric, and so after to physic,[1] law, or divinity, as aptness of nature, advice of friends, and God's disposition shall lead him.[2]

—1570

[1] *physic* medicine.

[2] The second book of Ascham's *Schoolmaster*, "The Ready Way to the Latin Tongue," provides details in the study of rhetoric and logic.

George Gascoigne
1534/1535?-1577

Although George Gascoigne seems to have started out on the path of many young gentlemen in the period—educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and Gray's Inn, London—he encountered personal and professional difficulties quite early. Accounts of his early life agree on the following: he left Cambridge without taking his degree; his father disinherited him for the debts he had accumulated; he entered Gray's Inn as a student of law in 1555; and he sat as a member of Parliament for Bedford in 1557-58 and 1558-59.

Gascoigne had clearly become fascinated with court life, having served as almoner at Queen Elizabeth's coronation; however, even his marriage to the wealthy widow Elizabeth Bacon Breton did not allow him to pursue the life of an amateur gentleman writer. Although early disillusioned with his prospects as a lawyer, Gascoigne returned to Gray's Inn around 1565. Practicing law, however, seems to have been far less attractive than writing: Gascoigne began producing work for the stage and the print market in the early 1570s. *The Supposes* is one of the earliest known English comedies, and *Jocasta* the second English tragedy.

Drained financially by his continued presence at court, he volunteered as a soldier for Humphrey Gilbert's expedition to the Low Countries in 1572. Gascoigne returned to England, only to flee from charges of murder, treason, and atheism. The same decade also marks the beginning of his serious hunt for literary patronage, and he soon attracted the support of Arthur Grey, Baron Grey of Wilton.

Gascoigne published his collected works twice, in what one critic has called "one of the great publishing hoaxes of the Renaissance," the auto-anthology *A Hundred Sundry Flowers Bound up in One Small Posy, Gathered Partly (by Translation) ... and Partly by Invention* (1573).[1] *A Hundred Sundry Flowers* claims to be an anthology comprised of anonymous pieces, even though there are numerous hints throughout the volume that these works are all Gascoigne's. According to Staub, three main factors influenced Gascoigne's publishing strategy: the desire "to capitalize on the popularity of Tottel's *Miscellany* (1557)"; the desire to explore different genres, voices, and poetic forms; and the desire to avoid the so-called 'stigma of print,' the fear of appearing to cheapen or degrade one's work by having it appear in the profit-driven milieu of the print market, a market aimed at a wide, indiscriminate readership as opposed to the small, elite readership of manuscript circulation. When readers thought they saw real court personages represented in thinly veiled fiction, the Stationers' Company recalled and banned *A Hundred Sundry Flowers*. (There were perceived to be particularly clear connections to real persons and events in the pseudo-Petrarchan prose romance, *The Adventures of Master F.J.*)

A second edition, claiming to be a "corrected, perfected, and augmented" version of his complete works, was published in 1575 entitled *The Posies of George Gascoigne, Esquire*. The new edition deletes some poems and adds others, and also revises *The Adventures of Master F.J.* Retitled *The Pleasant Fable of Ferdinando Jeronimi and Leonora de Valasco, Translated out of the Italian Riding Tales of Bartello*, this version tried to diminish the perception of contemporary readers that the novel was "real-life" disguised as fiction: gone are the letters and initials that tease a reader to make connections between the fictional characters and real-life personages; gone is the English setting, to be replaced with an Italian one; and gone is the editor, "G.T.," which in the original suggested again that the fiction of F.J. and his lady was based upon a real-life relationship and an actual correspondence that "G.T." is simply mediating for the reader. In the place of G.T., Gascoigne gives the reader a censorious first-person narrator, whose major role is to point out the glaringly obvious failings of the lovers.[2] Even with its obvious moralizing, the second version of the *Adventures of Master F.J.* fared no better than the first: it was also soon banned.

After *The Posies*, Gascoigne wrote two moral works, *The Glass of Government* (1575) and *The Steel Glass* (1576), which he claims arose from his personal and spiritual reformation, about which modern critics have been particularly sceptical. Gaining new favour at court for his dramatic entertainment on the theme of marriage subordinated to the good of

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[1] S.C. Staub, "George Gascoigne," *DLB 136*, online.

[2] Staub, *DLB 136*, online.

the state, Gascoigne went to France and Antwerp in the employ of William Cecil, Lord Burghley; his eyewitness account of the Spaniards' sack of Antwerp, "The Spoil of Antwerp" (1576), was his last work.

EDITIONS: *A hundreth sundrie flowres bounde up in one small poesie.* London: Henry Bynneman [and Henry Middleton] for Richard Smith, [1573]. STC 11635; "The Green Knight's Farewell to Fancy" and The Introduction and Conclusion of "The Pleasant Fable of Ferdinando Jeronimi and Lenora de Valasco" in *The posies of George Gascoigne Esquire.* London: For Richard Smith, [1575]. STC 11637.

ADDITIONAL ONLINE TEXT: From "Certain Notes of Instruction Concerning the Making of Verse or Rhyme in English" in *The Posies of George Gascoigne* (1575).

from *A Hundred Sundry Flowers*[1]

The Printer to the Reader

It hath been an old saying, that whiles two dogs do strive for a bone, the third may come and carry it away.[2] And this proverb may (as I fear) be well-verified in me which take in hand the imprinting of this poetical posy. For the case seemeth doubtful, and I will disclose my conjecture. Master H.W., in the beginning of this work, hath in his letter (written to the readers) cunningly discharged himself of any such misliking as the graver sort of grey-haired judgers might (perhaps) conceive in the publication of these pleasant pamphlets. And next unto that learned preamble, the letter of G.T. (by whom, as seemeth, the first copy hereof was unto the same H.W. delivered) doth with no less clerkly[3] cunning seek to persuade the readers, that he (also) would by no means have it published. Now I fear very much (all these words notwithstanding) that these two gentlemen were of one assent compact to have it imprinted. And yet, finding by experience that nothing is so well-handled nowadays but that some malicious minds may either take occasion to mislike it themselves or else find means to make it odious unto others, they have therefore (each of them) politicly[4] prevented the danger of misreport, and suffered me, the poor printer, to run away with the palm of so perilous a victory.[5] Notwithstanding, having well-perused the work, I find nothing therein amiss (to my judgement), unless it be two or three wanton places passed over in the discourse of an amorous enterprise: the which for as much as the words are cleanly[6] (although the thing meant be somewhat natural[7]) I have thought good also to let them pass

[1] The title and subtitles read: A Hundred Sundry Flowers Bound Up in One Small Posy. Gathered partly (by translation) in the fine outlandish gardens of Euripides, Ovid, Petrarch, Ariosto and Others: and partly by invention, out of our own fruitful orchards in England: Yielding sundry sweet savours of tragical, comical, and moral discourses, both pleasant and profitable to the well-smelling noses of learned readers. The title page concludes with the Latin motto: *Meritum petere grave* ("To strive for serious merit"). *posy* a nosegay or bouquet of flowers, with a pun on its fig. meanings: 1) a collection of the "flowers" (most beautiful examples) of poetry or rhetoric; and 2) poesy: poetic production; *outlandish* foreign, not native; *Euripides* (c. 485-406 BCE), Greek tragic dramatist; *Ovid* Publius Ovidius Naso (43 BCE-17/18 CE), Roman poet, author of the *Ars Amatoria* (The Art of Love) and the *Metamorphoses*; *Petrarch* Francesco Petrarca (1304-74), Italian poet and scholar, author of the *Trifoni* and the *Canzoniere*, the latter of which contained the pattern for English Elizabethan sonnet sequences; *Ariosto* Ludovico Ariosto (1474-1533), Italian writer, most famous for his romance epic *Orlando Furioso* (1532), which influenced Spenser and other writers of romance; Gascoigne also translated one of Ariosto's comedies *I suppositi* (1509) as *The Supposes*; it is the first item in *A Hundred Sundry Flowers.*

[2] Proverb (*Tilley* D545).

[3] *clerkly* scholarly, learned.

[4] *politicly* shrewdly, skilfully.

[5] *the palm of so perilous a victory* Traditionally, winners of athletic and poetic competitions would be crowned with laurel leaves, the emblem of Apollo, the god of poetry.

[6] *cleanly* morally or spiritually clean; pure.

[7] *natural* i.e., pertaining to bodily matters.

as they came to me, and the rather because (as Master H.W. hath well alleged in his letter to the reader) the well-minded man may reap some commodity out of the most frivolous works that are written. And as the venomous spider will suck poison out of the most wholesome herb, and the industrious bee can gather honey out of the most stinking weed: even so the discreet reader may take a happy example by the most lascivious histories, although the captious and harebrained heads can neither be encouraged by the good, nor forewarned by the bad. And thus much I have thought good to say in excuse of some savours, which may perchance smell unpleasantly to some noses, in some part of this poetical posy. Now it hath with this fault a greater commodity than common posies have been accustomed to present, and that is this—you shall not be constrained to smell of the flowers therein contained all at once, neither yet to take them up in such order as they are sorted; but you may take any one flower by itself, and if that smell not so pleasantly as you would wish, I doubt not yet but you may find some other which may supply the defects thereof. As thus, he which would have good moral lessons clerkly handled, let him smell to the tragedy translated out of Euripides.[1] He that would laugh at a pretty conceit closely conveyed,[2] let him peruse the comedy translated out of Ariosto.[3] He that would take example by the unlawful affections of a lover bestowed upon an inconstant dame, let them read the report in verse made by Dan Bartholomew of Bath,[4] or the discourse in prose of the adventures passed by Master F.J., whom the reader may name Freeman Jones,[5] for the better understanding of the same. He that would see any particular pang of love lively displayed may here approve every pamphlet by the title, and so remain contented. As also diverse godly hymns and psalms may in like manner be found in this record.[6] To conclude, the work is so universal as, either in one place or other, any man's mind may therewith be satisfied, the which I adventure (under pretext of this promise) to present unto all indifferent[7] eyes as followeth.

[...]

The Adventures of Master F.J.

H.W. to the Reader.

In August last past my familiar friend Master G.T. bestowed upon me the reading of a written book, wherein he had collected diverse discourses and verses, invented upon sundry occasions by sundry gentlemen (in mine opinion) right commendable for their capacity. And herewithal my said friend charged[8] me that I should use them only for mine own particular commodity,[9] and eftsoons[10] safely deliver the original copy to him again, wherein I must confess myself but half a merchant: for the copy unto him I have safely redelivered, but the work (for I thought it worthy to be published) I have entreated my friend A.B. to imprint, as one that thought better to please a number by common commodity than to feed the humour of any private person by needless singularity. This I

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[1] Gascoigne's translation of Euripides's tragedy *Jocasta* is the second item in *A Hundred Sundry Flowers.*

[2] *pretty conceit* witty notion or expression; *closely conveyed* accurately translated.

[3] *the comedy ... Ariosto* See p. 340, note 1.

[4] *Dan* i.e., Don, an honorific title, meaning "Master" or "Sir." This long poem, which appears later in the collection, recounts Bartholomew's successful winning of the love of the Lady Ferenda Natura, Ferenda's subsequent unfaithfulness, Bartholomew's wounded reaction, the temporary reconciliation of the lovers, and Bartholomew's desire for death at Ferenda's final rejection of him; the narrative breaks off here in *A Hundred Sundry Flowers*, but in *The Posies* it is continued with Bartholomew's revival on his deathbed (on receipt of a penitent letter sent by Ferenda), and his intention to reunite with her. Gascoigne implies, however, that Ferenda can never be faithful and will desert Bartholomew yet again.

[5] *Freeman Jones* a Renaissance version of "John Doe"; an "everyman" figure.

[6] All of the genres mentioned here appear in *A Hundred Sundry Flowers.*

[7] *indifferent* neutral, fair.

[8] *charged* ordered, enjoined.

[9] *commodity* advantage, benefit; often, as here, in the sense of private interest.

[10] *eftsoons* afterwards.

have adventured for thy contentation,[1] learned reader, and further have presumed of myself to christen it by the name of *A Hundred Sundry Flowers*, in which poetical posy are set forth many trifling fantasies, humoural passions, and strange affects[2] of a lover.

And therein (although the wiser sort would turn over the leaf[3] as a thing altogether fruitless) yet I myself have reaped this commodity: to sit and smile at the fond devices[4] of such as have enchained themselves in the golden fetters of fantasy, and having bewrayed[5] themselves to the whole world, do yet conjecture that they walk unseen in a net.[6] Some other things you may also find in this book which are as void of vanity as the first are lame for government. And I must confess that (what to laugh at the one, and what to learn by the other) I have contrary to the charge of my said friend G.T. procured for these trifles this day of publication. Whereat if the authors only repine, and the number of other learned minds be thankful, I may then boast to have gained a bushel of good will in exchange for one pint of peevish choler.[7] But if it fall out, contrary to expectation, that the readers' judgements agree not with mine opinion in their commendations, I may then (unless their courtesies supply my want of discretion) with loss of some labour accompt[8] also the loss of my familiar friends; in doubt whereof, I cover[9] all our names and refer you to the well-written letter of my friend G.T. next following, whereby you may more at large consider of these occasions.

And so I commend the praise of other men's travails together with the pardon of mine own rashness unto the well-willing minds of discreet readers. From my lodging near the Strand[10] the 20 of January, 1572.

H.W.

The Letter of G.T. to His Very Friend H.W. Concerning This Work.

Remembering the late conference passed between us in my lodging, and how you seemed to esteem some pamphlets which I did there show unto you far above their worth in skill, I did straightaway conclude the same your judgment to proceed of two especial causes: one (and principal) the steadfast good will which you have ever hitherto sithens[11] our first familiarity borne towards me; another (of no less weight) the exceeding zeal and favour that you bear to good letters,[12] the which (I agree with you) do no less bloom and appear in pleasant ditties or compendious[13] sonnets devised by green[14] youthful capacities than they do fruitfully flourish unto perfection in the riper works of grave and grey-haired writers. For as in the last the younger sort may make a mirror of perfect life, so in the first the most frosty bearded philosopher may take just occasion of honest recreation, not altogether without wholesome lessons tending to the reformation of manners. For who doubteth but that poets in their most feigned fables and imaginations have metaphorically set forth unto us the right rewards of virtues and the due punishments for vices?

Marry[15] indeed, I may not compare pamphlets unto poems, neither yet may justly advant[16] for

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1 *contentation* contentment, satisfaction.

2 *humoural passions* passions arising from the imbalance of the humours typical of those afflicted with love-sickness; *strange affects* intense or extreme moods, feelings, or desires/intentions.

3 *leaf* page.

4 *fond devices* foolish schemes or stratagems.

5 *bewrayed* exposed, revealed.

6 *they walk unseen in a net* Proverb: "You dance in a net and think nobody sees you"(i.e., you behave as though no one can observe your actions even though you are only wearing a net through which anyone can see) (*Tilley* N130).

7 *peevish choler* spiteful anger.

8 *accompt* account.

9 *cover* conceal.

10 *the Strand* the name of a street in London which runs along the strand or shore of the Thames, between the cities of London and Westminster.

11 *sithens* since.

12 *good letters* i.e., fine literature.

13 *ditties* any verse composition; a poem or ballad; *compendious* concise, succinct; comprehensive though brief.

14 *green* inexperienced.

15 *Marry* a mild oath, meaning "why, to be sure."

16 *advant* boast, vaunt; advance.

our native countrymen that they have in their verses hitherto (translations excepted) delivered unto us any such notable volume as have been by poets of antiquity left unto the posterity. And the more pity that amongst so many toward wits[1] no one hath been hitherto encouraged to follow the trace of that worthy and famous knight Sir Geoffrey Chaucer, and after many pretty devices spent in youth for the obtaining a worthless victory might consume and consummate his age in describing the right pathway to perfect felicity, with the due preservation of the same.[2] The which although some may judge over grave a subject to be handled in style metrical, yet for that I have found in the verses of eloquent Latinists, learned Greeks, and pleasant Italians sundry directions whereby a man may be guided toward the attaining of that unspeakable treasure, I have thus far lamented that our countrymen have chosen rather to win a passover praise[3] by the wanton penning of a few loving lays, than to gain immortal fame by the clerkly handling of so profitable a theme. For if quickness of invention, proper vocables,[4] apt epithets, and store of monosyllables may help a pleasant brain to be crowned with laurel,[5] I doubt not but both our countrymen and country language might be enthronized[6] among the old foreleaders unto the mount Helicon.[7]

But now let me return to my first purpose, for I have wandered somewhat beside the path, and yet not clean out of the way. I have thought good (I say) to present you with this written book, wherein you shall find a number of sonnets, lays, letters, ballads, roundlets, verlays[8] and verses, the works of your friend and mine Master F.J. and divers others, the which when I had with long travail[9] confusedly gathered together, I thought it then *opere precium*[10] to reduce them into some good order. The which I have done according to my barren skill in this written book, commending it unto you to read and to peruse, and desiring you, as I only do adventure thus to participate the sight thereof[11] unto your former good will, even so that you will by no means make the same common; but after your own recreation taken therein that you will safely redeliver unto me the original copy. For otherwise I shall not only provoke all the authors to be offended with me, but further shall lose the opportunity of a greater matter, half and more granted unto me already, by the willing consent of one of them. And to be plain with you my friend, he hath written (which as far as I can learn did never yet come to the reading or perusing of any man but himself) two notable works: the one called the *Sundry Lots of Love*, the other of his own invention entitled *The Climbing of an Eagle's Nest*.[12] These things (and especially the latter) doth seem by the name to be a work worthy the reading. And the rather I judge so because his fantasy[13] is so occupied in the same as that, contrary to his wonted use, he hath hitherto withheld it from sight of any of his familiars until it be finished; you may guess him by his nature. And therefore I require your secrecy herein, lest if he hear the con-

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1 *toward wits* promising individuals possessing genius or talent.

2 A reference to Geoffrey Chaucer's retraction at the conclusion of his *Canterbury Tales* and in the final stanzas of *Troilus and Criseyde*.

3 *passover praise* a slight praise which is quickly passed over and forgotten.

4 *vocables* words or terms.

5 *crowned with laurel* See p. 340, note 5.

6 *enthronized* enthroned.

7 *mount Helicon* the sacred dwelling of the classical Muses, patrons of the arts and sciences.

8 *lay* a short lyric or narrative poem meant to be sung; *roundlet* a short "rondel" or "rondeau," a poem consisting of ten or in stricter sense of thirteen lines, having only two rhymes throughout and with the opening words used as a refrain; *verlay* virelay: a song or short lyric piece (originating in fourteenth-century France) wherein the short lines are arranged in stanzas with only two rhymes, the end-rhyme of one stanza being the first one of the next.

9 *travail* labour, toil.

10 Latin, "a precious or valuable work."

11 *participate the sight thereof* share the reading of.

12 These works have not been positively identified, although *Sundry Lots of Love* may refer to the poem "Dan Bartholomew of Bath," included in *Hundred Sundry Flowers*, and *Climbing of an Eagle's Nest* to the poem "Dulce Bellum Inexpertis." They may also be lost, fictional, or simply contemplated works by Gascoigne.

13 *fantasy* imagination.

trary, we shall not be able by any means to procure these other at his hands. So fare you well, from my chamber this tenth of August, 1572.

Yours or not his own.
G.T.

When I had with no small entreaty obtained of Master F.J. and sundry other toward young gentlemen the sundry copies of these sundry matters, then as well for that the number of them was great, as also for that I found none of them so barren but that (in my judgment) had in it *aliquid salis*,[1] and especially being considered by the very proper occasion whereupon it was written (as they themselves did always with the verse rehearse unto me the cause that then moved them to write), I did with more labour gather them into some order, and so placed them in this register. Wherein, as near as I could guess, I have set in the first places those which Master F.J. did compile. And to begin with this his history[2] that ensueth, it was (as he declared unto me) written upon this occasion: the said F.J. chanced once in the north parts of this realm to fall in company of a very fair gentlewoman whose name was Mistress Elinor, unto whom bearing a hot affection, he first adventured to write this letter following.

G.T.

Mistress, I pray you understand that, being altogether a stranger in these parts, my good hap[3] hath been to behold you to my no small contentation, and my evil hap accompanies the same with such imperfection of my deserts as that I find always a ready repulse in mine own forwardness. So that considering the natural climate of the country, I must say that I have found fire in frost. And yet comparing the inequality of my deserts with the least part of your worthiness, I feel a continual frost in my most fervent fire.[4] Such is then the extremity of my passions, the which I could never have been content to commit unto this telltale paper were it not that I am destitute of all other help. Accept therefore, I beseech you, the earnest good will of a more trusty than worthy servant, who being thereby encouraged may supply the defects of his abilities with ready trial of dutiful loyalty. And let this poor paper (besprent with salt tears, and blown over with scalding sighs) be saved of you as a safeguard for your sampler, or a bottom to wind your sewing silk,[5] that when your last needleful is wrought, you may return to reading thereof and consider the care of him who is

More yours than his own.
F.J.

This letter by her received (as I have heard him say) her answer was this: she took occasion one day, at his request, to dance with him, the which doing she bashfully began to declare unto him that she had read over the writing which he delivered unto her, with like protestation that, as at delivery thereof she understood not for what cause he thrust the same into her bosom, so now she could not perceive thereby any part of his meaning; nevertheless, at last seemed to take upon her the matter, and though she disabled herself, yet gave him thanks as etc.[6] Whereupon he broke the brawl,[7] and walking abroad devised immediately these few verses following.

G.T.

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[1] *aliquid salis* Latin, literally "something of salt"; *fig.*, "something of cunning or wit; something of value."

[2] *this his history* one of a number of claims to truth and authenticity of the tale, which were changed or deleted in its subsequent revision; cf. the title of the Italianate version of *Master F.J.* in *The Posies*, where it is described as a "pleasant fable." See headnote, p. 339, and Appendix, pp. 375-76.

[3] *hap* chance, fortune.

[4] *fire in frost ... fervent fire* The Petrarchan lover is often portrayed in terms of this and similar oxymorons.

[5] *a safeguard for your sampler, or a bottom to wind your sewing silk* A "safeguard" was a type of over-petticoat used to protect a woman's skirts from dirt and staining; presumably, the letter could serve as a "safeguard" by being wrapped around the "sampler" (a piece of canvas embroidered by a girl or woman as a specimen of skill, usually containing the alphabet and some mottoes worked in ornamental characters); a "bottom" was a clew or nucleus on which to wind thread.

[6] *etc.* and so forth, and so on. G.T. sometimes uses this abbreviation (as here) to refer to a common sequence of events, emotions, and the like that the reader does not need to have "spelled out." At other times (as on p. 360), he uses it to avoid explicitly describing sexual activities or desires.

[7] *broke the brawl* stopped dancing; a "brawl" is a dance step, perhaps referring to a step in a French dance which resembled a cotillion.

Fair Bersabe the bright once bathing in a well,
With dew bedimmed King David's eyes that ruled Israel.[1]
And Solomon himself, the source of sapience,
Against the force of such assaults could make but small defence:[2]
To it the stoutest yield, and strongest feel like woe,
Bold Hercules[3] and Sampson both did prove it to be so.
What wonder seemeth then, when stars stand thick in skies,
If such a blazing star have power to dim my dazzled eyes?

Lenvoy.[4]

To you these few suffice, your wits be quick and good,
You can conject by change of hue, what humours feed my blood.[5]

F.J.

I have heard the author say that these were the first verses that ever he wrote upon like occasion. The which, considering the matter precedent, may in my judgement be well-allowed, and to judge his doings by the effects, he declared unto me that before he could put the same in legible writing, it pleased the said Mistress Elinor of her courtesy thus to deal with him. Walking in a garden among divers[6] other gentlemen and gentlewomen, with a little frowning smile in passing by him, she delivered unto him a paper with these words: "For that I understand not," quoth she, "the intent of your letters, I pray you take them here again and bestow them at your pleasure." The which done and said, she passed by without change either of pace or countenance.

F.J., somewhat troubled with her angry look, did suddenly leave the company and, walking into a park near adjoining, in great rage began to wreak his malice on this poor paper, and the same did rend and tear in pieces. When suddenly at a glance he perceived it was not of his own handwriting, and therewithal abashed upon better regard he perceived in one piece thereof written (in Roman[7]) these letters SHE. Wherefore, placing all the pieces thereof as orderly as he could, he found therein written these few lines hereafter following.

G.T.

Your sudden departure from our pastime yesterday did enforce me for lack of chosen company to return unto my work, wherein I did so long continue till at the last the bare bottom[8] did draw unto my remembrance your strange request. And although I found therein no just cause to credit your coloured[9] words, yet have I thought good hereby to requite you with like courtesy, so that at least you shall not condemn me for ungrateful. But as to the matter therein contained, if I could persuade myself that there were in me any coals to

[1] For the story of Bathsheba and David, see 2 Samuel 11. The dew that obscures David's sight here refers to a popular Petrarchan conceit, where the beauty of the beloved shoots beams of love into the male lover's eyes, making them fill with tears.

[2] *And Solomon … but small defence* Solomon's divinely bestowed wisdom is overwhelmed by the demands of his 700 wives and 300 concubines: many of them worshiped foreign gods and led Solomon to do likewise (1 Kings 11:1-9).

[3] *Hercules* the Greek hero had numerous amorous relationships, but given the pairing with Samson (the Jewish hero most famous for loving the pagan woman Delilah and being subsequently robbed of his manhood by her), Gascoigne is referring to Hercules's enslavement by Omphale, queen of Lydia, who forced him to take on women's clothes and women's work.

[4] *Lenvoy* the concluding part of a poetical composition.

[5] *humours feed my blood* Erotic love and desire could have serious psychosomatic effects on the lover. Ranging from insomnia to physical lassitude to madness, these effects were traced back to the way love could introduce a significant imbalance in the body's four governing humours, the balance of which was crucial for a person's physical and emotional health. According to Jacques Ferrand's *A Treatise on Lovesickness* (1623), paleness of complexion was one of the symptoms of love as a disease that upset this humoural balance: erotic melancholy.

[6] *divers* several; a small group.

[7] *in Roman* in Roman hand, a type of handwriting characterized by round, smooth, clear letters, an italic hand often taught to Englishwomen in this period.

[8] *bare bottom* See p. 344, note 5.

[9] *coloured* fair-seeming; specious.

kindle such sparks of fire,[1] I might yet peradventure[2] be drawn to believe that your mind were frozen with like fear. But as no smoke ariseth where no coal is kindled,[3] so without cause of affection the passion is easy to be cured. This is all that I understand of your dark letters, and as much as I mean to answer.

SHE.

My friend F.J. hath told me divers times that immediately upon receipt hereof he grew in jealousy[4] that the same was not her own device.[5] And therein I have no less allowed his judgment than commended his invention of the verses and letters before rehearsed.[6] For as by the style this letter of hers bewrayeth[7] that it was not penned by a woman's capacity, so the sequel of her doings may decipher that she had more ready clerks than trusty servants in store. Well, yet as the perfect hound when he hath chased the hurt deer amid the whole herd will never give over till he have singled it again, even so F.J., though somewhat abashed with this doubtful show, yet still constant in his former intention, ceased not by all possible means to bring this deer yet once again to the bows, whereby she might be the more surely stricken,[8] and so in the end enforced to yield. Wherefore he thought not best to commit the said verses willingly into her custody, but privily lost them in her chamber, written in counterfeit.[9] And after on the next day thought better to reply, either upon her or upon her secretary, in this wise,[10] as here followeth.

G.T.

The much that you have answered is very much, and much more than I am able to reply unto. Nevertheless, in mine own defence thus much I allege: that if my sudden departure pleased not you, I cannot myself therewith be pleased, as one that seeketh not to please many, and more desirous to please you than any. The cause of mine affection I suppose you behold daily. For (self love avoided) every wight[11] may judge of themselves as much as reason persuadeth; the which if it be in your good nature suppressed with bashfulness, then mighty Jove grant you may once behold my wan cheeks washed in woe, that therein my salt tears may be a mirror to represent your own shadow,[12] and that like unto Narcissus you may be constrained to kiss the cold waves wherein your counterfeit is so lively portrayed.[13] For if abundance of other matters failed to draw my gazing eyes in contemplation of so rare excellency, yet might these your letters both frame in me an admiration of such divine esprit,[14] and a confusion to my dull understanding which so rashly presumed to wander in this endless labyrinth.[15] Such I esteem you, and thereby am become such, and even

HE. F.J.

This letter finished and fair written over,[16] his chance was to meet her alone in a gallery of the

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[1] *any coals to kindle such sparks of fire* Another common Petrarchan conceit, which refers to the belief that the woman kindles a fire in her lover's heart.

[2] *peradventure* perhaps.

[3] *But as no smoke ariseth where no coal is kindled* Proverb, "No smoke without some fire" (*Tilley* S569; see also F282).

[4] *jealousy* suspicion.

[5] *device* invention.

[6] *rehearsed* related, recounted.

[7] *bewrayeth* reveals, discloses.

[8] *to bring this deer ... stricken* a common Renaissance hunting technique, where deer would be driven past the place where the hunters were waiting with their bows at the ready.

[9] *counterfeit* forged; the sense here is that the verses are written in a disguised hand.

[10] *wise* way.

[11] *wight* person, individual.

[12] *shadow* a reflected image.

[13] *Narcissus ... portrayed* In Greek legend, this beautiful young man, son of the nymph Liriope and the god of the river Cephisus, fell in love with his own reflection in a pool, eventually pining away and dying for the unrequited love of his own image.

[14] *esprit* spirit; perhaps also, sprightliness, vivacious wit in conversation or composition; in a wider sense, cleverness, brains.

[15] The labyrinth is another common image for love in the Petrarchan tradition; cf. Lady Mary Wroth, "In this strange labyrinth how shall I turn?" (*The Poems of Lady Mary Wroth*, ed. J.A. Roberts [Baton Rouge, 1983], pp. 127-28).

[16] *fair written over* neatly copied.

same house, where (as I have heard him declare) his manhood in this kind of combat was first tried, and therein I can compare him to a valiant prince who, distressed with power of enemies, had committed the safeguard of his person to treaty of ambassade, and suddenly (surprised with a camnassado[1] in his own trenches) was enforced to yield as prisoner. Even so my friend F.J., lately overcome by the beautiful beams[2] of this dame Elinor, and having now committed his most secret intent to these late rehearsed letters, was at unwares[3] encountered with his friendly foe, and constrained either to prepare some new defence, or else like a recreant[4] to yield himself as already vanquished.

Wherefore (as in a trance) he lifted up his dazzled eyes, and so continued in a certain kind of admiration not unlike the astronomer who, having after a whole night's travail in the grey morning found his desired star, hath fixed his hungry eyes to behold the comet long looked for. Whereat, this gracious dame, as one that could discern the sun before her chamber windows were wide open, did deign to embolden the fainting knight with these or like words:

"I perceive now," quod she, "how mishap doth follow me, that having chosen this walk for a simple solace I am here disquieted by the man that meaneth my destruction." And therewithal, as half angry, began to turn her back, whenas my friend F.J., now awaked, gan[5] thus salute her:

"Mistress," quod he, "and I perceive now that good hap haunts me, for being by lack of opportunity constrained to commit my welfare unto these blabbing leaves of bewraying paper" (showing that in his hand) "I am here recomforted with happy view of my desired joy;" and therewithal reverently kissing her hand, did softly distrain[6] her slender arm and so stayed her departure.

The first blow thus proffered and defended, they walked and talked, traversing divers ways, wherein I doubt not but that my friend F.J. could quit himself reasonably well. And though it stood not with duty of a friend that I should therein require to know his secrets, yet of himself he declared thus much: that after long talk she was contented to accept his proffered service, but yet still disabling[7] herself, and seeming to marvel what cause had moved him to subject his liberty so wilfully, or at least in a prison (as she termed it) so unworthy. Whereunto I need not rehearse his answer but suppose now that thus they departed, saving—I had forgotten this—she required of him the last rehearsed letter, saying that his first was lost, and now she lacked a new bottom for her silk, the which, I warrant you, he granted; and so proffering to take an humble *congé* by *bezo las manos*, she graciously gave him the *zuccado dez labros*,[8] and so for then departed.

G.T.

[...]

And now the coals began to kindle, whereof but erewhile[9] she feigned herself altogether ignorant. The flames began to break out on every side, and she to quench them shut up herself in her chamber solitarily. But as the smithy[10] gathers greater heat by casting on of water, even so the more she absented herself from company, the fresher was the grief which galded[11] her remembrance; so that at last the report was spread

[1] *treaty of ambassade* a treaty made by the ambassadors of two hostile and armed camps; *camnassado* camisado (Spanish, *lit.* "to attack in one's shirt"), a Renaissance military term referring to a nighttime ambush where the attackers wear their shirts over their armour so they will be able to distinguish friend from foe in the dark.

[2] *beautiful beams* The Petrarchan beloved was believed to shoot forth beams of love from her eyes which had an extreme and often physically as well as mentally deleterious effect on the lover; see p. 345, note 1.

[3] *at unwares* unpreparedly.

[4] *recreant* coward.

[5] *gan* i.e., began to.

[6] *distrain* clasp tightly.

[7] *disabling* depreciating, disparaging.

[8] *congé* French, "leave," "departure"; *bezo las manos* Spanish, "kiss on the hands"; *zuccado dez labros* Spanish, "kiss on the lips."

[9] *erewhile* formerly.

[10] *smithy* forge.

[11] *galded* vexed, harassed, oppressed.

through the house that Mistress Elinor was sick. At which news F.J. took small comfort; nevertheless, Dame Venus with good aspect did yet thus much further his enterprise.

The dame (whether it were by sudden change or of wonted[1] custom) fell one day into a great bleeding at the nose.[2] For which accident the said F.J., amongst other pretty conceits,[3] hath a present remedy, whereby he took occasion (when they of the house had all in vain sought many ways to stop her bleeding) to work his feat in this wise. First he pleaded ignorance, as though he knew not her name, and therefore demanded the same of one other gentlewoman in the house, whose name was Mistress Frances, who when she had to him declared that her name was Elinor, he said these words or very like in effect: "If I thought I should not offend Mistress Elinor, I would not doubt to stop her bleeding without either pain or difficulty." This gentlewoman, somewhat tickled with his words, did incontinent[4] make relation thereof to the said Mistress Elinor, who immediately (declaring that F.J. was her late received servant) returned the said messenger unto him with especial charge that he should employ his devoir[5] towards the recovery of her health, with whom the same F.J. repaired[6] to the chamber of his desired. And finding her set in a chair, leaning on the one side over a silver basin, after his due reverence, he laid his hand on her temples and, privily rounding[7] her in her ear, desired her to command a hazel stick[8] and a knife; the which being brought, he delivered unto her, saying on this wise:[9] "Mistress, I will speak certain words in secret to myself, and do require no more but when you hear me say openly this word, 'Amen,' that you with this knife will make a nick upon this hazel stick; and when you have made five nicks, command me also to cease." The dame, partly of good will to the knight, and partly to be stanched of her bleeding, commanded her maid, and required the other gentles, somewhat to stand aside; which done, he began his orisons,[10] wherein he had not long muttered before he pronounced "Amen," wherewith the lady made a nick on the stick with her knife. The said F.J. continued to another "Amen," when the lady having made another nick felt her bleeding began to stanch, and so by the third "Amen" thoroughly stanched.

F.J., then changing his prayers into private talk, said softly unto her: "Mistress, I am glad that I am hereby enabled to do you some service, and as the stanching of your own blood may some way recomfort you, so if the shedding of my blood may any way content you, I beseech you command it, for it shall be evermore readily employed in your service." And therewithal with a loud voice pronounced "Amen." Wherewith the good lady making a nick did secretly answer thus: "Good servant," quod she, "I must needs think myself right happy to have gained your service and good will, and be you sure that although there be in me no such desert as may draw you into this depth of affection, yet such as I am, I shall be always glad to show myself thankful unto you, and now, if you think yourself assured that I shall bleed no more, do then pronounce your fifth Amen." The which pronounced, she made also her fifth nick, and held up her head, calling the company unto her, and declaring unto them that her bleeding was thoroughly stanched.

Well, it were long to tell what sundry opinions were pronounced upon this act, and I do dwell overlong in the discourses of this F.J., especially having taken in hand only to copy out his verses,

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1 *wonted* usual.

2 *bleeding at the nose* Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* includes the nosebleed among the "symptoms ... of the body to discern lovers by," since they are apt to "look pale, red, and commonly blush at their first congress, and sometimes ... bleed at nose" ([London, 1932], Vol. 3, 135-36). See D. Oakleaf, "The Eloquence of Blood in Eliza Heywood's *Lasselia*" *SEL* 39.3 (1999): pp. 483-98.

3 *pretty conceits* ingenious or clever ideas.

4 *incontinent* immediately.

5 *employ his devoir* do what he can; do his utmost.

6 *repaired* went.

7 *rounding* whispering.

8 *hazel stick* Hazel wands had a wide range of magical properties in the period; witches' wands and divining rods were traditionally made of hazel, as was Mercury's magical staff, the caduceus, a gift from Apollo.

9 *on this wise* in this way.

10 *orisons* prayers.

but for the circumstance doth better declare the effect, I will return to my former tale. F.J. tarrying awhile in the chamber found opportunity to lose his sequence near to his desired mistress[1] and, after congé taken, departed.

After whose departure the lady rose out of her chair, and her maid, going about to remove the same, espied and took up the writing; the which her mistress perceiving, gan suddenly conjecture that the same had in it some like matter to the verses once before left in like manner, and made semblant to mistrust[2] that the same should be some words of conjuration; and taking it from her maid, did peruse it, and immediately said to the company that she would not forgo the same for a great treasure. But to be plain, I think that (F.J. excepted) she was glad to be rid of all company until she had with sufficient leisure turned over and retossed every card in this sequence. And not long after being now tickled through all the veins with an unknown humour, adventured of herself to commit unto a like ambassador the deciphering of that which hitherto she had kept more secret, and thereupon wrote with her own hand and head in this wise.

G.T.

Good servant, I am out of all doubt much beholding unto you, and I have great comfort by your means in the stanching of my blood, and I take great comfort to read your letters, and I have found in my chamber divers songs which I think to be of your making, and I promise you they are excellently made, and I assure you that I will be ready to do for you any pleasure that I can during my life. Wherefore I pray you come to my chamber once in a day till I come abroad again, and I will be glad of your company, and for because that you have promised to be my HE, I will take upon me this name,

YOUR SHE.

This letter I have seen, of her own handwriting, and as therein the reader may find great difference of style from her former letter, so may you now understand the cause. She had in the same house a friend,[3] a servant, a secretary. What should I name him?—such one as she esteemed in time past more than was cause in time present, and to make my tale good, I will (by report of my very good friend F.J.) describe him unto you. He was in height the proportion of two pygmies, in breadth the thickness of two bacon hogs, of presumption a giant, of power a gnat, apishly witted, knavishly mannered, and crabbedly favoured.[4] What was there in him then to draw a fair lady's liking? Marry, sir, even all in all a well-lined purse, wherewith he could at every call provide such pretty conceits as pleased her peevish fantasy,[5] and by that means he had thoroughly (long before) insinuated himself with this amorous dame.

This manling, this minion,[6] this slave, this secretary, was now by occasion ridden to London forsooth.[7] And though his absence were unto her a disfurnishing of eloquence, it was yet unto F.J. an opportunity of good advantage, for when he perceived the change of her style, and thereby grew in some suspicion that the same proceeded by absence of her chief chancellor,[8] he thought good now to smite while the iron was hot,[9] and to lend his mistress such a pen[10] in her secretary's absence as he should never be able at his return to amend the well writing thereof. Wherefore, according to her command, he repaired once every day to her chamber, at the least, whereas he guided himself

[1] *lose his sequence ... mistress* i.e., to leave his *terza sequenza*, which he composed earlier, where Elinor will find it.

[2] *made semblant to mistrust* i.e., [she] assumed an expression of mistrust.

[3] *friend* lover, paramour.

[4] *apishly* fantastically foolishly; perhaps also stupidly imitative; *knavishly* impertinently, vulgarly; *crabbedly favoured* having an appearance which expresses a harsh or disagreeable disposition.

[5] *pretty conceits* fancy articles or objects; *fantasy* foolish whim, caprice.

[6] *minion* contemptuous term for a person who will do anything to maintain the favour of his or her patron; perhaps a sneer at the secretary's willingness to subordinate himself to a woman, since "minion" can also mean "mistress" or "paramour."

[7] *forsooth* truly.

[8] *chancellor* secretary.

[9] *to smite while the iron was hot* Proverb (*Tilley* 194).

[10] *pen* with a play on its late sixteenth-century slang meaning: "penis."

so well, and could devise such store of sundry pleasures and pastimes, that he grew in favour not only with his desired, but also with the rest of the gentlewomen.

[...]

[Lady Frances, the daughter of the lord of the castle (Elinor's father-in-law) dances with F.J. after dinner, offering him cryptic advice about love and his relationship with Elinor. Elinor's anger over their seeming intimacy leads to her angry withdrawal from the room and F.J.'s public performance of a song (a tyntarell) about the course of a young man's love. The next morning he waits vainly in the gallery hoping to intercept Elinor.]

He wandered into the park near adjoining to the castle wall, where his chance was to meet Mistress Frances, accompanied with one other gentlewoman, by whom he passed with a reverence of courtesy,[1] and so, walking on, came into the side of a thicket, where he sat down under a tree to allay his sadness with solitariness. Mistress Frances, partly of courtesy and affection, and partly to content her mind by continuance of such talk as they had commenced over night, entreated her companion to go with her unto this tree of reformation, whereas they found the knight with his arms folded[2] in a heavy kind of contemplation, unto whom Mistress Frances stepped apace (right softly), and at unawares gave this salutation:

"I little thought, sir knight," quod she, "by your evensong yesternight to have found you presently at such a morrow-mass, but I perceive you serve your saint with double devotion, and I pray God grant you treble meed[3] for your true intent."

F.J., taken thus upon the sudden, could none otherwise answer but thus: "I told you, mistress," quod he, "that I could laugh without lust and jest without joy." And therewithal starting up, with a more bold countenance came towards the dames, proffering unto them his service to wait upon them homewards.

"I have heard say oft times," quod Mistress Frances, "that it is hard to serve two masters at one time,[4] but we will be right glad of your company."

"I thank you," quod F.J.

And so walking on with them, fell into sundry discourses, still refusing to touch any part of their former communication, until Mistress Frances said unto him: "By my troth," quod she, "I would be your debtor these two days to answer me truly but unto one question that I will propound."

"Fair gentlewoman," quod he, "you shall not need to become my debtor, but if it please you to quit[5] question by question, I will be more ready to gratify you in this request than either reason requireth or than you would be willing to work my contentation."

"Master F.J.," quod she, and that sadly, "peradventure you know but a little how willing I would be to procure your contentation, but you know that hitherto familiarity hath taken no deep root betwixt us twain. And though I find in you no manner of cause whereby I might doubt to commit this or greater matter unto you, yet have I stayed hitherto so to do, in doubt lest you might thereby justly condemn me both of arrogancy and lack of discretion; wherewith I must yet foolishly affirm that I have with great pain bridled my tongue from disclosing the same unto you. Such is then the good will that I bear towards you, the which if you rather judge to be impudency than a friendly meaning, I may then curse the hour that I first concluded thus to deal with you."

Herewithal, being now red for chaste bashfulness, she abased her eyes and stayed her talk, to whom F.J. thus answered: "Mistress Frances, if I

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1 *reverence of courtesy* a courteous gesture; perhaps, a bow.

2 Although *Hundred* has "unfolded" here, this word doesn't make much sense given the conventions of body language associated with deep thought and sad contemplation. *Posies* changes "unfolded" to "folded."

3 *evensong* After the Reformation, the name given to the evening prayer service in the Church of England; *morrow-mass* the first mass of the day; *meed* reward, recompense.

4 *it is hard to serve two masters at one time* Matthew 6:24; Luke 16:13.

5 *quit* repay, requite.

should with so exceeding villainy requite[1] such and so exceeding courtesy, I might not only seem to degenerate from all gentry,[2] but also to differ in behaviour from all the rest of my life spent; wherefore to be plain with you in few words, I think myself so much bound unto you for divers respects as, if ability do not fail me, you shall find me mindful in requital of the same; and for disclosing your mind to me, you may (if so please you) adventure it without adventure,[3] for by this sun," quod he, "I will not deceive such trust as you shall lay upon me, and furthermore (so far forth as I may) I will be yours in any respect. Wherefore I beseech you accept me for your faithful friend, and so shall you surely find me."

"Not so," quod she, "but you shall be my Trust, if you vouchsafe the name, and I will be to you as you shall please to term me."

"My Hope," quod he, "if you so be pleased."

And thus agreed, they two walked apart from the other gentlewoman, and fell into sad[4] talk, wherein Mistress Frances did very courteously declare unto him that indeed one cause of her sorrow sustained in his behalf was that he had said so openly over night that he could not love, for she perceived very well the affection between him and Madam Elinor, and she was also advertised[5] that Dame Elinor stood in the portal of her chamber, harkening to the talk that they had at supper that night, wherefore she seemed to be sorry that such a word (rashly escaped) might become great hindrance unto his desire; but a greater cause of her grief was (as she declared) that his hap[6] was to bestow his liking so unworthily, for she seemed to accuse Dame Elinor for the most inconstant woman living. In full proof whereof, she bewrayed unto F.J. how she, the same dame Elinor, had of long time been yielded to the minion[7] secretary whom I have before described. "In whom though there be," quod she, "no one point of worthiness, yet shameth she not to use him as her dearest friend,[8] or rather her holiest idol."

And that this notwithstanding, Dame Elinor had been also sundry times won to choice of change, as she named unto F.J. two gentlemen—whereof the one was named H.D. and that other H.K.—by whom she was, during sundry times of their several abode in those parts,[9] entreated to like courtesy. For these causes the dame Frances seemed to mislike F.J.'s choice, and to lament that she doubted[10] in process of time to see him abused. The experiment she meant was this, for that she thought F.J. (I use her words) a man in every respect very worthy to have the several use of a more commodious common,[11] she hoped now to see if his enclosure thereof might be defensible against her said secretary, and such like. These things and divers other of great importance this courteous Lady Frances did friendly disclose unto F.J., and furthermore did both instruct and advise him how to proceed in his enterprise.

Now, to make my talk[12] good, and lest the reader might be drawn in a jealous suppose of this Lady Frances, I must let you understand that she was unto F.J. a kinswoman, a virgin of rare chastity, singular capacity, notable modesty, and excellent beauty; and though F.J. had cast his affection on the other (being a married woman), yet was there in their beauties no great difference, but in all other good gifts a wonderful diversity, as

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1 *requite* repay, make return for.

2 *gentry* the state of being a gentleman, possessing good-breeding, courtesy, generosity, etc.

3 *adventure it without adventure* dare to undertake [it] without risk or hazard.

4 *sad* serious, grave.

5 *advertised* informed.

6 *hap* fortune.

7 *minion* darling, beloved (with contemptuous connotations).

8 *friend* lover, paramour.

9 *their several abode in those parts* i.e., their separate dwelling in those parts (i.e., they had visited separately those parts). The "she" here is Elinor.

10 *doubted* feared, suspected.

11 *the several use of a more commodious common* The image is from the practice of enclosure, where an individual would close off a common field for his own private and exclusive use; Frances is saying that F.J. is too worthy a man to suffer the indignity of sharing Elinor's body with the secretary; F.J. should have the separate ("several") use of a more accommodating ("commodious") woman.

12 *talk* discourse.

much as might be between constancy and flitting fantasy, between womanly countenance and girlish garishness, between hot dissimulation and temperate fidelity. Now if any man will curiously ask the question why F.J. should choose the one and leave the other, over and besides the common proverb ("So many men so many minds"[1]), thus may be answered: we see by common experience that the highest flying falcon doth more commonly prey upon the corn-fed crow and the simple shiftless[2] dove than on the mounting kite.[3] And why? Because the one is overcome with less difficulty than that other. Thus much in the defence of this Lady Frances, and to excuse the choice of my friend F.J., who thought himself now no less beholding to good fortune to have found such a trusty friend than bounden to Dame Venus to have won such a mistress.

And to return unto my pretence,[4] understand you that F.J. (being now with these two fair ladies come very near the castle) grew in some jealous doubt (as on his own behalf) whether he were best to break company or not, when his assured Hope, perceiving the same, gan thus recomfort him:

"Good sir," quod she, "if you trusted your trusty friends, you should not need thus cowardly to stand in dread of your friendly enemies."

"Well said in faith," quod F.J., "and I must confess you were in my bosom before I wist,[5] but yet I have heard said often that in trust is treason."[6]

"Well spoken for yourself," quod his Hope.

F.J. now remembering that he had but erewhile taken upon him the name of her Trust came home *per misericordiam*,[7] when his Hope, entering the castle gate, caught hold of his lap,[8] and half by force led him by the gallery unto his mistress's chamber; whereas, after a little dissembling disdain,[9] he was at last by the good help of his Hope right thankfully received.

[...]

Supper time came and passed over, and not long after came the handmaid of the Lady Elinor into the great chamber, desiring F.J. to repair unto their mistress, the which he willingly accomplished. And being now entered into her chamber, he might perceive his mistress in her night's attire, preparing herself towards bed. To whom F.J. said: "Why, how now, mistress? I had thought this night to have seen you dance (at least or at last) amongst us?"

"By my troth, good servant," quod she, "I adventured so soon unto the great chamber yesternight that I find myself somewhat sickly disposed, and therefore do strain courtesy (as you see) to go the sooner to my bed this night. But before I sleep (quod she), I am to charge you with a matter of weight." And taking him apart from the rest, declared that (at that present night) she would talk with him more at large in the gallery near adjoining to her chamber.

Hereupon F.J., discreetly dissimulating his joy, took his leave and returned into the great chamber, where he had not long continued before the lord of the castle commanded a torch to light him unto his lodging, whereas he prepared himself and went to bed, commanding his servant also to go to his rest. And when he thought as well his servant as the rest of the household to be safe,[10] he arose again, and taking his nightgown did under the same convey his naked sword, and so walked to the gallery, where he found his good mistress walking in her nightgown and attending his coming. The moon was now at the full, the skies clear, and the weather temperate, by reason whereof he might the more plainly and with the greater contentation behold his long desired joys,

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1 Proverb (*Tilley* M583).

2 *shiftless* helpless.

3 *kite* a bird of prey.

4 *pretence* expressed aim, intention, or design.

5 *in my bosom before I wist* "to be in or of (a person's) bosom": to be entrusted with his/her secrets; *wist* knew, was aware.

6 *in trust is treason* Proverb (*Tilley* T549).

7 *per misericordiam* Latin, "experiencing compassion or pity."

8 *lap* a part of a garment that hangs down allowing it to be folded over.

9 *dissembling disdain* feigned scorn or contempt.

10 *to be safe* asleep, and thus not likely to interfere (with F.J.'s plans).

and spreading his arms abroad to embrace his loving mistress, he said: "Oh, my dear lady, when shall I be able with any desert to countervail[1] the least part of this your bountiful goodness?"

The dame (whether it were of fear indeed, or that the wiliness of womanhood had taught her to cover her conceits[2] with some fine dissimulation) stert[3] back from the knight, and shrieking (but softly) said unto him:

"Alas, servant, what have I deserved that you come against me with naked sword as against an open enemy?"

F.J., perceiving her intent, excused himself, declaring that he brought the same for their defence, and not to offend her in any wise. The lady being therewith somewhat appeased, they began with more comfortable gesture to expel the dread of the said late affright, and sithens[4] to become bolder of behaviour, more familiar in speech, and most kind in accomplishing of common comfort.

But why hold I so long discourse in describing the joys which (for lack of like experience) I cannot set out to the full? Were it not that I know to whom I write, I would the more beware what I write. F.J. was a man, and neither of us are senseless, and therefore I should slander him (over and besides a greater obloquy to the whole genealogy of Aeneas[5]), if I should imagine that of tender heart he would forbear to express[6] her more tender limbs against the hard floor. Sufficed that of her courteous nature she was content to accept boards for a bed of down, mats for camerike sheets, and the night gown of F.J. for a counterpoint[7] to cover them; and thus with calm content, instead of quiet sleep, they beguiled[8] the night until the proudest star began to abandon the firmament, when F.J. and his mistress were constrained also to abandon their delights, and with ten thousand sweet kisses and straight embracings did frame themselves to play loath to depart. Well, remedy was there none, but Dame Elinor must return unto her chamber, and F.J. must also convey himself (as closely[9] as might be) into his chamber, the which was hard to do, the day being so far sprung, and he having a large base court[10] to pass over before he could recover his stair foot door. And though he were not much perceived, yet the Lady Frances, being no less desirous to see an issue of these enterprises than F.J. was willing to cover them in secrecy, did watch and even at the entering of his chamber door perceived the point of his naked sword glistering under the skirt of his night gown. Whereat she smiled and said to herself, "This gear goeth well about."[11]

[...]

Well, I dwell too long upon these particular points in discoursing this trifling history, but that the same is the more apt mean of introduction to the verses which I mean to rehearse[12] unto you, and I think you will not disdain to read my conceit with his invention about declaration of his comedy. The next that ever F.J. wrote then upon any adventure happened between him and this fair lady was this, as I have heard him say, and upon this occasion. After he grew more bold and better acquainted with his mistress's disposition, he adventured one Friday in the morning to go unto her chamber, and thereupon wrote as followeth, which he termed "A Friday's Breakfast":

G.T.

1 *countervail* make an equivalent return for.

2 *conceits* thoughts.

3 *stert* started.

4 *sithens* thereupon, subsequently.

5 *the whole genealogy of Aeneas* refers to Aeneas, the Trojan hero whom Virgil represents as the founder of the city of Rome; more specifically, the reference is to all Englishmen, who traditionally viewed Aeneas' grandson, Brute, as the founder of London and the English nation.

6 *forbear to express* refrain from pressing or squeezing.

7 *camerike* cambric, a fine white linen; *counterpoint* quilt or counterpane.

8 *beguiled* whiled away, passed pleasantly and leisurely.

9 *closely* secretly.

10 *base court* outer or lower court.

11 *this gear goeth well about* i.e., this business is proceeding well.

12 *rehearse* repeat.

That self-same day, and of that day that hour,
When she[1] doth reign that mocked Vulcan the Smith:
And thought it meet[2] to harbour in her bower
Some gallant guest for her to dally with.
That blessèd hour, that blest and happy day,
I thought it meet with hasty steps to go
Unto the lodge wherein my lady lay,
To laugh for joy, or else to weep for woe.
And lo, my lady of her wonted grace,
First lent her lips to me (as for a kiss),
And after that her body to embrace,
Wherein Dame Nature wrought nothing amiss.
What followed next, guess you that know the trade,
For in this sort my Friday's feast I made.

F.J.

This sonnet is short and sweet, reasonably well, according to the occasion etc. Many days passed these two lovers with great delight, their affairs being no less politicly governed than happily achieved. And surely I have heard F.J. affirm in sad earnest that he did not only love her, but was furthermore so ravished in ecstasies with continual remembrance of his delights that he made an idol of her in his inward conceit.[3] So seemeth it by this challenge to beauty which he wrote in her praise and upon her name.

G.T.

Beauty shut up thy shop, and truss up all thy trash,[4]
My Nell hath stolen thy finest stuff, and left thee in the lash:[5]
Thy market now is marred, thy gains are gone, God wot,[6]
Thou hast no ware[7] that may compare with this that I have got.
As for thy painted pale, and wrinkles surfled up,[8]
Are dear enough for such as lust to drink of ev'ry cup.
Thy bodies bolstered out with bumbast and with bags,[9]
Thy rolls, thy ruffs, thy cauls, thy coifs, thy jerkins, and thy jags,[10]
Thy curling and thy cost, thy frisling and thy fare,[11]
To court, to court with all those toys,[12] and there set forth such ware
Before their hungry eyes that gaze on every guest,
And choose the cheapest chaffayre[13] still to please their fancy best.
But I whose steadfast eyes could never cast a glance,
With wand'ring look amid the prease[14] to take my choice by chance,
Have won by due desert a piece[15] that hath no peer,

[1] *she* Venus.
[2] *meet* appropriate, fitting.
[3] *conceit* thoughts, imagination.
[4] *truss up all thy trash* pack up all your rubbish.
[5] *lash* lurch.
[6] *wot* knows.
[7] *ware* goods, merchandise, commodities.
[8] *painted pale* a pale complexion artificially brightened by cosmetics (painting); *surfled up* painted, made-up (with cosmetics).
[9] *Thy bodies bolstered ... bags* It was a common practice to fill out or pad clothing with bumbast, a cotton stuffing.
[10] *rolls* pads (of hair or cloth in a woman's headdress); *ruffs* an article of neckwear, usually consisting of starched linen or muslin arranged in horizontal flutings and standing out all around the neck; *cauls* close-fitting, elaborately ornamented caps; *coifs* close-fitting caps; *jerkins* garment for the upper part of the body, worn by men in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; a close-fitting short coat, often made of leather; apparently the fashion was adopted by some women, prompting condemnation in moral and religious texts; *jags* fashionable slashes in clothing, especially sleeves, meant to reveal the colour and quality of the garment underneath.
[11] *thy curling and thy cost* the dressing of hair and its expense; *frisling* i.e. frizzling: to curl (hair) in small, crisp curls; *fare* appearance, demeanour.
[12] *toys* trifles, fripperies.
[13] *chaffayre* bargain, purchase.
[14] *prease* i.e., press: throng, great crowd.
[15] *piece* woman or girl (the contemporary implication of a woman regarded contemptuously as a sexual object does not become a possible meaning until the nineteenth century).

And left the rest as refuse[1] all to serve the market there.
There let him choose that list,[2] there catch the best who can;
A painted blazing bait may serve to choke a gazing man.
But I have slipt thy flower[3] that freshest is of hue,
I have thy corn, go sell thy chaff, I list to seek no new.
The windows of mine eyes are glazed with such delight,
As each new face seems full of faults that blazeth in my sight.
And not without just cause, I can compare her so,
Lo here my glove I challenge him that can, or dare, say no.[4]
Let Theseus come with club, or Paris brag with brand,
To prove how fair their Helen was that scourged the Grecian land;
Let mighty Mars himself come armed to the field,
And vaunt[5] Dame Venus to defend with helmet, spear and shield:
This hand that had good hap my Helen to embrace
Shall have like luck to foil her foes and daunt them with disgrace;
And cause them to confess by verdict and by oath,
How far her lovely looks do stain the beauties of them both;
And that my Helen is more fair than Paris' wife,
And doth deserve more famous praise than Venus for her life.
Which if I not perform, my life then let me leese,[6]
Or else be bound in chains of change, to beg for beauty's fees.

F.J.

By this challenge I guess that either he was then in an ecstasy or else sure I am now in a lunacy, for it is a proud challenge made to Beauty herself and all her companions; and imagining that Beauty, having a shop where she uttered[7] her wares of all sundry sorts, his lady had stolen the finest away, leaving none behind her but painting, bolstering, forcing[8] and such like, the which in his rage[9] he judgeth good enough to serve the court, and thereupon grew a great quarrel when these verses were by the negligence of his mistress dispersed into sundry hands, and so at last to the reading of a courtier. Well, F.J. had his desire if his mistress liked them, but, as I have heard him declare, she grew in jealousy that the same were not written by her,[10] because her name was Elinor and not Helen. And about this point have been divers and sundry opinions, for this and divers other of his most notable poems have come to view of the world, although altogether without his consent. And some have attributed this praise unto a Helen who deserved not so well as this dame Elinor should seem to deserve by the relation of F.J., and yet never a barrel of good herring between them both.[11] But that other Helen, because she was and is of so base condition as may deserve no manner commendation in any honest judgement, therefore I will excuse my friend F.J. and adventure my pen in his behalf, that he would never bestow verse of so

[1] *refuse* garbage.
[2] *list* desires, wishes.
[3] *slipt thy flower* cut thy flower, taken a "slip" for planting elsewhere.
[4] *Lo here my glove I challenge him … no* Throwing down one's glove is a traditional method of challenging an opponent.
[5] *Theseus ... Paris* Before Paris' much more famous abduction of Helen of Sparta from her husband Menelaus (the action which triggered the Trojan War), some classical writers say that Theseus, king of Athens, stole Helen away when she was only nine, intending to marry her when she was old enough. Some writers say that she gave birth to a daughter before Theseus was forced to return her to her family (*Classical Dict.*, p. 676); *Mars* a reference to Mars's seduction of Vulcan's wife, Venus. See p. 362, note 3; *vaunt* boast.
[6] *leese* i.e., lose.
[7] *uttered* offered for sale.
[8] *bolstering* padding; *forcing* perhaps, "farcing": using cosmetics.
[9] *rage* violent passion.
[10] *by her* for/about her.
[11] *never a barrel of good herring between them both* Proverb, "Neither (never a) barrel better herring"(i.e., there's nothing to choose between them) (*Tilley* B94).

mean[1] a subject. And yet some of his acquaintance, being also acquainted (better than I) that F.J. was sometimes acquainted with Helen, have stood in argument with me, that it was written by Helen and not by Elinor.[2] Well, F.J. told me himself that it was written by this dame Elinor, and that unto her he thus alleged, that he took it all for one name, or at least he never read of any Elinor such matter as might sound worthy like commendation for beauty. And indeed, considering that it was in the first beginning of his writings, as then he was no writer of any long continuance, comparing also the time that such reports do spread of his acquaintance with Helen, it cannot be written less than six or seven years before he knew Helen. Marry, peradventure if there were any acquaintance between F.J. and that Helen afterwards (the which I dare not confess), he might adapt it to her name, and so make it serve both their turns, as elder[3] lovers have done before and still do and will do world without end. Amen.[4]

Well, by whom he wrote it I know not, but once[5] I am sure that he wrote it, for he is no borrower of inventions,[6] and this is all that I mean to prove, as one that send you his verses by stealth, and do him double wrong to disclose unto any man the secret causes why they were devised. But this for your delight I do adventure, and, to return to the purpose, he sought more certainly to please his mistress Elinor with this sonnet written in her praise as followeth.

G.T.

The stately dames of Rome their pearls did wear
About their necks to beautify their name,
But she (whom I do serve) her pearls[7] doth bear
Close in her mouth, and smiling shows the same.
No wonder then though every word she speaks
A jewel seems in judgement of the wise,
Since that her sugared tongue the passage breaks
Between two rocks bedecked with pearls of price.
Her hair of gold, her front[8] of ivory,
(A bloody heart within so white a breast)
Her teeth of pearl, lips ruby, crystal eye,
Needs must I honour her above the rest,
Since she is formed of none other mould[9]
But ruby, crystal, ivory, pearl, and gold.

F.J.

Of this sonnet I am assured that it is but a translation, for I myself have seen the invention of an Italian, and Master J. hath a little dilated the same, but not much besides the sense of the first, and the addition very aptly applied, wherefore I cannot condemn his doing therein, and for the sonnet, were it not a little too much praise (as the Italians do most commonly offend in the superlative), I could the more commend it; but I hope the party to whom it was dedicated had rather it were much more, than anything less.

Well, thus these two lovers passed many days in exceeding contentation and more than speakable pleasures, in which time F.J. did compile very many verses according to the sundry occasions proffered, whereof I have not obtained the most at his hands, and the reason that he denied me the same was that (as he alleged) they were for the most part sauced with a taste of glory—as you know that in such cases a lover being charged with inexprimable[10] joys, and therewith enjoined both by duty and discretion to keep the same covert, can by no means devise a greater consolation than to

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1 *mean* unworthy.

2 *by Helen and not by Elinor* i.e., for Helen and not for Elinor.

3 *elder* ancient or earlier; or perhaps, simply, "more experienced."

4 *world without end. Amen* See Ephesians 3:21. The phrase appears most commonly in the prayer known as the Minor or Lesser Doxology: "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end, Amen."

5 *once* in any case, at any rate.

6 *borrower of inventions* This is not to claim that F.J's poems are entirely original; in the following sonnet, the beloved's description is highly conventional. Gascoigne perhaps refers here to his own conviction that true poets should be most concerned about creating a work's governing or grounding idea or conception (its "invention").

7 *Hundred*'s errata sheet changes the original "peers" to "pearls," which obviously makes more sense in the poem's context.

8 *front* forehead.

9 *mould* substance (*lit.*, the earth). The human body was sometimes depicted as composed of earth, but here the beloved's body is made of far more precious and durable material.

10 *inexprimable* inexpressible.

commit it into some ciphered words and figured speeches[1] in verse, whereby he feeleth his heart half (or more than half) eased of swelling. For as sighs are some present ease to the pensive mind, even so we find by experience that such secret intercommoning[2] of joys doth increase delight. I would not have you construe my words to this effect, that I think a man cannot sufficiently rejoice in the lucky lots of love unless he impart the same to others. God forbid that ever I should enter into such a heresy, for I have always been of this opinion: that as to be fortunate in love is one of the most inward contentations to man's mind of all earthly joys, even so if he do but once bewray the same to any living creature, immediately either dread of discovering doth bruise his breast with an intolerable burden, or else he loseth the principal virtue which gave effect to his gladness,[3] not unlike to a 'pothecary's pot[4] which being filled with sweet ointments or perfumes doth retain in itself some scent of the same, and being poured out doth return to the former state: hard, harsh, and of small savour; so the mind being fraught with delights, as long as it can keep them secretly enclosed, may continually feed upon the pleasant record thereof as the well-willing and ready horse biteth on the bridle, but having once disclosed them to any other straightway we lose the hidden treasure of the same, and are oppressed with sundry doubtful opinions and dreadful conceits.[5] And yet for a man to record unto himself in the inward contemplation of his mind the often remembrance of his late-received joys doth, as it were, ease the heart of burden, and add unto the mind a fresh supply of delight. Yea, and in verse principally (as I conceive) a man may best contrive this way of comfort in himself.

Therefore, as I have said, F.J., swimming now in delights, did nothing but write such verse as might accumulate his joys to the extremity of pleasure, the which for that purpose he kept from me as one more desirous to seem obscure and defective, than overmuch to glory in his adventures, especially for that in the end his hap was as heavy as hitherto he had been fortunate; amongst other I remembered one happened upon this occasion: the husband of the Lady Elinor, being all this while absent from her, gan now return and kept cut at home,[6] with whom F.J. found means so to insinuate himself that familiarity took deep root between them, and seldom but by stealth you could find the one out of the other's company. On a time, the knight riding on hunting desired F.J. to accompany him, the which he could not refuse to do, but like a lusty younker ready at all assays[7] apparelled himself in green, and about his neck a bugle, pricking[8] and galloping amongst the foremost, according to the manner of that country. And it chanced that the married knight thus galloping lost his horn, which some divines[9] might have interpreted to be but moulting,[10] and that by God's grace he might have a new come up again shortly instead of that. Well, he came to F.J. requiring him to lend him his bugle. "For," said the knight, "I heard you not blow this day, and I would fain[11] encourage the hounds, if I had a horn."

Quod F.J., "Although I have not been over lavish of my coming hitherto, I would you should not doubt but that I can tell how to use a horn well enough, and yet I may little do if I may not lend you a horn," and therewithal took his bugle from

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1 *ciphered words* words disguised or coded and which can only be read by those who hold the key; *figured speeches* speeches adorned with rhetorical figures, metaphors, images, etc.; figurative.

2 *intercommoning* sharing.

3 *I would not have you construe ... gave effect to his gladness* a reflection of the conventional secrecy expected of those engaged in courtly love affairs which (like this one) were usually adulterous.

4 *'pothecary's pot* i.e., an apothecary's jar in which he would store the medicines or cosmetics that were the stock in trade of this Renaissance pharmacist/chemist.

5 *conceits* thoughts, notions.

6 *kept cut at home* isolated himself from the outside world; kept himself wholly at home.

7 *lusty younker* eager or active young gentleman; *at all assays* for every event.

8 *pricking* spurring or urging on a horse.

9 *divines* seers, fortune-tellers.

10 *moulting* Bucks molt or shed their horns annually; the horns of the cuckold, the emblem of the sexually deceived husband, are meant here.

11 *fain* willingly.

his neck, and lent it to the knight, who making in unto the hounds, gan assay to rechate.[1] But the horn was too hard for him to wind,[2] whereat F.J. took pleasure, and said to himself, "Blow till thou break that: I made thee one within these few days that thou wilt never crack whiles thou livest."[3]

And hereupon (before the fall of the buck) devised this sonnet following, which at his homecoming he presented unto his mistress.

G.T.

As some men say there is a kind of seed
Will grow to horns if it be sowed thick:
Wherewith I thought to try if I could breed
A brood of buds, well sharped on the prick,
And by good proof of learned skill I found
(As on some special soil all seeds best frame)
So jealous brains do breed the battleground
That best of all might serve to bear the same.
Then sought I forth to find such supple soil,
And called to mind thy husband had a brain,
So that percase, by travail and by toil,
His fruitful front might turn my seed to gain:
And as I groped in that ground to sow it,
Start up a horn, thy husband could not blow it.

F.J.

This sonnet treateth of a strange seed, but it tasteth most of rye,[4] which is more common amongst men nowadays. Well, let it pass amongst the rest, and he that liketh it not turn over the leaf to another; I doubt not but in this register he may find some to content him, unless he be too curious.[5] And here I will surcease to rehearse any more of his verses until I have expressed how that his joys, being now exalted to the highest degree, began to bend towards declination.

[...]

[G.T. recounts the return of Lady Elinor's secretary from London, reminds us of the disclosure of Frances—that the secretary is also Elinor's lover—, and charts the descent of F.J. into the psychological, physical and emotional illness conventionally attendant on overwhelming jealousy. Accompanied by Lady Frances, Elinor visits the bed-ridden F.J. several times, and during her last visit Elinor whispers that she will return to join F.J. later that night.]

About ten or eleven of the clock came his mistress in her nightgown, who knowing all privy ways in that house very perfectly, had conveyed herself into F.J.'s chamber unseen and unperceived, and being now come unto his bedside kneeled down, and laying her arm over him said these or like words:

"My good servant, if thou knewest what perplexities I suffer in beholding of thine infirmities, it might then suffice either utterly to drive away thy malady or much more to augment thy griefs, for I know thou lovest me, and I think also that thou hast had sufficient proof of mine unfeigned good will, in remembrance whereof I fall into sundry passions. First, I accompt the happy lots[6] of our first acquaintance, and therein I call to mind the equality of our affections, for I think that there were never two lovers conjoined with freer consent on both parts; and if my overhasty delivery of yielding words be not wrested[7] hereafter to my condemnation, I can then assure myself to escape forever without desert of any reproof. Herewithal[8] I cannot forget the sundry adventures happened since we became one heart divided in two bodies, all which have been both happily achieved and delectably enjoyed. What resteth[9] then to consider but this thy present state?—the first corrosive that I have felt, and the last cordial that I look for, the end of my joys and the beginning of my torments."

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1 *to rechate* to blow a horn.

2 *wind* blow, sound.

3 *I made thee one ... whiles thou livest* i.e., I have made you a cuckold, an identity you will never be able to cast off while you live.

4 *rye* the most common cereal grain for making bread in the period.

5 *curious* exacting, fastidious.

6 *accompt the happy lots* reckon or count up the lucky lots (fortunes).

7 *wrested* twisted, perverted.

8 *Herewithal* together with this.

9 *resteth* remains (to be done).

And hereat her salt tears gan bathe the dying lips of her servant, who, hearing these words and well considering her demeanour, began now to accuse himself of such and so heinous treason as that his guilty heart was constrained to yield unto a just scourge for the same. He swooned[1] under her arm: the which, when she perceived, it were hard to tell what fears did most affright her. But I have heard my friend F.J. confess that he was in a happy trance, and thought himself for divers causes unhappily revived. For surely I have heard him affirm that to die in such a passion had been rather pleasant than like to pangs of death. It were hard now to rehearse how he was revived, since there were none present but he dying (who could not declare), and she living (who would not disclose so much as I mean to bewray). For my friend F.J. hath to me emported[2] that returning to life the first thing which he felt was that his good mistress lay pressing his breast with the whole weight of her body, and biting his lips with her friendly teeth; and peradventure she refrained (either of courtesy towards him, or for womanish fear to hurt her tender hand) to strike him on the cheeks in such sort as they do that strive to call again a dying creature, and therefore thought this the aptest mean to reduce him unto remembrance.[3] F.J., now awaked, could no less do than of his courteous nature receive his mistress into his bed; who, as one that knew that way better than how to help his swooning, gan gently strip off her clothes and, lovingly embracing him, gan demand of him in this sort.

"Alas, good servant," quod she, "what kind of malady is this that so extremely doth torment thee?"

F.J. with fainting speech answered: "Mistress, as for my malady, it hath been easily cured by your bountiful medicines applied. But I must confess that in receiving that guerison[4] at your hands I have been constrained to fall into an ecstasy, through the galding[5] remembrance of mine own unworthiness. Nevertheless, good mistress, since I perceive such fidelity remaining between us as that few words will persuade such trust as lovers ought to embrace, let these few words suffice to crave your pardon, and do eftsoons[6] pour upon me (your unworthy servant) the abundant waves of your accustomed clemency; for I must confess that I have so highly offended you as (but your goodness surpass the malice of my conceits) I must remain (and that right worthily) to the severe punishment of my deserts, and so should you but lose him who hath cast away himself, and neither can accuse you, nor dare excuse himself, of the crime."

Dame Elinor, who had rather have found her servant perfectly revived than thus with strange conceits encumbered, and musing much at his dark speech, became importunate to know the certainty[7] of his thoughts. And F.J., as one not master of himself, gan at the last plainly confess how he had mistrusted the change of her vowed affections, yea and (that more was) he plainly expressed with whom, of whom, by whom, and to whom she bent her better liking.

Now, here I would demand of you and such other as are expert: "Is there any greater impediment to the fruition of a lover's delights than to be mistrusted? Or rather, is it not the ready way to race[8] all love and former good will out of remembrance to tell a guilty mind that you do mistrust it?" It should seem "yes," by Dame Elinor, who began now to take the matter hotly, and of such vehemency were her fancies that she now fell into flat defiance with F.J., who although he sought by many fair words to temper her choleric passions, and by yielding himself to get the conquest of another, yet could he by no means determine[9] the quarrel.

---

1 *swooned* fainted.

2 *emported* communicated, imparted.

3 *aptest mean to reduce him unto remembrance* i.e., the most effective way to restore him to consciousness.

4 *guerison* cure, healing.

5 *galding* i.e., galling.

6 *eftsoons* again.

7 *dark* obscure, cryptic, hard to understand; *certainty* truth.

8 *race* i.e., rase or erase.

9 *determine* bring to an end, settle.

The soft pillows being present at all these hot words put forth themselves as mediators for a truce between these enemies, and desired that (if they would needs fight) it might be in their presence but only one push of the pike,[1] and so from thenceforth to become friends again forever. But the dame denied flatly, alleging that she found no cause at all to use such courtesy unto such a recreant, adding further many words of great reproach; the which did so enrage[2] F.J. as that, having now forgotten all former courtesies, he drew upon his new professed enemy and bare her up with such a violence against the bolster that, before she could prepare the ward,[3] he thrust her through both hands, and etc.; whereby the dame, swooning for fear, was constrained (for a time) to abandon her body to the enemy's courtesy. At last, when she came to herself, she rose suddenly and determined to save herself by flight, leaving F.J. with many despiteful words, and swearing that he should never (eftsoons) take her at the like advantage, the which oath she kept better than her former professed good will; and having now recovered her chamber (because she found her hurt to be nothing dangerous) I doubt not but she slept quietly the rest of the night, as F.J. also—persuading himself that he should with convenient leisure recover her from this hagger conceit,[4] took some better rest towards the morning than he had done in many nights forepast.

So let them both sleep whiles I turn my pen unto the before-named secretary, who, being (as I said) come lately from London, had made many proffers to renew his accustomed consultations; but the sorrow which his mistress had conceived in F.J. his sickness, together with her continual repair to him during the same, had been such lets[5] unto his attempts as it was long time before he could obtain audience.[6] At the last, these new accidents fell so favourably for the furtherance of his cause that he came to his mistress's presence, and there pleaded for himself.

Now, if I should at large write his allegations, together with her subtle answers, I should but cumber[7] your ears with unpleasant rehearsal of feminine frailty. To be short, the late disdainful mood which she had conceived against F.J., together with a scruple which lay in her conscience touching the eleventh article of her belief,[8] moved her presently with better will to consult with this secretary as well upon a speedy revenge of her late received wrongs as also upon the reformation of her religion. And in very deed, it fell out that the secretary, having been of long time absent, and thereby his quills and pens not worn so near as they were wont to be, did now prick such fair large notes, that his mistress liked better to sing faburden under him than to descant any longer upon F.J.'s plain song.[9] And thus they continued in good accord until it fortuned that Dame Frances came into her[10] chamber upon such sudden as she had like to have marred all the music. Well, they conveyed their clefs as closely as they could,[11] but yet not altogether without some suspicion given to the said dame Frances, who although she could have been content to take any pain in F.J.'s behalf, yet otherwise she would never

[1] *pike* a sharply pointed, long-handled weapon.

[2] *enrage* *Hundred*'s errata sheet replaces the original "encourage" with "enrage."

[3] *ward* defence.

[4] *hagger conceit* wild or unruly thought, idea.

[5] *lets* obstacles, hindrances.

[6] *obtain audience* be granted a meeting.

[7] *cumber* burden.

[8] *a scruple ... eleventh article of her belief* The Thirty-Nine Articles, the body of reformed Church doctrine, was issued in 1563; the eleventh article states that man is justified only by his faith in Christ and not by his good works in the world. In Andreas Capellanus's *The Art of Courtly Love*, the eleventh article doesn't seem to apply to this context (one should not love a person whom one is too ashamed to marry).

[9] *prick such fair large notes ... upon F.J.'s plain song* A "faburden" is an undersong, sometimes also called a "false bass" since the voice is actually one octave lower than that of a true bass; "plain song" refers to a lyric's unadorned melody (when the singer is a man, the plain song is usually sung by a tenor); "descant" refers to the song which accompanies or counterpoints the plain song of the main tenor voice. The whole sentence is littered with sexual double entendre.

[10] *her* Elinor's.

[11] *conveyed their clefs as closely as they could* *fig.*, they engaged in the singing of their respective parts as privately as possible (*lit.*, they conducted their affair as secretly as they could).

have bestowed the watching about so worthless a prize.

[...]

[F.J., left to the care of Frances and the other gentlewomen of the household, finally regains his health. Since Elinor continues to reject him and refuses to see him, he is forced to resort to letters and poems. To one letter, asking her to consider granting him "another moonshine banquet or Friday's breakfast," he receives an answer which G.T. implies has been written by the secretary. Telling Frances that if he could see proof of his mistress's infidelity he would give her up, he subsequently barges into Elinor's bedchamber.]

And it happened one day amongst others that he resorted to his mistress's chamber and found her (*allo solito*[1]) lying upon her bed, and the secretary with Dame Pergo and her handmaid keeping of her company. Whereat F.J., somewhat repining, came to her and fell to dalliance,[2] as one that had now rather adventure to be thought presumptuous than yield to be accompted[3] bashful, he cast his arm over his mistress and began to accuse her of sluggishness, using some other bold parts, as well to provoke her as also to grieve the other. The lady seemed little to delight in his dallying, but cast a glance at her secretary and therewith smiled, whenas the secretary and Dame Pergo burst out into open laughter. The which F.J. perceiving, and disdaining her ingratitude, was forced to depart, and in that fantasy[4] compiled this sonnet.

G.T.

With her in arms that had my heart in hold,
I stood of late to plead for pity so,
And as I did her lovely looks behold,
She cast a glance upon my rival foe.
His fleering[5] face provoked her to smile,
When my salt tears were drowned in disdain:
He glad, I sad, he laughed (alas the while),
I wept for woe, I pined for deadly pain.
And when I saw none other boot[6] prevail,
But reason's rule must guide my skilful mind:
"Why then," quod I, "old proverbs never fail,
For yet was never good cat out of kind,[7]
Nor woman true but even as stories tell,
Won with an egg, and lost again with shell."[8]

F.J.

This sonnet declareth that he began now to accompt of her as she deserved, for it hath a sharp conclusion, and it is somewhat too general. Well, as it is he lost it where his mistress found it, and she immediately imparted the same unto Dame Pergo, and Dame Pergo unto others, so that it quickly became common in the house. Amongst others Mistress Frances, having recovered a copy of it, did seem to pardon the generality, and to be well pleased with the particularity thereof, the which she bewrayed one day unto F.J. in this wise:

"Of all the joys that ever I had, my good Trust," quod she, "there is none wherein I take more comfort than in your conformity.[9] And although your present rage is such that you can be content to condemn a number unknown for the transgression of one too well known, yet I do rather rejoice that you should judge your pleasure over many than to be abused by any."

"My good Hope," quod he, "it were not reason that after such manifold proofs of your exceeding courtesies I should use strange or contentious speech with so dear a friend, and indeed I must confess that the opinion which I have conceived

[1] *allo solito* Italian, "in [her] usual manner."

[2] *repining* feeling or showing discontent; *dalliance* amorous, light, or familiar talk; also, amorous sport or play, such as caressing or flirtation.

[3] *accompted* accounted.

[4] *fantasy* fancy, mood.

[5] *fleering* grinning; sneering.

[6] *none other boot* no other resource or alternative.

[7] *For yet was never good cat out of kind* Cf. the proverb, "That cat is out of kind that sweet milk (cream) will not lap (lick, steal)" (*Tilley* C167). "Cat" is also a slang term for prostitute, and thus the proverb, "Never does a prostitute change her nature."

[8] *Won with an egg, and lost again with shell* Proverb (i.e., a quick and easy conquest leads to a quick and easy loss [*Tilley* A295]).

[9] *conformity* i.e., F.J. conforms to the conventional behaviour of the rejected and despised lover.

of my mistress hath stirred my pen to write very hardly against all the feminine gender, but I pray you pardon me (quod he), and if it please you I will recant it, as also (percase) I was but cloyed with surquedry,[1] and presumed to think more than may be proved."

"Yea, but how if it were proved?" quod Dame Frances.

"If it were so, which God forbid," quod he, "then could you not blame me to conceive that opinion."

"Howsoever I might blame you," quod she, "I mean not to blame you, but I demand further—if it be as I think and you suspect, what will you then do?"

"Surely," quod F.J., "I have determined to drink up mine own sorrow secretly, and to bid them both adieu."

"I like your farewell better than your fantasy,"[2] quod she, "and whensoever you can be content to take so much pains as the knight which had a nightgown guarded with naked swords did take,[3] I think you may put yourself out of doubt of all these things."

By these words and other speech which she uttered unto him, F.J. smelt how the world went about, and therefore did one day in the grey morning adventure to pass through the gallery towards his mistress's chamber, hoping to have found the door open, but he found the contrary, and there attending in good devotion heard the parting of his mistress and her secretary with many kind words: whereby it appeared that the one was very loath to depart from the other. F.J. was enforced to bear this burden, and after he had attended there as long as the light would give him leave, he departed also to his chamber and, apparelling himself, could not be quiet until he had spoken with his mistress, whom he burdened flatly with this despiteful treachery, and she as fast denied it, until at last, being still urged with such evident tokens as he alleged, she gave him this bone to gnaw upon:

"And if I did so," quod she, "what then?"

Whereunto F.J. made none answer, but departed with this farewell: "My loss is mine own, and your gain is none of yours, and sooner can I recover my loss than you enjoy the gain which you gape after."

And when he was in place solitary, he compiled these following for a final end of the matter.

G.T.

"And if I did what then?
Are you aggrieved therefore?
The sea hath fish for every man,
And what would you have more?"

Thus did my mistress once
Amaze my mind with doubt,
And popped a question for the nonce[4]
To beat my brains about.

Whereto I thus replied,
"Each fisherman can wish
That all the sea at every tide
Were his alone to fish.

And so did I (in vain),
But since it may not be,
Let such fish there as find the gain,
And leave the loss for me.

[1] *cloyed* stuffed to the point of overload or nausea; *surquedry* arrogance.

[2] I.e., she likes his determination to end his affair with Elinor better than his belief that he can suffer silently.

[3] *as the knight ... take* Earlier, Frances has seen F.J. return to his room after his first bout of love-making with Elinor. Frances and her maid visit F.J. that morning only to find him asleep; she decides to take his sword and hide it in her room, as a "token" that they had visited. After dinner that day, F.J., Frances and Elinor go riding, and during the ride Frances tells F.J. about a dream she had early that morning. In the dream, she meets a gentleman in a silk nightgown "embroidered about with a guard [i.e., a decoration] of naked swords." She is afraid when he approaches, but he reassures her that he "uses[s] this garment only for [his] own defence," and he compares his manner of attire with that of Mars when he made love to Venus, thereby cuckolding Venus' husband, Vulcan.

[4] *popped* asked abruptly; *for the nonce* expressly.

And with such luck and loss
I will content myself,
Till tides of turning time may toss
Such fishers on the shelf.

And when they stick on sands,
That every man may see,
Then will I laugh and clap my hands,
As they do now at me."

F.J.

It is time now to make an end of this thriftless[1] history, wherein although I could wade much further, as to declare his departure, what thanks he gave to his Hope, etc., yet I will cease, as one that had rather leave it imperfect than make it too plain. I have passed it over with "quod he," and "quod she," after my homely manner of writing, using sundry names for one person, as "the dame," "the lady," "mistress," etc. "the lord of the castle," "the master of the house," and "the host." Nevertheless, for that I have seen good authors term every gentlewoman a lady and every gentleman *domine*,[2] I have thought it no greater fault than petty treason thus to intermingle them, nothing doubting but you will easily understand my meaning, and that is as much as I desire.

Now henceforwards I will trouble you no more with such a barbarous[3] style in prose, but will only recite unto you sundry verses written by sundry gentlemen, adding nothing of mine own but only a title to every poem, whereby the cause of writing the same may the more evidently appear. Neither can I declare unto you who wrote the greatest part of them, for they are unto me but a posy[4] presented out of sundry gardens; neither have I any other names of the flowers, but such short notes as the authors themselves have delivered; thereby, if you can guess them, it shall no way offend me.[5]

G.T.

[...]

I will now deliver unto you so many more of Master Gascoigne's poems as have come to my hands,[6] who hath never been dainty of his doings, and therefore I conceal not his name; but his word or posy he hath often changed, and therefore I will deliver his verses with such sundry posies as I received them.

[...]

Gascoigne's Lullaby

Sing lullaby, as women do
Wherewith they bring their babes to rest,
And lullaby can I sing too
As womanly as can the best.
With lullaby they still the child,
And if I be not much beguiled,
Full many wanton babes[7] have I
Which must be stilled with lullaby.

First lullaby my youthful years,
It is now time to go to bed,
For crooked age and hoary heares[8]
Have won the haven within my head:
With lullaby then youth be still,
With lullaby content thy will,
Since courage quails, and comes behind,
Go sleep, and so beguile thy mind.

Next lullaby my gazing eyes,
Which wonted were to glance apace:[9]
For every glass[10] may now suffice,
To show the furrows in my face.

---

[1] *thriftless* unfortunate; with a play on "useless" or "profitless."

[2] *domine* a lord.

[3] *barbarous* unpolished, crude, unsophisticated.

[4] *posy* See p. 340, note 1.

[5] For Gascoigne's revised introduction to and conclusion of "Adventures of Master F.J.," see the appendix, at the end of this entry.

[6] The "so many more" implies (of course) that all the previous poems (attributed to anonymous gentlemen) are also by Gascoigne.

[7] *wanton babes* collective reference to the subjects which dominate the following stanzas: "youthful years," "gazing eyes," "wanton will," and "loving boy."

[8] *heares* i.e., hairs.

[9] *Which wonted were to glance apace* which were accustomed to glance swiftly or quickly.

[10] *glass* mirror, looking-glass.

With lullaby then wink a while,
With lullaby your looks beguile.
Let no fair face nor beauty bright
Entice you eft[1] with vain delight.

And lullaby my wanton will,
Let reason's rule now reign thy thought,
Since all too late I find by skill,
How dear I have thy fancies bought.
With lullaby now take thine ease,
With lullaby thy doubts appease:
For trust to this, if thou be still,
My body shall obey thy will.

Eke[2] lullaby my loving boy,
My little Robin take thy rest,
Since age is cold and nothing coy,[3]
Keep close thy coin, for so is best.
With lullaby be thou content,
With lullaby thy lusts relent;
Let others pay which have more pence,
Thou art too poor for such expense.

Thus lullaby my youth, mine eyes,
My will, my ware,[4] and all that was;
I can no more delays devise,
But welcome pain, let pleasure pass.
With lullaby now take your leave,
With lullaby your dreams deceive,
And when you rise with waking eye,
Remember "Gascoigne's Lullaby."

Ever or Never.

[...]

I have heard Master Gascoigne's memory commended by these verses following, the which were written upon this occasion. He had (in the middest of his youth) determined to abandon all vain delights and to return unto Gray's Inn, there to undertake again the study of the common laws. And being required by five sundry gentlemen to write in verse somewhat worthy to be remembered before he entered into their fellowship, he compiled these five sundry sorts of meter upon five sundry themes[5] which they delivered unto him.

[...]

John Vaughan[6] delivered him this theme, *Magnum vectigal parcimonia*,[7] whereupon he wrote thus.

The common speech is, spend and God will send.[8]
But what sends he? a bottle and a bag,
A staff, a wallet and a woeful end,[9]
For such as list in bravery so to brag.[10]
Then if thou covet coin enough to spend,
Learn first to spare thy budget at the brink,
So shall the bottom be the faster bound:[11]
But he that list with lavish hand to link

---

1 *eft* again, a second time.

2 *Eke* also.

3 *coy* shy, reserved.

4 *ware* goods, commodities, possessions.

5 *themes* an assigned topic on which a prose piece was to be written; a standard exercise for Renaissance schoolboys.

6 *John Vaughan* no entry in *DNB*, *DLB*, or W.R. Douthwaite, *Gray's Inn: Its History and Associations* (London, 1886).

7 Latin, "Thrift produces wealth." Based on Cicero's *Paradoxa Stoicorum*, 6 [III], 49: *O di immortales! non intelligunt homines, quam magnum vectigal sit parsimonia* ("Heavens above! Don't people understand how much money thrift produces?"). In this paradox, Cicero compares himself with his income of 100 *sestertia* from his property with a man who makes 600 from his. However, the latter spends extravagantly on beautifying his house and is therefore always in debt, while Cicero is frugal and thus has income left over after he has paid for his needs: "So which of us is the richer ... the one who is always looking for more to maintain an ever-expanding estate or the one who is self-sufficient?" see *On Stoic Good and Evil: De Finibus Bonorum et Malorum* (Book III) and *Paradoxa Stoicorum*, ed. and trans. M.R. Wright (Warminster, 1991), pp. 100-05.

8 Proverb (*Tilley* G247).

9 *bottle and a bag ... woeful end* "To turn to bag and wallet" is an expression meaning "to become a beggar"; *staff ... wallet* traditional accoutrements of the poor wanderer.

10 *list in bravery so to brag* i.e., desire to brag [of their wealth or social status] by wearing fine clothes (bravery).

11 *spare thy budget at the brink ... bottom ... faster bound* don't spend your money when you have a great deal of it (when your purse [budget] is full to the brink), because when you've gone through the "top" of a pile of money the bottom of it comes quickly into view.

(In like expense) a penny with a pound,
May chance at last to sit aside and shrink
His harebrained head without[1] Dame Dainty's door.
Hick, Hob, and Dick, with clouts[2] upon their knee,
Have many times more goonhole groats[3] in store,
And change of crowns more quick at call than he
Which let their lease and took their rent before.[4]
For he that raps a royal[5] on his cap,
Before he put one penny in his purse,
Had need turn quick and broach a better tap,[6]
Or else his drink may chance go down the worse.
I not deny but some men have good hap,
To climb aloft by scales of courtly grace,
And win the world with liberality;
Yet he that yerks old angels[7] out apace,
And hath no new to purchase dignity,
When orders fall, may chance to lack his grace,[8]
For haggard hawks[9] mislike an empty hand:
So stiffly some stick to the mercer's[10] stall,
Till suits of silk have sweat out all their land;
So oft thy neighbours banquet in thy hall,
Till Davie Debet[11] in thy parlour stand,
And bids thee welcome to thine own decay.
I like a lion's looks not worth a leek[12]
When every fox beguiles him of his prey.
What sauce but sorrow serveth him a week,
Which all his cates[13] consumeth in one day?
First use thy stomach to a stound[14] of ale,
Before thy malmsey[15] come in merchants' books,
And rather wear (for shift) thy shirt of mail,[16]
Than tear thy silken sleeves with tenterhooks.[17]
Put feathers in thy pillows great and small,
Let them be prinked with plumes that gape for[18] plums,
Heap up both gold and silver safe in hooches,[19]
Catch, snatch, and scratch for scrapings and for crumbs,
Before thou deck[20] thy hat (on high) with brooches.
Let first thine one hand hold fast all that comes,
Before that other learn his letting fly.
Remember still that soft[21] fire makes sweet malt,
No haste but good (who means to multiply).
Bought wit is dear, and dressed with sour salt,
Repentance comes too late, and then say I,
Who spares the first and keeps the last unspent,
Shall find that sparing yields a goodly rent.[22]

Sic tuli.[23]

---

[1] *without* outside.

[2] I.e., the rustics, the rural clods; *clouts* patches.

[3] *goonhole* a type of coin ("gun-hole," *OED*); *groats* English coins worth about fourpence.

[4] *let their lease* sold their lease on a property for an immediate cash settlement; *took their rent before* perhaps, got their renters to pay their rent in advance?

[5] *raps a royal* hastens (to spend) a royal (a gold coin worth about 11 shillings) on a cap, an extravagant sum to spend on such an article.

[6] *broach a ... tap* to pierce (a cask, etc.) so as to draw liquor.

[7] *yerks* flings, throws out rapidly; *angels* gold coins worth about 6 to 10 shillings.

[8] I.e., when an office falls vacant he may lack the money necessary to purchase it or offer the necessary bribes to attain it.

[9] *haggard hawks* untamed hawks captured as adults, rather than raised in captivity from hatchlings or young birds; they were partly trained by using a bait or lure of food to get them to fly to the trainer's hand.

[10] *mercer* merchant.

[11] *Davie Debet* Davy Debt.

[12] *not worth a leek* Proverb (the leek is the type of something of little value [*Tilley* O66]).

[13] *cates* victuals, provisions.

[14] *use* accustom; *stound* i.e., a stand, a barrel which could contain as much as 13 gallons.

[15] *malmsey* a strong, sweet wine, imported from Italy or Madeira, much more expensive than ale.

[16] *for shift* as a makeshift or expedient. A shift was also a general term for an undergarment in the period; *shirt of mail* traditional protective garment of the soldier.

[17] *tenterhooks* hooks used to stretch cloth on a frame, often after it has been milled in order to allow it to dry evenly and without shrinking.

[18] *prinked* decked, adorned; *that gape for* that have a longing for.

[19] *hooches* hutches, chests, or coffers.

[20] *deck* adorn, decorate.

[21] *soft* slow, gentle.

[22] The last six lines are versions of a number of popular proverbs: "Soft fire makes sweet malt" (*Tilley* F280); "No haste but good" (*Tilley* H199); "Bought wit is dear" (*Tilley* W546); "Repentance never comes too late" (*Tilley* R80).

[23] *Sic tuli* Latin, "Thus I have borne [my misfortunes]."

Alexander Neville[1] delivered him this theme, *Sat cito, si sat bene*,[2] whereupon he compiled these seven sonnets in sequence, therein bewraying his own *Nimis cito*, and therewith his *Vix bene*,[3] as followeth:

1

In haste post haste[4] when first my wand'ring mind
Beheld the glistering court with gazing eye,
Such deep delights I seemed therein to find
As might beguile a graver guest than I.
The stately pomp of princes and their peers
Did seem to swim in floods of beaten gold;
The wanton world of young delightful years
Was not unlike a heaven for to behold,
Wherein did swarm (for every saint) a dame,
So fair of hue, so fresh of their attire
As might excel Dame Cynthia[5] for fame,
Or conquer Cupid with his own desire.
These and such like were baits that blazed still
Before mine eye to feed my greedy will.

2

Before mine eye to feed my greedy will
Gan muster eke mine old acquainted mates,
Who helped the dish (of vain delight) to fill
My empty mouth with dainty delicates;
And foolish boldness took the whip in hand
To lash my life into this trustless trace,[6]
Till all in haste I leapt aloof from land,
And hoist up sail to catch a courtly grace.
Each ling'ring day did seem a world of woe
Till in that hapless haven my head was brought;
Waves of wanhope[7] so tossed me to and fro,
In deep despair to drown my dreadful thought:
Each hour a day, each day a year did seem,
And every year a world my will did deem.

3

And every year a world my will did deem,
Till lo, at last, to court now am I come,
A seemly swain, that might the place beseem,[8]
A gladsome guest embraced of all and some.
Not there content with common dignity,
My wand'ring eye in haste (yea post post haste)
Beheld the blazing badge of bravery,[9]
For want[10] whereof I thought myself disgraced.
Then peevish[11] pride puffed up my swelling heart,
To further forth so hot an enterprise;
And comely cost began to play his part
In praising patterns of mine own devise:
Thus all was good that might be got in haste,
To prink me up,[12] and make me higher placed.

4

To prink me up and make me higher placed,
All came too late that tarried any time.
Piles of provision pleased not my taste,
They made my heels too heavy for to climb.
Methought it best that boughs of boist'rous oak,
Should first be shred to make my feathers gay,[13]
Till at the last a deadly dinting stroke
Brought down the bulk with edgetools of decay.[14]
Of every farm I then let fly a lease,[15]
To feed the purse that paid for peevishness,
Till rent and all were fall'n in such disease
As scarce could serve to maintain cleanliness:

---

[1] Alexander Neville (1544-1614), brother to Thomas Neville, dean of Canterbury, author of a translation of Seneca's *Oedipus* (1560), *De Furoribus* (1575) and other works, later secretary to Archbishop Parker. He was also the poet Barnabe Googe's cousin.

[2] Latin, "If it be well, let it be [done] quickly" (i.e., a variant on the proverb, "No haste but good"). See Sonnets 6 and 7 in this sequence, p. 367 and p. 367, note 10.

[3] *Nimis cito* Latin, "too quickly"; *Vix bene* Latin, "scarcely well."

[4] *In haste post haste* with all possible speed; hastily.

[5] *Cynthia* another name for Diana, goddess of the moon, virginity, and the hunt.

[6] *trustless trace* uncertain path.

[7] *wanhope* hopelessness, despair.

[8] *seemly swain* fair, well-formed young man; *beseem* befit.

[9] *bravery* fine clothing.

[10] *want* lack.

[11] *peevish* foolish; headstrong, obstinate.

[12] *prink me up* dress or adorn with petty ornaments; to display ostentatiously.

[13] *boughs of boist'rous oak ... gay* i.e., he sold the forests on his estates to purchase finery.

[14] *decay* destruction.

[15] *Of … lease* another reference to the speaker's squandering of his property.

The bough, the body, fine, farm, lease and land,
All were too little for the merchant's hand.

5
All were too little for the merchant's hand,
And yet my bravery[1] bigger than his book.
But when this hot account was coldly scanned,
I thought high time about me for to look.
With heavy cheer I cast my head aback
To see the fountain[2] of my furious race,
Compared my loss, my living, and my lack,
In equal balance with my jolly grace,
And saw expenses grating on the ground
Like lumps of lead to press my purse full oft,[3]
When light reward and recompense were found
Fleeting like feathers in the wind aloft:
These thus compared, I left the court at large.
For why? The gains doth seldom quit the charge.[4]

6
For why? the gains doth seldom quit the charge,
And so say I, by proof[5] too dearly bought.
My haste made waste, my brave and brainsick[6] barge
Did float too fast to catch a thing of nought.
With leisure, measure, mean,[7] and many mo,
I might have kept a chair of quiet state,
But hasty heads cannot be settled so
Till crooked Fortune give a crabbed mate.[8]
As busy brains must beat on tickle toys,[9]
As rash invention breeds a raw device,
So sudden falls do hinder hasty joys;
And as swift baits do fleetest fish entice,
So haste makes waste, and therefore now I say,
"No haste but good," where wisdom makes the way.[10]

7
"No haste but good," where wisdom makes the way.
For proof whereof we see the silly[11] snail,—
Who sees the soldier's carcass cast away,
With hot assault the castle to assail—
By line[12] and leisure climbs the lofty wall,
And wins the turret's top more cunningly
Than doughty[13] Dick, who lost his life and all
With hoisting up his head too hastily.
The swiftest bitch brings forth the blindest whelps,[14]
The hottest fevers coldest cramps ensue,
The nakedst need hath ever latest[15] helps.
With Neville then I find this proverb true,
That "Haste makes waste," and therefore still I say,
"No haste but good," where wisdom makes the way.

Sic tuli.

[...]

And thus an end of these five themes, wherein hath been noted that as the themes were sundry and altogether diverse, so Master Gascoigne did accomplish them in five sundry sorts of meter, yea and that seemeth most strange he devised all these, amounting to the number of CCLVIII[16] verses, riding by the way, writing none of them until he came at the end of his journey, the which was no longer than one day in riding, one day in tarrying with his friend, and the third in returning to Gray's Inn, a small time for such a task, neither

[1] *bravery* finery, splendid clothing, and/or accoutrements.
[2] *fountain* spring, origin.
[3] *Like … oft* i.e., his heavy expenses are like pieces of lead which weigh his purse down to the ground.
[4] *quit the charge* recompense the expense.
[5] *proof* trial; the knowledge derived from experience.
[6] *brave* showy, fine, ostentatious; *brainsick* stupid, foolish; frantic.
[7] *measure* moderation, temperance; *mean* a synonym for "measure".
[8] *crabbed* ill-natured; angry; *mate* In chess, when a player makes the move known as "checkmate," he signals the total defeat of his opponent.
[9] *beat on* be wholly focused on, or preoccupied with; *tickle toys* frivolous and changeable notions.
[10] Proverb, "No haste but good" (*Tilley* H199).
[11] *silly* defenseless; weak, frail.
[12] *By line* with methodical accuracy. Proverb: "to work by line and level (measure)" (*Tilley* L305).
[13] *doughty* brave, stout, valiant.
[14] Proverb, "The hasty bitch brings forth blind whelps" (*Tilley* B425).
[15] *latest* tardiest, least timely, slowest.
[16] *CCLVIII* 258.

would I willingly undertake the like. The meters are but rough in many places, and yet are they true (*cum licentia poetica*[1]) and I must needs confess that he hath more commonly been over curious in delectation, than of haughty style in his dilatations. And therefore let us pass to the rest of his works.

[...]

Gascoigne's Good Morrow

You that have spent the silent night
In sleep and quiet rest,
And joy to see the cheerful light
That riseth in the east:
Now clear your voice, now cheer your heart,
Come help me now to sing:
Each willing wight[2] come bear a part,
To praise the heavenly King.

And you whom care[3] in prison keeps,
Or sickness doth suppress,
Or secret sorrow breaks your sleeps,
Or dolours[4] do distress:
Yet bear a part in doleful wise,[5]
Yea think it good accord,
And acceptable sacrifice,
Each sprite[6] to praise the Lord.

The dreadful night with darksomeness[7]
Had overspread the light,
And sluggish sleep with drowsiness,
Had over pressed our might:
A glass wherein we may behold
Each storm that stops our breath,
Our bed the grave, our clothes like mold,[8]
And sleep like dreadful death.

Yet as this deadly night did last
But for a little space,
And heavenly day, now night is past,
Doth show his pleasant face:
So must we hope to see God's face
At last in Heaven on high,
When we have changed this mortal place
For immortality.

And of such haps[9] and heavenly joys
As then we hope to hold,
All earthly sights, all worldly toys,
Are tokens to behold:
The day is like the day of doom,[10]
The sun, the Son of Man,[11]
The skies the Heavens, the earth the tomb
Wherein we rest till than.[12]

The rainbow bending in the sky,
Bedecked with sundry hues,
Is like the seat of God on high,
And seems to tell these news:
That as thereby he promised
To drown the world no more,[13]
So by the blood which Christ hath shed,
He will our health restore.

The misty clouds that fall sometime,
And overcast the skies,
Are like to troubles of our time,
Which do but dim our eyes:
But as such dews are dried up quite
When Phoebus[14] shows his face,

---

[1] Latin, "with poetic license" (the phrase is often attributed to Seneca, *Quaestiones Naturales*, 2.44.1).
[2] *wight* person, human being.
[3] *care* sorrow, grief.
[4] *dolours* griefs.
[5] *doleful wise* i.e., dolefully, sorrowfully.
[6] *sprite* i.e., spirit.
[7] *Hundred*'s errata sheet replaces "darksome storms" with "darksomeness."
[8] *mold* earth, dust.
[9] *haps* events or occurrences that befall one.
[10] *the day of doom* the day of the Last Judgment.
[11] *the Son of Man* common epithet for Jesus Christ.
[12] *than* i.e., then.
[13] In Genesis 6.5-9.18, God sends a great flood to drown all of sinful mankind, with the exception of the righteous Noah and his family; God repents his actions, and places a rainbow in the sky, signalling his promise never again to flood the Earth.
[14] *Phoebus* the sun.

So are such fancies put to flight,
Where God doth guide by grace.

The carrion crow, that loathsome beast,
Which cries against the rain,
Both for her hue and for the rest
The Devil resembleth plain:[1]
And as with guns we kill the crow
For spoiling our relief,
The Devil so must we o'erthrow
With gunshot of belief.

The little birds which sing so sweet
Are like the angel's voice,
Which render God his praises meet,[2]
And teach us to rejoice:
And as they more esteem that mirth
Than dread the night's annoy,
So must we deem our days on earth
But hell to heavenly joy.

Unto which joys for to attain
God grant us all his grace,
And send us after worldly pain,
In Heaven to have a place.
Where we may still enjoy that light,
Which never shall decay:
Lord for thy mercy lend us might
To see that joyful day.
Haud ictus sapio.[3]

[1] *The carrion crow ... resembleth plain* The crow was traditionally a bird of ill-omen in the Renaissance, and its folklore was often confused with that of the raven. Classical writers (such as Theophrastus) held that ravens could foretell storms. In some European folktales "the devil appears as a raven or crow, or one of these birds is said to act as Satan's messenger." See E.A. Armstrong, *The Folklore of Birds* (London, 1958), pp. 72, 74, 85, and 87.

[2] *meet* appropriate.

[3] *Haud ictus sapio* Latin, "I gain no wisdom at all from blows" (i.e., I learn nothing at all from hard experience).

Gascoigne's Good Night

When thou hast spent the ling'ring day in pleasure and delight,
Or after toil and weary way dost seek to rest at night,
Unto thy pains or pleasures past add this one labour yet:
Ere sleep close up thine eye too fast, do not thy God forget,
But search within thy secret thoughts what deeds did thee befall,
And if thou find amiss in ought,[4] to God for mercy call.
Yea though thou find nothing amiss, which thou canst call to mind,
Yet evermore remember this, there is the more behind,
And think how well soe'er it be that thou hast spent the day,
It came of God, and not of thee, so to direct thy way.
Thus if thou try[5] thy daily deeds, and pleasure in this pain,
Thy life shall cleanse thy corn from weeds, and thine shall be the gain;
But if thy sinful sluggish eye will venture for to wink,[6]
Before thy wading will[7] may try how far thy soul may sink,
Beware and wake, for else thy bed, which soft and smooth is made,
May heap more harm upon thy head than blows of en'my's blade.
Thus if this pain procure thine ease, in bed as thou dost lie,
Perhaps it shall not God displease, to sing thus soberly:
"I see that sleep is lent me here to ease my weary bones,

[4] *in ought* in anything.

[5] *try* test; experience.

[6] *wink* to shut one's eyes (to something faulty, wrong, or improper); to be complaisant about wrongs.

[7] *wading will* sluggish or slow-moving will (as in wading through water).

As death at last shall eke appear to ease my grievous groans.
My daily sports, my paunch full fed, have caused my drowsy eye,
As careless[1] life in quiet led, might cause my soul to die.
The stretching arms, the yawning breath, which I to bedward use,
Are patterns of the pangs of death, when life will me refuse;
And of my bed each sundry part in shadows doth resemble
The sundry shapes of death, whose dart shall make my flesh to tremble.
My bed itself is like the grave, my sheets the winding sheet,[2]
My clothes the mold which I must have to cover me most meet;
The hungry fleas which frisk so fresh, to worms I can compare,
Which greedily shall gnaw my flesh, and leave the bones full bare;
The waking cock that early crows to wear the night away,
Puts in my mind the trump that blows before the Latter Day.[3]
And as I rise up lustily, when sluggish sleep is past,
So hope I to rise joyfully to judgment at the last."
Thus will I wake, thus will I sleep, thus will I hope to rise,
Thus will I neither wail nor weep, but sing in godly wise.[4]
My bones shall in this bed remain, my soul in God shall trust,
By whom I hope to rise again from death and earthly dust.

Haud ictus sapio.

[...]

[1] *careless* here, without due regard for one's condition; recklessly unconcerned about (one's spiritual state).
[2] *winding sheet* burial cloth.
[3] *Latter Day* the day of the Last Judgment.
[4] *wise* way, manner.

Gascoigne's Woodmanship

Written to the Lord Grey of Wilton[5] upon this occasion: the said Lord Grey delighting (amongst many other good qualities) in choosing of his winter deer, and killing the same with his bow, did furnish Master Gascoigne with a crossbow *cum pertinenciis*,[6] and vouchsafed to use his company in the said exercise, calling him one of his woodmen.[7] Now, Master Gascoigne shooting very often could never hit any deer, yea and oftentimes he let the herd pass by as though he had not seen them. Whereat when his noble lord took some pastime, and had often put him in remembrance of his good skill in choosing and readiness in killing of a winter deer, he thought good thus to excuse it in verse.

My worthy lord, I pray you wonder not
To see your woodman shoot so oft awry,
Nor that he stands amazed like a sot,[8]
And lets the harmless deer (unhurt) go by.
Or if he strike a doe which is but carren,[9]
Laugh not, good lord, but favour such a fault;
Take will in worth, he would fain hit the barren,[10]

[5] *Lord Grey of Wilton* When Gascoigne returned from fighting in the Low Countries, he began to cast around for a patron, and apparently found one in Arthur Grey, fourteenth Baron Grey of Wilton (1536-93), lord deputy of Ireland (1580-82), and soldier. Gascoigne's service in the Netherlands brought him in contact with John Zouche (Grey's kinsman through marriage) and Sir Edward Denny (Grey's cousin), and it is possible that these connections encouraged him to approach Grey. Grey was also a patron of Spenser, who wrote in defence of Grey's military actions in Ireland in *A View of the Present State of Ireland*; Grey is generally agreed to be allegorically figured in the knight Artegall (*Faerie Queene*, book 5). That Gascoigne went to stay at Grey's estate at Wilton and subsequently dedicated a series of works to this nobleman suggest that Gascoigne's bid for patronage was at least moderately successful (J. Lock, "Arthur Grey," *DNB online*, 2005).
[6] *cum pertinenciis* Latin, "with accessories."
[7] *woodmen* huntsmen.
[8] *amazed* bewildered, stupefied; *sot* blockhead, dolt.
[9] *carren* a doe with a faun, and therefore off-limits for hunting.
[10] *Take will in worth* treat [his] intention kindly; *he would fain hit the barren* he would rather hit the barren, a doe without a fawn, and therefore "fair game."

But though his heart be good, his hap is naught.[1]
And therefore now I crave your lordship's leave[2]
To tell you plain what is the cause of this:
First if it please your honour to perceive
What makes your woodman shoot so oft amiss,
Believe me, lord, the case is nothing strange
He shoots awry almost at every mark;
His eyes have been so used for to range,
That now God knows they be both dim and dark.
For proof he bears the note of folly now,
Who shot sometimes to hit philosophy,[3]
And ask you why? forsooth I make avow,[4]
Because his wanton wits went all awry.
Next that, he shot to be a man of law,[5]
And spent some time with learned Littleton,[6]
Yet in the end, he proved but a daw,[7]
For law was dark[8] and he had quickly done.
Then could he wish Fitzherbert such a brain
As Tully[9] had, to write the law by art,
So that with pleasure, or with little pain,
He might perhaps have caught a truant's part.
But all too late, he most misliked the thing
Which most might help to guide his arrow straight;
He winked wrong, and so let slip the string,
Which cast him wide for all his quaint conceit.[10]
From thence he shot to catch a courtly grace,[11]
And thought even there to wield the world at will,
But out, alas, he much mistook the place,
And shot awry at every rover[12] still.
The blazing baits which draw the gazing eye
Unfeathered[13] there his first affection;
No wonder then although he shot awry,
Wanting[14] the feathers of discretion.
Yet more than them, the marks of dignity
He much mistook and shot the wronger way,
Thinking the purse of prodigality
Had been best mean[15] to purchase such a prey.
He thought the flatt'ring face which fleereth[16] still
Had been full fraught with all fidelity,
And that such words as courtiers use at will
Could not have varied from the verity.
But when his bonnet[17] buttoned with gold,
His comely cap begarded[18] all with gay,
His bombast[19] hose, with linings manifold,
His knit silk stocks and all his quaint array,[20]
Had picked his purse of all the Peter pence[21]
Which might have paid for his promotion,
Then (all too late) he found that light expense[22]

---

1 *his hap is naught* his luck is nothing (i.e., bad).

2 *leave* permission.

3 I.e., he aimed at (shot at) being a philosopher or studying philosophy, perhaps a reference to Gascoigne's time at Cambridge.

4 *make avow* confess, explain.

5 *man of law* a reference to Gascoigne's time at Gray's Inn.

6 *Littleton* Sir Thomas Littleton (b. before 1417, d. 1481), justice of the court of Common Pleas, author of *Littleton's Tenures*, a standard law textbook in the period.

7 *daw* jackdaw, a kind of bird; *fig.* a simpleton or fool.

8 *dark* hard, difficult to understand.

9 *Fitzherbert* Sir Anthony Fitzherbert (c. 1470-1538), judge and legal writer, author of the massive and influential *Magnum abbreviamentum* (3 parts, 1514-17; later titled *La graunde abridgement*), a digest of 13,845 legal cases; *Tully* Marcus Tullius Cicero (106-43 BCE), Roman orator, politician and writer. Cicero's writings were central texts in the Renaissance, particularly those which treated philosophical and rhetorical topics. Gascoigne may be referring here to any of Cicero's eloquent legal orations.

10 *winked wrong* looked along the crossbow's sights incorrectly; *let slip the string* loosened the crossbow's string and missed ("cast him wide"); *quaint conceit* clever or insightful judgment.

11 *courtly grace* a reference to Gascoigne's attempt at a court career.

12 *rover* in archery, a mark selected at will or at random, and not at any fixed distance from the archer; here, the "moving targets" of the courtly ladies and gentlemen.

13 *Unfeathered* i.e., his arrows were not fitted with the feathers necessary to allow them to fly straight.

14 *Wanting* lacking, deprived of.

15 *mean* way, means.

16 *fleereth* laughs or smiles flatteringly or fawningly.

17 *bonnet* a brimless cap for men and boys.

18 *begarded* adorned or furnished with "gards" or facings, generally made of lace or embroidery.

19 *bombast* stuffed, padded, or puffed out.

20 *stocks* stockings; *quaint array* fashionable or elegant clothing, usually embroidered or elaborately worked.

21 *picked his purse* stolen; *Peter pence* a pre-Reformation tax which required every householder in England to pay a penny to the Pope; here, refers generally to bribe money.

22 *light expense* lack of extravagant spending.

Had quite quenched out the court's devotion.
So that since then the taste of misery
Hath been always full bitter in his bit.
And why? forsooth because he shot awry,
Mistaking still the marks which others hit.
But now behold what mark the man doth find:
He shoots to be a soldier in his age;
Mistrusting all the virtues of the mind,
He trusts the power of his personage,[1]
As though long limbs led by a lusty heart,
Might yet suffice to make him rich again.
But Flushing frays[2] have taught him such a part,
That now he thinks the wars yield no such gain.
And sure I fear, unless your lordship deign
To train him yet into some better trade,
It will be long before he hit the vein
Whereby he may a richer man be made.
He cannot climb as other catchers can,
To lead a charge before himself be led.
He cannot spoil the simple sakeless[3] man,
Which is content to feed him with his bread.
He cannot pinch the painful[4] soldier's pay,
And shear him out his share in ragged sheets.
He cannot stoop to take a greedy prey
Upon his fellows grovelling in the streets.
He cannot pull the spoil from such as pill,[5]
And seem full angry at such foul offence,
Although the gain content his greedy will,
Under the cloak of contrary pretence;
And nowadays the man that shoots not so
May shoot amiss, even as your woodman doth.
But then you marvel why I let them go,
And never shoot, but say farewell forsooth:
Alas, my lord, while I do muse hereon,
And call to mind my youthful years misspent,
They give me such a bone to gnaw upon,[6]
That all my senses are in silence pent.
My mind is rapt in contemplation,
Wherein my dazzled eyes only behold
The black hour of my constellation
Which framed me so luckless on the mold:[7]
Yet therewithal I cannot but confess
That vain presumption makes my heart to swell,
For thus, I think, not all the world (I guess)
Shoots bet[8] than I, nay some shoots not so well.
In Aristotle somewhat did I learn,
To guide my manners all by comeliness,
And Tully taught me somewhat to discern
Between sweet speech and barbarous rudeness.[9]
Old Parkins, Rastell, and Dan Bractons' books,
Did lend me somewhat of the lawless law;[10]
The crafty courtiers with their guileful looks,
Must needs put some experience in my maw:[11]
Yet cannot these with many mast'ries mo[12]
Make me shoot straight at any gainful prick,[13]
Where some that never handled such a bow
Can hit the white or touch it near the quick,[14]
Who can nor speak nor write in pleasant wise,[15]

---

1 *personage* body.

2 *Flushing frays* refers to Gascoigne's participation in the battles near Flushing in Holland in the summer of 1572. See C.T. Prouty, *George Gascoigne: Elizabethan Courtier, Soldier and Poet* (New York, 1942), pp. 49-51.

3 *sakeless* sackless: innocent, guileless.

4 *pinch* extort; *painful* careful, laborious.

5 *pull the spoil from such as pill* i.e., seize the booty from those who plunder, rob, or pillage (although he really does so not because he seeks to punish the soldiers, but because he wants the booty for himself).

6 *a bone to gnaw upon* i.e., something to worry about.

7 *constellation ... on the mold* i.e., he was born at an inauspicious hour when the stars were badly aligned, making him a luckless man on earth ("mold").

8 *bet* i.e., better.

9 *barbarous rudeness* un-civilized, unpolished, or rough speech.

10 John Perkins (or *Parkins*, d. 1545?), legal writer, author of a popular textbook on land law, *Perutilis Tractatus* (1528; 17 editions before 1660); William *Rastell* (or Rastall; 1508-65), printer and legal writer, member of Lincoln's Inn, compiler of an important student legal handbook (1534) and author of two important legal reference works, *Collection of all the Statutes* (1557) and *Collection of Entrees* (1566); Henry Bratton (or *Bracton*; d. 1268), justice; the legal treatise *De legibus et consuetudinibus Angliae*, medieval England's most complete survey of common law and its applications, is traditionally ascribed to him.

11 *maw* stomach, belly.

12 *mast'ries mo* i.e., more masteries: the mastery of more skills or bodies of knowledge.

13 *prick* a mark aimed at in shooting; the bulls-eye or spot in the centre of the target.

14 *white* the white target usually placed on the butt, a mound or other erection on which the target is set up; *quick* the exact centre or spot they are aiming at.

15 *wise* manner, way.

Nor lead their life by Aristotle's rule,[1]
Nor argue well on questions that arise,
Nor plead a case more than my Lord Mayor's mule,
Yet can they hit the marks that I do miss,
And win the mean[2] which may the man maintain.
Now when my mind doth mumble upon this,
No wonder then although I pine for pain;
And whiles mine eyes behold this mirror thus,
The herd goeth by, and farewell gentle does:
So that your lordship quickly may discuss
What blinds mine eyes so oft (as I suppose).
But since my Muse can to my lord rehearse
What makes me miss, and why I do not shoot,
Let me imagine in this worthless verse,
If right before me, at my standing's foot,
There stood a doe, and I should strike her dead,
And then she prove a carrion[3] carcass too,
What figure might I find within my head
To 'scuse the rage which ruled me so to do?
Some might interpret by plain paraphrase
That lack of skill or fortune led the chance,
But I must otherwise expound the case:
I say Jehovah did this doe advance,
And made her bold to stand before me so,
Till I had thrust mine arrow to her heart,
That by the sudden of her overthrow
I might endeavour to amend my part,
And turn mine eyes that they no more behold
Such guileful marks as seem more than they be;
And though they glister outwardly like gold,
Are inwardly but brass, as men may see;
And when I see the milk hang in her teat,
Methinks it sayeth, old babe now learn to suck,
Who in thy youth couldst never learn the feat
To hit the whites which live with all good luck.

Thus have I told, my lord (God grant in season),
A tedious tale in rhyme, but little reason.
Haud ictus sapio.

[...]

—1573

from *The Posies of George Gascoigne*

The Green Knight's Farewell to Fancy[4]

Fancy (quoth he) *farewell*, whose badge I long did bear,
And in my hat full harebrainedly[5] thy flowers did I wear.
Too late I find (at last) thy fruits are nothing worth,
Thy blossoms fall and fade full fast, though bravery[6] bring them forth.
By thee I hoped always in deep delights to dwell,
But since I find thy fickleness, *Fancy* (quoth he) *farewell.*

Thou mad'st me live in love, which wisdom bids me hate.
Thou bleared'st mine eyes and mad'st me think that faith was mine by fate.
By thee those bitter sweets did please my taste alway;
By thee I thought that love was light, and pain was but a play.
I thought that beauty's blaze was meet to bear the bell,[7]
And since I find myself deceived, *Fancy* (quoth he) *farewell.*

[1] In his *Nichomachean Ethics*, Aristotle discusses the mean as that middle point between excess and deficiency in particular virtues for which a person should strive in order to live a good life.

[2] *mean* i.e., here, monetary means.

[3] *carrion* see "carren," p. 370, note 9.

[4] *The Green Knight* Gascoigne's nickname; *Fancy* the imaginative, creative faculty.

[5] *harebrainedly* recklessly, madly.

[6] *bravery* the wearing of fine clothes.

[7] *blaze* praise; *bear the bell* Proverb, "He bears away the bell" (*Tilley* B275), meaning "he wins the prize."

The gloss of gorgeous courts, by thee did please
mine eye:
A stately sight methought it was to see the brave[1]
go by,
To see their feathers flaunt, to make their strange
device,
To lie along in ladies' laps, to lisp and make it nice.[2]
To fawn and flatter both, I liked sometimes well,
But since I see how vain it is, *Fancy* (quoth he)
farewell.

When court had cast me off, I toiled at the plough.
My fancy stood in strange conceits, to thrive I
wot[3] not how:
By mills, by making malt, by sheep and eke[4] by
swine,
By duck and drake, by pig and goose, by calves
and keeping kine,[5]
By feeding bullocks fat, when price at markets
fell—
But since my swains[6] eat up the gains, *Fancy*
(quoth he) *farewell.*

In hunting of the deer my fancy took delight.
All forests knew my folly still; the moonshine was
my light.
In frosts I felt no cold, a sunburnt hue was best;
I sweat and was in temper still; my watching[7]
seemed rest.
What dangers deep I passed, it folly were to tell,
And since I sigh to think thereon, *Fancy* (quoth he)
farewell.

A fancy[8] fed me once to write in verse and rhyme,
To wray[9] my grief, to crave reward, to cover still
my crime;
To frame a long discourse on stirring of a straw,
To rumble rhyme in raff and ruff, yet all not
worth a haw;[10]
To hear it said "There goeth the man that writes
so well."
But since I see what poets be, *Fancy* (quoth he)
farewell.

At music's sacred sound my fancies eft[11] begun,
In concords, discords, notes and clefs, in tunes of
unison;
In hierarchies and strains, in rests, in rule and space,
In monochords and moving modes, in burdens
underbass.
In descants and in chants I strained many a yell,[12]
But since musicians be so mad, *Fancy* (quoth he)
farewell.

To plant strange country fruits, to sow such seeds
likewise,
To dig and delve for new-found roots, where old
might well suffice;
To prune the water-boughs,[13] to pick the mossy
trees
(Oh how it pleased my fancy once), to kneel upon
my knees

---

1 *the brave* those showily, elaborately, or finely dressed.

2 *along* at full length; *lisp* here, to speak affectedly; *make it nice* to display reserve or reluctance.

3 *conceits* notions or thoughts; *wot* knew.

4 *eke* also.

5 *kine* cattle.

6 *swains* here, farm labourers or servants; elsewhere, often a term describing the prettified shepherd-lovers of pastoral verse.

7 *in temper* in good mental and physical condition; *watching* staying awake, keeping a vigil for some purpose.

8 *fancy* daydream, fantasy.

9 *wray* reveal, make known.

10 *raff and ruff* a phrase used to denote unsophisticated alliterative or rhyming verse; *haw* the fruit of the hawthorn tree; used as the type of a thing of no value.

11 *eft* then.

12 *hierarchies* presumably the ordering of singers in a choir (like the 3 major divisions of angels); *strains* a definite section of a piece of music; *monochord* a harmonious combination of sound; *modes* a kind or form of scale; a particular scheme or system of sound; *burdens underbass* the bass part which underlies the melody in a song; *strained many a yell* sang many a loud song or chant (see *OED*, "strain," v1, 22a; "yell," v1, 1c).

13 *water-boughs* the lower boughs of a tree; undergrowth.

To griff a pippin[1] stock, when sap begins to swell:
But since the gains scarce quit[2] the cost, *Fancy*
(quoth he) *farewell.*

Fancy (quoth he) *farewell*, which made me follow drums,
Where powdered[3] bullets serves for sauce, to every dish that comes;
Where treason lurks in trust, where hope all hearts beguiles,[4]
Where mischief lieth still in wait, where fortune friendly smiles;
Where one day's prison proves that all such heavens are hell:
And such I feel the fruits thereof—*Fancy* (quoth he) *farewell.*

If reason rule my thoughts, and God vouchsafe me grace,
Then comfort of philosophy shall make me change my race;
And fond I shall it find, that[5] Fancy sets to show,
For weakly stands that building still which lacketh grace below.[6]
But since I must accept my fortunes as they fell,
I say God send me better speed,[7] and *Fancy now farewell.*

[1] *griff* graft; *pippin* any one of a variety of apples grown from seed.
[2] *quit* requite, repay.
[3] *powdered* charged or fired by gunpowder; but also, "seasoned to taste" as in a dish of food.
[4] *beguiles* deceives.
[5] *fond* foolish; *that* i.e., that which.
[6] perhaps a reference to building castles in the air; where, "below" might refer to pragmatic earthbound testing of philosophy, but also concretely to that which lies below the building: the foundation.
[7] *speed* success.

Appendix: The Retitled and Revised Introduction and Conclusion of The Adventures of Master F.J.

The Pleasant Fable of Ferdinando Jeronimi and Leonora de Valasco, Translated Out of the Italian Riding Tales of Bartello[8]

In the pleasant country of Lombardy, and not far from the city of Florence, there was dwelling sometimes a lord of many rich seignories and dominions, who nevertheless bore his name of the castle of Valasco. This lord had one only son and two daughters: his son was called (during the life of his father) the heir of Valasco, who married a fair gentlewoman of the house of Bellavista named Leonora; the elder daughter of the lord of Valasco was called Francischina, a young woman very toward[9] both in capacity and other active qualities. Now the lord of Valasco, having already married his son and heir, and himself drawing in age, was desirous to see his daughters also bestowed before his death, and especially the eldest, who both for beauty and ripeness of age might often put him in remembrance that she was a collop[10] of his own flesh; and therefore sought means to draw unto his house Ferdinando Jeronimi, a young gentleman of Venice, who, delighting more in hawking, hunting, and such other pastimes than he did in study, had left his own house in Venice and was come into Lombardy to take the pleasures of the country. So that the lord of Valasco, knowing him to be of a very good parentage and therewithal not only rich but adorned with sundry good qualities, was desirous (as is said) to draw him home to his house (under pretence of hunting and hawking) to the end he might behold his fair daughter Francischina, who both for parentage and other worldly respects might no less content his mind than her beauty was likely to have allured his liking. But it fell out

[8] *out of the Italian Riding Tales of Bartello* Bartello and his "riding tales" are completely fictitious (Prouty, *George Gascoigne*, p. 79).
[9] *toward* promising.
[10] *collop* piece.

far contrary to his desire, for Ferdinando Jeronimi beholding the Lady Leonora, who was indeed very fair and of a very courtlike behaviour, became enamoured of her, and forgetting the courtesy that the lord of Valasco had showed him in entertaining him and his servants, with their horses, by the space of four months (which is a rare courtesy nowadays, and especially in such a country), he sought all means possible to make the heir of Valasco a *becco*.[1] And to the end that all men may perceive what fruits grow on such trees, and what issues come of such intents, I will set down in English the fable as it is written in Italian by Bartello. And because I do suppose that Leonora is the same name which we call Elinor in English, and that Francischina also doth import none other than Frances, I will so entitle them as to our own countrymen may be most perspicuous. Understand you then that Ferdinando having now a hot affection unto the said Dame Elinor, and thinking it meeter to utter his first conceits in writing than in speech did write unto her as followeth.

[...]

Thus Ferdinando being no longer able to bear these extreme despites resolved to absent himself, as well for his own further quiet as also to avoid the occasion of greater mischiefs that might ensue. And although the exceeding courtesies and approved fidelity of Dame Frances had been sufficient to allure the fast[2] liking of any man, especially considering that she was reasonably fair and descended of a worthy father, who now fell flatly to move and solicit the same, yet such sinister conceits had he taken by the fraility of Dame Elinor, as that rejecting all proffers, and contemning[3] all courtesies, he took his leave, and (without pretence[4] of return) departed to his house in Venice, spending there the rest of his days in a dissolute kind of life; and abandoning the worthy Lady Francischina, who (daily being galled with the grief of his great ingratitude) did shortly bring herself into a miserable consumption, whereof (after three years languishing) she died. Notwithstanding all which occurements the Lady Elinor lived long in the continuance of her accustomed change. And thus we see that where wicked lust doth bear the name of love it doth not only infect the light-minded, but it may also become confusion to others which are vowed to constancy. And to that end I have recited this fable, which may serve as example to warn the youthful reader from attempting the like worthless enterprise. I know not how my rude[5] translation thereof will delight the finest judgments, but sure as Bartello writeth it in Italian, it is both pleasant and profitable, the which hath made me adventure thus to publish the same in such simple style as I am able to indite,[6] desiring the gentle reader rather to take example of reformation therein, than to find fault at the homely[7] handling of the same.

Ever or never.

—1575

[1] *becco* Italian, "cuckold."

[2] *fast* secure, firm, unshakeable.

[3] *contemning* despising, scorning.

[4] *pretence* intention.

[5] *rude* unsophisticated, crude; lacking in literary merit.

[6] *indite* write.

[7] *homely* unsophisticated, simple.

Isabella Whitney
fl. 1566-1578

Tantalizingly little is known about the figure who could claim title as the first professional woman writer in England. Biographical detail about Isabella Whitney derives largely from what is known of her brother Geoffrey, author of the popular *A Choice of Emblems* (1586), or from evidence from within her works. In her poetic "Will and Testament," Whitney refers to being London-bred; however, the family estate—ultimately inherited by Geoffrey Whitney—was located in Coole Pilate, Cheshire.[1] This origin is supported by her dedicatory epistle to George Mainwaring, a member of a prominent Cheshire family. Evidence from the poems indicates that at some point the Whitney family may have lived in Smithfield, a market area in the commercial centre of the city of London; this region is explored in her "Will and Testament." From one of her verse epistles, it appears that, like many young women of the minor gentry and merchant classes, Isabella Whitney and her sisters spent some time in service in an aristocratic home. Unlike her sisters, however, Whitney indicates that she lost her position, an action that she says served to spur her foray into print publication. After the publication of *The Copy of a Letter* (1567), *A Sweet Nosegay, Or Pleasant Posy Containing a Hundred and Ten Philosophical Flowers* (1573), and "Lamentation upon the Death of William Gruffith" in Thomas Proctor's *Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions* (1578), Whitney disappears from view. Geoffrey Whitney's will (dated 1600), however, makes reference to his "sister Eldershae," who may be the now-married Isabella.[2]

Whitney's published work is characteristic of literary interests of the mid-sixteenth century. Her printer, Richard Jones, was known for publishing a variety of popular texts, including ballads, sensational pamphlets, and poetic miscellanies, the latter growing in popularity following the publication of Tottel's *Songs and Sonnets* in 1557.[3] In terms of genre, both of Whitney's volumes fit into this niche, as well as into a trend toward translation and creative adaptation of both classical and contemporary authors. Her *Copy of a Letter* is an example of female complaint (i.e., a lyric monologue in a woman's voice that laments her unfaithful lover). In this way it echoes the genre of Ovid's *Heroides*, a translation of which was published in the same year by George Turbervile.[4] Also in imitation of a popular genre, *A Sweet Nosegay* contains a verse redaction of Hugh Plat's collection of prose aphorisms, the *Flowers of Philosophy* (1572), along with another series of verse epistles and a fictional will, in which Whitney bequeaths parts of the city of London to its inhabitants. While she follows Plat quite closely, her revision of his aphorisms includes a reordering of them that appears to make a plea for her reinstatement into service to her lady after losing her position through another servant's slander.[5]

The poems in *A Pleasant Nosegay* also participate in contemporary debates around economics and gender, combining as they do the problems of masterlessness and femininity through their unemployed female narrator. Over the course of the sixteenth century, the rate of enclosure of common lands for the purpose of sheep farming and engrossing—in other words, for the amalgamation of adjacent farms—was on the increase. The result was an exponential growth in urban populations, especially in London, as the dispossessed sought new employment. In addition, soldiers returning maimed from Continental wars found themselves adrift when their services were no longer required. The consequences were an increase, real or perceived, in rates of crime and civil disorder, intense pressure on largely informal systems of poor relief, and dangerously overcrowded living conditions in the cities.[6] Elizabethan authorities enacted legislation directed at "rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars" that was intended to restore order by restricting movement, balancing urban and rural populations, and effectively criminalizing unemployment. In 1572, a new and more stringent

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1 See R.J. Fehrenbach, "Isabella Whitney, Sir Hugh Plat, Geoffrey Whitney, and 'Sister Eldershae,'" *English Language Notes* 21 (1983): pp. 7-11, and Betty Travitsky, "Isabella Whitney," *DLB 136*, p. 341.

2 Fehrenbach, "Isabella Whitney," pp. 9-11.

3 R.J. Fehrenbach, "Isabella Whitney and the Popular Miscellanies of Richard Jones," *Cahiers élisabéthains* 19 (1981): pp. 85-87. For Tottel's *Songs and Sonnets*, see pp. 188-202.

4 P.A. Marquis, "Oppositional Ideologies of Gender in Isabella Whitney's *Copy of a Letter*," *The Modern Language Review* 90 (1995): p. 315.

5 L. Schleiner, *Tudor and Stuart Women Writers* (Indiana, 1994), pp. 4-7.

6 See P. Griffiths, *Lost Londons: Change, Crime, and Control in the Capital City, 1550-1660* (Cambridge, 2008).

set of statutes for the relief of the poor was passed. These laws formalized support of the aged and dependent poor through local taxation, but increased penalties for vagrancy to include (on the third offence) hanging.[1] As a young woman, Whitney's speaker is doubly endangered because of the threat to her virtue wrought by her lack of both physical and moral containment. In these ways she both embodies the spectre of the unchaste and wandering woman imagined by Richard Hyrde and other writers on female education and behaviour, and raises the very real possibility of prostitution as a means of survival. Indeed, the accusations cited by the speaker do criminalize her, at least morally, and she shows unusual freedom of movement as she traverses London in her "Will and Testament." The act of making a will serves to underline the speaker's unusual status, given that only a *femme sole*, a woman unattached to either father or husband, could own or bequeath property. The mock will simultaneously contrasts the centrality of economic activity in the city with the consequences of its failure by enumerating both the locations of a plethora of businesses and a system of prisons and workhouses to which the destitute were relegated. Even as Whitney highlights her speaker's marginality and dispossession, however, she is also careful to indicate her adherence to conservative gendered norms, insisting in the verse epistles to her sisters on her desire to be contained by service or marriage. Indeed, the speaker's sense of self-regulation is extended to control over other women as she becomes an arbiter of female behaviour through her description of appropriate actions for her younger sisters in service in "An Order Prescribed."

EDITION: *A sweet nosgay, or pleasant posye, contayning a hundred and ten phylosophicall flowers &c.* London: Richard Jones, 1573. STC 25440. "The Lamentation of a Gentlewoman" in Thomas Proctor, *A gorgious gallery of gallant inventions.* London: Richard Jones, 1578. STC 20402.

from *A Sweet Nosegay, or Pleasant Posy: Containing a Hundred and Ten Philosophical Flowers &c.*

To the Worshipful and Right Virtuous Young Gentleman, George Mainwaring[2] Esquire: Is. W. Wisheth Happy Health with Good Success in All His Godly Affairs.

When I (good Master Mainwaring) had made this simple nosegay, I was in mind to bestow the same on some dear friend, of which number I have good occasion to accompt[3] you chief. But weighing with myself, that although the flowers bound in the same were good yet so little of my labour was in them that they were not (as I wished they should) to be esteemed as recompense for the least number of benefits, which I have from time to time (even from our childhood) hitherto received of you. Yet lest by me you might be occasioned to say, as Antipater[4] said by Demades of Athens,[5] that he should never fill him with giving, I would to show myself satisfied, gratify your gifts, and also by the same, make a confession: that by deeds you have deserved benefits, which (as Diogenes[6] said) is more worth than the giving or unworthy receiving of many. But ceasing to seek by benefits (which to do is not allotted me) to acquit your courtesies, I come to present you like the poor man, which having no goods, came with his hands full of water to meet

1 R. Byrne, *Prisons and Punishments of London* (London, 1989), p. 64.

2 *George Mainwaring* friend of Whitney's brother, Geoffrey and member of a prominent Cheshire family.

3 *accompt* count, account.

4 *Antipater* (?397-319 BCE), general to both Philip II of Macedon and Alexander the Great, who imposed oligarchy on Athens after Alexander's death (*OCD*).

5 *Demades of Athens* (c. 380-318 BCE), corrupt politician who favoured Philip II, but fought for Athens and influenced Alexander and Antipater in Athens' favour. He was executed by Alexander (*OCD*).

6 *Diogenes* (c. 400-c. 325 BCE), Cynic philosopher who argued that happiness is attained by satisfying one's natural needs as simply and cheaply as possible. Needs must be then as few and simple as possible and their satisfaction as idiosyncratic as required (*OCD*).

the Persian Prince[1] withal, who respecting the good will of the man did not disdain his simple gift. Even so, I being willing to bestow some present on you, by the same thinking to make part of amends for the much that you have merited, to perform the duty of a friend, to express the good will that should rest in country folk, and not having of my own to discharge that I go about (like to that poor fellow which went into another's ground for his water), did step into another's garden for these flowers, which I beseech you (as Darius[2] did,) to accept, and though they be of another's growing, yet considering they be of my own gathering and making up, respect my labour and regard my good will, and not only receive them, but vouchsafe to be a protector of them from the spiteful, which (perhaps) will envy that I either presented you, or gathered them, before they had done one, or both, and so might spoil this nosegay, and not to let it come so happily unto your hands, as I wish it may. And though the garden of your godly mind be full fraught[3] with virtuous flowers, which I know in your infancy to take root, and which all may see now to flourish, with an undoubted hope of their yielding fruit hereafter, yet ordain[4] to smell to these, and when you come into a pestilent[5] air that might infect your sound mind yet savour to these slips[6] in which I trust you shall find safety. And if you take pleasure in them, I shall not only be occasioned to endeavour myself to make a further viage[7] for a more daintier thing (than flowers are) to present you withal, but also have good hope that you will accept this my labour for recompense of all that which you are recompensed for, as knoweth God, who I beseech give unto you a long and lucky life with increase of all your virtuous studies.

From Abchurch Lane, the
20. of October. 1573.
By your well willing
countrywoman, Is. W.[8]

The Author to the Reader.

This harvest time, I harvestless,
and serviceless[9] also,
And subject unto sickness, that
abroad I could not go,
Had leisure good (though learning lacked)
some study to apply
To read such books, whereby I thought
myself to edify.[10]
Sometime the Scriptures I perused,
but wanting a divine[11]
For to resolve me in such doubts,
as past this head of mine
To understand, I laid them by
and histories 'gan read,
Wherein I found that follies erst[12]
in people did exceed,
The which I see doth not decrease
in this our present time.
More pity it is we follow them
in every wicked crime.
I straight wart[13] weary of those books,
and many other more,
As Virgil, Ovid, Mantuan[14]
which many wonders bore.
And to refresh my mazèd muse,
and cheer my bruisèd brain,
And for to try if that my limbs

[1] *Persian Prince* possibly Xerxes, son of Darius (see below, note 2), who ruled 486-445 BCE (*OCD*).

[2] *Darius* ruler of Persia (521-485 BCE), who extended the bounds of Persia to the Caucasus mountains and attempted to conquer Greece (*OCD*).

[3] *fraught* laden.

[4] *ordain* plan, contrive.

[5] *pestilent* injurious, infectious.

[6] *slips* sprigs or shoots from plants, here also literally "slips" of paper.

[7] *viage* voyage, journey.

[8] *Is. W.* Isabella Whitney.

[9] *serviceless* without a position serving in a household.

[10] *edify* instruct.

[11] *divine* clergyman, priest.

[12] *erst* in earlier times.

[13] *wart* obsolete dialect form of "was."

[14] *Virgil, Ovid, Mantuan* Virgil's *Aeneid*, Ovid's *Heroides*, and Baptista Spagnolo Mantuanus's Latin eclogues written from the 1460s to 1498 (*Spenser Encycl.*).

had got their strength again
I walkèd out, but suddenly
a friend of mine me met
And said, if you regard your health
out of this lane you get.
And shift you to some better air,
for fear to be infect
With noisome[1] smell and savours[2] ill,
I wish you that respect
And have regard unto your health,
or else perhaps you may
So make a die,[3] and then adieu,
your woeful friends may say.
I thanked him for his carefulness,[4]
and this for answer gave:
I'll neither shun, nor seek for death,
yet oft the same I crave.
By reason of my luckless life,
believe me this is true.
In that (said he) you do amiss,
then bade he me adieu,
For he was hasting out of town,
and could no longer bide.
And I went home all sole alone,
good Fortune was my guide.
And though she ever hath denied
to hoist me on her wheel,
Yet now she stood me in some stead,
and made me pleasures feel.
For she to Plat his plot[5] me brought,
where fragrant flowers abound,
The smell whereof prevents each harm,
if yet yourself be sound.
Amongst those beds so bravely decked
with every goodly flower
And banks and borders finely framed,
I me reposed one hour.
And longer would, but leisure lacked,
and business bade me hie[6]
And come again some other time
to fill my gazing eye.
Though loath, yet at the last I went,
but ere[7] I parted thence
A slip I took to smell unto,
which might be my defence
In stinking streets or loathsome lanes
which else might me infect.
And since that time, I each day once
have viewed that brave prospect.[8]
And though the master of the same
I yet did never see,
It seems he is a gentleman,
and full of courtesy.
For none that with good zeal[9] doth come
do anyone resist
And such as will with order get
may gather whilst they list.[10]
Then pity were it to destroy
what he with pain did plant.
The moderate here may be sufficed,
and he no whit shall want,
And for my part, I may be bold
to come when as I will,
Yea, and to choose of all his flowers,
which may my fancy fill.
And now I have a nosegay got
that would be passing rare,
If that to sort the same aright
were lotted to my share.
But in a bundle as they be,
(good reader) them accept.
It is the giver, not the gift,
thou oughtest to respect.
And for thy health, not for thy eye,
did I this posy frame
Because myself did safety find
by smelling to the same.
But as we are not all alike,
nor of complexion one,

[1] *noisome* noxious, offensive.
[2] *savours* odours, smells.
[3] *make a die* die.
[4] *carefulness* attentiveness, solicitude.
[5] *Plat his plot* Hugh Plat's *Flowers of Philosophy* (1572), which Whitney adapts here.
[6] *hie* hasten.
[7] *ere* before.
[8] *prospect* outlook, view.
[9] *zeal* intent, will.
[10] *list* wish, desire.

So that which helpeth some we see,
to others good doth none.
I do not say it did me help,
I no infection felt,
But sure I think they kept me free,
because to them I smelt,
And for because I like them well,
and good have found thereby,
I for good will do give them thee,
first taste and after try.
But if thy mind infected be,
then these will not prevail.
Sir Medicus[1] with stronger herbs
thy malady must quell,
For these be but to keep thee sound,
which if thou use them well
(Pains of my life) in healthy state
thy mind shall ever dwell.
Or if that thy complexion
with them do not agree,
Refer them to some friend of thine
till thou their virtue see.
And this I pray thee, whether thou
infected wast afore,
Or whether with thy nature strong
they can agree no more,
That thou my nosegay not misuse,
But leave it to the rest,
A number may such pleasure find,
to bear it in their breast.
And if thyself would gather more
than I have herein bound,
My counsel is that thou repair[2]
to Master Plat his ground.
And gather there what I did not,
perhaps thyself may light
On those which for thee fitter are,
than them which I recite.
Which if thou do, then render thanks
to him which sowed the soil.
If not, thou needs must him commend
when as thou viewest his toil.

In any wise, be chary[3] that
thou lettest in no swine,
No dog to scrape, nor beast that doth
to raven[4] still incline.
For though he make no spare[5] of them
to such as have good skill
To slip, to shear, or get in time,
and not his branches kill,
Yet bars he out such greedy guts
as come with spite to toot[6]
And without skill both herb and flower
pluck rashly by the root.
So wishing thee to find such flowers
as may thee comfort bring,
And eke that he which framed the plot
with virtues still may spring,
I thee commend to mighty Jove,[7]
and thus I thee assure
No nosegay will increase no pain,
though sickness none it cure.
Wherefore, if thou it hap to wear
and feel thyself much worse,
Promote me for no sorceress,
nor do me ban or curse.
For this I say: the flowers are good
which I on thee bestow,
As those which wear them to the stalks,
shall by the sequel know.
One word, and then adieu to thee,
if thou to Plat his plot
Repair take heed it is a maze,
to warn thee I forgot.

FINIS. quod[8] Is. W.

[1] *Medicus* doctor.
[2] *repair* return, go back.
[3] *chary* careful, cautious.
[4] *raven* plunder, voracious devouring.
[5] *spare* economy, restraint.
[6] *toot* peep at, spy.
[7] *Jove* chief of the Roman gods.
[8] *quod* Latin, "said."

T.B. in Commendation of the Author

Marching among the woods of fine delight
Where as the laurel branch[1] doth bring increase
Seld,[2] of ladies fresh, a solemn sight
I viewed, whose walks betokened all their ease
And how in friendly wise it did them please.
While some did twist the silk of lively hue
Some others slipped the branch for praises due.

Nor musing did not rest, nor scorn my sight,
nor pressed in haste to break their silence I
But as at first, they held their whole delight
and casting mirth, said friend that passest by,
did never wreaths of love thee bind perdy[3]
As thus, who framed her plot in garland wise
So orderly, as best she might devise.

Not yet (quoth I) but you might force the same,
whose face doth stain the colour red as rose.
No Virgil this, nor Ovid[4] eke may blame,
For beauty pressing as the conduit flows
was cause that Paris[5] greatest love arose
who loved before, though never touchèd so,
As Ovid shows, with many writers moe.[6]

But ladies sure, my love consists in this
my whole delight, and pleasure all I take
To deck the wight, that worthy praises is,
and sure my great good will must never slack
From Whitney. Lo, herein some party take
For in her work is plainly to be seen,
why ladies place in garlands laurel green.

She flattering fate too much, nor skies, doth trust.
Such labour lieth finished with the life.
She never did accompt Dame Fortune just
that tosseth us with toys and plunges rife,
But her defieth, as author of her strife.
She doth not write the brute or force in arms,
Nor pleasure takes to sing of other's harms,

But mustered[7] hath and wrapped in a pack
a heap of flowers of philosophy.
No branch of perfect wisdom doth lack,
But that the bruisèd mind refreshed may be,
And that it is no fable, you shall see,
For here at large the sequel will declare
To countryward her love and friendly care.

The smelling flowers of an arbour sweet,
An orchard picked presented is to thee,
And for her second work, she thought it meet,
since maids with lofty style may not agree,
In hope hereby, something to pleasure thee,
And when her busy care from head shall lurk,
She practice will and promise longer work.

Now happy dames, if good deserveth well
her praise for flowers philosophical,
And let your branches twinèd that excel
her head adorn, wherein she flourish shall,
And Berrie so rests always at your call.
The purple blue, the red, the white I have,
To wrap amid your garlands fresh and brave.

FINIS. Tho. Bir.

---

1 *laurel branch* emblem of victory, either military or literary.

2 *Seld* seldom.

3 *perdy* truly, assuredly.

4 *Virgil … Ovid* Virgil recounts the story of Paris and his role in the Trojan War in the *Aeneid* (Book 2) and Ovid in his *Heroides* (Book 1).

5 *Paris* son of Priam, king of Troy, who was to award a golden apple to the fairest woman in the world. Rather than choosing among the goddesses, Hera, Athena, and Aphrodite, he selected Helen and, in one version of the story, took her back to Troy with him, an act that caused the Trojan War.

6 *moe* more.

7 *mustered* collected, assembled.

A Sweet Nosegay, or Pleasant Posy: Containing a Hundred and Ten Philosophical Flowers, etc.

The 97

Ask nothing of thy neighbour that
thou wouldst not let him have,
Nor say him nay of that which thou
wouldst get if thou didst crave.[1]

The 98

If that thou minded are to give
ask not if they will have it,
For so they either must deny
or seem that they do crave it.

The 99

It glorious is to give all things
to him that nought doth crave,
So likewise let him nothing get
that everything would have.

The 100

Whilst that thou hast free liberty
to do what likes thee best,
Thou soon mayest see into thyself
what disposition[2] rest.

The 101

That lawyer, which is chose to plead
for rich and mighty men,
Must either let the truth go by
or lose their friendship then.

The 102

A little gold in law will make
thy matter better speed
Than if thou broughtest of love as much
as might in kindreds breed.

The 103

Gold savours well, though it be got
with occupations vile.
If thou hast gold, thou welcome art,
though virtue thou exile.

The 104

Such poor folk as to law do go
are driven oft to curse,
But in meanwhile, the lawyer thrusts
the money in his purse.

The 105

A hasty tongue, which runs at large
not knowing any measure,
It is a wicked thing that makes
the mind repent at leisure.

The 106

Two eyes, two ears, and but one tongue
Dame Nature hath us framed
That we might see and hear much more
than should with tongue be named.

The 107

Keep well thy tongue and keep thy friend;
ill used, it causeth foes.
In uttering things, commit to thee
thou faithful friends dost lose.

---

[1] *crave* desire.

[2] *disposition* temperament, tendency.

The 108

Seek not each man to please, for that
is more than God bids do.
Please thou the best and never care,
what wicked say thereto.

The 109

Of wicked men to be dispraised,
for praise do it accompt.
If they commend, then art thou mad,
so doth their credit mount.

The 110

Whenas the wicked are in midst
of all their jollity,
Misfortune standeth at the door
and scorns the same to see.

FINIS.

A Sovereign Receipt.[1]

The juice of all these flowers take
and make thee a conserve.[2]
And use it first and last and it
will safely thee preserve.

By IS. W. GENT.

A Farewell to the Reader

Good reader, now you tasted have
and smelt of all my flowers,
The which to get some pain I took
and travailed many hours.
I must request you spoil them not,
nor do in pieces tear them,
But if thyself do loathe the scent,
give others leave to wear them.
I shall no whit be discontent,
for nothing is so pure
But one or other will mislike,
thereof we may be sure.
If he for whom I gathered them,
take pleasure in the same,
And that for my presumption,
my friends do not me blame,
And that the savour take effect
in such as I do know,
And bring no harm to any else
in place where it shall go,
And that when I am distant far
it worn be for my sake
That some may say, God speed her well
that did this nosegay make,
And eke[3] that he who ought[4] the plot,
wherein they same did grow
Fume not to see them borne about,
and wish he did me know,
And say in rage, were she a man
that with my flowers doth brag,
She well should pay the price, I would
not leave her worth a rag.
If as I say, no harms do hap,
but that this well may speed
My mind is fully satisfied,
I crave none the other meed.[5]
So wishing thee no worse than those,
of whom I think none ill
I made an end and thee commend
the living Lord until.

FINIS. IS. W.

[1] *Receipt* recipe.

[2] *conserve* medicinal or confectionary preparation of some part of a plant (as the flowers, leaves, roots, fruit) preserved with sugar.

[3] *eke* also.

[4] *ought* possessed, owned.

[5] *meed* reward.

CERTAIN FAMILIAR EPISTLES AND FRIENDLY LETTERS BY THE AUTHOR, WITH REPLIES.

To Her Brother, G.W.[1]

Good brother when a vacant[2] time
doth cause you hence to ride,
And that the fertile fields do make
you from the city bide,
Then cannot I once from you hear
nor know I how to send
Or where to hearken of your health
and all this would be kenned.[3]
And most of me, for why I least
of Fortune's favour find.
No yielding year she me allows,
nor goods hath me assigned.
But still to friends I must appeal
(and next our parents dear).
You are, and must be chiefest staff
that I shall stay[4] on here.
Wherefore,[5] mine own good brother, grant
me when that you are here
To see you oft and also hence
I may have knowledge where
A messenger to hark unto,
that I to you may write
And eke of him your answers have
which would my heart delight.
Receive of me, and eke accept,
a simple token here,
A smell of such a nosegay as
I do for present bear
Unto a virtuous lady, which
till death I honour will.
The loss I had of service hers,
I languish for it still.

Your loving (though luckless)
Sister, Is. W.

To Her Brother, B.W.

Good brother Brooke, I often look,
to hear of your return,
But none can tell if you be well,
nor where you do sojourn,
Which makes me fear that I shall hear
your health appairèd[6] is
And oft I dread that you are dead
or something goeth amiss.
Yet when I think you cannot shrink,[7]
but must with master be,
I have good hope, when you have scope,[8]
you will repair to me.
And so the fear and deep despair
that I of you then had,
I drive away, and wish that day
wherein we may be glad,
Glad for to see, but else for me
will be no joy at all,
For on my side no luck will bide,
nor happy chance befall.
As you shall know, for I will show
you more when we do speak
Then[9] will I write, or yet recite,
within this paper weak.
And so I end and you commend
to him that guides the skies,
Who grant you health, and send you wealth,
no less than shall suffice.

Your loving sister. Is. W.

---

1 *G.W.* Geoffrey Whitney, writer of emblem books, which combine images and phrases and were highly popular in the later sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries.

2 *vacant* free from, unoccupied with, affairs, business, or customary work; leisure.

3 *kenned* known.

4 *stay* rest.

5 *Wherefore* for which.

6 *appairèd* injured, impaired.

7 *shrink* retreat, slip away.

8 *scope* opportunity, liberty.

9 *Then* than.

An Order Prescribed, by Is. W. to Two of Her Younger Sisters Serving in London

Good sisters mine, when I
shall further from you dwell,
Peruse these lines, observe the rules,
which in the same I tell.
So shall you wealth possess
and quietness of mind,
And all your friends to see the same,
a treble[1] joy shall find.

1. In mornings when you rise,
forget not to commend
Yourselves to God, beseeching him
from dangers to defend
Your souls and bodies both,
your parents and your friends,
Your teachers and your governors,
so pray you that your ends
May be in such a sort
as God may pleasèd be,
To live to die, to die to live
with him eternally.

2. Then justly do such deeds
as are to you assigned.
All wanton toys, good sisters, now
exile out of your mind.
I hope you give no cause,
whereby I should suspect,
But this I know too many live
that would you soon infect.
If God do not prevent,
or with his grace expel,
I cannot speak or write too much
because I love you well.

3. Your business soon dispatch,
and listen to no lies,
Nor credit every feignèd tale
that many will devise.
For words they are but wind,
yet words may hurt you so,
As you shall never brook[2] the same,
if that you have a foe.
God shield you from all such
as would by word or bill[3]
Procure your shame, or never cease
till they have wrought you ill.

4. See that you secrets seal;
tread trifles underground.
If to rehearsal oft you come,
it will your quiet wound.
Of laughter be not much,
nor over solemn seem,
For then be sure they'll compt[4] you light
or proud will you esteem.
Be modest in a mean,[5]
be gentle unto all,
Though cause they give of contrary
yet be to wrath no thrall.[6]
Refer you all to him
that sits above the skies.
Vengeance is his, he will revenge,
you need it not devise.

5. And sith[7] that virtue guides,
where both of you do dwell,
Give thanks to God, and painful[8] be
to please your rulers well.
For fleeting is a foe,
experience hath me taught.
The rolling stone doth get no moss,
yourselves have heard full oft.
Your business being done
and this my scroll perused,
The day will end, and that the night
by you be not abused,

---

1 *treble* threefold.

2 *brook* bear, tolerate.

3 *bill* document, petition to person in authority.

4 *compt* account.

5 *mean* quality, disposition.

6 *thrall* slave, captive.

7 *sith* since.

8 *painful* careful, painstaking.

I something needs must write,
take pains to read the same.
Henceforth my life as well as pen
shall your examples frame.[1]

6. Your masters gone to bed,
your mistresses at rest,
Their daughters all who haste about
to get themselves undressed,
See that their plate be safe
and that no spoon do lack.
See doors and windows bolted fast
for fear of any wrack.[2]
Then help if need there be,
to do some household thing,
If not to bed, referring you
unto the heavenly King,
Forgetting not to pray
as I before you taught,
And giving thanks for all that he
hath ever for you wrought.
Good sisters when you pray,
let me remembered be,
So will I you, and thus I cease,
till I yourselves do see.

IS. W.

To Her Sister Mistress A.B.

Because I to my brethren wrote,
and to my sisters two,
Good sister Anne, you this might wot,[3]
if so I should not do
To you or ere I parted hence,
You vainly had bestowed expense.

Yet is it not for that I write,
for nature did you bind
To do me good, and to requite
hath nature me inclined.
Wherefore, good sister, take in gree,[4]
These simple lines that come from me.

Wherein I wish you Nestor's[5] days,
in happy health to rest
With such success in all assays,
as those which God hath blessed.
Your husband with your pretty boys,
God keep them free from all annoys.

And grant if that my luck it be
to linger here so long
Till they be men that I may see,
for learning them so strong
That they may march amongst the best
Of them which learning have possessed.

By that time will my agèd years
perhaps a staff require
And quakingly as still in fears,
my limbs draw to the fire.
Yet joy I shall them so to see
If any joy in age there be.

Good sister, so I you command
to him that made us all.
I know you housewifery intend,
though I to writing fall.
Wherefore no longer shall you stay
From business that profit may.

Had I a husband or a house
and all that 'longs thereto,
Myself could frame about to rouse[6]
as other women do,
But till some household cares me tie
My books and pen I will apply.

Your loving Sister. IS. W.

---

[1] *frame* shape, compose.
[2] *wrack* disaster.
[3] *wot* know.
[4] *gree* goodwill.
[5] *Nestor* in the *Iliad*, a respected elder statesman and much older than the other Greek leaders in the Trojan War (*OCD*).
[6] *Myself ... rouse* I could adapt myself to stir about (i.e., to act).

A Careful Complaint by the Unfortunate Author

Good Dido,[1] stint thy tears
and sorrows all resign
To me that born was to augment
misfortune's luckless line,
Or bring still the same,
good Dido do thy best,
In helping to bewail the hap
that furthereth mine unrest.
For though thy Trojan mate,
that Lord Aeneas hight,[2]
Requiting ill thy steadfast love,
from Carthage took his flight
And foully broke his oath,
and promise made before,
Whose falsehood finished thy delight
before thy hairs were hoar.[3]
Yet greater cause of grief
compels me to complain,
For Fortune fell[4] converted hath
My health to heaps of pain.
And that she swears my death
too plain it is (alas),
Whose end let malice still attempt
to bring the same to pass.
O Dido, thou hadst lived
a happy woman still
If fickle fancy had not thrilled
thy wits to retchless[5] will.
For as the man by whom
thy deadly dolours bred
Without regard of plighted troth
from Carthage city fled,
So might thy cares in time
be banished out of thought.
His absence might well salve the sore
that erst[6] his presence wrought.[7]
For fire no longer burns,
than faggots[8] feed the flame.
The want of things that breed annoy
may soon redress the same,
But I unhappy most
and gripped with endless griefs
Despair (alas) amid my hope
and hope without relief.
And as the sweltering heat,
consumes the war away,
So do the heaps of deadly harms
still threaten my decay.
O death, delay not long
thy duty to declare.
The sisters three[9] dispatch my days
and finish all my care.

Is. W.

An Answer to Comfort Her, by Showing His Haps to Be Harder.

Friend Is.,[10] be now content and let my sorrows quell
The extreme rage and care thou restest in,
For wailing sprites,[11] ne[12] furies fierce in Hell
Nor grisly[13] souls that still in woe have been,
Have ever felt like storms that I sustain,
Frownst so I am, and dulled in deep despair,
That sure (me thinks) my extreme raging pain
Might gain thee health and set thee free from fear.

---

1 *Dido* Queen of Carthage who fell in love with Aeneas and killed herself when he left the city to continue his journey.
2 *hight* was called.
3 *hoar* white.
4 *fell* cruel, ruthless.
5 *retchless* reckless.
6 *erst* first.
7 *wrought* created.
8 *faggots* bundles of twigs or sticks.
9 *sisters three* the three Fates, Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, who supervise destiny (*Dict. Gods and Mortals*).
10 *Is.* Isabella.
11 *sprites* spirits.
12 *ne* nor.
13 *grisly* grim, ghastly.

For Dido, thou, and many thousands more,
Which living feel the pangs of extreme care,
Though tottered much and torn in pieces small,
Whomever gripping death doth never spare.
Nor he that falsely Carthage city fled,
So fraught with wiles nor ye such sorrows taste
By thousand parts as I who rightly said
Do pine as wax before the fire wastes.
I freeze to ice, I heat with parching sun,
And torn with teen,[1] thus languishing in pain,
Do feel my sorrows ever fresher run
To flowing cares, that endless sorrows gain.
For what, for whom, and why this evil works,
Friend Is. W., time, nor silence, may it show
But once ere many days, my care that lurks
Shall blown[2] be, and thou the same shalt know.
Till then with silly[3] Dido be content,
And rip no more thy wrongs in such excess.
Thy Fortune rather wills thee to lament
With speedy wit till hope may have redress.

FINIS. T.B.

A Reply to the Same.

The bitter force of Fortune's frowardness[4]
Is painted out by B.[5] his changèd hue.
Report bewrays[6] that tyrant's doubleness,
Which I by trial prove (alas) too true.
Constrained I am on thy mishaps to rue
As oft as I consider thine estate,
Which differs far from that thou wast of late.
Where be thy wonted lively looks become,
Or what mischance hath dimmed thy beauty so?
There is no God that deals such doubtful doom.
No Jupiter hath brought thee down so low.
Thy hapless fate hath wrought thy overthrow,
For as Saturnas[7] reaves[8] the Berry's joy,
So Fortune strives to further thine annoy.

O Fortune false, O thrice[9] unsteady joys,
Why doth not man mistrust thy subtle shows
Whose proffers[10] prove in time to be but toys,
As this the fruit that from your blossom grows,
Then may you rightly be compared with those
Whose painted speech professeth friendship still,
But time bewrays the meaning to be ill.

For time that shows what erst I could not see
Hath brought about that I suspected least,
Complaining still on our simplicity
Who headlong runs, as doth that careless beast
Till hunter's snares have laid his limbs to rest.
For when we least mistrust and dread deceit
Then are we snared with unsuspected bait.

---

1 *teen* trouble, suffering.
2 *blown* inflated, swollen.
3 *silly* deserving of pity or sympathy.
4 *frowardness* perversity.
5 *B.* Berry.
6 *bewrays* reveals, exposes.
7 *Jupiter … Saturnas* In Renaissance astrology, planets were associated with bodily states and dispositions. Jupiter and Saturn are opposites, linked to hot and moist and cold and dry, respectively, which in turn make up sanguine and melancholic character types.
8 *reaves* steals.
9 *thrice* three times.
10 *proffers* offers, signs.

As lately unto thee it did befall,
Whose hap enforceth me to rue thy chance,
For thou that flourished erst at beauty's stall
Hath felt the force of froward Fortune's lance,
Compelled to furnish out misfortune's dance,
So here the surety that belongeth aye,
To mortal joys whereon the world doth stay.

But live in hope that better hap may light,
For after storms Sir Phoebus'[1] force is seen,
So when Saturnus hath declared his might
And Winter stints[2] to turn the world to teen,[3]
Then pleasant Ver[4] shall clothe the ground in green
And lusty May shall labour to restore,
The things that Winter's spit had spoiled before.

Then shall the Berry cleave her wonted hue,
And eke my B. that long hath wrested pain
When Fortune doth her former grace renew
Shall hoisted be to happy state again
In .....[5]
Delighting oft among his friends and kin,
To tell what danger erst his life was in.

Which happy sight of mortal creatures, who
Shall more rejoice, than I thy friend to see
And while dame Fortune yielded not thereto,
But doth proceed to prove her spite on thee,
Yet shall thou not so ill belovèd be,
But that thy fame, forever flourish shall,
If Is. her pen, may promise ought at all.

Farewell.

[THE AUTHOR ... MAKETH HER WILL AND TESTAMENT]

The author (though loath to leave the city) upon her friend's procurement[6] is contained[7] to depart, wherefore she feigneth as she would die and maketh her will and testament, as followeth, with large legacies of such goods and riches which she most abundantly hath left behind her and thereof maketh London sole executor to see her legacies performed.

A Communication Which the Author Had to London, Before She Made Her Will.

The time is come I must depart,
from thee O famous city;
I never yet to rue my smart
did find that thou hadst pity.
Wherefore small cause there is, that I
should grieve from thee to go:
But many women foolishly,
like me and other mo
Do such a fixèd fancy set
on those which least deserve,
That long it is ere wit we get,
away from them to swerve.[8]
But time with pity oft will tell
to those that will her try
Whether it best be more to mell,[9]
or utterly defy.
And now hath time me put in mind
of thy great cruelness,
That never once a help would find
to ease me in distress.

---

1 *Phoebus* the sun god, i.e., the sun.
2 *stints* ceases.
3 *teen* distress, trouble.
4 *Ver* spring.
5 *In* ..... This line appears to have been omitted from the printed text.
6 *procurement* arrangement.
7 *contained* situated.
8 *swerve* turn, depart.
9 *mell* mix, associate.

Thou never yet wouldst credit give
to board me for a year,
Nor with apparel me relieve
except thou payèd were.
No, no, thou never didst me good,
nor ever wilt I know,
Yet am I in no angry mood,
but will, or ere I go,
In perfect love and charity
my testament here write,
And leave to thee such treasury,
as I in it recite.
Now stand aside and give me leave
to write my latest will
And see that none you do deceive,
of that I leave them till.

The Manner of Her Will, and What She Left to London, and to All Those in It, at Her Departing.

I whole in body, and in mind,
but very weak in purse,
Do make and write my testament
for fear it will be worse.
And first I wholly do commend,
my soul and body eke,[1]
To God the Father and the Son,
so long as I can speak.
And after speech, my soul to him
and body to the grave,
Till time that all shall rise again,
their judgment for to have.
And then I hope they both shall meet.
to dwell for aye[2] in joy,
Whereas I trust to see my friends
released from all annoy.
Thus have you heard touching my soul,
and body what I mean;
I trust you all will witness bear,
I have a steadfast brain.
And now let me dispose such things,
as I shall leave behind,
That those which shall receive the same,
may know my willing mind.
I first of all to London leave
because I there was bred,
Brave buildings rare, of churches store,
and Paul's[3] to the head.
Between the same fair streets there be,
and people goodly store.
Because their keeping craveth[4] cost,
I yet will leave him more.
First for their food, I butchers leave,
that every day shall kill.
By Thames you shall have brewers store,
and bakers at your will.
And such as orders do observe,
and eat fish thrice a week,
I leave two streets, full fraught therewith,
they need not far to seek.
Watling Street, and Canwick Street,
I full of woolen leave
And linen store in Friday Street,
if they me not deceive.
And those which are of calling such
that costlier they require,
I mercers[5] leave, with silk so rich,
as any would desire.
In Cheap of them they store shall find
and likewise in that street
I goldsmiths leave, with jewels such
as are for ladies meet.
And plate to furnish cupboards with,
full brave there shall you find,
With pearl[6] of silver and of gold,
to satisfy your mind.
With hoods, bongraces,[7] hats or caps,
such store are in that street,
As if on th' one side you should miss
the t'other serves you feat.[8]

[1] *eke* also.
[2] *aye* ever.
[3] *Paul's* St. Paul's Cathedral.
[4] *craveth* demands, requires.
[5] *mercers* dealers in textiles, especially fine materials like silk and velvet.
[6] *pearl* round drop or globule.
[7] *bongraces* shade or curtain formerly worn on the front of women's bonnet or cap to protect the complexion from the sun; a sunshade.
[8] *feat* fittingly, suitably, properly.

For nets[1] of every kind of sort
I leave within the Pawn:[2]
French ruffs, high purls,[3] gorgets[4] and sleeves
of any kind of lawn.
For purse or knives, for comb or glass,
or any needful knack[5]
I by the Stocks[6] have left a boy,
will ask you what you lack.
I hose do leave in Birchin Lane,
of any kind of size:
For women stitched, for men both trunks
and those of Gascoyne guise.[7]
Boots, shoes or pantables[8] good store,
Saint Martin's hath for you.
In Cornwall, there I leave you beds,
and all that 'longs[9] thereto.
For women shall you tailors have,
by Bow the chiefest dwell.
In every lane you some shall find
can do indifferent well.
And for the men, few streets or lanes
but bodymakers[10] be
And such as make the sweeping cloaks,
with guards[11] beneath the knee.
Artillery at the Temple Bar,
and dagges[12] at Tower Hill,
Swords and bucklers[13] of the best,
are nigh the Fleet until.
Now when thy folk are fed and clad
with such as I have named,
For dainty mouths, and stomachs weak
some junckets[14] must be framed.
Wherefore I 'pothecaries leave,
with banquets in their shop,
Physicians also for the sick,
diseases for to stop.
Some roisters[15] still must 'bide in thee
and such as cut it out,
That with the guiltless quarrel will,
to let their blood about.
For them I cunning surgeons leave,
some plasters to apply,
That ruffians may not still be hanged,
nor quiet persons die.
For salt, oatmeal, candles, soap,
or what you else do want:
In many places, shops are full,
I left you nothing scant.
If they that keep what I you leave,
ask money when they sell it,
At Mint,[16] there is such store, it is
impossible to tell it.
At Steelyard store of wines there be,
your dulled minds to glad,
And handsome men, that must not wed
except they leave their trade.
They oft shall seek for proper girls,
and some perhaps shall find
(That need compels, or lucre[17] lures)
to satisfy their mind.
And near the same, I houses leave,
for people to repair
To bathe themselves, so to prevent
infection of the air.
On Saturdays I wish that those,
which all the week do drug,[18]
Shall thither trudge, to trim them up
on Sundays to look smug.
If any other thing be lacked
in thee, I wish them look,

[1] *nets* hairnets.
[2] *Pawn* gallery or covered upper walk in the Royal Exchange, where fabrics were sold.
[3] *purls* lace edging braided with a series of small loops or twists.
[4] *gorgets* coverings for the neck and breast.
[5] *knack* trinket, trifle.
[6] *Stocks* market in the centre of the city.
[7] *Gascoyne guise* wide, bag-like trousers.
[8] *pantables* slippers.
[9] *'longs* belongs.
[10] *bodymakers* bodicemakers.
[11] *guards* ornamental borders.
[12] *dagges* heavy pistols or handguns of this period.
[13] *buckler* shield.
[14] *junckets* a dish consisting of curds sweetened and flavoured, served with a layer of scalded cream on the top.
[15] *roisters* swaggering, riotous fellows.
[16] *Mint* located in the Tower of London.
[17] *lucre* profit.
[18] *drug* drudge.

For there it is; I little brought
but nothing from thee took.
Now for the people in thee left,
I have done as I may,
And that the poor, when I am gone,
have cause for me to pray,
I will to prisons portions leave,
what though but very small;
Yet that they may remember me,
occasion be it shall.
And first the Counter[1] they shall have,
lest they should go to wrack,
Some coggers,[2] and some honest men,
that sergeants draw aback.
And such as friends will not them bail,
whose coin is very thin,
For them I leave a certain hole[3]
and little ease within.
The Newgate[4] once a month shall have
a sessions[5] for his share,
Lest, being heaped,[6] infection might
procure a further care.
And at those sessions some shall 'scape,
with burning near the thumb,[7]
And afterward to beg their fees,
till they have got the sum.
And such whose deeds deserveth death,
and twelve have found the same,
They shall be drawn up Holborn Hill,[8]
to come to further shame.

Well, yet to such I leave a nag[9]
shall soon their sorrows cease,
For he shall either break their necks
or gallop from the press.[10]
The Fleet,[11] not in their circuit is,
yet if I give him naught,
It might procure his curse, ere I
unto the ground be brought.
Wherefore I leave some papist old
to under prop his roof[12]
And to the poor within the same,
a box[13] for their behoof.[14]
What makes you standersby to smile
and laugh so in your sleeve?
I think it is, because that I
to Ludgate[15] nothing give.
I am not now in case to lie;
here is no place of jest.
I did reserve that for myself,
if I my health possessed
And ever came in credit so
a debtor for to be.
When days of payment did approach,
I thither meant to flee,
To shroud myself amongst the rest
that choose to die in debt,
Rather than any creditor,
should money from them get.
Yet 'cause I feel myself so weak
that none me credit dare,
I here revoke and do it leave
some bankrupts to his share.
To all the bookbinders by Paul's
because I like their art,

---

1 *Counter* two jails primarily for debtors and minor offenders.

2 *coggers* cheats, deceivers.

3 *hole* worst cells in the Counter where those without money had to beg food from passers-by through the grate.

4 *Newgate* notably harsh jail that received more serious criminal offenders.

5 *sessions* sittings of magistrates.

6 *heaped* i.e., crammed with prisoners.

7 *burning near the thumb* Those accused of capital crimes could claim "benefit of clergy" if they could prove their literacy, typically by reading Psalm 51. The result would be the transference of the trial from the secular courts to the more lenient Church courts. In order to prevent felons from claiming benefit of clergy repeatedly, they were branded on the thumb after the first instance.

8 *Holborn Hill* The route to Tyburn, the site for executions, from Newgate was up Holborn Hill, and criminals sat backwards on the horse as they took that route (Byrne, *Prisons and Punishments*, p. 188).

9 *nag* small horse (i.e., used either to bring the prisoner to be hanged or as a means of escape).

10 *press* crowd.

11 *Fleet* prison reserved for those committed by the court of the Star Chamber.

12 *papist old to under prop his roof* Roman Catholics were subject to harsh fines for failing to attend services in the Church of England. These fines could result in considerable debts to the Crown, the result of which was incarceration in the Fleet prison.

13 *box* i.e., a poor box for donations.

14 *behoof* benefit, use.

15 *Ludgate* also a prison for debtors.

They every week shall money have,
when they from books depart.
Amongst them all, my printer[1] must
have somewhat to his share.
I will my friends these books to buy
of him, with other ware.
For maidens poor, I widowers rich
do leave, that oft shall dote,
And by that means shall marry them,
to set the girls afloat.
And wealthy widows will I leave,
to help young gentlemen,
Which when you have in any case,
be courteous to them then
And see their plate and jewels eke
may not be marred with rust.
Nor let their bags too long be full,
for fear that they do burst.
To every gate under the walls,
that compass thee about,
I fruitwives leave to entertain
such as come in and out.
To Smithfield I must something leave
my parents there did dwell,
So careless for to be of it,
none would accompt it well.
Wherefore it thrice a week shall have
of horse and neat[2] good store,
And in his 'spital,[3] blind and lame
to dwell for evermore.
And Bedlam[4] must not be forgot,
for that was oft my walk.
I people there too many leave,
that out of tune do talk.
At Bridewell[5] there shall beadles[6] be,
and matrons that shall still
See chalk well chopped, and spinning plied,
and turning of the mill.
For such as cannot quiet be,
but strive for house or land,
At th'Inns of Court,[7] I lawyers leave
to take their cause in hand.
And also leave I at each Inn
of Court or Chancery
Of gentlemen a youthful rout[8]
full of activity,
For whom I store of books have left,
at each bookbinder's stall,
And part of all that London hath
to furnish them withal.
And when they are with study cloyed,
to recreate their mind,
Of tennis courts, of dancing schools,
and fence they store shall find.
And every Sunday at the least,
I leave to make them sport
In diverse places players, that
of wonders shall report.
Now London have I (for thy sake)
within thee, and without,
As comes into my memory,
dispersèd round about
Such needful things, as they should have
here left now unto thee.
When I am gone, with conscience
let them dispersèd be.
And though I nothing namèd have
to bury me withal,
Consider that above the ground
annoyance be I shall,
And let me have a shrouding sheet
to cover me from shame,
And in oblivion bury me
and never more me name.
Ringings nor other ceremonies,
use you not for cost,
Nor at my burial, make no feast,
your money were but lost.

[1] *my printer* Richard Jones.
[2] *neat* oxen.
[3] *'spital* hospital, in this case St. Bartholomew's.
[4] *Bedlam* St. Mary of Bethlehem hospital, by this time a lunatic asylum.
[5] *Bridewell* former royal palace given to the city of London as a workhouse for poor women and prison for female vagabonds, prostitutes, and the generally indigent (Byrne, pp. 63-66).
[6] *beadles* officers, guards.
[7] *th'Inns of Court* law schools.
[8] *rout* band, troop.

Rejoice in God that I am gone
out of this vale so vile,
And that of each thing left such store,
as may your wants exile.
I make thee sole executor because
I loved thee best.
And thee I put in trust, to give
the goods unto the rest.
Because thou shalt a helper need,
in this so great a charge,
I wish good Fortune be thy guide, lest
thou shouldst run at large.
The happy days and quiet times,
they both her servants be,
Which well will serve to fetch and bring
such things as need to thee.
Wherefore (good London) not refuse,
for helper her to take.
Thus being weak, and weary both
an end here will I make.
To all that ask what end I made,
and how I went away,
Thou answer may'st like those which here,
no longer tarry may.
And unto all that wish me well,
or rue that I am gone,
Do me commend, and bid them cease
my absence for to moan.
And tell them further, if they would
my presence still have had,
They should have sought to mend my luck,
which ever was too bad.
So fare thou well a thousand times,
God shield thee from thy foe
And still make thee victorious,
of those that seek thy woe.
And (though I am persuade) that I
shall never more thee see,
Yet to the last, I shall not cease
to wish much good to thee.
This twenty of October, I,
in Anno Domini
A thousand five hundred seventy three,
as almanacs descry,[1]

Did write this will, with mine own hand
and it to London gave,
In witness of the standersby,
whose names if you will have.
Paper, Pen, and Standish[2] were
at that same present by,
With Time, who promised to reveal,
so fast as she could hie,
The same, lest of my nearer kin,
for anything should vary.
So finally I make an end
no longer can I tarry.

FINIS. BY IS. W.

—1573

The Lamentation of a Gentlewoman upon the Death of Her Late Deceased Friend, William Gruffith,[3] *Gentleman*[4]

With poet's pen I do not press to write,
Minerva's[5] mate I do not boast to be,
Parnassus[6] mount (I speak it for no spite)
Can cure my cursed cares, I plainly see,
For why my heart contains as many woes
As ever Hector[7] did amongst his foes.

Each man doth moan when faithful friends be
dead,
And paint them out as well as wits do serve.
But I, a maid, am forced to use my head
To wail my friend, whose faith did praise deserve.

[1] *descry* observe, note.

[2] *Standish* inkpot, inkstand.

[3] *William Gruffith* unidentified.

[4] Whitney's authorship of this poem is not certain. However, both Fehrenbach ("Isabella Whitney and the Popular Miscellanies of Richard Jones") and R. Martin ("Isabella Whitney's 'Lamentation upon the death of William Gruffith'") put forward evidence to support the view that it is by Whitney.

[5] *Minerva* Roman goddess of wisdom.

[6] *Parnassus* mountain sacred to the Muses.

[7] *Hector* Trojan hero who was killed by Achilles and dragged around the walls of the city seven times.

Wit wants to will; alas, no skill I have,
Yet must I needs deplore my Gruffith's grave.

For William white, for Gruffith green, I wore,
And red long since did serve to please my mind.
Now black, I wear, of me not used before,
In lieu of love, alas, this loss I find.
Now must I leave both white and green and red,
And wail my friend who is but lately dead.

Yet hurtful eyes do bid me cast away
In open show this careful[1] black attire
Because it would my secret love bewray[2]
And pay my pate[3] with hatred for my hire.
Though outwardly I dare not wear the same,
Yet in my heart a web of black I frame.

You ladies all, that pass not for no pain,
But have your lovers lodged in your laps,
I crave your aids to help me mourn amain.[4]
Perhaps yourselves shall feel such careful claps,
Which God forbid that any lady taste,
Who shall by me but only learn to waste.

My wits be weak an epitaph to write,
Because it doth require a graver style;
My phrase doth serve but rudely to recite
How lover's loss doth pinch me all this while,
Who was as pressed to die for Gruffith's sake,
As Damon did for Pythias[5] undertake.

But William had a worldly friend in store,
Who writ his end to small effect, God knows,
But "I" and "H"[6] his name did show no more,
Rhyme rough it is (the common sentence goes);
It hangs at Paul's as every man goes by,
One rhyme too low, another ramps[7] too high.

He praised him out as worldly friends do use,
And uttered all the skill that God had sent.
But I am she that never will refuse,
But as I am, so will I still be bent.
No blasts shall blow my linked love awry,
O would the gods, with Gruffith I might die!

Then had it been that I, poor silly dame,
Had had no need to blot this scratched scroll,
Then virgin's fist had not set forth the same,
How God hath gripped my Gruffith's sacred soul.
But woe is me, I live in pinching pain,
No wight doth know what sorrows I sustain.

Unhappy may that drowsy day be named
Wherein I first possessed my vital breath,
And eke I wish that day that I was framed,
Instead of life I had received death.
Then with these woes I needed not to waste,
Which now, alas, in every vein I taste.

Some Zoilus sot[8] will think it lightly done
Because I moan my mate and lover so,
Some Momus[9] match this scroll will overrun,
But love is lawless, every wight doth know.
Sith love doth lend me such a friendly scope,
Disdainful dogs I may despise, I hope.

---

1 *careful* mournful, sorrowful.

2 *bewray* reveal, expose.

3 *pay my pate* i.e., bring down on my head.

4 *amain* violently, with full force.

5 *Damon … Pythias* pair whose friendship was legendary. When Damon was sentenced to death, Pythias offered himself in his friend's place so that Damon could go and put his affairs in order. Damon returned on time and the Emperor Dionysius was so impressed by the pair's devotion that he freed him. Whitney switches the names here.

6 *"I" and "H"* the initials of another writer.

7 *ramps* climbs.

8 *Zoilus sot* critical dolt.

9 *Momus* god of ridicule, hence a fault-finder, a captious critic.

Wherefore I do attempt so much the more
By this good hope to show my slender art,
And mourn I must (who, never marked before),
What fretting force do hold each heavy heart,
But now I see that Gruffith's greedy grave
Doth make me feel the fits which lovers have.

My mournful Muse, good ladies, take in worth,
And spare to speak the worse, but judge the best,
For this is all that I dare publish forth.
The rest recorded is within my breast,
And there is lodged forever to remain,
Till God doth grant, by death, to ease my pain.

And when that death is come to pay her due,
With all the pains that she can well invent,
Yet to my Gruffith will I still be true,
Hap death, hold life, my mind is fully bent.
Before I will our secret love disclose,
To Tantal's pains[1] my body I dispose.

So live I shall, when death hath spit her spite,
And Lady Fame will spread my praise, I know,
And Cupid's knights will never cease to write
And cause my name through Europe for to flow,
And they that know what Cupid can prevail,
Will bless the ship that floats with such a sail.

If I had part of Pallas'[2] learned skill,
Or if Calliope[3] would lend her aid,
By tract of time, great volumes I would fill,
My Gruffith's praise in wailing verse to spread.
But I, poor I, as I have said before,
Do wail to want Minerva's learned lore.

By help, I hope, these ragged rhymes shall go,
Entitled as lovers' lines should be,
And 'scape the chiding chaps of every foe,
To praise that man who was best liked of me.
Though death hath shaped his most untimely end,
Yet for his praise my tristive[4] tunes I send.

In hope the gods, who guide the heav'ns above,
His buried corpse alive again will make,
And have remorse of lady's linked love,
As once they did for good Admetus'[5] sake,
Or change him else into some flower to wear,
As erst they did transform Narcissus fair.

So should I then possess my former friend,
Restored to life, as Alcest[6] was from Hell,
Or else the gods some fragrant flower would send,
Which for his sake, I might both wear and smell.
Which flower out of my hand shall never pass,
But in my heart shall have a sticking place.

But woe is me, my wishes are in vain.
Adieu delight, come crooked cursed care!
To bluntish blocks I see I do complain,
And reap but only sorrow for my share,
For well I know that gods nor sprites can cure
The pains that I for Gruffith do endure.

---

[1] *Tantal's pains* Tantalus, king of Phrygia, was condemned, for revealing the secrets of the gods, to stand up to his chin in water, which constantly receded as he stooped to drink, and with branches of fruit hanging above him which continually eluded his grasp (*OCD*).

[2] *Pallas* Athena, goddess of wisdom.

[3] *Calliope* Muse of epic poetry.

[4] *tristive* sad, doleful, mournful.

[5] *Admetus* lover of Alcestis, whose father decreed an impossible task, yoking a lion and a boar to a chariot, in order to win her hand. Admetus achieved it with the help of Apollo (*Dict. Gods and Mortals*).

[6] *Alcest* Alcestis showed her love for her husband by offering herself to die in his place. In recognition of her devotion, Persephone returned her from the underworld (*Dict. Gods and Mortals*).

Since wailing no way can remedy me,
To make an end I therefore judge it best,
And drink up all my sorrow secretly,
And as I can, I will abide the rest.
And sith I dare not mourn to open show,
With secret sighs and tears my heart shall flow.

Some busy brain perhaps will ask my name,
Disposed much some tidings for to mark.
That dare I not, for fear of flying fame,
And eke I fear lest biting bugs will bark.
Therefore farewell, and ask no more of me,
For as I am, a lover will I die.

—1578

Elizabeth I, queen of England
1533-1603

Elizabeth Tudor, born 7 September 1533, was the daughter of Henry VIII and his second wife, Anne Boleyn. Her childhood was marked by her father's changing marital status. Her own position in the royal hierarchy received a blow with the execution of her mother on charges of adultery and treason in May 1536. She was declared a bastard with the birth of her brother Edward; when Edward succeeded to the throne at Henry's death in 1547, Elizabeth was again permitted to appear at Court, with the support of her step-mother, Katherine Parr. When her sister Mary became queen in 1553, Elizabeth became a focal point for Protestant rebellion, and was imprisoned in Woodstock on suspicion of involvement in the plots of Sir Thomas Wyatt, the younger (son of the poet, Sir Thomas Wyatt) in January 1554. On Mary's death, the 25-year-old Queen Elizabeth began her 45-year reign. One of Elizabeth's strengths was the humanist education she had received, which included a study of Latin, Greek, French, Italian, and rhetoric; one of her tutors was the renowned humanist Roger Ascham, whose instruction reveals itself in Elizabeth's many translations and her mastery of English rhetoric. This intellectual ability served Elizabeth well during her reign, and influences her complex, multilayered, and often purposefully ambiguous writing, whether in speeches or poetry. Elizabeth was not only an author herself—her "Doubt of Future Foes" was highly praised in George Puttenham's *Art of English Poesy* (1589) as the "last and principal figure of our poetical ornament"—but she also shaped the writings of many of the poets and playwrights of her reign. Also known as the "Virgin Queen," Elizabeth led England when many felt women had no place in public life, and she did so to a considerable degree through her ability to manipulate language.

EDITION: *Elizabeth I: Collected Works*. Ed. Leah S. Marcus, Janel Mueller, and Mary Beth Rose. Chicago: U of Chicago P, 2000.

Letter

To our Most Noble and Virtuous Queen Katherine, Elizabeth her humble daughter wishes perpetual felicity and everlasting joy.[1]

Not only knowing the affectuous[2] will and fervent zeal the which your Highness hath towards all godly learning, as also my duty towards you (most gracious and sovereign Princess), but knowing also that pusillanimity[3] and idleness are most repugnant unto a reasonable creature and that (as the Philosopher[4] saith) even as an instrument of iron or of other metal waxeth soon rusty unless it be continually occupied,[5] even so shall the wit of a man or woman wax dull and unapt to do or understand anything perfectly unless it be always occupied upon some manner of study, which things considered hath moved so small a portion as God hath lent me to prove what I could do. And therefore have I (as for assay[6] or beginning, following the right notable saying of the proverb aforesaid) translated this little book out of French rhyme into English prose, joining the sentences together as well as the capacity of my simple wit and small learning could extend themselves. The which book is entitled, or named, *The Mirror or Glass of the Sinful Soul*, wherein is contained how she[7] (beholding and contempling[8] what she is) doth perceive how of herself and of her own

[1] This is the prefatory letter to Elizabeth's English translation of Marguerite of Navarre's *L'Âme Pécheresse*, given as a New Year's gift to Katherine Parr, Henry VIII's last wife.

[2] *affectuous* both earnest in feeling and affectionate.

[3] *pusillanimity* a lack of courage and strength of mind.

[4] *the Philosopher* Aristotle, but the thought is proverbial.

[5] *occupied* used.

[6] *assay* attempt.

[7] *she* Marguerite of Navarre.

[8] *contempling* contemplating.

strength she can do nothing that good is, or prevaileth for her salvation, unless it be through the grace of God, whose mother, daughter, sister, and wife by the Scriptures she proveth herself to be. Trusting also that through his incomprehensible love, grace, and mercy she (being called from sin to repentance) doth faithfully hope to be saved. And although I know that as for my part which I have wrought in it (as well spiritual as manual) there is nothing done as it should be, nor else worthy to come in your Grace's hands, but rather all unperfect and uncorrect, yet do I trust also that howbeit it is like a work which is but new begun and shaped, that the file of your excellent wit and godly learning in the reading of it (if so it vouchsafe your Highness to do) shall rub out, polish, and mend (or else cause to mend) the words (or rather the order of my writing), the which I know in many places to be rude, and nothing done as it should be. But I hope that after to have been in your Grace's hands there shall be nothing in it worthy of reprehension and that in the meanwhile no other (but your Highness only) shall read it or see it, lest my faults be known of many. Then shall they be better excused (as my confidence is in your Grace's accustomed benevolence) than if I should bestow a whole year in writing or inventing ways for to excuse them. Praying God almighty, the maker and creator of all things, to grant unto your Highness this same New Year's day a lucky and prosperous year with prosperous issue and continuance of many years in good health and continual joy and all to his honour, praise, and glory. From Ashridge, the last day of the year of our Lord God, 1544.

—31 December 1544

Verse

Written on a Window Frame at Woodstock[1]

O Fortune, thy wresting,[2] wavering state
Hath fraught with cares my troubled wit,
Whose witness this present prison late
Could bear, where once was joy flown quite.[3]
Thou causedst the guilty to be loosed
From lands where innocents were enclosed,
And caused the guiltless to be reserved,
And freed those that death had well deserved.
But all herein can be naught wrought,
So God grant to my foes as they have thought.[4]

—composed, c. 1554-55

Written in Her French Psalter[5]

No crooked leg, no bleared eye,
No part deformed out of kind,
Nor yet so ugly half can be
As is the inward suspicious mind.

—composed, 1565?

---

[1] *Window* This poem is variously noted as being written on a wall, a shutter, and a window frame. Writing poetry or proverbs on these surfaces was not uncommon in the period; *Woodstock* Elizabeth, under suspicion for involvement in Sir Thomas Wyatt, the younger's plots against Mary, was placed under house arrest at Woodstock.

[2] *wresting* struggling, twisting.

[3] *joy flown quite* In other editions, this reads "joy's loan quit."

[4] *So God ... thought* In other editions, this line reads "so God send to my foes all they have taught."

[5] This poem is inscribed on the last leaf of Elizabeth's French psalter; *Psalter* a translation or version of the Book of Psalms. Though it has been dated as early as 1554, in *Elizabeth I: Collected Works*, the editors date this poem around 1565, potentially a record of Elizabeth's offense at the earl of Leicester; however, the poem is inscribed "Your loving mistress, Elizabeth R." The original does not break the lines at the rhymes.

The Doubt of Future Foes[1]

The doubt of future foes
Exiles my present joy
And wit me warns to shun such snares
As threaten mine annoy.

For falsehood now doth flow
And subjects' faith doth ebb,
Which should not be if reason ruled
Or wisdom weaved the web.

But clouds of joys[2] untried
Do cloak aspiring minds
Which turns to rain[3] of late repent
By changèd course of winds.

The top of hope supposed
The root upreared[4] shall be,
And fruitless all their grafted guile,
As shortly you shall see.

Their dazzled eyes with pride,
Which great ambition blinds,
Shall be unsealed by worthy wights[5]
Whose foresight falsehood finds.

The daughter of debate[6]
That discord aye doth sow
Shall reap no gain where former rule
Still peace hath taught to know.

No foreign banished wight
Shall anchor in this port;
Our realm brooks not seditious sects—[7]
Let them elsewhere resort.

My rusty sword through rest[8]
Shall first his edge employ
To poll[9] their tops who seek such change
Or gape for future joy.

—composed, c. 1568-71/87?

On Monsieur's Departure[10]

I grieve, and dare not show my discontent;
I love, and yet am forced to seem to hate;
I do, yet dare not say I ever meant,
I seem stark mute, but inwardly do prate.
    I am and not; I freeze and yet am burned,
    Since from myself another self[11] I turned.

My care is like my shadow in the sun—
Follows me flying, flies when I pursue it,
Stands and lies by me, doth what I have done;
His too familiar care doth make me rue[12] it.
    No means I find to rid him from my breast,
    Till by the end of things it be suppressed.

Some gentler passion slide into my mind,
For I am soft, and made of melting snow;
Or be more cruel, Love, and so be kind.
Let me or float or[13] sink, be high or low,
    Or let me live with some more sweet content,
    Or die, and so forget what love e'er meant.

—composed, c. 1582

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[1] This poem was written in response to the threat of Mary, queen of Scots, who had a legitimate claim to the throne of England, and who became the focal point of Catholic protests against Elizabeth. This was probably written shortly after Mary's flight from Scotland to England in 1568, as it appeared in commonplace books early in the 1570s, though the poem has also been understood as a response to Mary's execution in 1587; *Doubt* dread or fear.

[2] *joys* Other editions read "toys" (trifles).

[3] *rain* Other editions read "rage," though "rain" continues the metaphor of the clouds and repentant tears.

[4] *upreared* Other editions read "of rue" (sorrow, distress).

[5] *wights* people.

[6] *The daughter of debate* Mary, queen of Scots.

[7] *Our realm brooks not seditious sects* Other editions read "Our realm it brooks not stranger's force"; *brooks* tolerates.

[8] *rusty sword through rest* i.e., the sword is rusty because unused.

[9] *poll* crop or cut.

[10] This poem was written in response to the final departure of Elizabeth's French suitor, François, duke d'Alençon, in 1582.

[11] *another self* Other editions read "my other self."

[12] *rue* regret.

[13] *or ... or* either ... or.

When I Was Fair and Young[1]

When I was fair and young, and favour graced me,
Of many was I sought their mistress for to be.
But I did scorn them all and answered them therefore,
"Go, go, go, seek some other where,
Importune me no more."

How many weeping eyes I made to pine with woe,
How many sighing hearts I have no skill to show,
But I the prouder grew, and answered them therefore,
"Go, go, go, seek some other where,
Importune me no more."

Then spake fair Venus' son,[2] that proud victorious boy,
And said: "Fine dame, since that you be so coy,
I will so pluck your plumes that you shall say no more
"Go, go, go, seek some other where,
Importune me no more."

When he had spoke these words, such change grew in my breast
That neither night nor day since that, I could take any rest.
Then lo, I did repent that I had said before,
"Go, go, go, seek some other where,
Importune me no more."

—composed, c. 1580s

[1] The date of this poem is uncertain, and some editors have doubted its authenticity.

[2] *Venus' son* Cupid.

Selected Speeches

To the Troops at Tilbury[3]

My loving people, I have been persuaded by some that are careful of my safety to take heed how I commit myself to armed multitudes, for fear of treachery. But I tell you that I would not desire to live to distrust my faithful and loving people. Let tyrants fear. I have so behaved myself that under God I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and goodwill of my subjects. Wherefore I am come among you at this time but for my recreation and pleasure, being resolved in the midst and heat of the battle, to live or die amongst you all, to lay down for my God and for my kingdom and for my people mine honour and my blood even in the dust. I know I have the body but of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart and stomach of a king, and of a king of England too, and take foul scorn that Parma[4] or any prince of Europe should dare to invade the borders of my realm. To the which rather than any dishonour shall grow by me, I myself will venter my royal blood;[5] I myself will be your general, judge, and rewarder of your virtue in the field. I know that already for your forwardness you have deserved rewards and crowns, and I assure you in the word of a prince, you shall not fail of them. In the meantime, my lieutenant-general[6] shall be in my stead, than whom never prince commanded a more noble or worthy subject. Not doubting but by your concord in the camp and valour in the field and your obedience to myself and my general, we

[3] Although at this point in the fighting the Spanish Armada had been dissipated, there were fears they would regroup, and as preparations continued at Tilbury, one observer noted that Elizabeth "rode through all the squadrons of her army as armed Pallas attended by noble footmen" and gave this speech.

[4] *Parma* The Duke of Parma was regent of the Spanish Netherlands at the time.

[5] A different version reads, "I myself will take up arms."

[6] *lieutenant-general* Robert Dudley, the earl of Leicester, and Elizabeth's favourite, who would die a few months later.

shall shortly have a famous victory over these enemies of my God and of my kingdom.

—delivered, 1588

The Golden Speech[1]

Mr. Speaker,[2] we have heard your declaration and perceive your care of our estate by falling into the consideration of a grateful acknowledgement of such benefits as you have received, and that your coming is to present thanks unto us, which I accept with no less joy than your loves can have desire to offer such a present. I do assure you there is no prince that loveth his subjects better, or whose love can countervail[3] our love. There is no jewel, be it of never so rich a price, which I prefer before this jewel—I mean your loves. For I do more esteem it than any treasure or riches: for that we know how to prize, but love and thanks I count invaluable. And though God hath raised me high, yet this I count the glory of my crown: that I have reigned with your loves. This makes me that I do not so much rejoice that God hath made me to be a queen, as to be a queen over so thankful a people. Therefore I have cause to wish nothing more than to content the subjects, and that is a duty which I owe. Neither do I desire to live longer days than that I may see your prosperity, and that is my only desire. And as I am that person which still yet under God hath delivered you, so I trust by the almighty power of God that I shall be his instrument to preserve you from envy, peril, dishonour, shame, tyranny, and oppression, partly by means of your intended helps, which we take very acceptably, because it manifesteth the largeness of your loves and loyalties unto your sovereign.

Of myself I must say this: I never was any greedy, scraping grasper, nor a strait,[4] fast-holding prince, nor yet a waster. My heart was never set on worldly goods, but only for my subjects' good. What you do bestow on me I will not hoard up, but receive it to bestow on you again. Yea, mine own properties I account yours to be expended for your good and your eyes shall see the bestowing of all for your good. Therefore render unto them from me, I beseech you, Mr. Speaker, such thanks as you imagine my heart yieldeth, but my tongue cannot express.

Mr. Speaker, I would wish you and the rest to stand up, for I shall yet trouble you with longer speech.[5]

Mr. Speaker, you give me thanks, but I doubt me[6] that I have more cause to thank you all than you me; and I charge you to thank them of the Lower House[7] from me, for had I not received a knowledge from you, I might have fallen into the lapse of an error only for lack of true information. Since I was queen, yet did I never put my pen to any grant but that upon pretext and semblance made unto me it was both good and beneficial to the subjects in general, though a private profit to some of my ancient servants who had deserved well. But the contrary being found by experience, I am exceedingly beholding to such subjects as would move the same at the first. And I am not so simple to suppose but that there be some of the Lower House whom these grievances never touched, and for them I think they speak out of zeal to their countries[8] and not out of spleen or malevolent affection, as being parties grieved. And I take it exceedingly grateful from them, because it gives us to know that no respects or interests had moved them other than the minds they bear to suffer no diminution of our honour and our subjects' love unto us, the zeal of which affection,

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[1] There are several versions of this speech; this one is based on a transcription by one of the members of Parliament, Hayward Townshend. This Parliamentary speech was Elizabeth's most celebrated, and in it she states her recognition of the people's right—and even duty—to raise grievances over royal policies. Here, Elizabeth addresses grievances raised over monopolies, which, because they favoured certain individuals, were often economically detrimental to many.

[2] *Mr. Speaker* The speaker of the House at the time was Sir John Croke (1553-1620).

[3] *countervail* equal.

[4] *strait* severe, strict.

[5] Townshend's transcription here indicates that all listeners have been kneeling so far.

[6] *doubt me* do not doubt.

[7] *Lower House* House of Commons.

[8] *countries* counties.

tending to ease my people and knit their hearts unto me, I embrace with a princely care.

For above all earthly treasures I esteem my people's love, more than which I desire not to merit. That my grants should be grievous unto my people and oppressions to be privileged under colour of our patents, our kingly dignity shall not suffer it. Yea, when I heard it, I could give no rest unto my thoughts until I had reformed it. Shall they (think you) escape unpunished that have thus oppressed you and have been respectless of their duty and regardless of our honour? No, no, Mr. Speaker, I assure you, were it not more for conscience's sake than for any glory or increase of love that I desire, these errors, troubles, vexations, and oppressions done by these varlets[1] and low persons (not worthy the name of subjects) should not escape without condign[2] punishment. But I perceive they dealt with me like physicians who, ministering a drug, make it more acceptable by giving it a good aromatical savour; or, when they give pills, do gild[3] them all over.

I have ever used to set the Last Judgement Day before my eyes and so to rule as I shall be judged, to answer before a higher judge. To whose judgement seat I do appeal that never thought was cherished in my heart that tended not unto my people's good. And now if my kingly bounties have been abused and my grants turned to the hurts of my people, contrary to my will and meaning, or if any in authority under me have neglected or perverted what I have committed to them, I hope God will not lay their culps[4] and offenses to my charge. Who, though there were danger in repealing our grants, yet what danger would I not rather incur for your good than I would suffer them still to continue? I know the title of a king is a glorious title, but assure yourself that the shining glory of princely authority hath not so dazzled the eyes of our understanding but that we well know and remember that we also are to yield an account of our actions before the great judge.

To be a king and wear a crown is a thing more glorious to them that see it than it is pleasant to them that bear it. For myself, I was never so much enticed with the glorious name of a king or royal authority of a queen as delighted that God hath made me his instrument to maintain his truth and glory, and to defend this kingdom, as I said, from peril, dishonour, tyranny, and oppression. There will never queen sit in my seat with more zeal to my country, care to my subjects, and that will sooner with willingness venture her life for your good and safety, than myself. For it is not my desire to live nor reign longer than my life and reign shall be for your good. And though you have had and may have many princes more mighty and wise sitting in this seat, yet you never had or shall have any that will be more careful and loving. Shall I ascribe anything to myself and my sexly weakness? I were not worthy to live then, and of all most unworthy of the mercies I have had from God, who hath ever yet given me a heart which never yet feared any foreign or home enemy. I speak it to give God the praise as a testimony before you, and not to attribute anything unto myself. For I, O Lord, what am I, whom practices and perils past should not fear? Or what can I do that I should speak for any glory? God forbid.

This, Mr. Speaker, I pray you deliver unto the House, to whom heartily recommend me, and so I commit you all to your best fortunes and further counsels. And I pray you, Mr. Comptroller,[5] Mr. Secretary, and you of my Council, that before these gentlemen depart into their countries, you bring them all to kiss my hand.

—delivered, 30 November 1601

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[1] *varlets* knaves, rogues.

[2] *condign* appropriate, deserved.

[3] *gild* cover with gold, "sugar-coat."

[4] *culps* guilt, sins.

[5] *Mr. Comptroller* variant spelling of "Controller"; a title of office, a steward.

John Dee
1527-1609

Scientist, astrologer, mathematician, technologist, natural philosopher, and converser with angels, John Dee remains one of Renaissance England's most fascinating and controversial figures. Born into a London gentry family of Welsh origin in 1527, Dee entered St John's College (Cambridge) in 1542, graduating with his MA in 1548. After travels in Europe—his public lectures on Euclid in Paris were especially well-received—Dee returned to England. During a period of intense study, Dee undertook considerable amounts of writing, amassed the most impressive library and laboratory of his day, and attempted to gain both position and patronage at Elizabeth's court. While he served Elizabeth I in the capacity of astrologer, mathematician, and emissary, his hopes for preferment were often frustrated, and his advice—over such diverse matters as the revision of the Julian calendar and the need for a British navy to safeguard England and its imperial possessions—was often disregarded. In the early 1580s, Dee began to experiment with a more direct method of discovering the secrets of the universe. His transcriptions of his conversations with angels—through a number of mediums, but in particular Edward Kelly—remained in manuscript until long after Dee's death.

From 1581 to 1586, Dee and Kelly worked together, and in 1583 they (along with their families) went on a prolonged European tour at the invitation of Albertus Alasco (Albrecht Laski), palatine of Sieradz in Poland. Disappointed in his hopes for patronage from King Stephen of Poland and Holy Roman Emperor Rudolf II, Dee returned to England in 1589, his always-fraught relationship with Kelly having finally ended. During Dee's absence, his house at Mortlake had been broken into, apparently by two disgruntled former associates. Many of Dee's books and scientific instruments had been stolen or damaged, although he later managed to retrieve some of the books. Dee did not regain his status at court after the death of Elizabeth in 1603. His reputation as a magician and sorcerer continued to dog him until his death, in poverty, in March 1609.

Although his first marriage was childless, his second (to Jane Fromond[s], d. 1605) produced eight children, although only two were to outlive him.

Meric Casaubon's edited version of Dee's manuscript account of his angelic conversations, *A True and Faithful Relation of What Passed for Many Years between Dr. John Dee ... and Some Spirits* (London, 1659), is coloured by the conviction that Kelly and Dee were conversing not with angels but with devils, and this implication blackened Dee's character for hundreds of years. More recently, he has struggled to emerge from the more general taint of being a 'spirit converser,' a representation that has long overshadowed Dee's real contributions to science, mathematics, and educational theory. The challenge for scholars, however, remains how to treat Dee's angelic conversations in terms of his other intellectual and scientific works. As Deborah Harkness notes, the angel diaries remain "one of the early modern period's most enduring intellectual mysteries: why would a Cambridge graduate who boasted the title 'Queen's philosopher' engage in such a seemingly fruitless, apparently groundless, and enormously time-consuming activity?"[1] Scholars such as Frances Yates, Christopher Whitby, William Sherman, Peter French, Deborah Harkness and Nicholas Clulee have all offered re-evaluations of Dee's contributions to science and natural philosophy, suggesting that Dee is very much a part of his sixteenth-century intellectual milieu, and that his angelic conversations are by no means as eccentric and unprecedented as they may at first appear. Yates sees Dee's mysticism as part of a typical approach to the new science in the period, an approach which also relied on material from Hermetic and Neoplatonic writings; French proposes for Dee the label of "Elizabethan England's great magus," a philosopher magician in the line of Ficino and Pico della Mirandola.[2] Sherman represents Dee as having "set himself up in what was perhaps the first English think tank [i.e., his extraordinary library]" and "acted as a retailer of special (often secret) knowledge."[3] Harkness links the angelic conversations with late sixteenth-century apocalypticism,[4] where the search

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1 D.E. Harkness, *John Dee's Conversations With Angels: Cabala, Alchemy, and the End of Nature* (Cambridge, 1999), p. 1.

2 *John Dee: The World of an Elizabethan Magus* (London, 1972), p. 1.

3 *John Dee: The Politics of Reading and Writing in the English Renaissance* (Amherst, 1995), p. xiii.

4 *John Dee's Conversations with Angels*, p. 4.

for signs of the end times was not just a preoccupation of the common people, but of educated men like Dee. Dee still awaits, however, widespread recognition for his contributions to English educational theory, particularly in his championing of mathematics and science as a central part of a university education.

EDITIONS: Excerpts from John Dee's *Actions with Spirits, 23 December 1581 to 23 May 1583*. 2 vols. Ed. Christopher Whitby (New York, 1988) are reproduced by kind permission of the editor, Christopher Whitby; a free download of this marvellous edition is now available at the British Library EthOS – Beta: Electronic Theses Online Service <http://ethos.bl.uk>; John Dee, *General and rare memorials pertayning to the perfect arte of navigation annexed to the paradoxal cumpas, in playne: now first published: 24. yeres after the first invention thereof.* [London: John Day, 1577]. STC 6459.

ADDITIONAL ONLINE TEXTS: John Dee. From "The Mathematical Preface to Euclid's *Elements of Geometry*" (1570).

from *General and Rare Memorials Pertaining to the Perfect Art of Navigation*

Annexed to the Paradoxal Compass, in Plain: Now First Published: 24 Years, after the First Invention Thereof.[1]

In the accompanying facsimile of the title page, the foreign words translate as follows:

1) The oval around the title: *Plura latent quam patent* (*Latin*, "More things are hidden than plain"), with the Queen's arms at the top.

2) The border reads *Hieroglyphicon Brytanicon* (*Greek*, "British Hieroglyphic").

3) On Elizabeth's ship is the word *Europa* (*Greek*, "Europe"), although the arms of England are inscribed on the ship's rudder; the figure beside Elizabeth's ship—the woman on the bull—is the common mythological representation of Europa.

4) The sun in the upper, right-hand corner contains the Hebrew Tetragrammaton (the sacred four-letter name of God), generally transliterated as YHWH.

5) On the angel, the identification "Michael" (in Hebrew); his shield bears St. George's cross, an important English national emblem.

6) On the banner beneath the figure on the island fortress, to whom Elizabeth stretches out her hand: *to tēs aspheleias phrourion* (*Greek*, "the fortress of security").

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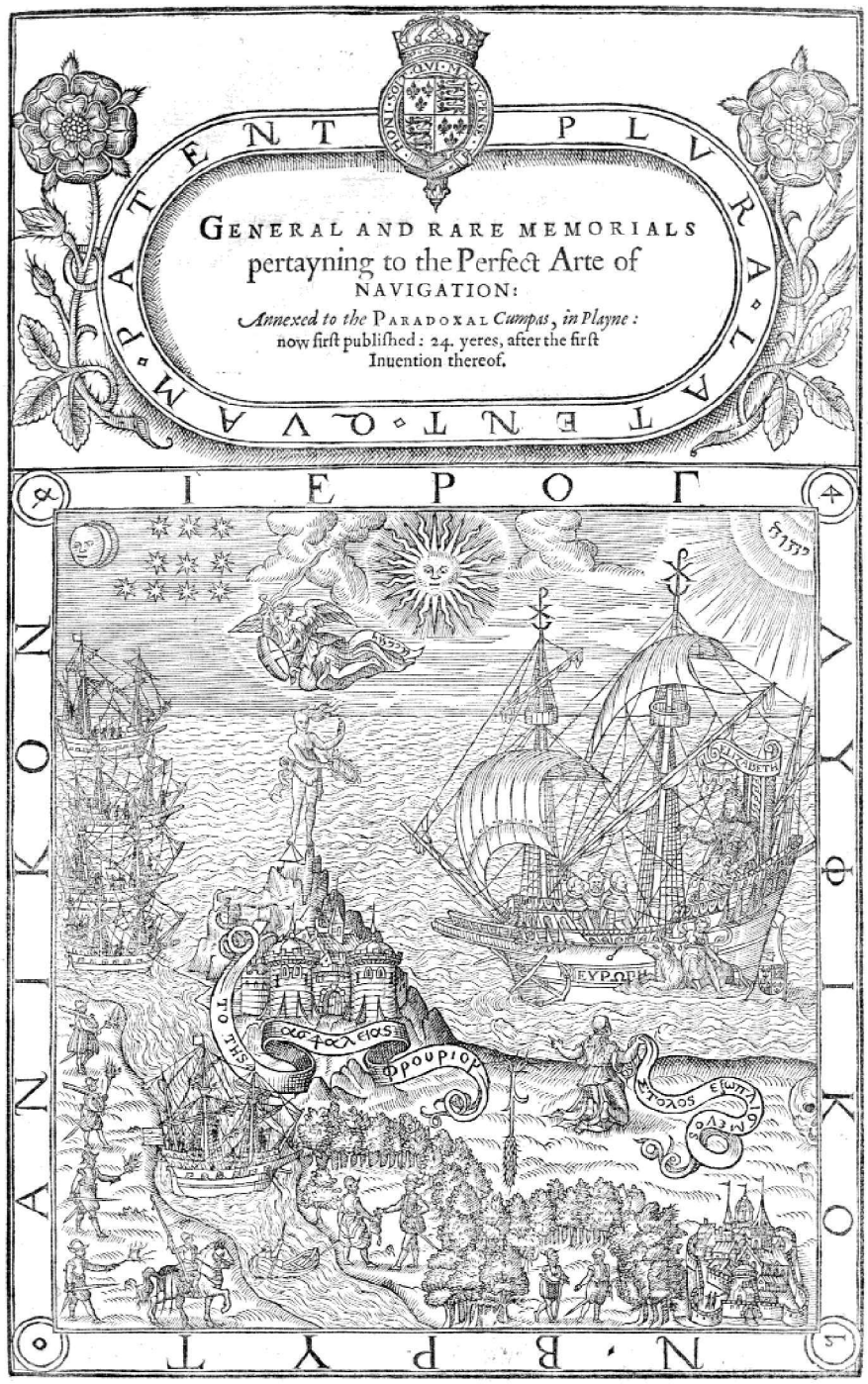
[1] *STC* suggests J. Day as the publisher and 1577 as the date of publication. Although Dee's name does not appear on the title page, there are a number of places in the text itself where his name appears and which make it clear that he is the author. The work's print-run, however, was very small: perhaps as many as 100 or as few as 50 copies were produced (*STC*, p. 291). Aimed at that limited, elite audience comprised of those with the influence to put its plan into action, *Memorials* was closely supervised by Dee through the printing process, and he later added "emendations by hand" to some of the copies, suggesting that *Memorials* "is better considered as a manuscript than a printed book" (W. Sherman, *John Dee: The Politics of Reading and Writing in the English Renaissance* [Amherst, MA, 1995], p. 156).

General and Rare Memorials Pertaining to the Perfect Art of Navigation was originally the title of a number of volumes all of which have been lost except for the first, excerpted here: *The British Monarchy* or *Hexameron Brytannicum*. Dee's discussion of the "paradoxal compass" was part of the second volume, which was not printed and which no longer survives (John Dee's *Actions with Spirits, 23 December 1581 to 23 May 1583*. 2 vols. Ed. Christopher Whitby [New York, 1988], vol. 1, p. 25).

Dee imagines the Petty-Navy-Royal that he discusses in *The British Monarchy* as an instrument of "imperial expansion" and domestic protection (particularly in terms of the British fishing industry), suggestions which make Dee "'the literary pioneer of the claims to the sovereignty of the sea which were put forth by England in the seventeenth century'" (T. Fulton, *The Sovereignty of the Sea* [Edinburgh, 1911], p. 99, quoted in Whitby, vol. 1, pp. 25-26). Sherman describes Dee's Petty-Navy-Royal as a "permanent coast guard" (p. 130).



The frontispiece to John Dee's *General and Rare Memorials Pertaining to the Perfect Art of Navigation* (London, 1577) [shelf-mark: Reserve VK551 D4 1577 fol.] is reproduced by the kind permission of the National Library and Archives of Canada.

7) On the banner held by the kneeling figure, *stolos exōplísmenos* (*Greek*, "armed journey").

The figure on the island fortress, identified as "Occasion" or "Opportunity" (specifically, Elizabeth's opportunity to establish a navy and sea-empire) may also be a Nike figure, since she holds the laurel wreath of military victory. One foot stands on a pyramid, a Neoplatonic symbol of the striving for divine perfection, as well as an emblem of antiquity and eternal durability;[1] the other stands on a tower, perhaps representing general security and strength. At the end of his text, Dee identifies the kneeling figure as the British Commonwealth (Britannica). Note that the two masts of Elizabeth's ship are surmounted by the "chi-rho" (also known as the *labarum*). This symbol—incorporating the Greek letters X and P, the first two letters in the Greek "Christ"—is traditionally ascribed to the emperor Constantine (d. 337 CE), to whom the symbol appeared in a dream. Placing it prominently on the arms of his soldiers, Constantine went on to defeat his rival Maxentius, thus ending the persecution of Christianity, and encouraging its adoption across the empire. Thus the "chi-rho" is a symbol of Christendom as a holy empire.

Close by the kneeling figure "is a stem of wheat full eared, with the root upwards, probably to denote an artificial scarcity, and consequently a great dearth; whereby many of the poor became nearly famished, indicated by half a skull seen on the other side of her, close to the outer margin."[2] Another suggestion is that since "wheat is a Hermetic symbol for man, its inverted position here could represent the disrupted state of Europe at the time," while the skull might be an ominous emblem of "the troubles that Dee envisions if Elizabeth does not grasp the hair of opportunity and establish a strong British navy and empire."[3]

In the left foreground a ship rides at anchor, flying Dutch colours, and in the bottom left-hand corner there are four soldiers carrying lighted torches, accompanied by a mounted officer holding a spear; this section of the picture also includes an additional craft: positioned near the bottom of the river is a small boat, its occupant attempting to push it towards the opposite shore using a boat-hook. He faces two men on shore; one dressed as a Dutchman offers the other a purse. Further to the right are two men journeying towards the city in the picture's right-hand corner.[4] The presence of the Dutch "may suggest that Dee advocate[s] an open alliance with the Netherlands."[5] Taking together the picture's "mixture of favorable religious and astrological portents," French concludes that it "implies that Elizabeth has a sacred obligation to implement Britannica's entreaties and that no forces on earth can thwart her if she undertakes the task."[6]

[...]

The Perfect Art of Navigation

[...] what true and sound member is there of this commonwealth, and faithful desirer of the blessed peaceable security of England and Ireland, under our sovereign Empress, our most gracious Elizabeth, who will not (in a manner) be willing the charges to be borne (part and part like) the whole realm throughout?[7] Wherewith, to bestow meat and drink on them continually that refuse no one day or a moment (if occasion be offered) to adventure their heart blood, life, and limbs for us? And on seaboard continually to endure hard diet

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1 See G. Chapman's "Ovid's Banquet of Sense," p. 1168, note 3.

2 J. Ames, *Typographical Antiquities or The History of Printing in England, Scotland, and Ireland*, ed. T.F. Dibdin, 18 vols (rept. Hildesheim, 1969), vol. 4, p. 141.

3 P. French, *John Dee: The World of an Elizabethan Magus* (London, 1972), p. 184.

4 Ames, *Typographical Antiquities*, pp. 141-42.

5 French, *John Dee*, p. 184.

6 For more information about the title page, see Ames, *Typographical Antiquities*, pp. 140-43. Thanks to Michael Treschow (UBC-O, English) for transliterating Dee's Greek and Hebrew, and for valuable suggestions about the title-page's emblematic significance. See also, Dee's explication in this selection, p. 411.

7 *the charges … throughout* i.e., the expenses involved in creating and maintaining the Petty-Navy-Royal, which Dee's text discusses.

and lodging for commodities[1] innumerable of both these whole kingdoms?

[2]But it is not so meant as to have any farther contribution of purse than is before spoken of.[3] But what is he? Yea, what is he, I say again? Is he a sound member of the commonwealth, a faithful subject to our good Queen Elizabeth, or a charitable Christian that either would (in this commonwealth's service, or at any time else)*[4] hide corn or other victual from public aid and reliefs? Or else would not be content to receive the due value and reasonable price thereof very gladly? But most miserably, wretchedly, covetously, yea unChristianly (I will not say traitorously) would desire (now chiefly) to enhance the price of corn and victuals to the great pinching of the poor at home, and perchance for a traitorous means to hinder the victualing of the foresaid Petty-Navy-Royal, or to make it odious or doubtfully thought of to some, as though it were a just occasion of prices of corn and victuals starting up more now than before?[5] O vain, blind, covetous miser (whosoever he be that is so minded)! Thou and thy like—and that of late days[6] when no army or navy hath been to be victualed—hast on the sudden and in the time of great store all the realm over—even then, God knoweth, upon what wicked intent or misconstruing or light credit giving to conjecture found in some new three-halfpenny prognostication[7]—hast most unreasonably enhanced the prices of corn, butter and cheese, and at other times of beefs and muttons, etc.

I pray thee be reasonable, and think truly, and make reckoning with me Christianlike, and like a good member of this commonwealth, and as a true subject to our sovereign.

[...]

[...] the selfsame British and English commons—man, woman, and child—with wringing hands most pitifully lamenting a remediless inconvenience[8] and heinous absurdity already and too long committed, would most humbly and dutifully make petition that presently[9] such impartial providence[10] may be used:*[11] That from henceforth the private commodity of a few shall not cause the brains of many a thousand of true and faithful English subjects to fly in the air; Brains—say they—arms, legs, limbs, and lives of the commons to be (as the case may fall out, which God forbid) sold after a sort, though not directly and willingly, yet indirectly and unwillingly (in respect of our countrymen's intents therein), seeing the chiefest instruments wherewith to work so woeful a spoil and calamity are daily (almost) from this kingdom conveyed.[12]

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1 *commodities* advantages, benefits.

2 <*> ☞ [Dee's note].

3 *than is before spoken of* Dee earlier suggests a method of taxation which would fund the Petty-Navy-Royal without constituting a burden on the Crown or on ordinary English citizens.

4 <*> Solomon Proverb 11. *Qui abscondit Frumenta, maledicetur in populis: Benedictio autem super Caput Vendentium* [Dee's note]. Latin, "The people curse him who holds back grain, but a blessing is on the head of him who sells it" (Vulgate, Proverbs 11:26).

5 <*> ☞ [Dee's note.]

6 *of late days* recently.

7 *three-halfpenny prognostication* petty, contemptible, or vile prediction.

8 *inconvenience* harm, injury, misfortune.

9 *presently* immediately.

10 *providence* wise arrangement, management, or governance.

11 <*> *Facta, Infecta fieri non possunt. Proinde (Serò Saltem) Sapiant Phryges: Ast, non nimis Serò* [Dee's note]. Latin, "Once something's done, it can't be undone. Accordingly, though the Phrygians learn too late, (let them not learn) beyond measure too late." This is partly based on the Latin proverb, *Sero sapiunt Phryges* ("the Phrygians learn wisdom too late"). See *Erasmus, Adages*, I.i.28. A notoriously stubborn people, the Phrygians became a byword for those who do not learn from experience and only become wise after catastrophic events. For Dee, his compatriots are like the fabled Phyrgians in that they have had ample proof of the need for a standing navy/coast guard in the foreign raids on their coastal communities and the pillaging of their fish stocks, but they have not learned wisdom from these experiences. Thanks to Michael Treschow (UBC-O, English) for assistance with this note.

12 *chiefest instruments ... conveyed* W.W.E. Slights refers to an added marginal note by Dee, "pasted on to page 35 of all the copies I am aware of except the one in the Cambridge University Library," which "is a frontal attack on privateers who are 'Abusing ... this Commonwealth, by carrying OUR GUN-POWDER out of this Realm.'" This smuggling of "war materiel ... out of Britain into France," a treasonable "redirection" from "the Lowland Protestants whom he wished to see supported," may indeed constitute the practice which Dee condemns here. See "The Cosmopolitics of Reading: Navigating the Margins of John Dee's *General and Rare Memorials*," *The Margins of the Text*, ed. D.C. Greetham (Ann Arbor, 1997), p. 215.

[...]

The third and last doubt is of the due, true, and just bestowing of such a mass of treasure which yearly will be ordinarily contributed, and oddly[1] otherwise, now and then, as by gift while men are living or by legacy after their decease, and sundry other ways. The meaning hereof is this: that the treasure contributed may sundry ways be abused, as partly through the corrupt nature and very falsehood of such as should in office have the fingering of it, being not contented with their sufficient salary and due allowance; or by indiscreet bestowing some part thereof; by wasting it to other purposes or uses than it is meant, intended, and contributed for, one time or other; or by feigned robberies; or loss by negligent ways. Or, (perhaps) the poor commons and body of the realm may (too scrupulously) settle in their fancies a special doubt herein, which they dare not expressly declare: as might be, to consider many things which have been in times past liberally given to uses public and to God's great honour (as, in those days, Christian religion was rated), and the same gifts, then, most circumspectly also by the best advice of lawyers (in tenor of words) ordered and with many other circumstances confirmed. Yet notwithstanding all that assurance and the force of legacy law, many a thousand pounds rent of such free gifts have been in our days by act of Parliament turned from the first appointed uses. And, therefore, herein also might the like alteration be doubted.

Easily and probably their fantasies[2] might, in this their doubt, be satisfied.[3] First, the cases are very unlike. For, there, either without advice and consent of the whole state or of a simple intent, but vainly, (in respect of the means to obtain that their intent) such gifts were first given. But in this our gift and public oblation, the whole realm is privy; the whole realm consenting; the whole realm aiding; and the whole realm certainly feeling the public commodity of peace, wealth, and of blessed security thereby enjoyed. And seeing the case so standeth, who can doubt[4] that ever hereafter in any Parliament all the Parliament senators, or the more part, will be so much corrupted in their judgements as either to mislike the continual guard of this monarchy by the foresaid Petty-Navy-Royal, or to solicit it to be laid aside in part or in all, And would (notwithstanding) have the commons and realm urged to the continuance of the foresaid perpetual benevolence,[5] for sea security only meant and given?

[...]

[...] so soon as any of them[6] shall be sufficiently convicted of falsehood in their office used, rigorous and sharp judgement (according to the greatness of the fault) shall pass against them, and they utterly be disabled forever from all public function of office within the realm of England and Ireland, upon a bond of recognizance[7] taken of their hands to that intent. And the matter, process, and conclusion fully to be recorded in two books, with the offender's name subscribed with his own hand—as sundry other things else are, for safety and readiness, to be twice or oftener registered. And if any officer shall twice or thrice be found a trespasser by his own negligence or of any under him in any matter of importance touching his office, after due amends shall by him or his sureties be made to the public treasury, that negligent officer shall be put out of his office immediately. And after this or some better rate, all faults and offences of falsehood, and negligences, and such like in every kind of officers (to the Petty-Navy-Royal belonging) shall diligently (by apt sur-

1 *oddly* irregularly, periodically.

2 *fantasies* suppositions resting on no firm grounds.

3 <*> An Answer to this Doubt of the Commons [Dee's note].

4 *doubt* believe; suspect.

5 *benevolence* a tax or monetary imposition.

6 *them* any of the officials appointed to deal with the financing of the Petty-Navy-Royal.

7 *bond of recognizance* a legally binding obligation, entered into and recorded before a court or magistrate, by which a person engages himself to perform some act or observe some condition; also, a sum of money pledged as a surety for such performance and rendered forfeit by neglect of it.

veyors) be seen to and quickly espied, narrowly sifted and duly corrected. So that (undoubtedly) such justice being impartially and speedily used shall make that, ere long, all these officers, from the lowest to the highest, shall be tried, approved, grave, honest, discreet, and circumspect men; who will deal so justly, carefully, and diligently as their oaths received shall bind them;[1] And their sufficient sureties shall be answerable for; And, as the whole commons will heartily request them for to do, and will most faithfully promise unto them and gladly perform (upon their good service and due desert) such extraordinary rewards and so great, as may encourage any Christian man to deal truly and justly in so weighty affairs public; And may also rejoice any godly man's heart else to see excellent virtue receive such public honour, credit, and guerdon.[2]

To conclude: who doubteth but that our King and God, of his infinite mercy, may grant us, even at our first discreet and circumspect choice and assigning, to find all sorts of those officers, so wise, faithful, just, careful, and diligent, as it may be accounted his very handiwork and great blessing herein? Whose merciful providence at no time is wanting in matters Cosmopolitical,[3] of great importance; and which also incomparably surpasseth all human policy, though the same be most careful used, for matters tending greatly and chiefly to his glory and honour, as undoubtedly this doth.

[...]

Therefore, seeing no doubt or objection (worthy of consideration, or of any importance) is remaining to the contrary of that most zealous WISH or rather SUPPLICATION, which (certainly) is agreeable to the hearty desire of the most part of all natural and faithful subjects of this kingdom at this very present—upon our own state, both, in itself, chiefly and absolutely, and also in respect of our foreign neighbors, their unassured friendship, being considered—:[4] why should not we HOPE that RES-PUBL[ICA] BRITANNICA, on her knees, very humbly and earnestly soliciting the most excellent Royal Majesty of our ELIZABETH, (Sitting at the HELM of this Imperial Monarchy, or rather at the Helm of the IMPERIAL SHIP of the most part of Christendom) if so it be her Grace's pleasure shall obtain (or perfect policy may persuade her Highness) that which is the pith or intent of RES-PUBL[ICA] BRITANNICA, her supplication? Which is, that, STOLOS EXŌPLÍSMENOS[5] may help us, not only to TO PHROURION TĒS ASPHELEIAS,[6] but make us also partakers of public commodities innumerable, and (as yet) incredible. Unto which the HEAVENLY KING for these many years last past hath, by MANIFEST OCCASION, most graciously not only invited us, but also hath made EVEN NOW the way and means most evident, easy, and compendious: Inasmuch as, (besides all our own sufficient furniture,[7] ability, industry, skill, and courage) our friends are become strong, and our enemies sufficiently weak, and nothing royally furnished, or of ability for open violence using—though their accustomed confidence in treason, treachery, and disloyal dealings be very great. Wherein, we beseech our HEAVENLY PROTECTOR, with his GOOD ANGEL, to guard us with SHIELD AND SWORD, now and ever. Amen.

—1577

[1] <*> ☞ [Dee's note].

[2] <*> ☞ [Dee's note]. *guerdon* reward, requital, recompense.

[3] *Cosmopolitical* relating to all states and polities; belonging to universal polity.

[4] The following description refers to the work's decorative title page, here reproduced. See headnote, above, p. 407. Beside Dee's explication of the title page is the marginal Greek *HIEROGLYPHICON BRYTANICON* ("The British Hieroglyphic"), the same words that surround the ornamental woodcut on the title page.

[5] Greek, "armed journey."

[6] Greek, "fortress of security."

[7] *furniture* here, intellectual faculties or aptitudes.

from *John Dee's Actions with Spirits*[1]

Note on the text: These selections are based on Christopher Whitby's carefully edited transcription of this manuscript, which also contains a splendid introduction and indispensable commentary that places Dee in his biographical, cultural, and intellectual milieu—*John Dee's Actions With Spirits, 22 December 1581 to 23 December 1583*, 2 vols (New York, 1988). Spelling has been modernized, abbreviations expanded, and superscript words (as well as Dee's interlinear additions) have been incorporated; Dee's deletions have been noted in the text through the use of a "strike through" (e.g., ~~better~~). I have also silently incorporated those words Whitby includes from an early transcription of the manuscript before sections became damaged and illegible. Punctuation, capitalization, and underlining have been retained as in the original manuscript, with the exception of added possessive markings. Any other additional punctuation added for the sake of readability has been indicated through the use of { }.

Anno 1581 : 1582
Mysteriorum
Liber Primus.
Mortlaci[2]

[...]

Ad Deum Omnipotentem Protestatio fidelis:
ad perpetuam rei memoriam A° . 1582.[3]

O God Almighty, thou knowest, and art my director, and witness herein, That I have from my youth up, desired and prayed unto thee for pure and sound wisdom and understanding of some of thy truths natural and artificial:[4] such, as by which, thy wisdom, goodness and power bestowed in the frame of the world might be brought, in some bountiful measure under the Talent[5] of my Capacity, to thy honour and glory, and the benefit of thy Servants, my brethren and Sistern, in, and by thy Christ our Saviour: And for as much as, many years, in many places, far and near, in many books,

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[1] For the tale of the manuscript's provenance, loss, and recovery in the late seventeenth century, see Whitby, vol. 1, pp. 1-7. "Actions" consists of the records of "visions of angels and other spirits and the messages delivered by them as seen and heard by the scryers [principally Edward Kelley (1555-95)] with the aid of a crystal ball, and then immediately related to Dee, who though present saw and heard nothing" (p. 1). Whitby notes that Dee's belief in and representation of angelic or more generally spiritual communication spring from the "doctrines of natural magic" (where the individual philosopher actively harnessed planetary influences for particular ends) and a "combined exegetical and philosophical tradition of conceiving the Creation in terms of formal number." However, Dee's use of scrying is "not based upon any tradition of natural magic nor upon a mathematical conception of the universe." Even though "Actions" bears the stamp of the beliefs and doctrines of natural magic as well as mathematics, "the calling of angels into a crystal belongs not to an intellectual but rather to a popular tradition of magic" (p. 74). For a fuller account of magic and scrying in the Renaissance, see Whitby, vol. 1, pp. 63-93.

Of Edward Kelly, Dee's principal scryer in this selection, we know little apart from what Dee relates in his *Diary*. Before presenting himself to Dee as a scryer, he seems to have received training as an apothecary, and studied at Oxford. Although he served as secretary to the learned magus Thomas Allen, he also fell afoul of the law, suffering corporal punishment for forgery or coining around 1580. For a full account of Kelly's relationship with Dee, as recorded in Dee's *Diary*, see Whitby, vol. 1, pp. 43-49.

[2] Latin, "The First Book of the Mysteries of Mortlake." Mortlake was Dee's home, which also contained his library and laboratory.

[3] Latin, "To the almighty God, an assertion of fidelity/faithfulness: for [the purposes of] a perpetual remembering [memory] of this matter, the year 1582."

[4] *truths natural and artificial* "In the '[Mathematical] Preface,' (see Online Additional Texts) Dee divides the world into the supernatural, the natural, and the mathematical, defining the natural as that which is 'material, compounded, divisible, corruptible, and changeable' and perceived by the exterior senses. Dee is searching for greater truths than those which the five senses can provide and his terminology here is that of the corpus of 'natural philosophy,' largely gathered together by Agrippa. Natural truths are those of the world as God created it and include all occult properties and influences which Agrippa defined as having much form and little matter (*Occ. Phil.* I, x, p. 24). Artificial truths are those that arise from the combining of natural properties in a way that does not occur in the world under ordinary circumstances, except through the agency of man. Whereas one might learn natural truths by studying the properties, both visible and occult, of say mercury and sulphur, the lesson learned from heating them together to form mercuric sulphide would be an artificial truth" (Whitby, vol. 1, p. 195).

[5] *Talent* "'Power' rather than 'ability'" (ibid., p. 196).

and sundry languages, I have sought, and studied; and with sundry men conferred,[1] and with my own reasonable discourse laboured, whereby to find or get some inkling, glims[2] or beam of such the foresaid radical truths: But, (to be brief) after all my foresaid endeavour I could find no other way, to such true wisdom attaining, but by thy extraordinary gift: and by no vulgar School doctrine, or human Invention. And, Seeing, I have read in thy books, and records, how Enoch[3] enjoyed thy favour and conversation, with Moses thou wast familiar:[4] And also that to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, Joshua, Gideon, Esdras, Daniel, Tobias, and sundry other,[5] thy good Angels were sent, by thy disposition,[6] to instruct them, inform them, help them, yea in worldly and domestical affairs, yea and sometimes to satisfy their desires, doubts and questions of thy Secrets: And furthermore Considering, the Show-stone, which the high priests did use, by thy own ordering: wherein they had lights and Judgements in their great doubts:[7] and considering also that thou (O God) didst not refuse to instruct thy prophets, (then, called Seers) to give true answers to common people of things aeronomicall,[8] as Samuel, for Saul, seeking for his father's asses being gone astray:[9] and of other things vulgar true predictions, whereby to win credit in some thy weightier affairs: And thinking with myself, the lack of thy wisdom, to me, to be of more importance, than the Value of an Ass or two, could be to Cis (Saul his father): And remembering what good counsel thy Apostle James giveth, saying, *Si quis autem vestrûm indiget sapientia, postulet a Deo* etc.[10] And that Solomon the Wise, did so, even immediately by thyself, attain to his wonderful wisdom:[11] Therefore, Seeing I was sufficiently taught and confirmed, that this wisdom could not be come by at man's hand or by human power, but only from thee (Ô God) mediately or immediately).[12] And

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[1] In "Compendious Rehearsal," one of his autobiographical accounts, Dee includes the following scholars amongst his foreign acquaintance: Gemma Frisius, Gerardus Mercator, Gaspar à Miricia, Antonius Gogava, Orontius, Jacobus Sylvius, Petrus Ramus and Fernelius, among others.

[2] *glims* glimpses (not in *OED* with this precise meaning).

[3] *Enoch* Mentioned in the list of the descendants of Adam, Enoch "walked with God" and instead of dying was taken up by Him into heaven (Genesis 5:24). Enoch is traditionally the author of the apocalyptic deuterocanonical books 1 and 2 Enoch. In 1 Enoch (chapters 17-36), Enoch, guided by an angel, goes on a series of "terrestrial and extra-terrestrial journeys" and is granted various revelations by God concerning "the secrets of the heavenly realms and of the nether world, of Hades or Sheol and of Paradise." See M. Black, "Introduction," *The Book of Enoch or I Enoch: A New English Edition*, trans. and ed. M. Black with J.C. Vanderkam (Leiden, 1985), p. 15.

[4] Moses has many personal encounters with God in Scripture. See Exodus 3-4; Exodus 19:18-24; and 33:9-11.

[5] For some of the relevant episodes in Scripture, see Genesis 17 and 18 (Abraham), Genesis 26:2 and 26:24 (Isaac), Genesis 28:10-17; 32:1-2 and 24-32 (Jacob), Joshua 5:13-15, Judges 6:11-24 (Gideon), 2 Esdras 2:42-48 and 2 Esdras 4; 5:31ff.; 10:28-29, Daniel 6:22; 9:21ff. and 10:5-6 (Daniel); Tobit 3:16ff. (Tobias is guided and instructed by the angel Raphael.) The "sundry other" could refer to many Scriptural figures who have angelic or more generally divine encounters, such as Hagar (Genesis 16:7), Samuel (1 Samuel 3:1-18), Balaam (Numbers 22:31-35), Samson's parents (Judges 13:3-24), Elijah (1 Kings 19:5-8; 2 Kings 1:3), and Lot (Genesis 19:1ff).

[6] *disposition* direction, dispensation.

[7] *the Show-stone ... great doubts* "The high priests of Israel are supposed to have used the stones of the breastplate described in Exodus 28 for divinatory purposes" (Whitby, vol. 1, p. 199).

[8] *aeronomicall* Whitby notes that the word "presumably derives from *aer*, 'air,' and *numen*, 'divine will or power,' and therefore means 'of celestial and divine origin,' proceeding from the breath (or word?) of God" (vol. 1, p. 200). It is not in the *OED*.

[9] *thy prophets, (then, called Seers) ... Saul ... astray* When Saul goes in search of his father Kish's lost asses, he and his servant seek out the prophet Samuel, of whom (in an aside) the book's editor notes: "(Formerly in Israel, when a man went to inquire of God, he said, 'Come, let us go to the seer'; for he who is now called a prophet was formerly called a seer.)" (1 Samuel 9:9). Samuel is successful in guiding Saul to his father's lost livestock, but God has arranged this meeting so that Samuel can anoint Saul king of Israel (1 Samuel 10:1).

[10] The complete verse is *Si quis autem vestrum indiget sapientiam, postulet a Deo qui dat omnibus affluenter et non inproperat et dabitur ei* (Latin, "If any of you lacks wisdom, let him ask God, who gives to all men generously and without reproaching, And it will be given him" [Vulgate, James 1:5]).

[11] *Solomon* Early in his tenure as king of Israel, Solomon has a dream in which God offers to give Solomon whatever he asks for. Solomon pleases God greatly when he asks for "an understanding mind to govern thy people, that I may discern between good and evil" (1 Kings 3:5-12). That Solomon gains this wisdom in an instant is emphasized by the famous story of the division of the child that immediately follows (verses 16-28).

[12] *that this wisdom ... immediately* "'But where shall wisdom be found? And where is the place of understanding? Man does not know the

having always a great regard and care to beware of the filthy abuse of such as willingly and weetingly,[1] did invocate and consult (in diverse sorts) Spiritual creatures of the damned sort: angels of darkness, forgers and patrons of lies and untruths: I did fly unto thee by hearty prayer, full oft, and in sundry manners: sometimes Crying unto thee, *Mittas lucem tuam et veritatem tuam, que me ducant* etc.{;}[2] sometimes *Recte sapere et intelligere doceto me, Nam sapientia tua totum est quod volo*: etc.{;}[3] sometimes, *Da verbum tuum in ore meo et sapientiam, tuam in corde meo fige*, etc.[4] And having perceived by some slight experience with two diverse persons,[5] that thou hadst a special care to give me thy light, and truth, by thy holy and true Ministers Angelic and Spiritual: and at length hearing of one,[6] (A Master of Arts, a preacher of thy word admitted) accounted as a good Seer, and scryer[7] of Spiritual apparitions, in Crystalline receptacles, or in open air, by his practice, procured: and trusting to frame him, by my earnest and faithful prayers unto thee (my God) to some my help in my foresaid Studies: till, thou (o heavenly father) wouldest by thy unsearchable providence, send me some better apter man or means thereto. Thereupon trying him and using him, I found great diversity ~~between~~ his private usual manner, and intents of practice, and my pure, sincere, devout, and faithful prayer unto thee only. And therefore often and fervently I exhorted him ~~and rebuked him~~ to the good; and reproved both him, and his ministers, with my no small danger, but that thou (in manner unheard of) didst pitch thy holy tents to my defence, and comfort, in conflict most terrible: as thou best knowest O God, and I willed him thereupon to preach thy Mercies, and the verity of the kingly prophet his testimony *Castra metatur Angelus Domini, in Circuitu timentium eum.*[8] And out of Roger Bacon his book written *De mirabili potestate Artis et Naturae*,[9] ~~I warned~~ (where he writeth against the wicked Devil Callers) I noted unto him that sentence, *Facilius*

way to it, and it is not found in the land of the living'" (Job 28:12-13) [Whitby, vol. 1, p. 201]; *mediately* by or through the intervention of an intermediary; *immediately* without an intermediary or intervening agency.

1 *weetingly* wittingly, knowingly.

2 Vulgate, Psalm 42:3, but not an exact quotation: *Emitte lucem tuam et veritatem tuam ipsa me deduxerunt et adduxerunt in montem sanctum tuum et in tabernacula tua.* (Latin, "Oh send out thy light and thy truth; let them lead me, let them bring me to thy holy hill and to thy dwelling!" Psalm 43:3).

3 source unknown (not from the Vulgate). Latin, "Teach me to know and understand rightly, for your wisdom is all that I want." Thanks to Michael Treschow (UBC-O, English) for assistance with this note.

4 Latin, "Put thy word in my mouth, and fasten thy wisdom in my heart." The exact source is unknown, but cf. Vulgate, Judith 9.18: *Memento Domine testamenti tui et da verbum in ore meo et in corde meo consilium corrobora ut domus tua in tua sanctificatione permaneat* ("Remember, O Lord, thy covenant, and put thou words in my mouth, and strengthen the resolution in my heart, that thy house may continue in thy holiness" [Douay-Rheims trans.]).

5 *two diverse persons* Dee apparently employed two scryers before he began his brief partnership with Barnabas Saul (see p. 412, note 1) and his later and longer-lasting personal and professional relationship with Edward Kelly. Whitby observes that the two scryers might be from among the following: Roger Cook, William Emery, John Brown, Master Henrick, and Robert Gardner. Roger Cook was a young boy and one who had served as Dee's assistant in various "alchemical experiments." Whitby notes that traditionally a young boy was thought the ideal medium for spiritual communication through a scrying stone and that Cook's melancholic nature was "the humor ... regarded as most suitable for such experiments as scrying" (Whitby, "Introduction," vol. 1, pp. 52-53). William Emery was also a young boy, whose father Dee accused of "'most unhonest, hypocritical, and devilish dealings and devices' (*Diary*, 18 October 1579)" (ibid., p. 54). Of the others we know very little, each receiving a single telling mention in Dee's *Diary*, suggesting that they may be the scryers to which he is here referring (ibid., p. 54).

6 *one* Barnabas Saul. We know very little about Barnabas Saul, apart from what we can gather from the "Actions" and Dee's *Diary*. He had become Dee's scryer possibly as early as 1579, but had ceased to act in this capacity "by at least 6 March 1582" (Whitby, "Introduction," vol. 1, p. 50). With one exception, all of Dee's records of his scrying with Saul have been lost (ibid., p. 51).

7 *scryer* one who sees images in pieces of crystal, water, etc. which reveal the future or secrets of the past or present; a crystal-gazer.

8 Vulgate, Psalm 33:8, but not an exact quotation: *Vallabit angelus Domini in circuitu timentium eum et eripiet eos* (Latin, "The angel of the Lord encamps around those who fear him, and delivers them" [Psalm 34:7]). The "kingly prophet" is David, traditional author of the Book of Psalms.

9 Latin, "On the Miraculous Power of Art and Nature." Roger Bacon (c. 1214-92?), English Franciscan friar, philosopher, and teacher, was viewed with some suspicion by his contemporaries for his scientific explorations.

(sine comparatione a *[1] *Deo impetrandum foret, vel a bonis spiritibus, quicquid homo utile reputare* etc{,}[2] which my counsel he promised me to follow, as thou art witness, ô our true and almighty God. And ~~albeit~~ as thy good Spiritual Creatures neither had delight in the man, neither would so plainly and priestly give me their answers or informations by him, that he might be able to perceive the pith thereof: So was he at length very unwilling to hear himself rebuked for his naughtiness, and to be barred from the Mysteries of thy ~~God's~~ truth's understanding; which were the only things that I desired, through thy grace, o our most merciful God. Therefore, as well for a Memorial, answerable to the premisses,[3] as for the better warrant of my Such exercises to be made account of, hereafter: (leaving all unto thy infinite mercies, and unsearchable providence,) I have thought it not impertinent, to note down, even in this place one of the last Actions,[4] which I had with the foresaid preacher: when I made earnest and faithful petition unto thee (o the true and Almighty God) for sending, unto my comfort and erudition, (if it were thy blessed will,) thy holy, and mighty Angel Annael:[5] of whom as of all the Hierarchies heavenly all prayer honour and thanks, be rendered unto thy divine majesty: now and ever: and world without end. Amen. Amen. Amen.[6]

[...]

—1581-82

Liber Mysteriorum Quintus

Maundy Thursday, after None. hor. 3½[7]

[...]

Δ[8] As concerning the Calendar to be reformed,[9] I am grieved that her Majesty will not reform it in the best terms of Verity{.}[10] And as for the privilege for Master Adrian Gilbert his Voyage, I think not well of it, that Royalties should not be granted{.}[11] Therefore both these points, respect-

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[1] <*> *Numquid non est / Deus in Israël, / ut eatis ad con= / sulendum Beelze= / bub, deum Accaron: / Reg. 4. cap. 1.* [Dee's note]. Latin, "Is it not because there is not a God in Israel, that ye go to inquire of Baalzebub the god of Ekron" (2 Kings 1:4). "Dee's reference [to] the fourth book of Kings stems from the earlier naming of the first and second books of Samuel as the first and second books of Kings, and the present first and second books of Kings as the third and fourth books" (Whitby, vol. 1, pp. 203-04).

[2] "The English translation, *Friar Bacon His Discovery of the Miracles of Nature, and Magic* (London, 1659), reads: 'without all question the way is incomparably more easy to obtain any thing that, is truly good for men, of God, or good angels, than of wicked Spirits' (pp. 3-4)" (Whitby, vol. 1., pp. 202-03).

[3] *premisses* "The premisses implied in the visitation of angels to the Patriarchs, namely that God does not disdain to communicate with man through spirits" (ibid., p. 203).

[4] "This is probably not the very last Action with Saul, since he did not leave Dee's service until 6 March 1582 (*Diary*)" (Whitby, vol. 1, p. 203).

[5] *Annael* Annael appears only once in "Actions" (22 December 1581); he is "the angel of the month of December" (ibid., p. 117), and Dee earlier describes him as "governor 'of this great period,' by which he means that Annael governs the period of world history in which Dee lived" (ibid., p. 193).

[6] *all prayer ... Amen* a variation on the conclusion of the Lord's Prayer.

[7] *Maundy Thursday, after None. hor. 3 ½* Maundy Thursday is Holy Thursday, the day before Good Friday in the Liturgical Calendar. *Liber Mysteriorum Quintus* is Latin for "The Fifth Book of the Mysteries"; *after None* afternoon. "None" is the ninth hour of the day (after about 3 o'clock in the afternoon).

[8] Dee uses this symbol to represent himself in the various conversations he records.

[9] "Dee had been requested to prepare details concerning the reformation of the Julian Calendar and give his opinion concerning the scheme propounded by Pope Gregory XIII. He had delivered his treatise to the Lord Treasurer on 26 February 1583 (*Diary*) to whom it was also dedicated. The work caused much controversy, although Dee's calculations were generally approved by contemporary mathematicians. Pope Gregory's scheme (which was finally adopted by Chesterfield's Act of 1751) advocated that eleven days should be dropped from the Julian Calendar, whereas Dee proposed that ten days should be omitted. The Queen, advised by the bishops, did not accept either scheme" (Whitby, vol. 1, p. 463).

[10] <*> The reformation / of the Calendar [Dee's note].

[11] *And as for ... not be granted* "Concerning the voyage to discover a North-West Passage Dee had noted on 16 July 1582 that Sir George Peckham 'promised me of his gift and of his patient [*sic* for "patent"] ... of the new conquest' (*Diary*), while he had already been granted 'the royalties of discovery all to the North above the parallel of the 50 degrees of latitude' by Humphrey Gilbert on 10 September 1580 (*Diary*). Dee is officially named in the request of 1582 that a patent be given for the North-West voyage" (Whitby, vol. 1, p. 463).

ing her Majesty, I would gladly have counsel, such as in the Judgment of the highest might be most for my behoof,[1] to follow.

Me.[2] In one government there are sundry principal parts: Every part in subdivision containeth many and sundry offices. Many Offices require many disposers: yet hath every disposition continually some partition in his quality. All things, one thing: And one thing, something: some thing many things, and many things, most innumerable{.}[3] The heavens in proportion are governed universally of a few; particularly of many: each place possesseth his division: and every thing divided, his property. Princes are governors which move and stir them up to work, as it is provided, and to behold in speculation[4] how every particular Action shall have due, perfect, and appropriated Local being, motion and Condition{.} Subjects, (yea, the Highest,) are stirred up, by their proper Angels:[5] The inferior sort do follow the disposition of their leaders{.} Virtue and Vice dwell everywhere. Light and darkness, are always intermeddled{.} Consider, How I speak it. The minds of all that move, even unto the least quality in Nature, have of themselves proper virtues: and therefore proper Instigators.[6] I call to memory thy words, the manner of thy speech, and the secret purpose or meaning, whereunto it is uttered. I see thy Infirmities, and know what thou desirest. But mark me, Whom God commonly chooseth,[7] shall be whom the Princes of the Earth do disdain.[8] Consider, how the prophet that slew that Monstrous Giant, had his election.[9] God respecteth not princes, particularly, so much as the state of his whole people. For in Princes' mouths, is there poison, as well as proverbs. And in one heart, more Sin, than a whole world can contain. it is not mine office to meddle with their vanities, neither is it a part of my pageant to touch anything that tasteth not of Medicine{.}[10] But what? doth thy mind reply? Dost thou think, that my counsel herein, to a grieved mind, is, (though it can be) Medicinal?[11] Peradventure thou thinkest I am not, [in] thy marrow: yea, I have been long in the highest part of thy body, and therefore am something persuaded[12] of thy meaning[.]

Δ Indeed, I thought that your good Counsel, was or might be a remedy and a medicine to my afflicted mind, for this unseemly doing, in the two former points expressed.[13]

Me Behold, whereunto thy earthly man would seduce thee. Dost thou think, that if it please god, it shall not please the Prince? if it be necessary, all ready prepared?[14]

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[1] *behoof* benefit, advantage.

[2] *Me* the abbreviation for Raphael (Medicina Dei: "the Medicine of God"); this abbreviation is surmounted by a small cross in a box with no top. Raphael is one of the four major angels who instruct Dee through Kelly, the others being Uriel, Gabriel, and Michael. According to Agrippa's *De occulta philosophia*, they are "the four angels who stand before the face of God and govern the four 'corners of the world.'" On the other angels and spirits who appear throughout "Actions," see Whitby, vol. 1, pp. 117-18.

[3] *All things ... innumerable* "These lines may be paraphrased as 'all things have a share in an overall quality, but taken separately many different qualities are seen to make up this unity'" (ibid., p. 464).

[4] *in speculation* "looking forward to the effects" (ibid., p. 464).

[5] <*> *Angeli / proprii* [Dee's note]. Latin, "Proper angels."

[6] <*> Peculiar and / proper Instiga = / tors [Dee's note]. Whitby notes that "these instigators or causes might be temporal or spiritual" (ibid., p. 464).

[7] <*> God his Elect [Dee's note].

[8] *I call to memory ... do disdain* "There is a difference between worldly advantage and spiritual advantage. Raphael offers no worldly help concerning Dee's setbacks, but offers comfort in the form of spiritual advancement, though with an accompanying disappointment in worldly affairs" (Whitby, vol. 1, p. 464).

[9] *Consider, how the prophet that slew that Monstrous Giant, had his election* David killed the giant, Goliath, in single combat (1 Samuel 17:1-58), and he was chosen by God to be king of Israel when he was still a lowly shepherd, tending his father's flocks (1 Samuel 16:1-7; 16:12-13). Saul, the present king, displeased God, and God in turn displaced Saul's descendants, choosing David, and not Saul's son Jonathan, as the next king of Israel (1 Samuel 15:26-16:1).

[10] <*> Medicine [Dee's note].

[11] As Whitby points out, this question should surely read: "Dost thou *not* think, that my counsel herein, to a grieved mind, is, (though it can be) Medicinal?" (vol. 1, p. 465).

[12] <*> Δ / Raphael long / time visiting / my head [Dee's note].

[13] *the two former points expressed* See p. 415, note 9, where Dee talks about Elizabeth's reluctance to reform the Calendar according to his specifications and his misgivings about the discovery patents given to Gilbert.

[14] <*> A secret [Dee's note].

secretum duo[1]

For all things are Limited, with a full mensuration, and unsearchable foresight: yea, I say, all ready,[2] unto the end. Be not discomforted. Quail not at the blast of a small tempest: For those that speak thee fair, have dissembling hearts,[3] and privily do they shoot at thee, with arrows of reproach. When they shall have need of thee: I mean, of the help of God,[4] through thee, (some shut up, some entangled, some gadding like masterless Dogs,) Then shall they gladly seek thee[5] and desire to find thee. They shall smell out thy foot steps, and thou shalt not see them. The key of their Cares shalt thou be Master of: and they themselves shall not unlock their own grievousness. yea they shall say, Oh let the earth devour us.[6] But I am too long. I answer thee, although it be not my office,[7] to declare that[8] thou desirest: yet for that thou desirest my Medicine, I say, Thou shalt prevail against them, yea even against the Mightiest.[9] As thou wilt, so shall it be in God his blessings. Beware of Vain glory. Use few words{.} Thy weapons, are small, but thy Conquest shall be great.[10] Lo. Doth this satisfy thee? Have a firm faith:[11] It is the greatest lesson. Be it unto thee as thou hast delivered{.}[12] One thing, I answer thee, for all Offices.[13] Thou hast in Subjection all Offices:[14] Use them when it please thee, And as thy Instruction hath been.

I have said.

Δ As things be planted here,[15] for preparation of Table, sigillum Dei{,} etc which things are not portable with ease: so, because I think, that some services to be done in god's purposes by me, will require other places than this house, so shall divers my practices[16] have (as I think) a more compendious manner,[17] and ready to be executed in any place etc

Me Truly thou hast said, and so shall it fall unto thee. As I am here in this place, and yet indeed not, So, here: so shall it fall out, and follow in the Mysteries[18] of your Associated Operation. The other[19] shall be, but, as necessary help to the first Practices, to plant the Tree: which being confirmed and strongly[20] rooted shall bring forth fruit, most abundantly. The Earth and the tree,[21]

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[1] Latin, "a double secret"? Whitby suggests tentatively "a twofold secret" (ibid., vol. 1, p. 465).

[2] Whitby notes that the two occurrences of "all ready" are joined here by a line (Whitby, vol. 2, p. 256).

[3] <*> *Lingua dolosa* [Dee's note]. Latin for "deceitful speech or language."

[4] <*> England [Dee's note].

[5] <*> Misery to = / come [Dee's note].

[6] *Be not discomforted ... devour us* "Dee is promised a future role of power as one of God's elect" (Whitby, vol. 1, p. 465).

[7] <*> Note. each in his / office [Dee's note].

[8] *that* that which.

[9] <*> *Praevalescentia* [Dee's note]. This is Latin for "having superior power." Whitby suggests "prevailing" (vol. 1, p. 467).

[10] <*> conquest [Dee's note].

[11] <*> a firm faith [Dee's note].

[12] *as thou hast delivered* This may mean either "as you have said" or "as it has been delivered to you."

[13] <*> All Offices [Dee's note].

[14] *all Offices* "The 49 spirits who govern the world" (ibid., p. 466).

[15] *As things be planted here* "Either Dee has collected the various items for making the magical instruments or he is merely referring to the instructions written ('planted') in the manuscript" (Whitby, vol. 1, p. 466).

[16] *divers my practices* several of my practices.

[17] *compendious manner* "'Abridged.' Dee thinks that a form of operation more suitable for travelling is required, which operation will not use the large Holy Table. Dee may already have been contemplating his Continental voyage" (Whitby, vol. 1, p. 466). The Holy Table and the *Sigillum Dei*—"the seal of God," sometimes also called *Sigillum Emeth*, "seal of truth"—were the two principal magical instruments that the angels instructed Dee to make. The Holy Table was an actual physical table, made to the angels' specifications, which was inscribed with letters in the Enochian (angelic) language. For a full description of the Table, see ibid., pp. 149-54. Both the Table and the *Sigillum Dei* "contain the names of both 'traditional' angels and the spirits unique to Dee's 'Actions' with spirits" (ibid., p. 116). The precise use of these magical instruments in "Actions," however, remains somewhat unclear.

[18] <*> Δ: and E K, / and / A. Gilbert. [Dee's note]. A line connects this marginalia to the word "other," just below (Whitby, vol. 2, p. 257).

[19] *The other* Adrian Gilbert (Whitby notes that Dee has drawn a line from "other" to Gilbert's name in the marginal note).

[20] <*> The earth 1. E K
The Tree 2. Δ
The planter 3. A G [Dee's note].

[21] *The Earth and the tree* "Kelly and Dee. Gilbert as the planter is not absolutely necessary to the Actions" (Whitby, vol. 1, p. 467).

can not be separated{.}[1] This is the end, and true it is. Let him be record, whom I bear record of here,[2]

And so, with thee. Amen.

I must help thee. Learn jointly the Elements or grounds[3] of this heavenly doctrine; the end and Consummation of all thy desired thirst: in the which God shall perform thee, thy Philosophical Harmony[4] in Δ^*prayer.[5] Thou knowest what I mean. The Aeternal physician minister his heavenly grace and continual blessings upon you, to the Glory of his name, execution of your proceedings, and holy and insatiable desires.

Δ Amen: Omnipotenti Deo, nostro
Creatori Redemptori et
sanctificatori, omnis honor
laus et gratiarum actio.[6]
Amen

[...]

Aprilis 6. Saturday after none

Δ The Table, Chair, book and fire appeared{.} And while I went into my oratory to pray, fire came thrice out of the stone upon E K, as he was at prayer, at my table in my study. E K heard a voice out of the fire, saying{,} Why do the Children of men prolong the time of their perfect felicity: or why are they dedicated to vanity? Many things are yet to come: Notwithstanding, the Time must be shortened,

I AM THAT I AM[7]

A VOYCE — Veniat Vox eius, ut dicat filiis hominem quae ventura sunt.[8]

E K There is a man, in white, come in, like Uriel, who came first into the stone

Δ Benedictus qui venit in nominem Domine[9] — UR: Amen

UR — I teach: E K said that he turned toward me

UR. What wilt thou I shall answer thee, as concerning this work?

E K He hath a ball of fire in his left hand and in his right hand a Triangle of fire[10]

Δ What is most needful for us to learn herein, that is my chief desire.

URIEL — Four months, are yet to come: The fifth is the beginning of great misery, to the heavens,[11] to the earth and to all living Creatures.[12] Therefore

[1] <*> The Planter / may be separa / ted: from / Tree and Earth [Dee's note].

[2] *Let him be record, whom I bear record of here* "God is invoked as a witness" (Whitby, vol. 1, p. 467).

[3] <*> Note Learn / The Alphabet. [Dee's note].

[4] *God shall perform thee, thy Philosophical Harmony* "God will answer Dee's prayer for help and angelic visitation" (Whitby, vol. 1, p. 467).

[5] <*> Δ^* Philosophical Harmony / in prayer, is meant / by the prayer which / I daily use, and often. / Deus in. a.m. In. / D.a.a.m.f. G.p. / e. F.e.s. etc. [Dee's note]. Dee's abbreviations above refer to the following Latin prayer: "'*Deus, in adiutorium meum intende: Domine ad adiuuandum me festina: Gloria [Deo], Patri, et Filio et spiritui [Sancto]*'" (trans., "God, reach down to help me: Lord hasten to my aid: Glory be to God, the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Spirit" (ibid., p. 467).

[6] "'To almighty God, our creator, redeemer and sanctifier, be all honour, praise and act of thanks'" (Whitby, vol. 1, p. 467).

[7] God's words to Moses in Exodus 3.14, when He appears in the form of a bush that burns but is never consumed. This theophany is one of the most important and famous in the Old Testament.

[8] "'May his voice come that he may tell the sons of men what is to come.' The speaker is Uriel" (Whitby, vol. 1, p. 495).

[9] "Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord." In the Gospels, these words are said by the crowd who welcomes Jesus into Jerusalem on Palm Sunday, the beginning of his Passion. See Matthew 21:9 and Mark 11:9. Jesus repeats the words in Matthew 23:39 and Luke 13:35, in his lament over Jerusalem.

[10] <*> O Δ [Dee's note]. "These (the ball of fire and the triangle) may perhaps represent Kelly and Dee (so often represented by Δ), imbued with God's knowledge" (Whitby, vol. 1, p. 495).

[11] <*> A prophecy / Very dreadful / now at hand [Dee's note].

[12] *Four months ... all living Creatures* "The month of misery will therefore be September 1583, and on the 21st day of that month Dee left Mortlake with his wife and children, Kelly and his family, and Albert Lasky, for the Continent (*Diary*)" (Whitby, vol. 1, p. 495).

must thou needs attend upon the will of God: Things must then be put in practice. A thing that knitteth up all must of force contain many celestial Virtues{.} Therefore, in these doings, must things be furnished speedily,[1] and with reverence. This, is the light, wherewith thou shalt be Kindled{.}[2] This is it, that shall renew thee: yea again and again, and sevenly seven times,[3] again{.} Then shall thy eyes be cleared from the dimness{.} Thou shalt perceive these things which have not been seen, No, not amongst the Sons of men. This other[4] have I brought, whereof I will, now,[5] bestow the seventieth part[6] of the first part of seventy seven. The residue shall be fulfilled, in, and with thee; In, I say, and together, with thee.[7] Behold (sayeth the lord) I will breathe upon men, and they shall have the spirit of Understanding{.}[8] In 40 days must the book of the Secrets, and key of this world be Written:[9] even as it is manifest to the one of you in sight, and to the other[10] in faith. Therefore have I brought it to the window of thy senses, and doors of thy Imagination: to the end he may see and perform the time of God his Abridgment.[11] That shalt, thou, write down in his proper and sanctified distinctions. This other, (pointing to E K) shall have it always before him, and shall daily[12] perform the office to him committed. Which if he do not,[13] the Lord shall raze his name from the number of his blessed, and those that are anointed with his blood{.}[14] For, behold, what man, can speak, or talk with the spirit of God? No flesh is able to

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1 <*> Speedily and / reverently [Dee's note].

2 <*> Δ. Uriel held / up now the / Triangle of / fire [Dee's note]. *This, is the light, ... Kindled* "Uriel holds up the triangle of fire which may represent Dee inspired with heavenly wisdom" (Whitby, vol. 1, p. 496).

3 *sevenly seven times* forty-nine. "The number 49 is significant to the book containing the angelic language" (ibid., p. 496).

4 *This other* "The ball of fire" (ibid., p. 496).

5 <*> Δ / Uriel now / Holding up / the Ball of / fire in his / left hand, / said as / here written [Dee's note], with ☛ and joined by an integral to the marginal note numbered 2, above.

6 [A] line joins "seventieth part" to "Uriel took" (Whitby, vol. 2, p. 305).

7 *This other ... and together, with thee* "Whereas Dee is to receive the knowledge that will 'renew' him many times, Kelly is given a fraction of the wisdom symbolised by the round ball of fire. Kelly's proportion is 1/5390 if 'the first part of seventy seven' means 1/77. Apart from the customary significance attached in magic to the number seven, ... I can find no importance in these numbers" (Whitby, vol. 1, p. 496).

8 When Jesus sent out his disciples to spread the good news, "he breathed on them, and said to them, 'Receive the Holy Spirit. If you forgive the sins of any, they are forgiven; if you retain the sins of any, they are retained'" (John 20:22-23). Of the four gospels only John contains this incident and these words, although a different version of the arrival of the Holy Spirit can be found in Acts 2:1-4.

9 <*> Liber / [Dee's note], accompanied by a drawing of a small book with a superscript number "40"; *In 40 days ... Written* Whitby notes that this book, called the *Book of Enoch*, apparently had "several purposes," but most importantly "in conjunction with the Holy Table" it was supposed "to herald in a new age upon earth that would precede the end of all things. The details of how the book was to be used for this purpose were never delivered and ['Actions'] continually delay[s] imparting specific information as to the precise use of the *Book of Enoch* in this respect" (Intro., vol. 1, p. 144). It is also the book which presents the angelic language and alphabet: "it is supposed to be the language that the angels taught to Adam ... the language in which things are named as they are, rather than as they seem to be." As "the language of the angels, Enochian [as Dee calls it] is seen as a language of creation, far more powerful than any corporeal object or action" (ibid., p. 145). For a full description/discussion of Enochian, see ibid., pp.141-49.

10 <*> Δ if from the first day of / writing we account / then from Good Friday the / reckoning doth begin. / and so end this [Dee's note; a marginal note, written vertically].

11 <*> The Abridge= / ment of time [Dee's note]; <*> speaking to Δ [Dee's note]; *the time of God his Abridgement* "The writing of the book is to hasten the coming of God's kingdom upon Earth" (Whitby, vol. 1, p. 496).

12 "daily" is very emphatically underlined in the text.

13 <*> The danger / threatened, if / E K do not / his duty [Dee's note].

14 *the Lord shall raze ... with his blood* This is the punishment with which God threatens the Israelites for their making and worshiping of the golden calf at Mount Sinai. When Moses attempts "to make atonement for [the people's] sin," the Lord replies, "'Whoever has sinned against me, him will I blot out of my book. But now go, lead the people to the place of which I have spoken to you; behold, my angel shall go before you. Nevertheless, in the day when I visit, I will visit their sin upon them.'" Moses relates God's punishment for the Israelites' continued "stubbornness" and lack of faithfulness in Deuteronomy 9:14 ("Let me alone, that I may destroy them and blot out their name from under heaven") and 29:20. The book which contains the names of God's elect also occurs in Revelation; the damned have their names "blot[ted] ... out of the book of life" (Revelation 3:5).

stand, when the voice of his Thunder[1] shall present the part of the next Leaf[2] unto sight{.} You have wavering minds, and are drawn away with the World: But brittle is the state thereof: small therefore are the Vanities of his Illusion. Be of sound faith. Believe. Great is the reward of those that are faithful{.} God Will not be dishonoured,[3] neither will suffer them to receive dishonour, that honour him in holiness. Behold, Behold, Mark ô and Behold: Each line[4] hath stretched himself, even to his end:[5] and the Middst is glorious to the good, and dishonour to the wicked. Heaven and earth must decay: so, shall not the words of this Testimony.

Δ Ecce servus et misellus homuncio Dei nostri, fiat mihi iuxta beneplacitum voluntatis suae. etc[6]

Δ Uriel took a little of the fire in his left hand and flung it at E K:[7] and it went in at his mouth

UR. My message is done.

[...]

Quinti Libri Mysteriorum
Appendix[8]

Aprilis 20 — Saturday

Δ This Saturday had been great and eager[9] pangs between E K and me: while he would utterly discredit the whole process of our actions: as, to be done by evil and illuding[10] spirits: seeking his destruction. saying that he hath often heretofore been told things true, but of illuding devils: and Now, how can this be other, than a mockery, to have a cornered dark cloud to be showed him instead of the plain writing which hitherto he had written out of? and that when they should do good in deed that then they shrank from us.[11] and that he was not thus to lose his time: But that he is to study, to learn some knowledge, whereby he may live: and that he was a cumber[12] to my house, and that he dwelled here as in a prison:

[...]

With a great deal of more matter, melancholic, and cross overthwartly[13] to the good and patient using of ourselves to the accomplishing of this action. I replied, and said, that we might find ourselves answered ~~yest~~ on thursday, as, That God would clear when it pleased him: and that we were not to appoint God a time to perform his mysteries and mercies in; ~~shot~~ shorter than he hath spoken of: And that undoubtedly, the occasion of this black cloud, was some imperfection of ours, to be amended and that then, all, would be to our

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1 <*> Note a / terrible / thing [Dee's note].

2 "Leaf" is very emphatically underlined in the text.

3 Galatians 6:7.

4 *Each line* "Each line of letters in the angelic language" (Whitby, vol. 1, p. 497).

5 <*> The / end of / all. [Dee's note].

6 "Behold the servant and wretched little man of our God; let it be done to me according to the pleasure of his will" (Whitby, vol. 1, p. 497). As Whitby notes, this line echoes part of Mary's speech upon the angelic revelation that she is to be the mother of the messiah, Jesus Christ: "Behold, I am the handmaid of the Lord; let it be to me according to your word" (Luke 1:38).

7 Note, by / the place / here before / what measure / in proportion / of power and / understanding / this was, in / respect of / the white ball / of fire. [Dee's note]. "Presumably this is reported by Kelly rather than seen by Dee. The fire comes from the ball and not the triangle" (ibid., p. 497).

8 Latin, "Appendix to the Fifth Book of Mysteries."

9 *eager* keen, biting.

10 *illuding* deceiving, cheating.

11 *This Saturday ... shrank from us* "The cause of Kelly's conviction that the spirits are all devils is the lack of communication from the angels presaged by the black heptagonal cloud. In this MS no spirit discovered as an illuder has uttered words of truth and so his statement must refer to experiences outside those in this MS, either prior to his meeting Dee or during Dee's absences" (Whitby, vol. 1, p. 527).

12 *cumber* encumbrance, hindrance, burden.

13 *overthwartly* Whitby suggests "opposed" (vol. 1, p. 529); but perhaps, also, "in a perverse manner."

further comfort. And as concerning his doubting the goodness of the creatures, (dealing with us) he was to blame, to say ~~the~~ or doubt the tree to be ill that bringeth forth good fruit. for of these creatures, from the beginning of their dealing with us unto the last hour,[1] we never heard other than the praise of god, instructions and exhortations to humility, patience, constancy, faith etc. The things they promise be such as god can perform, and is for his service and glory to perform: and such as have been imparted to man before: and therefore neither impossible for man to enjoy again, nor unmete[2] for us to hope for. and though his troubled mind did doubt, yet my quiet mind, which god hath made ~~straight~~ joyful through his mercies, and which accuseth me not in this action of any ambition, hypocrisy, or disorderly longing, but only is bent and settled in awaiting the Lord his helping hand to make me wise for his service, (according as long time my daily prayer to him hath been.) and seeing I have and do ask wisdom[3] at the lord his hands, and put my trust in him, he will not suffer me to be so confounded:[4] neither will he offer a stone to his seely[5] children, when in time of need they ask bread at his hands:[6] besides that *Voluntatem timentium se faciet deus*:[7] and (by his graces) I fear him so, and am so careful, to do that should please him, that I make no account of all this world possessing, unleast[8] I might enjoy his favour, his mercies and graces{.}[9] And whereas he complained of want, I said, my want is greater than his: for I was in debt all of 300 pounds,[10] had a greater charge than he,[11] and yet for all my 40 years course of study,[12] many hundred pounds spending, many hundred miles travelling, many an incredible bite and forcing of my wit[13] in study using to learn or to bolt out[14] some good living, ye etc. yet for all this I would be very well pleased to be deferred yet longer, (a year or more) and to go up and down England clothed in a blanket, to beg my bread, so that I might, at the end be assured to attain to godly wisdom, whereby to do God some service for his glory. And to be plain, that I was resolved, either willingly to leave this world presently[15] that, so, I might in spirit enjoy the bottomless fountain of all wisdom, or else to pass forth my days on earth with god's favour and assurance of enjoying here his merciful mighty blessings, to understand his mysteries, mete[16] for the performing of true actions, such as might set forth his glory, so, as it might be evident and confessed, that such things were done *Dextera Domini*.[17] And many other discourses and answers made unto his objections and doubts: Afterward I began to speak of the troubles and misery foreshowed to be near at hand [...]

[...]

1 <*> ☛ [Dee's note].

2 *unmete* inappropriate, improper.

3 <*> *Sapientia* [Dee's note]. Latin for "Wisdom."

4 *and put my trust ... confounded* "An echo of the last line of the *Te Deum*: 'O Lord in thee have I trusted: let me never be confounded'" (Whitby, vol. 1, p. 529); *confounded* discomfitted, abashed, put to shame.

5 *seely* "poor," but also "innocent."

6 Matthew 7:9.

7 Vulgate, Psalm 144:19: *Voluntatem timentium se faciet et deprecationem eorum exaudiet et salvos faciet eos* (Latin, "He fulfils the desire of all who fear him, he also hears their cry, and saves them" [Psalm 145:19]).

8 *unleast* unless.

9 *that I make no account ... graces* "See Matthew XVI, 26: 'What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul'" (Whitby, vol. 1, p. 529).

10 <*> ls / 300 debt [Dee's note]. "ls" is "an abbreviation for 'pounds'" (ibid., p. 530). "Dee's expenditure on his library and alchemical laboratories caused him to be constantly in debt" (ibid., p. 530).

11 *a greater charge than he* i.e., for the "upkeep of his house in Mortlake and provision for his family" (ibid., p. 530). Kelly and his family were also residing with Dee.

12 *my 40 years course of study* "Dee entered Cambridge in November 1542 at the age of fifteen" (ibid., p. 530).

13 *bite ... wit bite* here, "a sharp cutting action as in sharpening one's wit" (ibid., p. 530.); *forcing* utmost endeavouring or striving.

14 *using ... out using* being accustomed; *bolt out* to separate by sifting, as through a sieve; *fig.* to find out or separate out by sifting.

15 *presently* immediately, at once.

16 *mete* appropriate, fitting.

17 *Dextera Domini* Latin, "by God's right hand."

Aprilis 29 Monday, a meridie[1]

[After a long and complex Action, Dee appends the following note.]

Note

Δ After that these things were finished, ~~and~~ E K rose up from the table and went to the west window, to read a letter which was, even then, brought him from his wife:[2] which being done, he took a little prayer *[3] book (in english meter made by one William Hunnis which Master Adrian Gilbert had ~~left~~ here and it lay on the Table by us all the while of this last action) and with this book, he went into his bedchamber, intending to pray on it, a certain prayer, which he liked: and as he opened the book, his eye espied strange writing in the spare white paper at the book's end and beholding it, judged it verily to be his own letters, and the thing of his own doing: but being assured that he never saw the like of this Character[4] [for Conciliation], and that other, (notified by the heart or Centre, skin and flesh before this present hour, he became astonied,[5] and in great wrath; and behold, suddenly, One appeared to him and said, Lo, this is as good as that other. meaning that, which we had received, and is here before set down on the former page. With this news came E K to me, as I was writing down fair this last Action, and said, I have strange matter to impart unto you: Then said I what is that? and at the first (being yet tossed in his mind with this great injury of the subtle supplanter of man,[6] ~~and~~ ambitiously intruding himself, to rob god of his glory) he said, you shall know, and at length showed me this little paper, here, by, being the one of the white leaves in the end of the foresaid little prayer book. And I viewing it to be meant to be the counterfeit of ours; but, withal, imperfect diverse ways, after the order of our method: yea though the words, out of which it had sprung had been good, and sufficient: and thereat laughed at, and derided the Wicked enemy, for his envy, his ass-headed foolish ambition, and indeed mere blindness to do anything well. To conclude, we found, that with an incredible speed this Devilish figure was written down by some Wicked spirit, to bring our perfect doings in doubt with us: thereby either to provoke us to utter undue speeches of god's good creatures, or to wavering minds of the Worthiness and goodness of the same things received, and so either to leave off, or with faint-hearted wavering to proceed. But I by god's grace (contrary to such inconveniency[7]) ~~being~~ was armed with constancy, and confident good hope, that God would not suffer me, (putting my trust in his goodness and mercy, to receive wisdom from him) to be so unjustly dealt withal or unkindly or unfatherly used at his hands etc. and intended after supper to make my earnest complaint to the divine Majesty ~~of~~ against this wicked intrusion and temptation of the Illuding[8] devil: and so we went to supper.

—1583

[1] *a meridie* Latin, "towards midday."

[2] "This is the first reference to Kelly's wife. Evidently she had not yet moved into Dee's household" (Whitby, vol. 1, p. 552).

[3] <*> * / The Title of the / book was Seven / sobs of a sorrowful / soul for sin [Dee's note]. *Seven Sobs of a Sorrowful Soul for Sin: The Psalms Called Poenitential Reduced into Meter by W. Hunnis* (London, 1583) was a popular work; it had gone through nine editions by 1630.

[4] *he opened the book ... Character* As Whitby notes, "this 'automatic writing' is highly suspicious. Being alone in his bedchamber, Kelly could easily have written this to deceive Dee, presumably to increase Dee's belief in what the angels had delivered during the Action" (ibid., p. 553). In addition, "the character resembles that" found elsewhere in the MS (ibid., p. 553).

[5] *astonied* stunned.

[6] *subtle supplanter of man* Satan, the Devil.

[7] *contrary to such inconveniency* opposed or resistant to such absurdity/intended harm.

[8] *Illuding* deceiving, cheating.

Barnabe Googe
1540-1594

Born into the gentry in 1540, Barnabe Googe lost both of his parents before he reached the age of 18. He received a good education, progressing from grammar school to Christ's College, Cambridge (1555) to Staple Inn, London (1559). His extended family included the eminent lawyer and judge, Sir James Hales; the pious gentlewoman, Lady Hales; the writer and translator, Alexander Neville (see p. 424, note 1); and the Queen's trusted advisor and secretary, Sir William Cecil (later Lord Burghley).

Although all these individuals helped shape Googe's life and views, it was his relationship with Cecil that proved the most influential, both personally and professionally. During Googe's minority, Cecil was his guardian, and he later intervened to help Googe win his chosen wife (Mary Darrell) over the opposition of her family. Cecil also provided Googe with opportunities at court, sending him to Spain with the new ambassador Sir Thomas Chaloner in 1561, and later employing him in Ireland as provost marshal of Connaught (1582). Cecil introduced him to a circle of learned men, including the humanist scholar Sir Roger Ascham and the poet and translator Arthur Golding. And finally, Cecil encouraged Googe's literary ambitions, and to him Googe dedicated one of his earliest works, a translation of Palingenius (1560).[1] Googe's most famous work, *Eclogues, Epitaphs, and Sonnets* (1563), was published soon after his return from Spain in 1562.

Between his marriage in 1564 and his retirement to Alvingham in 1584, Googe published the rest of his works. These included a new edition of Palingenius' *Zodiacus Vitae* in 1560, with two later editions, (enlarged and revised) published in 1576 and 1588. Googe also published three other translations: *The Popish Kingdom, or, Reign of Antichrist* (1570) by Thomas Kirchmeyer (Naogeorgus); *The Overthrow of the Gout* (1577) by Christopher Balista; and *Four Books of Husbandry* (1577) by Conrad Heresbach—the latter two of which were probably spurred by Cecil's own interests and concerns (horticulture as well as his own case of gout).[2] Googe also contributed a prose preface to Barnabe Riche's pamphlet, *An Alarm to England* (1578).

Googe's contemporaries praised him more for his translations than his original verse, and *Eclogues, Epitaphs, and Sonnets* is presently better known for its historical rather than literary significance. This significance, however, is not negligible: the first singly-authored anthology of personal lyric poetry published in England and during its author's lifetime, *Eclogues* contains pastoral eclogues that were important forerunners of Spenser's eclogues in *Shepheardes Calender*. In addition, Googe's verse generally employs a non-ornate style later, carrying on the tradition of Gascoigne, and looking forward to the work of Greville and Donne.[3]

EDITIONS: *Eglogs, epytaphes, and sonettes*. London: By Thomas Colwell for Raffe Newbery, [1563]. STC 12048; George Turberville, "To Master Googe's Fancy" in *Epitaphes, epigrams, songs and sonets*. London: Henry Denham, 1567. STC 24326.

[1] See J.M. Kennedy, "Introduction," *Eclogues, Epitaphs and Sonnets* (Toronto, 1989), pp. 10-14.
[2] Ibid., p. 15.
[3] Ibid., p. 17.

from *Eclogues, Epitaphs, and Sonnets*

[...]

To the Right Worshipful Master William Lovelace, Esquire, Reader of Gray's Inn,[1] Barnabe Googe Wisheth Health.

How loath I have been, being of long time earnestly required, to suffer these trifles of mine to come to light, it is not unknown to a great number of my familiar acquaintance, who both daily and hourly moved[2] me thereunto, and little of long time prevailed therein. For I both considered and weighed with myself the grossness[3] of my style which, thus committed to the gazing show of every eye, should forthwith[4] disclose the manifest folly of the writer; and also I feared and mistrusted the disdainful minds of a number both scornful and carping correctors, whose heads are ever busied in taunting judgements, lest they should otherwise interpret my doings than indeed I meant them. These two so great mischiefs utterly dissuaded me from the following of my friends' persuasions and willed me rather to condemn them[5] to continual darkness, whereby no inconvenience could happen, than to endanger myself in giving them to light, to the disdainful doom[6] of any offended mind. Notwithstanding, all the diligence that I could use in the suppression thereof could not suffice; for I myself being at that time out of the realm,[7] little fearing any such thing to happen, a very[8] friend of mine, bearing, as it seemed, better will to my doings than respecting the hazard of my name, committed them, altogether unpolished, to the hands of the printer. In whose hands, during his absence from the city till his return of late, they remained. At which time he declared the matter wholly unto me, showing me that, being so far past and paper provided for the impression thereof, it could not without great hindrance of the poor printer be now revoked. His sudden tale made me, at the first, utterly amazed,[9] and doubting a great while what was best to be done. At the length, agreeing both with necessity and his counsel, I said with Martial, *Iam sed poteras tutior esse domi.*[10] And calling to mind to whom I might chiefly commit the fruits of my smiling Muse, suddenly was cast before my eyes the perfect view of your friendly mind, gentle Master Lovelace, unto whom, for the numbered heaps of sundry friendships accounting myself as bound, I have thought best to give them, not doubting but that they shall be as well taken as I do presently[11] mean them.

Desiring you herein, as all such as shall read them, especially to bear with the unpleasant form of my too hastily finished "Dream,"[12] the greater part whereof with little advice I lately ended because the beginning of it, as a senseless head separated from the body, was given with the rest to be printed. And thus, desiring but for recompense the friendly receiving of my slender gift, I end, wishing unto you, good Master Lovelace, in this life the happy enjoying of prosperous years and hereafter the blessed estate of never-ceasing joy.

Yours assuredly,
Barnabe Googe.

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[1] William Lovelace was admitted to Gray's Inn in 1548, became a barrister in 1551, an "ancient" (one of the senior members forming the governing body of the Inn) in 1552, a reader (lecturer on law to the students of the Inn) in 1562 and 1567, and finally a sergeant-at-law (member of a superior order of barristers from which common law judges were always chosen) in 1567. See W.R. Douthwaite, *Gray's Inn: Its History and Associations* (London, 1886; rept. Littleton, CO, 1987), p. 55. Googe's dedication reflects his connections with Gray's Inn, such as his friendship with Alexander Neville (his cousin and a member of Gray's Inn) cultivated during his own period at Staple Inn.

[2] *moved* persuaded.

[3] *grossness* lacking refinement, sophistication, or delicacy.

[4] *forthwith* immediately.

[5] I.e., his writings.

[6] *doom* judgement.

[7] Googe was on a diplomatic mission at the time. See above, p. 423.

[8] *very* true, faithful, staunch.

[9] *amazed* astonished; perplexed.

[10] Latin, "But you might have been safer at home." See Martial, *Epigrams*, ed. and trans. D.R. Shackleton Bailey, vol. 1 (Cambridge, MA, 1993), I. iii. 12.

[11] *presently* now, at this time.

[12] *"Dream"* i.e., "Cupido Conquered," the dream vision which concludes the 1563 volume.

[...]

An Epitaph of the Death of Nicholas Grimald[1]

Behold this fleeting world, how all things fade,
How everything doth pass and wear away.
Each state of life, by common course and trade,
Abides no time, but hath a passing day.
For look: as Life, that pleasant dame, hath brought
The pleasant years and days of lustiness,[2]
So Death, our foe, consumeth all to nought,
Envying these, with dart[3] doth us oppress.
And that which is the greatest grief of all,
The greedy gripe[4] doth no estate respect,
But where he comes he makes them down to fall;
Ne stays he at[5] the high, sharp-witted sect,
For if that wit or worthy eloquence
Or learning deep could move him to forbear,
O Grimald, then thou had'st not yet gone hence,
But here had'st seen full many an aged year.
Ne had the Muses lost so fine a flow'r.[6]
Nor had Minerva[7] wept to leave thee so.
If wisdom might have fled the fatal hour,
Thou had'st not yet been suffered for to go.
A thousand doltish geese we might have spared,
A thousand witless heads Death might have found,
And taken them, for whom no man had cared
And laid them low in deep, oblivious ground.
But Fortune favours fools,[8] as old men say,
And lets them live, and takes the wise away.

[...]

[1] Nicholas Grimald (b. 1519/20-d. in or before 1562), dramatist, humanist, scholar, reformist; friend of John Bale, Grimald is most famous for his contributions to Tottel's *Songs and Sonnets*, an important sixteenth-century verse miscellany. See above, pp. 188, 201-02.

[2] *lustiness* vigour, energy.

[3] *dart* spear; arrow.

[4] *gripe* clutch, grasp.

[5] *Ne stays he at* nor stops he at.

[6] *flow'r* i.e., flower.

[7] *Minerva* Roman goddess of wisdom and learning.

[8] *Fortune favours fools* Proverb (*Tilley* F600).

To Doctor Bale[9]

Good, aged Bale, that with thy hoary hairs
Dost yet persist to turn the painful book!
O happy man, that hast obtained such years
And leav'st not yet on papers pale to look!
Give over now to beat thy wearied brain,
And rest thy pen that long hath laboured sore.[10]
For aged men unfit, sure, is such pain,
And thee beseems to labour now no more;
But thou, I think, Don Plato's part will play,
With book in hand to have thy dying day.[11]

Of Edwards of the Chapel[12]

Divine Camenes,[13] that with your sacred food
Have fed and fostered up from tender years
A happy man that in your favour stood,
Edwards, in court that cannot find his feres,[14]
Your names be blessed that in this present age
So fine a head by art have framed out,
Whom some hereafter, helped by poet's rage,[15]
Perchance may match, but none shall pass,[16] no doubt.
O Plautus,[17] if thou wert alive again,
That comedies so finely didst endite;[18]

[9] *Doctor Bale* John Bale (1495-1563), bishop of Ossory, Protestant polemicist, ardent promoter of the Reformation, dramatist and prose writer.

[10] *sore* with great exertion or effort.

[11] *Don Plato's ... day* Cicero's *De senectute* ("On Old Age") notes that Plato "died in his eighty-first year while still actively engaged in writing."

[12] Richard Edwards (1525-66), poet and playwright, master of the children of the Chapel Royal (1561-66). His comedy *Damon and Pithias* was very popular, performed at court and at Lincoln's Inn (Christmas 1564/65). *Palamon and Arcite* (perf. 1566) reportedly delighted Queen Elizabeth.

[13] *Camenes* i.e., Camenae, goddesses of a spring meadow and grove near ancient Rome; they were identified with the Muses (*OCD*, p. 283).

[14] *feres* comrades.

[15] *poet's rage* i.e., the *furor poeticus*, that state of divinely-inspired, creative frenzy which the classical world attributed to poets.

[16] *pass* surpass, excel.

[17] *Plautus* (c. 254-184 BCE), Roman comic dramatist.

[18] *endite* compose, write.

Or Terence,[1] thou that with thy pleasant brain
The hearer's mind on stage didst much delight:
What would you say, sirs, if you should behold,
As I have done, the doings of this man?
No word at all, to swear I durst be bold,
But burn with tears that which with mirth began;
I mean your books, by which you gat[2] your name,
To be forgot you would commit to flame.
Alas, I would, Edwards, more tell thy praise,
But at thy name my Muse amazed stays.[3]

[...]

To the Translation of Palingen.[4]

The labour sweet that I sustained in thee,
O Palingen, when I took pen in hand,
Doth grieve me now as oft as I thee see
But half hewed out before mine eyes to stand;
For I must needs (no help) a while go toil
In studies that no kind of muse delight,
And put my plough in gross untilled soil,
And labour thus with overwearied sprite;[5]
But if that God do grant me greater years
And take me not from hence before my time,
The Muses nine, the pleasant singing feres,
Shall so inflame my mind with lust to rhyme
That Palingen, I will not leave thee so,
But finish thee according to my mind.
And if it be my chance away to go,
Let some thee end, that here remain behind.

[...]

Of Money[6]

Give money me, take friendship whoso list,
For friends are gone come once adversity,
When money yet remaineth safe in chest,
That quickly can thee bring from misery;
Fair face show friends when riches do abound;
Come time of proof, farewell, they must away;
Believe me well, they are not to be found
If God but send thee once a louring[7] day.
Gold never starts aside, but in distress
Finds ways enough to ease thine heaviness.

Going towards Spain

Farewell, thou fertile soil that Brutus[8] first out found
When he, poor soul, was driven clean;
from out his country ground;
That northward lay'st thy lusty sides
amid the raging seas,
Whose wealthy land doth foster up
thy people all in ease,
While others scrape and cark[9] abroad,
their simple food to get,
And sely[10] souls take all for good
that cometh to the net,[11]
Which they with painful pains do pitch
in barren, burning realms,
While we have all without restraint
among thy wealthy streams.
O blest of God, thou pleasant isle,
where wealth herself doth dwell,
Wherein my tender years I passed,
I bid thee now farewell.

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1 *Terence* (c. 185-after 160 BCE), Roman comic dramatist.

2 *gat* got.

3 *stays* stops, breaks off, ceases.

4 A reference to the first part of Googe's translation of Marcellus Palingenius' *Zodiacus Vitae* (*The Zodiac of Life*), "a philosophical, scientific, satirical epic ... which appealed to Elizabethan reformers because it was placed on the Catholic Church's list of banned books in 1558." See R. Lyne, "Barnabe Googe," *DNB online*, 2005.

5 *sprite* spirit.

6 For Turbeville's reply to this poem, see the end of this section, p. 427.

7 *louring* gloomy, threatening.

8 *Brutus* the mythical ancestor of the Britons, the great-grandson of the Trojan hero, Aeneas, founder of Rome. English histories recount how Brutus founded London.

9 *cark* labour anxiously.

10 *sely* seely: deserving of pity, compassion.

11 *sely* ... *net* a variation on the proverb, "All is fish that comes to the net," said of those who make good use of everything (*Tilley* A136).

For fancy drives me forth abroad
and bids me take delight
In leaving thee and ranging far
to see some stranger sight.
And sayeth, I was not framed here
to live at home with ease,
But passing forth for knowledge sake,
to cut the foaming seas.

[...]

Coming Homeward out of Spain

O raging seas and mighty Neptune's reign,
In monstrous hills that throwest thyself so high,
That with thy floods dost beat the shores of Spain
And break the clives[1] that dare thy force envy!
Cease now thy rage and lay thine ire aside,
And thou that hast the governance of all,
O mighty God, grant weather, wind, and tide,
Till in my country coast our anchor fall.

—1563

Appendix: From George Turberville's Epitaphs, Epigrams, Songs and Sonnets[2]

To Master Googe's Fancy That Begins "Give money me, take friendship whoso list."

Friend Googe, give me the faithful friend to trust,
And take the fickle coin fro me that lust;[3]
For friends in time of trouble and distress
With help and sound advice will soon redress
Each growing grief that gripes[4] the pensive breast,
When money lies locked up in covert chest.
Thy coin will cause a thousand cares to grow,
Which if thou hast no coin thou couldst not know.
Thy friend no care but comfort will procure;
Of him thou mayst at need thyself assure.
Thy money makes the thief in wait to lie,
Whose fraud thy friend and falsehood will descry.[5]
Thou canst not keep unlocked thy careful[6] coin
But some from thee thy money will purloin.
Thy faithful friend will never start aside,
But take his share of all that shall betide.[7]
When thou art dead thy money is bereft,
But after life thy trusty friend is left:
Thy money serves another master then,
Thy faithful friend links with none other man.
So that, friend Googe, I deem it better, I,
To choose the friend and let the money lie.

—1567

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1 *clives* cliffs.

2 George Turberville [Turbervile] (c. 1543/44-d. in or after 1597), poet, translator of Ovid, and author of a book on hunting.

3 *fro me that lust* i.e., from me that desire (to do so).

4 *gripes* clutches, grips hard.

5 *descry* discover, reveal.

6 *careful* i.e., causing care or worry.

7 *betide* occur, happen, befall.

Margaret Tyler
fl. 1558-1578

We know very little about Margaret Tyler, the first Englishwoman to translate secular romance and to offer a published defence of the intellectual seriousness of women's writing. Tyler's social class and religion remain topics of controversy. Her prefatory letters to her translation of Diego Ortùñez de Calahorra's Spanish romance *Espejo de principes y cavalleros [El Caballero del Febo]* (translated as *The Mirror of Princely Deeds and Knighthood*) indicate that she was a servant in the household of the aristocratic Howard family. Louise Schleiner dates Tyler's service there to the early 1560s, during the lifetime of the powerful matriarch Margaret Audley Howard, duchess of Norfolk. Tyler may have been the wife of one of the family's other servants, John Tyler, who was responsible for the duke's tenant land records, and her evident skill with language and translation suggests that she came from the emerging middle and merchant classes. On the basis of a will dated 1595 and other documentary evidence, it seems likely that Tyler later served in the households of the Woodhouses and Bacons in the 1570s, bore a son named Robert (to whom she left all her worldly goods) and a daughter (who eventually married a man named Ross).[1]

Tyler died in 1595 at Castle Camps, a town near the Cambridge estates of Thomas, Lord Howard, son of her employers and her translation's main dedicatee. Tyler's knowledge of Spanish is unusual, but should not necessarily be taken as conclusive evidence of her Catholicism. Fluency in Spanish would have been highly prized in English merchant circles, given Spain's economic importance at the time; as result, merchants' daughters were sometimes instructed in this language. In addition, Tyler's service in the Catholic Howard family occurred during the tenure of Howard's second wife, the only one of his three wives who was not a Catholic.[2]

The preface to Tyler's translation has been called one of the earliest feminist tracts in English, arguing as it does for Tudor women's right to translate material other than the religious and devotional works to which they were so often confined. Tyler's choice of material would have been immediately controversial given the routine condemnations of Continental romance in sixteenth-century England (see above, for example, Ascham's *The Schoolmaster*, pp. 337-38 and Vives's *The Instruction of a Christian Woman*, pp. 106-09). Apart from a fear that the narratives were "tainted" with Catholic ideas and sympathies, English Protestant and humanist writers alike were naturally uneasy with a genre that focused on courtly love. These narratives dramatized the spectacle of woman's erotic dominance over man, challenging some of the period's conventional assumptions about the roles of women. Moreover, the common romance trope of cross-dressing offered the additional and disturbing spectacle of the fluidity and indeterminacy of gender itself. However, Calahorra's Spanish original is unusually thorough in its moralizing comment on conventional romance action and themes, perhaps suggesting why Tyler selected this particular romance for translation.[3]

EDITION: *The mirrour of princely deedes and knighthood.* London: Thomas East, [1578]. STC 18859.

[1] L. Schleiner, *Tudor and Stuart Women Writers* (Bloomington, 1994), pp. 19, 22.

[2] L. Schleiner, "Margaret Tyler, Translator and Waiting Woman," *English Language Notes* 29.3 (1992): 2-5.

[3] D. Eisenberg, *An Edition of a Sixteenth-Century Romance of Chivalry: Diego Ortùñez de Calahorra's "Espejo de principes y cavalleros [El Caballero del Febo]"* (Baltimore, 1971), p. 122.

from *The Mirror of Princely Deeds and Knighthood*[1]

To the Right Honourable the Lord Thomas Howard.

Not being greatly forward of mine own inclination, Right Honourable, but forced by the importunity of my friends to make some trial of myself in this exercise of translation, I have adventured upon a piece of work not indeed the most profitablest, as entreating[2] of arms, nor yet altogether fruitless, if example may serve, as being historical, but the while[3] either to be borne withal for the delight or not to be refused for the strangeness. Farther I mean not to make boast of my travail,[4] for the matter was offered not made choice of, as there appeared likewise little liberty in my first yielding. The earnestness of my friends persuaded me that it was convenient to lay forth my talent for increase, or to set my candle on a candlestick, and the consideration of my insufficiency drove me to think it better for my ease either quite to bury my talent—thereby to avoid the breaking of thriftless debts—or rather to put my candle clean out than that it should bewray every unswept corner in my house; but the opinion of my friends' judgement prevailed above mine own reason.

So upon hope to please them, I first undertook this labour, and I have gone through withal the rather to acquaint myself with mine old reading: whereto since the dispatch thereof, I have made my friends privy,[5] and upon their good liking with request thereto, I have passed my grant unto them for the publication, reserving to myself the order for the dedication, so as I should think best either for the defence of my work or for some particular merit towards me. And herein I took no long leisure to find out a sufficient personage, for the manifold benefits received from your honourable parents, my good lord and lady, quickly eased me of that doubt, and presented your Honour unto my view, whom by good right I ought to love and honour in especial, as being of them begotten at whose hands I have reaped especial benefit. The which benefit if I should not so gladly profess openly as I willingly received being offered, I might well be challenged of unkindness. But were I as able to make good my part, as I am not ignorant what may be required at my hands, I would hope not to be found ungrateful.

In the meantime, this my travail I commend unto your lordship, beseeching the same, so to accept thereof as a simple testimony of that good will which I bear to your parents while they lived, then being their servant, and now do owe unto their offspring[6] after their decease, for their demerits.[7] Under your Honour's protection, I shall less fear the assault of the envious, and of your Honour's good acceptation I have some hope in the mildness of your lordship's nature, not doubting but that as your lordship hath given no small signification in this your noble youth of wisdom and courage to so many as know you—it being the only support of your ancestors' line—so the same likewise will maintain your ancestors' glory and the hope of your own virtues with affability and gentleness, which was the proper commendation of your parents. The Almighty increase this hope with the other virtues before named to the good hope of your country's peace, your princess's safety, and your own honour, with the joy of your kindred and friends, whom not a few your parents' good deserving hath assured unto you, and of whose earnest prayers you shall not fail, to further your well doing. Amongst them (though last in worthiness, yet with the foremost in well-wishing

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[1] The title and subtitles read: The Mirror of Princely Deeds and Knighthood, Wherein is showed the worthiness of the Knight of the Sun, and his brother Rosicleer, sons to the great Emperor Trebatio: With the strange love of the beautiful and excellent princess Briana, and the valiant acts of other noble princes and knights. Now newly translated out of Spanish into our vulgar [i.e., vernacular] English tongue, by M.T.

[2] *entreating* i.e., treating.

[3] *the while* for the time, meanwhile.

[4] *travail* labour, work.

[5] *I have made my friends privy* i.e., I have made them aware of, made them acquainted with.

[6] *offspring* descent, derivation, origin.

[7] *demerits* i.e., merits, virtues.

and desire of well-deserving), your Honour shall find me

Your Honour's humbly most assured,
Margaret Tyler.

M.T. to the Reader.

Thou hast here, gentle reader, the history of Trebatio, an emperor in Greece: whether a true story of him indeed or a feigned fable I wot[1] not, neither did I greatly seek after it in the translation, but by me it is done into English for thy profit and delight.[2] The chief matter therein contained is of exploits of wars, and the parties therein named are especially renowned for their magnanimity and courage. The author's purpose appeareth to be this: to animate thereby and to set on fire the lusty courages of young gentlemen to the advancement of their line by ensuing such like steps. The first tongue wherein it was penned was the Spanish, in which nation by common report the inheritance of all warlike commendation hath to this day rested, the whole discourse in respect of the end not unnecessary, for the variety and continual shift of fresh matter very delightful, in the speeches short and sweet, wise in sentence,[3] and wary in the provision of contrary accidents.[4] For I take the grace thereof to be rather in the reporter's device than in the truth of this report, as I would that I could so well impart with thee the delight which myself findeth in reading the Spanish; but seldom is the tale carried clean from another's mouth.

Such delivery as I have made I hope thou wilt friendly accept, the rather for that it is a woman's work, though in a story profane and a matter more manlike than becometh my sex.[5] But as for the manliness of the matter, thou knowest that it is not necessary for every trumpeter or drumsler[6] in the war to be a good fighter. They take wage only to incite others, though themselves have privy[7] maims and are thereby recureless.[8] So, gentle reader, if my travail in Englishing this author may bring thee to a liking of the virtues herein commended, and by example thereof in thy prince's and country's quarrel to hazard thy person and purchase good name, as for hope of well deserving myself that way, I neither bend myself thereto nor yet fear the speech of people if I be found backward. I trust every man holds not the plough which would the ground were tilled, and it is no sin to talk of Robin Hood though you never shot in his bow. Or be it that the attempt were bold to intermeddle in arms (so as the ancient Amazons did, and in this story Claridiana doth, and in other stories not a few), yet to report of arms is not so odious but that it may be borne withal, not only in you men which yourselves are fighters, but in us women to whom the benefit in equal part appertaineth of your victories, either for that the matter is so commendable that it carrieth no discredit from the homeliness of the speaker, or for that it is so generally known that it fitteth every man to speak thereof, or for that it jumpeth[9] with this common fear on all parts of war and invasion. The invention, disposition, trimming, and what else in this story is wholly another man's, my part none therein but the translation, as it were only in giving entertainment to a stranger before this time unacquainted with our country guise.[10] Marry, the worst perhaps is this: that among so many strangers as daily come over—some more ancient, and some but new set forth, some penning matters of great weight and sadness in divinity or other studies (the profession whereof more nearly beseemeth my years),[11] other some discoursing of matters more easy and ordinary in common talk, wherein a gentlewoman may honestly employ her travail—I have notwithstanding made counte-

[1] *wot* to know, understand.
[2] <*> The commendation of the story [*Mirror*'s note].
[3] *sentence* pithy or pointed saying; an aphorism or wise maxim.
[4] *accidents* occurrence, incident.
[5] <*> That a woman may write of war [*Mirror*'s note].
[6] *drumsler* drummer (German derivation).
[7] *privy* private, concealed, secret.
[8] *recurless* incurable.
[9] *jumpeth* agrees, is in concordance with.
[10] *guise* custom, habit, or practice; the ways of a nation.
[11] <*> That a woman of your years may write in this argument [*Mirror*'s note].

nance[1] only to this gentleman, whom neither his personage might sufficiently commend itself unto my sex, nor his behaviour (being light[2] and soldierlike) might in good order acquaint itself with my years.

So that the question now ariseth of my choice not of my labour, wherefore I preferred this story before matter of more importance. For answer whereto, gentle reader, the truth is that as the first motion to this kind of labour came not from myself, so was this piece of work put upon me by others, and they which first counselled me to fall to work took upon them also to be my taskmasters and overseers lest I should be idle. And yet because the refusal was in my power, I must stand to answer for my easy yielding, and may not be unprovided of excuse, wherein if I should allege for myself that matters of less worthiness by as aged years have been taken in hand, and that daily new devices are published in songs, sonnets, interludes, and other discourses, and yet are borne out without reproach only to please the humour[3] of some men: I think I should make no good plea therein, for besides that I should find thereby so many known enemies as known men have been authors of such idle conceits,[4] yet would my other adversaries be never the rather quieted, for they would say that as well the one as the other were all naught. And though peradventure[5] I might pass unknown amongst a multitude and not be the only gaze or the odd party in my ill-doing, yet because there is less merit of pardon if the fault be excused as common, I will not make that my defence which cannot help me and doth hinder other men. But my defence is by example of the best, amongst which many have dedicated their labours—some stories, some of war, some physic,[6] some law, some as concerning government, some divine matters—unto divers[7] ladies and gentlewomen. And if men may and do bestow such of their travails upon gentlewomen, then may we women read such of their works as they dedicate unto us. And if we may read them, why not farther wade in them to the search of a truth? And then much more why not deal by translation in such arguments, especially this kind of exercise being a matter of more heed than of deep invention or exquisite learning? And they must needs leave this as confessed: that in their dedications they mind not only to borrow names of worthy personages but the testimonies also for their further credit, which neither the one may demand without ambition nor the other grant without overlightness. If women be excluded from the view of such works as appear in their name, or if glory only be sought in our common inscriptions, it mattereth not whether the parties be men or women, whether alive or dead. But to return, whatsomever the truth is—whether that women may not at all discourse in learning, for men lay in their claim to be sole possessioners of knowledge, or whether they may in some manner that is by limitation or appointment in some kind of learning—my persuasion hath been thus: that it is all one for a woman to pen a story as for a man to address his story to a woman. But amongst all my ill-willers, some I hope are not so strait[8] that they would enforce me necessarily either not to write or to write of divinity.[9] Whereas neither durst I trust mine own judgement sufficiently if matter of controversy were handled, nor yet could I find any book in the tongue which would not breed offence to some.

But I perceive some may be rather angry to see their Spanish delight turned to an English pastime. They could well allow the story in Spanish, but they may not afford it so cheap, or they would have it proper to themselves.[10] What natures such

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1 *made countenance* to assume or have a certain demeanour or attitude; to comport oneself towards.

2 *light* of persons: not commanding respect by position or character; frivolous; when used of women: wanton and unchaste.

3 *humour* predominant temper or disposition.

4 *conceits* conception, notion.

5 *peradventure* perhaps.

6 *physic* medicine; the medical profession.

7 *divers* various, sundry, several.

8 *strait* severe, stern, exacting.

9 <*> That you may not write of divinity [*Mirror*'s note].

10 <*> That you meant to make a common benefit of your pains [*Mirror*'s note].

men be of, I list[1] not greatly dispute, but my meaning hath been to make other partners of my liking, as I doubt not, gentle reader, but if it shall please thee after serious matters to sport thyself with this Spaniard, that thou shalt find in him the just reward of malice and cowardice, with the good speed of honesty and courage,[2] being able to furnish thee with sufficient store of foreign example to both purposes. And as in such matters, which have been rather devised to beguile[3] time than to breed matter of sad learning, he hath ever borne away the prize which could season such delights with some profitable reading, so shalt thou have this stranger an honest man when need serveth, and at other times either a good companion to drive out a weary night or a merry jest at thy board.[4]

And thus much as concerning this present story, that it is neither unseemly for a woman to deal in, neither greatly requiring a less staid age than mine is. But of these two points, gentle reader, I thought to give thee warning, lest perhaps understanding of my name and years thou mightest be carried into a wrong suspect of my boldness and rashness, from which I would gladly free myself by this plain excuse, and if I may deserve thy good favour by like labour, when the choice is mine own I will have a special regard of thy liking.

So I wish thee well.

Thine to use, *M.T.*

Chapter 38.
The Gentlewomen Brought the Body of Brandagedeon to the Court, and the Princesses Received the Letters of Their Knights.

Great was the grief which the Princess Olivia felt by the absence of Rosicleer, that neither her high estate nor the courtly disports sufficed to make her forget her care or help her to cover her liking, but in her lodging she would be without company in the day and in the night without sleep, ever wishing to see him again whom she loved more than herself, for her mind prophesied to her that she should not see him very quickly; and as it is natural for the patient to communicate his grief with the physician, judging this some ease where the principal remedy wanteth, so the fair princess, as unacquainted and to begin in such passions, not being able at the first to counsel herself otherwise, thought it best to discover her grief to one of her gentlewomen named Fidelia, the faithfullest and most secret of her household, the which many times had importuned her to know the cause of her sorrow; and one night, as she was alone with her, the Princess said to her:

"Thou knowest, my Fidelia, how among all the ladies and gentlewomen which I have, I have chosen thee only for the faithful treasurer of my secrets, and I have not done nor thought the thing which I have not imparted with thee, which hath come to pass only by the loyal and good service wherein I have always found thee pliant and diligent. With the like confidence unto that which I always have reposed in thee, I will unfold unto thee a secret, which none in the world myself except and thyself shall learn at my hand, in the concealing whereof unto this day I have a thousand times endured little less than death. And the matter is such that it is unfitting for anyone to be a dealer therein but myself and thyself whom I account as myself. At a word, my Fidelia, that tyrant love, which spareth neither high nor low, hath taken possession of me by the great prowess and beauty of the new knight, and I am sure that but my death nothing can set me free. Although I have studied all possible means of my liberty, and thereto have set the defence of my honesty and great estate to withstand this conceit, yet for all that I can do as long as this knight's race[5] is unknown I cannot ease myself, my former remedies serving me only against the temptation of the

[1] *list* desire, wish.

[2] <*> The use and profit of this Spanish translation [*Mirror*'s note].

[3] *beguile* to spend, waste.

[4] *board* table used for meals, usually referring to one spread with food.

[5] *race* lineage; family, house, kin.

flesh and not to drive out the remembrance of his personage, whence my desire springeth. And truly I cannot persuade myself other than that this knight's offspring[1] is right noble, he being of so courtlike behaviour and knightly prowess, the truth hereof being somewhat more incredible than the lying fables of our ancient poets. Now if he be a prince born, the only hope to have him for husband, my father and he being therewith pleased, may yield one some comfort in the meantime, while opportunity serveth for the final accomplishment. Wherefore, mine own Fidelia, seeing that I have fully laid open the bottom of my heart, that which remaineth on thy part is to travail with his squire or some other to wit[2] of what parentage Rosicleer is."

Fidelia had listened very attentively to that which her lady had said, and as she was very wise, so perceiving by the drift of the speech that neither her mistress's malady could be removed by counsel nor that she would accept of it if it were bestowed (besides that, that her desire was lawful to match with Rosicleer, if there were no disparage[3] in his stock), she could not gainsay her mistress in flat terms, but made answer that sith[4] her Grace had laid that charge upon her, she was content to receive, as also ready to offer her service in any other thing for this matter which she now moved. She said that sith her Grace's purpose was so good, she should not need to remember her farther in it, for that so soon as Rosicleer should return she would be in hand with his squire to boult out[5] the truth of everything.

"And yet," sayeth she, "I cannot believe by reason of his magnanimity but that he is descended from some noble progeny, which if it so be I like very well that your Grace is so affectioned towards him; otherwise, I dare not advise you, but yet I will tell you my fancy: it were better for you to abide some pain than to make your head of your underling." The beautiful Princess was well apaid[6] at this counsel so jumping with her former determination, and it greatly assuaged the malice[7] of her passion in that she had bewrayed it to her trusty servant.

The next day the gentlewomen entered into the palace, driving a horse before them loaded with the giant's body. At their entrance the hurly-burly in the court was so great, every man running to see the wonder, that the king with all those which were with him and the Princess Olivia with her gentlewomen ran to their windows to see what the matter was, and when they saw the giant they knew him, and, as newly abashed at Rosicleer's virtues, they began to commend of him as of the best knight in the world. The gentlewomen presently were brought before the King, which received them courteously, and they in order declared unto him and the rest that which had chanced to Rosicleer since his departure from the city. The King liked very well of all, save that when they told him that the knights could not return presently as minding to pursue adventures. For the King feared, lest by being so much inclined to knightly deeds, their good success would carry them farther off than should be for his pleasure. But the gentlewomen departed from the king to do their message unto the Princess Olivia, whom they found in her chamber with the two other princesses in her company. Coming before her, they delivered their message with commendations from Rosicleer and the two princes, which had sent her that giant so dead as a satisfaction in some part for the detaining of her jewels. The Princess, pleasantly laughing at that present, caused the gentlewomen to go on in that story and to make report of all occurrences in their journey, which they did so faithfully that the princess in the telling was not able to colour her affection towards Rosicleer. This tale ended, Arinda gave into her hands the packet, which the Princess opened, and turning over the jewels found a letter, which she put in her bosom taking it to be

[1] *offspring* descent.
[2] *wit* know.
[3] *disparage* inequality (in rank); disparagement, dishonour.
[4] *sith* seeing that, since.
[5] *to boult out* to separate by sifting, as through a sieve or bolting-cloth.
[6] *apaid* satisfied, contented, pleased.
[7] *malice* virulence; harmfulness.

Briana's, and in like sort the gentlewoman of Lusitania made delivery of Bargandel and Liriamandro's letters unto their ladies, with the coffer unto Rodasilva. The two princesses Silverina and Rodasilva, being great friends, went both together in a closet to read without interruption their loves' letters, so eloquent and so fraught with amorous speeches, which much rejoiced the young ladies to be beloved of so good knights; and not to break off their several commendations of their knights and lords, we will speak of the Princess Olivia, who, being left alone for the company of the two princesses, dispatched her other gentlewomen into divers parts of the chamber, to have a more secret survey of Briana's letters.

When she had read on through that which was delivered with the packet, she took that other out of her bosom, which she had found in ransacking the packet, and opening it she saw in capital letters ROSICLEER subscribed, whereby she knew it to be his, and somewhat troubled she folded it up quickly again, minding to learn by what means that letter was hid among the jewels. And therefore calling Arinda she asked if that anyone had unlocked the coffer after that her lady had delivered it unto her. Arinda, supposing that the Princess had wanted[1] something, answered:

"No truly, madam, for I have always kept the keys, and nobody ever had them at my hands but Rosicleer, which requested to see the jewels when we were in the keeper's lodge, and in my presence he shut it, restoring me the keys and not taking out ought whereof I can accuse him."

The Princess, smelling out Rosicleer's shift, and somewhat smiling withal to hear whereunto Arinda had construed her meaning, replied merely thus: "I asked it not, gentle friend, for that I thought there wanted anything in the coffer, for it was wholly lost when it was in Brandagedeon's power, but I asked it for that I marvelled it fell out so well, when Brandagedeon was the keeper."

Arinda waxing bold hereat: "Nay marry," sayeth she, "with your favour, noble Princess, Brandagedeon misgiving in his mind how little time he should enjoy it took little care for the opening."

So this question who opened it was concluded in a laughter, and little talk continued after. The Princess thinking long till she might alone read Rosicleer's letter, and therefore somewhat earlier than she was wont, she withdrew herself into her bedchamber with only Fidelia in her company to see her in bed. When the door was fastened, she drew out Rosicleer's letter, and, not having power herself to read it, she gave it unto Fidelia. The tenor of the loving letter was this, which hereafter followeth:

Unto the Most Excellent Princess,
the Princess Olivia,

That which is appointed by God, mighty Princess, may not by man's power be altered or perverted, as in myself I prove it, for since that mine eyes first told me of your beauty, and my judgement gave consent thereto, and that my will hath procured liking thereof in my affection, I have felt an alteration in me so incurable that, striving with it both by art and nature, I have not hitherto found my remedy. Which thing, good madam, I trust cannot seem more unlikely to you,[2] than it hath been to me in the feeling terrible. The clap of the thunder is the greater when it meeteth with the thicket able to make more resistance, longer lasts the kindled fire in the builded oak than in the parched straw, and more vehement is the fight between two enemies than when the one yieldeth. What force love hath as I could well wish your ladyship to consider in me or to feel in yourself, so at least I beseech you to weigh by others and to believe report: how that with light assaults he beateth down the stoutest courages, and with gentle cords bindeth the biggest arms; that his force neither the wisest nor the mightiest were able to resist; that from his subjection not Julius Caesar, the great monarch of the world, could free himself;[3] that he

[1] *wanted* lacked.

[2] *you* Obscured in the first edition, this word is supplied from the second (*The First Part of the Mirror of Princely Deeds and Knighthood*, 1580).

[3] *Julius Caesar ... himself* perhaps referring to Julius Caesar's ancient reputation as a womanizer.

quelled the pride of the mighty Carthaginian in the delights of Capua,[1] and fettered Mars and Jupiter[2] (two gods of the Gentiles) in chains of iron; that he transformeth men into sundry shapes, and as it were by sudden enchantment framed the arm-strong Hercules[3] to the distaff and spindle, Aristotle to be bridled and saddled;[4] that he climbeth the highest towers and stretcheth to the lowest valley; that he divideth the hard rocks and bloweth through the easy passages: to conclude, nothing so strong and invincible, but that love can overthrow, and doth what him listeth. So that if I confessed myself yielden under so mighty a conqueror, I should yet be blameless for my cowardice. Yet what have I not attempted, if either counsel of friends or mine own wit, either physic's cure or mirth of company might have warranted my quietness? So God, good madam, speed my writing, as I meant not to trouble you with my letters. But the weak complain, and the diseased seek remedy, as what grief is so great or wound so wide but it hath some redress or other provided in nature. To you, therefore, good madam, thus boldly have I discovered my unrest, that by your means (whence only I may hope for it) I may receive comfort. And so attending your Highness's answer, either of life or death, I humbly kiss your princely hand.

The resolved to love or not to live,
Poor Rosicleer.

Rosicleer penned this letter either not well in his wits or else greatly perplexed in his thought so hard it is to find an issue,[5] but I believe rather that it came from heart to hand, and was so set down, without farther advice.[6] Yet in the meantime that Fidelia read the letter, the fair Princess broad awake to hear those amorous words, and feeling them in her heart with the like love wherein Rosicleer wrote them. When it was ended, heaping out abundance of sighs upon the argument of the letter, she said unto Fidelia:

"Ah Fidelia, what force may a tender gentlewoman as I am have for to resist the tyranny of love, when so many famous and so mighty princes could never conquer him? How may I overcome him which hath had the mastery of so many? Tell me, Fidelia, and counsel me what I have to do in this matter, for I mistrust my own wisdom, and very selde[7] is the passionate's judgement very sure and requisite."

Fidelia, nothing wondering at that effect which love had wrought in the Princess, her lady, for she rather wished herself worthy of so glorious pain, answered her thus: "Madam, to counsel you aright were to will you to defy love, and to abandon Rosicleer's company, and yet the words of this letter leaveth in me a doubt thereof if the matter be as true as the words importeth. Next were to desire you to have an eye unto your high estate, which yet me thinketh is not necessary, for I know you to be so wise as that you will hazard death rather than commit a thing so prejudicial to your honour. Now there remaineth only to learn out Rosicleer's lineage, that if he be such a one as may marry you without disworship, you may then begin the

[1] *the mighty Carthaginian in the delights of Capua* When the Carthaginian general Hannibal, having invaded Italy, was on the verge of marching on Rome, he retired to the pleasure city of Capua, notorious for its enervating voluptuousness.

[2] *Mars and Jupiter* Mars, god of war, had an affair with Venus, goddess of love; her husband, Vulcan, god of fire and the forge, trapped them in bed with a net, exposing them to the ridicule of the gods; Jupiter, king of the gods, had numerous sexual affairs with mortal women.

[3] *Hercules* classical hero; as a slave to Omphale, queen of Lydia, he was dressed in women's clothes and forced to do women's work, such as spinning and weaving.

[4] *Aristotle to be bridled and saddled* In the popular and frequently retold medieval tale about Aristotle, Alexander, and Alexander's mistress Phyllis, Alexander heeds Aristotle's advice to stop neglecting his public duties by spending all of his time with Phyllis. Phyllis revenges herself on Aristotle by using all her wiles to cause the philosopher to fall in love with her. When he begs her to have sex with him, she says she will do so only on one condition: that he will allow himself to be bridled and saddled like a horse and then carry her around on his back. Having agreed to watch from a window, Alexander reproaches Aristotle, who replies that if a wise philosopher can be besotted by desire, then a young man (like Alexander) needs to be doubly cautious when dealing with a beautiful woman.

[5] *issue* the outcome or upshot of an argument.

[6] *advice* consideration, deliberation.

[7] *selde* i.e., seldom ("sielde" in original).

redress of both your wrongs; otherwise, if he fail in that point, the first counsel will be most convenient: to eschew his presence, which shall in time do away this affection, as in time all things are forgotten."

Here the Princess, interrupting Fidelia's speech, replied in this manner: "Ah Fidelia, you think me not such a one but that although the love which I bear unto Rosicleer be such that it procureth me to will his presence, if he fail in gentry, I will rather chastise his boldness with perpetual exile out of this land, than give him comfort to the impair of my credit,[1] and sooner will I die a hundred times, than bestow a countenance upon such a one. But this I judge of Rosicleer by the pure and loyal love which he meaneth towards me: that it is likely he may merit me for wife, otherwise it is to be thought that in a knight so virtuous there cannot lie hidden such impudency as to move a lady unto her dishonour."

In such like talk after the letter read the Princess and Fidelia passed the most part of the night till Fidelia took her leave, the Princess notwithstanding still canvassing[2] over the letter of Rosicleer, and every sweet word which he had written, and she prayed to God with all her heart that he might prove such a one as was not unfitting for a queen's marriage.

Chapter 45.
The Three Princes Which Went in the Quest of Rosicleer Were Transported into the Empire of Trabisond, Where Chanced to Them a Fair Adventure.

As the valiant deeds of Rosicleer while he was there caused great joy in the court of King Oliverio, so no less was the grief there for his sudden departure amongst his friends; yet all these sorrows joined in one might not be equal to that which the fair Olivia felt, for she, seeing she had been the cause thereof, took thereat such inward grief that she became both weak and pale and her father with the whole court greatly lamented for her. In this general sorrow for the loss of Rosicleer, you must think that the princesses Rodasilva and Silverina were not free, for the loss of Rosicleer procured the absence of their loves. So as the history recounteth that they two together with the valiant Prince Zoylo took upon them the search of him, and therefore let us leave the court of King Oliverio to tell you of them.

Thus it is, that after they were all embarked in the haven which was nearest to London they sailed forwards a month's sailing, not desiring to bend either this way or that way. At the end of the month, rather upon chance than their purpose, they were driven upon the coast of Trabisond, where yet glad they were when the country was descried to see it and to abide there. Coming to land armed with their rich armour and their esquires accompanying them, they took their horse, and riding through a beaten path at the side of a pleasant wood they heard a noise, whereat being moved they turned back to see what it might be.

Out of the thickest of the wood they saw a wild boar driving so fast as possibly it might, and in the pursuit thereof a young gentlewoman upon a mighty courser and a boar spear in her right hand. Her hunter's weed was all of green velvet, her tresses hanging down in colour like the gold of Araby, in her left hand a wand of gold and two rich pearls hanging at her ears. She came spurring her horse in such wise and with such courage to overtake the boar that she much delighted them, and at such time as the boar crossed the way between them and her she struck the boar on the flank, that her spear appeared at the other side of the boar.

The game was got, and the lady not taking heed of the other knights, perhaps shadowed by the trees, returned with soft paces to her company, but the knights overtook her and (as I may say) abashed at that which they had seen, at her graces and beauty, they only gazed one upon the other not once making offer to salute her, whereat the lady more bold than the men, as it were to awake

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1 *impair of my credit* injuring of my reputation.

2 *canvassing* scrutinize, examine.

them out of their dreams, took and winded a fair horn, which hung at her neck, so loud and shrill that all the forest and valleys rang thereof, and when she had thus done she came to the three princes, in her seeming the properest knights that ever she set eye on, whom she friendly welcomed on this wise:[1] "God save you, gentle knights, and send you the comfort of your loves, for by your sad and demure looks it seems you are either strangers or others' thrall."

The knights turning towards her made their courteous obeisance, and for them the valiant Tartarian spoke in this manner: "Madam, we have stood astonished neither for strangeness nor for ill success in love, which some of us have not yet tried, but only for the thought of your beauty, being a lady huntress as if you were Diana,[2] which in like attire was wont to hunt the forests. But as you say we are strangers indeed, and because we would carry somewhat worth the telling, we crave your name and the fashions of the country."

The lady, delighted in the good behaviour of the three knights and tickled with the words of the Tartarian, in great majesty answered him: "Assuredly, sir knight, I know no cause you have to marvel at me, but rather I at you. For if I seem to you like to Diana, the goddess of the Gentiles, you likewise seem to me the three sons of Priamus—Hector, Paris and Troilus[3]—not far inferior in renown to the gods themselves. Whereas you desire me to make you know who I am, I will do it gladly but yet conditionally, that afterwards you tell me your name and country. This shall be one for one, and by just exchange we shall hereafter find peace. Wit[4] you now that I am called Claridiana, the daughter to Theodoro, lord of this empire, and to the Empress Diana, queen of the Amazons, which two having been mortal enemies, as by long wars appeareth continued hotly on either part, they were after great friends, meeting in a pitched field,[5] either being then young and unmarried. I am their only child, which since my young years have been brought up in hunting, and I am promised to be made knight, for my mother being but young achieved such enterprises that in her time there was no knight more famous, and I am desirous to be somewhat like unto her especially in that point. And now, sir knights, tell me who you are, for I would well accompany such lusty knights."

The Tartarian, who had first taken in hand to speak, answered: "Noble Princess, we were sure enough that there wanted not in you the divinity we spoke of, but yet we failed in the name, for so many graces which accompany you could not be in a lady of less estate, as my religion being paganisive[6] would rather have induced me to take you for the daughter of Jupiter[7] than of the Emperor Theodoro. And now sith your Excellency hath showed us such undeserved favour as to tell us who you are, it is reason that we obey in telling who we are and where we were born. This knight (pointing to Bargandel) sayeth he is the Prince Bargandel, the king's son of Bohemia, this (by Liriamandro) sayeth he is the Prince of Hungary called Liriamandro, and I am called Zoylo, son to the king of Tartary. We have joined for adventure, beginning in the great Britain, to find a new knight, a friend of ours, taken from us we wot[8] not how. Him we are determined to look in the world, and we have already sailed a month since we left England, so this morning we landed here very glad to have found your Highness."

"God be praised," said the Princess, "for the names of so high princes ought not to be concealed, especially here where the Emperor, my father, would be glad of such knights for the honour which his court should receive thereby, and I for my part would think it a great courtesy in you

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1 *on this wise* i.e., in this way or manner.

2 *Diana* goddess of virginity and the hunt.

3 *sons of Priamus—Hector, Paris and Troilus* sons of the king of Troy, all warriors during the Trojan war.

4 *Wit* know.

5 *pitched field* one decided upon in advance and prepared in an orderly manner for a battle.

6 *paganisive* pagan.

7 *daughter of Jupiter* Minerva, goddess of wisdom, war, and the liberal arts, who sprung full-grown out of the head of her father.

8 *wot* know.

if you would stay here till I were knighted, for by such noble princes might I be honoured. In the meanwhile, the courtesy which our court can afford shall be accomplished to the full, and after that you may turn you to your purposed journey."

The Princess had thus said, and straightways there came from the forest thirty gentlewomen on rich palfreys[1] and in long weeds[2] of green taffeta, among them also a troop of more than thirty knights all surely armed with their spears in their hands, coming to seek the Princess, which being better horsed than they had killed the boar long before their approach.

The Princess when she saw them said to the three princes: "My good lords, if you thought it not amiss, I would see what my knights would do in my defence."

Bargandel answered, "Noble lady, the thing cannot displease us which contenteth you. We will endanger our persons to serve you."

The Princess then called her knights and said unto them: "In good time, my friends, are you come. These three knights whom you see here would have carried me away against my will. But I prayed them not to offer such wrong to a gentlewoman, and, if they would therewith satisfy themselves, I offered them that of my knights so many as they should hurl down or unhorse, they should have so many of my gentlewomen for reward, and themselves or any of them were overthrown that then the party faulting should forfeit horse and harness. Hereto they have agreed. Now do the best you can to defend the gentlewomen which are in your company."

Here the Prince Zoylo which knew the Princess's meaning said unto her: "Nay, madam, let us first know whether the gentlewomen will yield to our covenant or no, and let their knights speak for them."

"Marry,"[3] answered the knights, "we are content."

"Yea, but so are not we," said the gentlewomen. "Shall we say they venture imprisonment upon our knights and they lose nothing, they may betray us if they will, but we fear rather that it will not be in their power."

"Yea, marry," answered the knights, "you are now wise! But if you be so fearful, we pray you alter the jousts to the trial of the sword, and you shall see presently these knights both ashamed and unhorsed."

"Nay, but yet," quoth the gentlewomen, "we had need of better warrants than your words. But if you will deal with our knights as we would have you, you must wager your horse and armour to be given them with us if you fail, and hereto we request these knights strangers otherwise to discharge the princess of her promise."

The three princes feigned to mislike the gentlewomen's device,[4] and the knights of the country were angry to see how little hope their gentlewomen had in them. So coming unto the three princes, they said unto them: "Sir knights, you may behold here that our gentlewomen are not content with the first match. Therefore, we will unbind it and lose as much as you should; therefore, take to yourselves so much of the field as you shall think good, and let us to the joust, for we will deceive the women of the little hope they have in our virtue." Three of the knights at this alarm prepared themselves to joust and the three princes did as much, glad to show there their manhood.

The three first knights were borne down horse and man to the great discomfit of the ladies, whereof one mocked her knight for his courage crying, "Marry, it seems, sir knight, that I might have been safe between your arms when you know not how to sit sure within your saddle." Which words caused as great laughter in the Princess as shame and confusion to the knights which were on the ground.

Then came three others which doing as much as the others were in like manner welcomed. So that, to make short tale, from three to three the princes unhorsed [the] whole thirty, and no man

[1] *palfreys* saddle-horses for ordinary riding as distinguished from warhorses; especially small saddle-horses for ladies.

[2] *weeds* garments.

[3] *Marry* "Why, to be sure!"

[4] *device* plan, scheme, project.

offered a second course. But yet the shame of their falls so egged them on that they demanded the combat with the swords. Hereat the knights, which knew well enough the Princess' purpose, made a great stay, as it were to consult with their power, being strangers and but three. In the end say they, "You know that the price which was ordained at these jousts were your horse and armour, the which you have lost. If you will, therefore, needs urge us to the combat with the swords, lay away your horse and armour, which are ours, and come your ways. Otherwise, you must beg the use of them at these gentlewomen, to whom we surrender our whole title."

"Marry," said one of the gentlewomen, "my lords, we accept of your courtesy, and here we else stay the combat, for we will not give them leave the second time to lose both themselves[1] and us." The knights were so ashamed, as well for[2] the princes' words as for the gentlewoman's rebuke, that altogether with their swords drawn they would have rushed upon the strangers, if the Princess coming between had not stayed them, speaking to the strangers that this was sufficient, and it greatly liked her that they had thus showed their valour.

Whereto Prince Zoylo answered, "Madam, we have besides to demand our prizes which we will not otherwise remit but to yourself." Whereat smiling, they all unbuckled their helmets, Bargandel and Liriamandro being then of the age of twenty years, seeming so beautiful that as well the gentlewomen as the knights were amazed at them. After them the Tartarian showed himself, who although he was a Morian born, and somewhat of colour tawny, yet had he a manly countenance, and therewithal pleasant, that he pleased them as well as his companions.

"With this there are no more foes to be feared as it appeareth," said the Princess, "if you challengers unarm yourselves. But if it be no grief to you, let us go together to the city of Trabisond, not being far off, for at your instance I may the sooner receive the order."[3] The princes thanking the lady for that favour prepared themselves to obey her command, so rid they on with the Princess towards Trabisond, where they stayed about fifteen days, much increasing their honour at the feasts proclaimed for the knighting of the inheritress, they being made known to none but to the Princess; here likewise the great prowess which the Princess Claridiana showed were such that every man was amazed at them.

Albeit the three princes never jousted against her, but hereafter you shall hear sufficiently of her and them. Now to the two princes Brandizel and Clavergudo, whom we left in the kingdom of Persia very sad for the loss of their dear friend, the worthy Knight of the Sun.

—1578

[1] *themselves* Obscured in the first edition, this word is supplied from the second.

[2] *as well for* Obscured in the first edition, these words are supplied from the second.

[3] *order* i.e., the order of knighthood.

Richard Rogers
1551-1618

Richard Rogers was born into a family of tradesmen: his father was a joiner and his grandfather a carpenter.[1] The youngest of three children, Rogers went on to become a highly respected Puritan minister and writer, of whom fellow nonconformist Nathaniel Vincent wrote in 1677 that "England hardly ever brought forth a man that walked more closely with God."[2] After attending Cambridge University (Christ's College) as a "sizar" (a poor student who paid his way by acting as a servant for fellow students) and graduating with a Bachelor's degree in 1570/71, he was ordained.

Rogers went on to Caius College (Cambridge), taking a Master's degree in 1574. His first posting was as a curate to William Harrison (author of *The Description of England*), and during his time in Radminster (Essex) "he mobilized prosperous godly men to assist him in governing the parish."[3] Around 1577, he became a lecturer at Wethersfield, Essex, where he spent the rest of his life. Although Rogers was clearly appointed by local Puritan sympathizers to deliver weekly sermons, his diary suggests that he was also the acting minister in the parish, the curate for the non-resident incumbent, John Ludham.[4]

Like many Puritan divines Rogers came into conflict with the Church hierarchy, experiencing alternating periods of toleration and persecution depending on the sympathies of particular bishops and archbishops. His diary entries reflect a deep involvement in "that associational movement of clergy" that has come to be known as "presbyterian or classical," with Rogers becoming "a noted leader of the regional conference."[5] He was suspended—in other words, Archbishop Whitgift (c. 1530-1604) forbade him from preaching—in 1583; brought before the ecclesiastical commission in 1598; and punished yet again in 1603 for refusing to take the *ex officio* oath (an oath which required the accused to swear to answer truthfully any questions asked him, with no provision against self-incrimination). Each time important patrons intervened on his behalf, among them Sir Robert Wroth and William, Lord Knollys. From 1604 to 1607, Rogers experienced a less rigorous episcopal discipline under Bishop Richard Vaughan, but renewed persecution followed under Vaughan's successor.[6]

Rogers married twice. There is some uncertainty about the identity of his first wife.[7] There is evidence that Rogers and his first wife had a number of children, six of whom survived him.[8] He does not seem to have had any children with his second wife, Susan Ward, although he acquired a number of stepchildren.[9] He died and was buried in Wethersfield on 21 April 1618.

Richard Rogers published a number of works, the most famous of which was *Seven Treatises*, which was published in five editions between 1603 and 1630, and amounted to "a systematic treatise on Christian living, based largely on his own experience."[10] Rogers' diary remained in manuscript until Knappen's selected edition in 1966.

EDITION: Excerpts from Richard Rogers's diary in *Two Elizabethan Puritan Diaries by Richard Rogers and Samuel Ward.* Ed. M.M. Knappen (Gloucester, MA, 1966) are reprinted with the permission of Peter Smith Publisher, Inc., Gloucester, MA.

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1 M.M. Knappen, "The Life of Richard Rogers," in *Two Elizabethan Puritan Diaries by Richard Rogers and Samuel Ward*, ed. and introduction by M.M. Knappen (Gloucester, MA, 1966), p. 19.

2 Ibid., p. 34.

3 F.J. Bremer, "Richard Rogers [1551-1618]," *DNB online*, 2005.

4 Knappen, "The Life of Richard Rogers," p. 20.

5 Bremer, "Richard Rogers."

6 "Richard Rogers [1550?-1618]," *DNB*, p. 138.

7 On the evidence of the diary, Knappen states that Rogers's first wife was named "Barbara" (see, for example the entry for 29 November 1587, below), but that the manuscript gives no indication of her last name. However, Francis J. Bremer, Rogers's most recent *DNB* biographer, says that Rogers's first wife was Mary Duckfield ("Richard Rogers," *DNB online*, 2005).

8 Knappen, "The Life," pp. 32-33.

9 Ibid., p. 23

10 Ibid., p. 32.

from *The Diary of Richard Rogers*[1]

[...]

July [?], 1587. [...] O Lord, whither should I run if thou didst not mercifully draw me back? This I wrote this evening. And good change by sensible feeling of mine unworthiness there was in remembering and setting down these things, over[2] there was before, for before I had gone about this I was utterly unsettled both in study and mind and nothing could be gone about roundly.[3] I saw from day to day that many things in me were to be called into exam[ination], but I could not clearly see into them nor willingly go about the looking into them. Thus was I holden off[4] a long time, although it had been meet[5] for me to have set down mine estate[6] for this month long before. Yet so many things were molesting me, one after another, that, being very profitable for me and nearly concerning me, I took this in hand, persuading myself that I should neither have called myself to an account about these matters now neither many other times about the like if I had not tied myself to this course of writing.[7] And thus although with too much negligence it be looked after of me, as most other things also are, yet this profit I have oft reaped of the using of it: that sometime I am drawn to not the time past in writing, having propounded it with myself, whereas otherwise I fear I should have entered into no considerations at all about such matters as did necessarily give me cause to weigh them deeply. To be sure I should soon forget them. And this morning I do more throughly[8] see into the goodness of my God in not punishing these my trespasses in some grievous manner, as by giving me over into some presumptuous sin, or delivering me into their hands, again to be baited and brought to make better use of my time, by whom heretofore I have been, with others, unmercifully dealt withal.[9] [...] One thing this time I remember that going among a company of bad fellows [...] [illegible] I prayed espec[ially] for wisdom and grace if I should have to deal with them. I by means of that did, in reasoning with one young man who is become a very atheist, receive a sensible blessing of my prayer that I was not thrust through by him for being earnest against his atheism, who stiffly held that all the sort of profess[ors] were rank hippocr[ites] and the worst of any.

Thus I have set down some part of those things which have fallen out this month and the sweet peace which I find and feel since I wrote this, which seasoneth mine heart with aptness and willingness to do duty aright, differeth unspeakably from that untowardness[10] which before was in me. For in this estate my mind is on some good thing with delight and upon transitory things with[11] little regarding them. But before it was my chiefest delight[12] to be thinking upon any profit or vain pleasure, even long before I had to do with

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[1] A note on the text: the editors would like to thank Peter Smith Publishers (Gloucester, MA, 1966) for permission to print the following excerpts from "Rogers's Diary." For his kind assistance, the editors would also like to thank Dr. David Wykes, director of the Dr. Williams' Library, which holds both the original manuscript (Baxter MSS 61.13*) and the Knappen typescript. Knappen noted Rogers's marginal annotations, corrections, additions, and textual underlining, as well as places where the original is torn and stained and consequently unreadable. We reproduce Knappen's own square brackets that denote his alterations to Rogers's text. These alterations primarily indicate possible expansions of uncertain abbreviations (e.g., Rogers's "hippocr" becomes Knappen's "hippocr[ites]").

[2] *over* more than, above or beyond that.

[3] <*> This writing of my estate was a kind of repenting [Rogers's note]. *roundly* completely, in a thorough manner.

[4] *holden off* delayed.

[5] *meet* fitting, appropriate.

[6] *estate* here, his moral and spiritual state.

[7] <*> Note an especial use of continuing this course of writing [Rogers's note].

[8] *throughly* fully, completely, thoroughly.

[9] On Rogers's persecution, see p. 440.

[10] *untowardness* perversity, obstinacy.

[11] *with* "which" in Knappen.

[12] "my chiefest delight" later crossed out and "too ready" written above the line [Knappen's note.]

them. Yet thus I must say that whensoever I have weltered in any looseness[1] or security,[2] yes such wherein I have been unwilling to be awaked, yet I thought even in the same time that God would bring it against me some one time or other, and the longer that I have deferred it, the greater is my torment, and then I have no sound peace until I return. [...][3]

[...]

Oct 30, 1587. [...] Among other medit[ations] this was one in this month: that I beholding how graciously the Lord hath hedged me in on every side, what sweet knowledge of his will, in comparison of that which I was like to have attained to, he hath given me, and other bless[ings], good will and a good name with the godlier sort, communion with them and such manifold comfort in my life and with his people, with liberty in my ministry, I looked back to the year 1570 and thereabout, how like it was that all this should have been holden from me and I, before I had either learning or goodness, to have been drawn to mar[ry] and to have lived in that dunghill of abomination where I was born,[4] whereas by all likelihood I must have been undone[5] both in body and soul.

Then this one thing much occupied me, that, as I and some other of us here have obtained mercy of the Lord to believe in him, to be comforted exceedingly by him so that we might grow and that our profiting might appear to all men, that we might see in what partic[ulars] we were changed as well concerning knowledge as pract[ice]. Somewhat in the right use of the world I seemed to myself to have gotten of myself, to determine in this great abomi[nation] not to be hunting, gaping for more with discontent[ment], torment, or such affections as might hinder my course in godliness, wherein, since our last fast, I thank God I may say with some comfort that I have been better in watchfulness about my heart and life more continual and staid,[6] more constant also in keeping that my covenant of wary walking with the Lord. [...]

[...]

Nov 17, 1587. [...] By fearful noise of war[7] and trouble in our land I laboured to bring mine heart to a more near drawing of it to the deeper contempt of the world and sincerity through my whole life. Some savour I thank God I have of it. Many also strangely visited[8] about us, some half senseless, some otherwise, methinks do give good cause to us to think that God would awaken us and bring us nearer to him. But among all griefs which this long time fell to me none was like this: that so sweet a blossom, as of his years I never

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1 *looseness* freedom from constraint; laxity of principles or practice; *security* here, a culpable absence of anxiety; carelessness.

2 <*>: Ps. 2:5 [Rogers's note].

3 Although Knappen modernizes punctuation, he does maintain Rogers's spelling, and so we have included part of the first entry here: "[...] Oh lord, whither should I run if thou didest not mercifully drawe me backe. This I wrot this eveninge. And good chaunge by sensible feeleinge of mine unworthines there was in remembring and settinge downe theise thinges, over there was before, for before I had gone about this I was utterly unsetled both in study and minde and nothing coulde be gone about roundly. I saw from day to day that many thinges in me were to be called into exam[ination], but I could not cleerely see into them nor willingly goe about the lookeing into them. Thus was I holden of a longe time, although it had been meet for me to have set downe mine estat for this month longe before. Yet so many thinges were molestinge me, one after an other, that, being veary profitable for me and neerly concerning me, I tooke this in hande, perswadeing my self that I should nether have called my self to an account about these matters now neither many other times about the like if I had not tyed my selfe to this course of writeinge. And thus although with too much negligence it be looked after of me, as most other thinges allso are, yet this profit I have oft reaped of the useinge of it that sometime I am drawen to not the time past in writeinge, haveinge propounded it with my self, whereas otherwise I feare I should have entred into no consideracions at all about such matters as did necessarily geve me cause to weigh them deepely. To be sure I should soone forget them. And this morning I doe more throughly see into the goodnes of my god in not punishing these my tresspasses in some grevous manner, as by geveing me over into some presumptuous sin, or deliveringe me into their handes, againe to be bayted and brought to mak better use of my time, by whome heretofore I have been, with other unmercifuly delt withal."

4 <*> At Chelmsford [Rogers's note].

5 *undone* ruined, utterly destroyed.

6 *staid* steadfast; free from whim or caprice.

7 a reference to the coming war with Spain, culminating in the Spanish Armada in the summer of 1588.

8 *visited* afflicted with illness; attacked by plague or other epidemic.

heard, in judgement, discretion, and all toward[1] points of a faithful min[ister],[2] is taken out of this woeful world which was not worthy of him, Master Fennour.[3] And I pray God I may joy less in the world for this cause. I have firmly purposed[4] to make my whole life a meditation of a better life, and godliness in every part even mine occupation and trade,[5] that I may from point to point and from step to step with more watchfulness walk with the Lord. Oh, the infinite gain of it!

No[6] small help hereto was our whetting on[7] one the other who being four days together communicated many things together: our wants, our poverty[8] in the practice of religion, which thing yet we saw more apparently in others.[9] We spoke of the favouring of ourselves and what liberty we take in our thoughts and words, as also deeds, how hardly[10] we enter into watchful[ness] over ourselves against any inward or outward evil, and how soon we wax weary of that course, and what a prison it is to the flesh. Also how we lose many happy and good days in familiarity and near communion with the Lord for the momentary enjoying of our fond[11] desires and that hereby we had made[12] our profession the less glorious to men. As is to be seen how slightly even the better sort of men beautify the religion. In a word, hitherto it tended principally that, seeing the Lord had granted to us some sight of the coldness and half service of his [sic] which is in the world, and ourselves also much carried away with it,[13] that thus we would renew our covenant more firmly with the Lord, than we had done, to come nearer to the practice of godliness and oftener to have our conversation in heaven, our minds seldomer and more lightly upon the things of this life, to give to ourselves less liberty in the secretest and smallest provocations to evil, and to endeavour after a more continual watch from thing to thing that as much as might be we might walk with the Lord for the time of our abiding here below. These and such like we communed of together, I may not say in vain, but with great inflaming of our hearts far above that which is common with us.

[...]

Nov 29, 1587. [...] In my return home my mind by the way was taken up in very heavenly sort, rejoicing not a little that the Lord had so enlarged mine heart as that mine old and accustomed dreams and fantasies of things below were vanished and drowned. The medit[ations] of mine heart were such as carried me to the Lord, and full graciously seasoned me against[14] my coming home. Yet ceasing but a little from good doing some way I began to wax[15] cold, the which grew upon me by reason of lingering after[16] ba[rbara?] wherewith I feared that I should be enforced to remit somewhat of my former covenant, which to think was as grievous to me as it was comfortable to hope for the continuance of it. And although I found gracious deliver[ance] again, yet I see that I shall be, without especial grace, in great danger. But

[1] *toward* promising.

[2] <*> Think of it ofttimes [Rogers's note].

[3] "Dudley Fenner matriculated as a fellow-commoner at Peterhouse in 1575 and so would be only about twenty-eight at this time, which explains Rogers's comment on his 'years.' He was an extreme Puritan for his time, and withdrew to the Netherlands where he renounced his Anglican orders. He died at Middelburg (See *DNB*)" (Knappen, p. 64, n15).

[4] <*> A covenant renewed [Rogers's note].

[5] <*> Note [Rogers's note].

[6] "The ink and writing are slightly different from this point on and this is evidently a later entry, though it continues on the same line on which the former sentence ends" [Knappen's note].

[7] *whetting on* urging on (to say or to do [something]).

[8] *poverty* deficiency.

[9] <*> I have thought oft that if I were not holden in by overseeing my famil[y] that I would, as I could, visit them priv[ately] hereabout whom I have taught publ[icly] [Rogers's note].

[10] *hardly* not easily, with difficulty.

[11] *fond* foolish, silly.

[12] <*> This is good to whet on. [Rogers's note].

[13] <*> In some things and for awhile I find sweet savor in this estate which is mentioned in my writ[ings], but I know not how the strength of desire is cooled many ways. I so fear about provis[ion] and losing that which I have and so decaying. Take hold once it eateth deeply, so p [Rogers's note].

[14] *seasoned me against* i.e., tempered/disciplined me in preparation for.

[15] *wax* grow.

[16] *lingering after* longing for, desiring.

thus it must be till our sins be better looked to and their strength better diminished in us.

In this time again I felt the rebellion arising, so that I see not how one may safely grow secure and bold but one danger or other may hold him from it, if he look well about him. Indeed I did not a little rejoice before in the late preferment[1] which the Lord had brought upon me, and lest I should have been too joyful the Lord did show me my weakness that I might still be holden under with it, and be driven to him as in times past. And it was very good for me to be thus abased. After I recovered myself yet I felt some print of my weakness in that I was not so fruitful as before.

[...]

Jan 12, 1587/88. By occasion of the strange visit[ation] of one of our neigh[bours], Mrs. A.,[2] I, seeing by much pain in wi[fe] and near childb[irth] many likelihoods of our separation, considered how many uncomfortablenesses the Lord had kept from me hitherto by those which I then saw must needs come if he should part us, that I might more thankfully use the benef[it] if it should be continued, and acquaint myself with thinking on some of them before, that they might not be altogether sudden, but alas this latter is hard.

First, the fear of marrying again, dangerous as two mar[riages] are.

Want of it in the meanwhile.

Forgoing so fit a companion for religion, housewifery, and other comf[orts].

Loss and decay in subst[ance].[3]

Care of household matters cast on me.

Neglect of study.

Care and looking after children.

Forgoing our boarders.

Fear of losing friendship among her kindred.

These are some. The Lord may cast me down with them also in sick[ness]. [...]

[...]

Feb 7, [1587/1588.] It came to my mind this day, as I was musing alone, that being unapt to study and in body not well, yet I felt not loathsomeness to all good duties as at some such times I have felt, but a very frank and hearty abhorring of such fond and foolish pleasures as have mightily prevailed against me, and as my former book[4] especially doth declare. And it came to my mind that, whereas I have been made very sorrowful by the things which I have set down there about these matters because my weakness therein is exceedingly bewrayed,[5] it may please my God to grant me that grace and strength against them whereby I might be as much comforted[6] as ever I was made sorrowful at the reading and writing of them. And then I should see great reason why the Lord set me about this work, which end I had not before mine eyes when I first went about it. And yet many of these my writings in which I have set down God's graces and other benefits bestowed on me may be hard[7] witnesses against me hereafter if worse things should be found in me than have been.

[...]

April 20, 1588. I fear my sin at Br[idewell][8] hath provoked the Lord to hold his mercies from me that I cannot settle to study but wander in idleness and unprofit[ableness], no good th[ing] taking hold of me or if it do yet not long continuing with me as yesternight. I was in indifferent good case[9]

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[1] *late preferment* recent ecclesiastical appointment (a post or appointment which involved social or pecuniary advancement). The exact nature of this preferment remains unidentified.

[2] <*> Lying like one senseless, no cheer, nor words, which strook us that were present. Mrs. Arg. died Jan. 5 [Rogers's note].

[3] *subst[ance]* possessions, goods, wealth.

[4] *former book* Rogers is probably referring to a manuscript book, since his first published work did not appear until 1603.

[5] *bewrayed* revealed, disclosed, made public.

[6] <*> Let there be had especial care of this that if God will it may come to pass [later]and look for it [Rogers's note].

[7] *hard* severe, harsh, unmerciful.

[8] Unidentified [Knappen's note].

[9] *indifferent good case* fairly good condition, estate; *in good case* well off financially.

considering well of mine estate, and concluding that I would yet take hold again on a good course, but alas it is far from me. This mor[ning] to break off my med[itation] when I was well entered into it a wonderful swarm of troublesome matters[1] oppressed me, and turned me till 9 of the clock into a mopish and dumpish sorrow till I being wearied with it turned myself to empty my heart by writing, when I saw that I could not do it by complaining nor praying. Yet hearty and sensible sorrow for these, which might make my heart to melt, and so to cast me down in more humil[ity], I could find none but only desiring it.[2] [...]

[...]

Dec 16, 1588. In this time God visited my wi[fe], never more near to death, whereby all the former considerations, Januar[y] last the 5, were revived.[3] And this fell out[4] in a time in which had been broken or discontinued the keeping of some coven[ants] betwixt us made and entered into, as private [differences?], some harshn[ess],[5] not that pleasantness[6] in that behalf required. I saw also that this was much out of the way a week or more before, and waited opportun[ity] to cut it off, but too slowly, and though it was no such thin[g] as was noted of any, or so much as betwixt ourselves,[7] only I saw there was some abating of the affec[tion][8] which had been, yet I would not wil[lingly] see it so again, nor that we had so[9] parted. And hereby[10] it may be seen that many of our oversights, which pass us without any check, do come to remembr[ance] sometime after, with great grief.

[...]

—composed, c. 1586-90

[1] <*> Fullers woorck. Rest, inabil[ity] to study, little sound prac[tice] of godliness, etc. [Rogers's note]. Editor's note: If "Fuller" refers to Nicholas Fuller (c. 1557-1623), Hebraist and theologian, then the "work" may be *Miscellaneorum theologicorum ... tres libri* (first edition in 1612; reprinted in 1616, 1617), a commentary on various biblical texts that either contained interpretive cruces or had proven controversial. It was the only work by Fuller published before Rogers's own death in 1618. See G.L. Jones, "Nicholas Fuller (c. 1557-1623)," *DNB online*, 2005.

[2] <*> Oh what ———— [*worn*]s arise that way [Rogers's note].

[3] <*> A new coven[ant] after this deliv[erance] with God and betwixt ourselves [Rogers's note].

[4] *fell out* happened, chanced, occurred.

[5] "harshn[ess]" later altered to "hardn[ess]" [Knappen's note]; *harshness* severity, rigorousness, unfeelingness; *hardness* obdurateness; callousness; hard-headedness.

[6] "not that pleasantness" is later crossed out [Knappen's note].

[7] "so much as betwixt ourselves" is later crossed out [Knappen's note].

[8] "affec[tion]" is later crossed out and "state" written above [Knappen's note].

[9] "had so" is later altered, but blotted and so the addition is illegible [Knappen's note].

[10] From hereby to the end of the entry is underlined in the ms. [Knappen's note].

Stephen Gosson
1554-1625

Stephen Gosson was educated at Oxford University; though he did not graduate, his education in the classics formed the basis for his criticism of poetry and plays outlined in *The School of Abuse*, entered in the Stationers' Register on 22 July, 1579. *The School of Abuse* contributes to an argument which judged art on moral grounds, and sought to raise suspicions about poetry and the stage. Gosson agreed with humanists that poetry should move people to virtue, but he argued that it rarely did. He not only emphasized the social dangers of the stage and the dubious motives of playwrights and players, but was also doubtful of the audience's abilities to discern good from bad theatre. This first pamphlet was very much concerned to depict himself as a judicious and clever writer. It is notable for its use of the popular euphuistic style of sententiae, repetition, and closed, balanced rhythms.

The dedication to Sir Philip Sidney might indicate that Gosson was looking for patronage, but Sidney's *A Defence of Poetry* refutes many of Gosson's points. *School* sparked a lively response from detractors; actors responded by staging some of Gosson's own plays in the hopes of discrediting him, and wrote a stage defence of drama in *The Play of Plays.* Thomas Lodge (see p. 969) also wrote *Defence of Poetry, Music, Stage Plays* (1579-80). Gosson replied to this opposition with *An Apology of the School of Abuse* (1579) and *Plays Confuted in Five Actions* (1582). Using the five-act structure associated with plays, this last pamphlet repeats many of the earlier arguments, but the high, moral tone is far from the often playful style of *School.* This was the end of Gosson's brief but controversial career as a literary critic; he soon took holy orders and for the remainder of his life enjoyed a successful career in the Church.

EDITIONS: *The shoole of abuse.* London: [Printed] by Thomas Woodcock, 1579. STC 12097; Stephen Gosson, *Playes confuted in five actions.* London: Imprinted for Thomas Gosson, [1582]. STC 12095.

from *The School of Abuse,*

Containing a Pleasant Invective Against Poets, Pipers, Players, Jesters, and Such Like Caterpillars of a Commonwealth: Setting up the Flag of Defiance to Their Mischievous Exercise, and Overthrowing Their Bulwarks, by Profane Writers, Natural Reason, and Common Experience: A Discourse as Pleasant for Gentlemen That Favour Learning, as Profitable for All That Will Follow Virtue.

To the Reader

Gentlemen and others, you may well think that I sell you my corn and eat chaff, barter my wine and drink water, since I take upon me to deter you from plays when mine own works are daily to be seen upon stages as sufficient witnesses of mine own folly and severe judges against myself. But if you saw how many tears of sorrow my eyes shed when I behold them, or how many drops of blood my heart sweats when I remember them, you would not so much blame me for misspending my time when I knew not what I did, as commend me at the last for recovering my steps with graver counsel. Afterwits[1] are ever best; burnt children dread the fire. I have seen that which you behold, and I shun that which you frequent. And that I might the easier pull your minds from such studies, draw your feet from such places, I have sent you a school of those abuses which I have gathered by observation.

[...]

The School of Abuse

[...] they that never go out of their houses for regard of their credit, nor step from the university

[1] *Afterwits* those who have knowledge after an event; hindsight.

for love of knowledge, seeing but slender offences and small abuses within their own walls, will never believe that such rocks are abroad, nor such horrible monsters in playing places. But as (I speak the one to my comfort, the other to my shame, and remember both with a sorrowful heart) I was first instructed in the university, after drawn like a novice to these abuses, so will I show you what I see, and inform you what I read of such affairs. Ovid saith that Romulus built his theatre as a horsefair for whores, made triumphs and set out plays to gather the fair women together, that every one of his soldiers might take where he liked a snatch for his share; whereupon the amorous schoolmaster bursteth out in these words:—

Romule, militibus solus dare praemia nosti:
Haec mihi si dederis commoda, miles ero.

Thou, Romulus, alone knowest how thy
soldiers to reward:
Grant me the like, myself will be attendant
on thy guard.[1]

It should seem that the abuse of such places was so great, that for any chaste liver to haunt them was a black swan and a white crow.[2] Dion[3] so straightly forbiddeth the ancient families of Rome and gentlewomen that tender their name and honour to come to theatres, and rebukes them so sharply when he takes them napping, that if they be but once seen there, he judgeth it sufficient cause to speak ill of them and think worse. The shadow of a knave hurts an honest man, the scent of the stews[4] a sober matron, and the show of theatres a simple gazer.

[...]

If we gather grapes among thistles, or seek for this food at theatres, we shall have a hard pittance and come to short commons.[5] I cannot think that city to be safe that strikes down her portcullises, rams up her gates, and suffereth the enemy to enter the postern.[6] Neither will I be persuaded that he is any way likely to conquer affection which breaketh his instruments, burneth his poets, abandons his haunt, muffleth his eyes as he passeth the street, and resorts to theatres to be assaulted. Cooks did never show more craft in their junkets[7] to vanquish the taste, nor painters in shadows to allure the eye, than poets in theatres to wound the conscience.

There set they abroach[8] strange consorts of melody to tickle the ear, costly apparel to flatter the sight, effeminate gesture to ravish the sense, and wanton speech to whet desire to inordinate lust. Therefore of both barrels I judge cooks and painters the better hearing, for the one extendeth his art no farther than to the tongue, palate and nose, the other to the eye, and both are ended in outward sense, which is common to us with brute beasts. But these by the privy entries of the ear slip down into the heart, and with gun-shot of affection gall the mind, where reason and virtue should rule the roost.

[...]

Consider with thyself (gentle reader) the old discipline of England: mark what we were before, and what we are now. Leave Rome a while, and cast thine eye back to thy predecessors, and tell me how wonderfully we have been changed since we were schooled with these abuses. Dion saith that Englishmen could suffer watching and labour, hunger and thirst, and bear of all storms with head and shoulders; they used slender weapons,

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1 from Ovid, *Art of Love*, 1.131-32.

2 *black swan ... white crow* i.e., extremely rare.

3 *Dion* Dio Cassius (c. 150-235 CE), Roman historian and administrator, wrote a history of Rome. Nineteen of the original 80 books survive.

4 *stews* brothels; houses of prostitution.

5 *short commons* insufficient rations of food.

6 *portcullises* heavy iron gates; *postern* backdoor.

7 *junkets* sweet, creamy dishes.

8 *set ... abroach* give vent to; also, vessels are broached or pierced to let the liquor run through: this could refer to "both barrels" in the next sentence, although the world "barrels" here may also connect to the later "gun-shot."

went naked, and were good soldiers; they fed upon roots and barks of trees; they would stand up to the chin many days in marshes without victuals, and they had a kind of sustenance in time of need, of which if they had taken but the quantity of a bean, or the weight of a pea, they did neither gape after meat, nor long for the cup a great while after. The men in valour not yielding to Scythia, the women in courage passing the Amazons.[1] The exercise of both was shooting and darting, running and wrestling, and trying such masteries as either consisted in swiftness of feet, agility of body, strength of arms, or martial discipline.

But the exercise that is now among us is banqueting, playing, piping, and dancing, and all such delights as may win us to pleasure, or rock us in sleep. *Quantum mutatus ab illo?*[2] Oh, what a wonderful change is this? Our wrestling at arms is turned to wallowing in ladies' laps, our courage to cowardice, our cunning to riot, our bows into bowls, and our darts to dishes. We have robbed Greece of gluttony, Italy of wantonness, Spain of pride, France of deceit, and Dutchland[3] of quaffing. Compare London to Rome and England to Italy, you shall find the theatres of the one, the abuses of the other, to be rife among us.

[...]

[...] they that lack customers all the week, either because their haunt is unknown, or the constables and officers of the parish watch them so narrowly that they dare not queatche,[4] to celebrate the Sabbath flock to the theatres, and there keep a general market of bawdry. Not that any filthiness in deed is committed within the compass of that ground, as was once done in Rome, but that every wanton and [his] paramour, every man and his mistress, every John and his Joan, every knave and his quean[5] are there first acquainted, and cheapen the merchandise in that place which they pay for elsewhere, as they can agree. These worms when they dare not nestle in the peasecod[6] at home find refuge abroad and are hid in the ears of other men's corn.

[...]

How often hath her Majesty, with the grave advice of her whole Council, set down the limits of apparel to every degree,[7] and how soon again hath the pride of our hearts overflown the channel? How many times hath access to theatres been restrained, and how boldly again have we reentered? Over-lashing[8] in apparel is so common a fault that the very hirelings of some of our players, which stand at reversion of vi s. by the week,[9] jet under gentlemen's noses in suits of silk, exercising themselves to prating on the stage, and common scoffing when they come abroad, where they look askance over the shoulder at every man of whom the Sunday before they begged an alms. I speak not this as though everyone that professeth the quality so abused himself, for it is well known that some of them are sober, discreet, properly learned, honest householders and citizens well thought on among their neighbours at home, though the pride of their shadows (I mean those hangbyes whom they succour with stipend) cause them to be somewhat ill talked of abroad. And as some of the players are far from abuse, so some of their plays are without rebuke.

[...]

Now, if any man ask me why myself have penned comedies[10] in time past, and inveigh so eagerly

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1 Scythians and Amazons were proverbial for valour and courage, respectively.

2 *Quantum mutatus ab illo?* this is translated in the next sentence.

3 *Dutchland* the Netherlands.

4 *queatche* move or make a sound.

5 *quean* immodest, ill-behaved woman.

6 *peasecod* pea pod.

7 Sumptuary laws regulated what style, fabric, and colour of clothing the different classes and genders could wear.

8 *Over-lashing* extravagance.

9 *stand at reversion of vi s. by the week* i.e., paid a salary of 6 shillings per week.

10 Gosson mentions two of his own plays—*The Comedy of Captain Mario* and *Praise at Parting*—in *Plays Confuted in Five Actions*. None of his plays are extant.

against them here, let him know that *Semel insanivimus omnes*.[1] I have sinned, and am sorry for my fault; he runs far that never turns; better late than never.

[...]

As I would that offences should not be hid for going unpunished, nor escape without scourge for ill example, so I wish that every rebuker should place a hatch before the door, keep his quill within compass. He that holds not himself contented with the light of the sun, but lifts up his eyes to measure the bigness, is made blind; he that bites every weed to search out his nature may light upon poison and so kill himself; he that loves to be sifting of every cloud may be struck with a thunderbolt if it chance to rent;[2] and he that taketh upon him to show men their faults may wound his own credit, if he go too far. We are not angry with the clerk of the market if he come to our stall and reprove our balance when they are faulty, or forfeit our weights when they are false: nevertheless, if he presume to enter our house and rig[3] every corner, searching more than belongs to his office, we lay hold on his locks, turn him away with his back full of stripes, and his hands loaded with his own amends. Therefore I will content myself to show you no more abuses in my school than myself have seen, nor so many hundreds as I have heard of. Lions fold up their nails when they are in their dens, for wearing them in the earth and need not; eagles draw in their talons as they sit in their nests, for blunting them there among dross. And I will cast anchor in these abuses, rest my bark in the simple road, for grating my wits upon needless shelves.[4] And because I accuse other[s] for treading awry, which since I was born never went right; because I find so many faults abroad, which have at home more spots in my body than the leopard, more stains on my coat than the wicked Nessus,[5] more holes in my life than the open sieve, more sins in my soul than hairs on my head: if I have been tedious in my lecture, or yourselves be weary of your lesson, hearken no longer for the clock, shut up the school, and get you home.

—1579

from *Plays Confuted in Five Actions*

Proving That They Are Not to Be Suffered in a Christian Commonweal,[6] *by the Way Both the Cavils of Thomas Lodge, and the* Play of Plays, *Written in Their Defence, and Other Objections of Players' Friends, Are Truly Set Down and Directly Answered.*[7]

To the Right Worshipful Gentlemen and Students of Both Universities,[8] and the Inns of Court

[...] I was very willing to write at this time, because I was informed by some of you which heard it with your ears, that since my publishing the *School of Abuse*, two plays of my making were brought to the stage: the one was a cast of Italian devices, called *The Comedy of Captain Mario*, the other a moral, *Praise at Parting*.[9] These they very impudently affirm to be written by me since I had set out my invective against them. I cannot deny they were both mine, but they were both penned two years at the least before I forsook them, as by their own friends I am able to prove, but they have got such a custom of counterfeiting upon the stage that it is grown to an habit and will not be left. God knoweth, before whom to you all I do protest, as I shall answer to him at the Last Day when all hidden secrets shall be discovered, since

[1] *Semel insanivimus omnes* Latin, "all of us are mad at some time."
[2] *rent* rend or tear (i.e., through the clouds).
[3] *rig* ransack.
[4] *bark* boat; *shelves* ledges of rock.
[5] *Nessus* a centaur slain by Hercules. Hercules was consumed by fire when he wore a tunic soaked in Nessus's blood.
[6] *Commonweal* commonwealth.
[7] Gosson dedicated this work to Sir Francis Walsingham, principal secretary to Elizabeth; *Cavils* frivolous objections.
[8] *both universities* Oxford and Cambridge.
[9] These plays are non-extant.

the first printing of my invective to this day, I never made play for them nor any other. Therefore if ever they be so shameless and graceless to belie[1] me again, I beseech God, as he hath given me more wit to spend my time well, so to send to them more honesty to speak a truth. I could purge myself of this slander in many words, both how I departed from the city of London and bestowed my time in teaching young gentlemen in the country, where I continue with a very worshipful gentleman and read to his sons in his own house, but the men are so vain, and their credit so light, that the least word I speak is enough to choke them. He that reprehends a vice and shuns it not, snuffs the lamp to make it burn, but puts in no oil to nourish the flame. Therefore as soon as I had inveighed against plays, I withdrew myself from them to better studies, which so long as I live I trust to follow.

Thus submitting my book and myself to your judgment, I leave to trouble you any farther, craving this at your hands before we part: that if any player belie me in your hearing upon the stage, you would rather consider of the person than of the speech, for a player is like to a merchant's finger that stands sometime for a thousand, sometime for a cipher,[2] and a player must stand as his part falls, sometime for a prince, sometime for a peasant.

The First Action

[...] the abominable practices of plays in London have been by godly preachers, both at Paul's Cross[3] and elsewhere, so zealously, so learnedly, so loudly cried out upon to small redress, that I may well say of them, as the philosophers report of the moving of the heavens, we never hear them because we ever hear them.[4] Whereby I gather that the wisdom of man is able to rule anything but man, for the savage and brute beasts neither grudge to feed where they are appointed, nor resist when they are driven from those places where they love most of all to bite. But whether our ears be wilfully stopped and our eyes muffled, that in hearing we hear and not understand, in seeing we see and not perceive; or whether the Devil, our ancient enemy, hath stricken so deep and so venomous a tooth into the heart of man as hath infected and wounded the soul to death, I know not well. Yet sure I am, and have sufficient warrant by the word of God, that being watered with the preaching of the Gospel, if the fruit we yield be thorns and briars, it is a very earmark of reprobates and of such as are given over by the Lord to their own sense, to follow destruction with full sail.[5] The word of God is lively,[6] and mighty in operation: being lively, if it do not quicken and stir us up to a newness of life, it is a token that we have no life, but are already stone dead in the works of darkness; being mighty in operation, both the players and we must be persuaded that their idle occupation, having so stout, so strong, so puissant, so mighty an enemy as the word of God, though the honour and authority of their masters hold them up for a time, yet in the end they must have a fall. For neither strongholds, nor inventions of men, nor any high thing that is exalted against the knowledge of God, shall be able to stand when the foot of his prophets comes against it. Amongst all the favourers of these uncircumcised Philistines—I mean the players, whose hearts are not right—no man till of late durst thrust out his head to maintain their quarrel but one: in wit, simple; in learning, ignorant; in attempt, rash; in name, Lodge; whose book, as it came not to my hands in one whole year after the privy printing thereof, so I confess that to it before this time I answered nothing, partly because he brought nothing, partly because my heart was too big to wrestle with him that wanteth arms. Therefore considering with myself that such kind

[1] *belie* to falsely represent, to slander.

[2] The merchant's finger proverbially shortened the length of cloth or added weight to the scale.

[3] *Paul's Cross* Paul's Cross was a stone cross in the churchyard of St Paul's Cathedral, and it had been used as the site for sermons since at least the fourteenth century.

[4] Pythagorean philosophers argued that humans could not hear the music of the spheres, created by the planets as they moved in their heavenly circuits.

[5] <*> Hebrews 4:12 [Gosson's note].

[6] <*> Hebrews 6:8 [Gosson's note].

of sores might be lanced too soon, I chose rather to let him ripen and break of himself, that vomiting out his own disgrace, and being worn out of favour among his own friends, I might triumph in the cause and shed no blood. Though some of his acquaintance have vaunted to cut and hew me I know not how, yet having greater regard to the souls of many than to the threatenings of few, to the honour of God than to the pride of overbragging and busy players, by God's assistance I will prove unto you, that *stage plays are not to be suffered in a Christian commonweal.* Which I trust I shall be able sufficiently to perform if I give you a taste both of the causes of plays and of the effects: of the causes, which I find by reading; of the effects, which I know by my own experience. I hope that no Christian will be so shameless to say that the doctrine and invention of the Devil is to be suffered in that commonweal where the glad tidings of grace [are] truly preached. For to maintain the doctrine and invention of the Devil is a kind of apostasy[1] and falling from the Lord. For God hath made us to his own likeness,[2] which likeness consisteth not in lineaments and proportion of the body, but in holiness and singleness of life. Therefore receiving the doctrine and inventions of the Devil, between whom and God there can be no truce, no league, no manner of agreement, because the one is holy, the other impure; the one good, the other evil; the one light, the other darkness, we forsake our God; forsaking of him, we lose his image and likeness; losing his image we are not his children, and consequently have no part nor fellowship with Christ in the world to come. That stage plays are the doctrine and invention of the Devil may be gathered by Tertullian,[3] who noteth very well that the Devil, foreseeing the ruin of his kingdom, both invented these shows and inspired men with devices to set them out the better thereby to enlarge his dominion and pull us from God.

And Thomas Lodge in that patched[4] pamphlet of his wherein he taketh upon him the defence of plays, little perceiving how lustily the chips fly in his face whilst he heweth out timber to make the frame, confesseth openly that plays were consecrated by the heathens to the honour of their gods, which indeed is true, yet serveth it better to overthrow them than establish them, for whatsoever was consecrated to the honour of the heathen gods was consecrated to idolatry. Stage plays by his own confession were consecrated to the honour of heathen gods, therefore consecrated to idolatry. Being consecrated to idolatry, they are not of God; if they proceed not from God, they are the doctrine and inventions of the Devil. This will be counted new learning among a great many of my gay countrymen, which bear a sharper smack[5] of Italian devices in their heads than of English religion in their hearts. [...]

The Second Action

[...] The best play you can pick out is but a mixture of good and evil; how can it be then the schoolmistress of life?[6] The beholding of troubles and miserable slaughters that are in tragedies drive us to immoderate sorrow, heaviness, womanish weeping, and mourning, whereby we become lovers of dumps[7] and lamentation, both enemies to fortitude. Comedies so tickle our senses with a pleasanter vein, that they make us lovers of laughter and pleasure without any mean,[8] both foes to temperance. What schooling is this? Sometimes you shall see nothing but the adventures of an amorous knight, passing from country to country for the love of his lady, encountering many a terrible monster made of brown paper, and at his return is so wonderfully changed that he cannot be

[1] *apostasy* abandonment of one's religious faith.

[2] <*> Ephesians 4:24 [Gosson's note].

[3] *Tertullian* (c. 160-c. 225) born at Carthage, one of the early Christian writers in Latin.

[4] *patched* pieced together.

[5] *sharper smack* an oxymoron meaning "deeper smattering."

[6] Lodge had argued that a play was "the schoolmistress of life."

[7] *dumps* fits of melancholy or depression.

[8] *mean* moderation.

known but by some poesy in his tablet,[1] or by a broken ring, or a handker[chief], or a piece of a cockle shell. What learn you by that? When the soul of your plays is either mere trifles or Italian bawdry, or wooing of gentlewomen, what are we taught? [...]

The Third Action

[...] Whatsoever he be that looketh narrowly into our stage plays or considereth how and which way they are represented, shall find more filthiness in them than players dream of. The law of God very straitly[2] forbids men to put on women's garments.[3] Garments are set down for signs distinctive between sex and sex; to take unto us those garments that are manifest signs of another sex is to falsify, forge,[4] and adulterate, contrary to the express rule of the word of God, which forbiddeth it by threatening a curse unto the same. [...]

[...] The proof is evident, the consequence is necessary, that in stage plays for a boy to put on the attire, the gesture, the passions of a woman; for a mean person to take upon him the title of a prince with counterfeit port and train,[5] is by outward signs to show themselves otherwise than they are, and so within the compass of a lie, which by Aristotle's judgment is naught of itself and to be fled. [...]

The Fourth Action

[...] the poets send their verses to the stage upon such feet as continually are rolled up in rhyme at the fingers' ends,[6] which is plausible to the barbarous and carrieth a sting into the ears of the common people [...] because tragedies and comedies stir up affections, and affections are naturally planted in that part of the mind that is common to us with brute beasts.

He that travaileth[7] to advance the worst part of the mind is like unto him that in government of cities gives all the authority to the worst men, which being well weighed is to betray the city and the best men into the hands of the wicked. But the poets that write plays and they that present them upon the stage study to make our affections overflow, whereby they draw the bridle from that part of the mind that should ever be curbed from running on [a]head, which is manifest treason to our souls and delivereth them captive to the Devil. [...]

[...] for the better understanding both of that which is spoken in defence of plays and of that which by me shall be brought against them, you must consider that there are two sorts of delight, the one belonging to the body, the other to the mind;[8] that is carnal, this spiritual. Carnal delight is the rest of sensual appetite in the thing desired when it is felt. If this be not governed by the rule of God's word, we are presently carried beyond ourselves; therefore ought we to follow the counsel of St. Paul, which exhorteth us earnestly to suppress the same.[9] [...]

The Fifth Action

[...] Great is the hardness of our hearts when neither fathers, nor councils, nor God himself strikes us with any shame of that which every good man is ashamed to remember. Mine eyes thoroughly behold the manner of theatres when I wrote plays myself and found them to be the very markets of bawdry, where choice without shame hath been as free as it is for your money in the Royal Exchange,[10] to take a short stock or a long,

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1 *poesy in his tablet* writing or rhyme on paper or jewellery.

2 *straitly* strictly.

3 See Deuteronomy 22:5.

4 *forge* imitate.

5 *port and train* bearing and retinue.

6 *at the fingers' ends* meaning "ready at hand" or "at one's finger tips"; fingers could refer to toes (attached to the earlier "feet"). This awkward image exemplifies the awkwardness of which Gosson complains.

7 *travaileth* labours.

8 See Romans 8:4-7.

9 See Colossians 3:5.

10 *Royal Exchange* a building in which merchants gathered for business.

a falling band, or a French ruff.[1] The first building of theatres was to ravish the Sabines,[2] and that they were continued in whoredom ever after, Ovid confesseth in these words: *Scilicet ex illo solennia more theatra nunc quoq; formosis insidiosa manent.*[3]

As at the first, so now, theatres are snares unto fair women. And as I told you long ago in my *School of Abuse*, our theatres and playhouses in London are as full of secret adultery as they were in Rome. In Rome it was the fashion of wanton young men to place themselves as nigh as they could to the courtesans, to present them pomegranates, to play with their garments, and wait on them home when the sport was done. In the playhouses at London, it is the fashion of youths to go first into the yard[4] and to carry their eye through every gallery, then like unto ravens, where they spy the carrion thither they fly, and press as near to the fairest as they can. Instead of pomegranates they give them pippins,[5] they dally with their garments to pass the time, they minister talk upon all occasions, and either bring them home to their houses on small acquaintance, or slip into taverns when the plays are done. He thinketh best of his painted sheath[6] and taketh himself for a jolly fellow that is noted of most to be busiest with women in all such places. This open corruption is a prick in the eyes of them that see it, and a thorn in the sides of the godly when they hear it. This is a poison to beholders and a nursery of idleness to the players.

Most of the players have been either men of occupations which they have forsaken to live by playing, or common minstrels, or trained up from their childhood to this abominable exercise and have now no other way to get their living. A commonweal is likened to the body, whose head is the prince; in the body, if any part be idle, by participation the damage redoundeth[7] to the whole; if any refuse to do their duty, though they be base, as the guts, the gall, the bladder, how dangerous it is both to the body and to the head, every man is able to conjecture. [...]

Plays are the inventions of the Devil, the offerings of idolatry, the pomp of wordlings, the blossoms of vanity, the root of apostasy, the food of iniquity, riot and adultery: detest them.

Players are masters of vice, teachers of wantonness, spurs to impurity, the sons of idleness; so long as they live in this order, loathe them. God is merciful; his wings are spread to receive you if you come betimes.[8] God is just; his bow is bent and his arrow drawn,[9] to send you a plague if you stay too long.

—1582

[1] *stock* stocking; *falling band* flat collar; *French ruff* frilly cuffs. These were all trendy fashions.

[2] *Sabines* There are various versions of the story of the rape of the Sabine women, who were gathered together at an event—whether the theatre, the circus, or a festival in celebration of a god—when they were abducted by Romans looking for wives.

[3] See Ovid, *Art of Love* 1.133-34: "From that first age the Theatre hath bin, / Even like a trap to take fair wenches in." Translation from *Love's School* (1625) by Nicolas Iansz Visscher (STC 18935.5).

[4] *yard* the pit of the theatre, or yard of an inn where a play is staged.

[5] *pippins* a variety of apple.

[6] *sheath* exterior.

[7] *redoundeth* has an effect on.

[8] *betimes* in time; see Psalms 36:7.

[9] See Psalms 18:14, 38:2.

Anne Wheathill
fl. 1584

In the preface to *A Handful of Wholesome (Though Homely) Herbs, Gathered out the Goodly Garden of God's Most Holy Word*, the author identifies herself as a gentlewoman writing for an audience of gentlewomen. However, beyond this tidbit, almost nothing is known of Anne Wheathill. She is, however, notable as the first woman outside the aristocracy to produce a collection of private prayers, a class of books very popular in the latter half of the sixteenth century.[1] Her publisher, Henry Denham, was well known for printing these books in attractive editions, and Wheathill's is especially elegant, with a decorative border surrounding each of its pages.

Wheathill faces the dual problem of her class position and her status as a woman, and in her dedicatory epistle both establishes and justifies herself as a writer. As a gentlewoman, she lacks powerful connections among the aristocracy and ecclesiastical hierarchy of the sort other writers invoke to authorize their work. Instead, Wheathill bases her authority, paradoxically, on the humble nature of her offering and the zeal with which it has been produced. The title of the volume recalls the traditionally female genre of the "herbal," a household book that lists the medicinal properties of various plants and recipes for their use. Its efficacy as a spiritual prophylactic thus justifies its composition. At the same time, Wheathill deflects moral concerns about her position as a woman of good reputation by claiming to be a virgin, and also arguing that working on her book has prevented her from descending into spiritually dangerous idleness. Although these statements comply with prevailing standards of female behaviour, by directing her work outward, Wheathill assumes responsibility for the spiritual life of her audience—a position of some authority.

The prayers that make up the collection deal with topics typical of the period: praise of God, confession of sin, pleas for forgiveness, and desire for connection with the divine.[2] While Wheathill opens with prayers for particular times of day and includes some that make reference to events that seem autobiographical, the collection as a whole is structured around a very different principle. Wheathill organizes her work numerologically,[3] writing 49 prayers, a number that is the square of seven, which is in turn the sum of three (the number of the Trinity) and four (the number of four corners and four winds of the earth). Within Christian tradition, seven is the number of the days of creation, the sacraments, the words of Christ on the cross, the deadly sins, and the wounds of Christ, among others. In the Christian calendar, the interval between Easter and the great celebration of Pentecost is 49 days. Wheathill's prayers are clustered in groups of seven, in a narrative that moves from awareness of sin and desire for mercy through the belief that salvation is possible only by hearing and accepting God's word to praise for God's grace and redemption of the world through Christ.

EDITION: *A handfull of holesome (though homelie) hearbs*. London: Henry Denham, 1584. STC 25329.

[1] C.B. Atkinson and J.B. Atkinson, "Anne Wheathill's *A Handfull of Holesome (though Homelie) Hearbs* (1584): The First English Gentlewoman's Prayer Book," *Sixteenth-Century Journal* 27 (1996): pp. 660-62.

[2] Ibid., p. 668.

[3] See C.B. Atkinson and J.B. Atkinson, "Numerical Patterning in Anne Wheathill's *A Handfull of Holesome (though Homelie) Hearbs* (1584)," *Texas Studies in Language and Literature* 41 (1999): pp. 1-25.

from *A Handful of Wholesome (Though Homely) Herbs, Gathered out of the Goodly Garden of God's Most Holy Word*

by Anne Wheathill, Gentlewoman.

To All Ladies, Gentlewomen, and Others, Which Love True Religion and Virtue, and Be Devoutly Disposed, Grace, Mercy, and Peace in Christ Jesus.

For a testimonial to the world, how I have and do (I praise God) bestow the precious treasure of time, even now in the state of my virginity or maidenhood, lo here I dedicate to all good ladies, gentlewomen, and others, who have a desire to invocate[1] and call upon the name of the Lord, a small handful of gross[2] herbs, which I have presumed to gather out of the garden of God's most holy word. Not that there is any unpureness therein, but that (peradventure)[3] my rudeness may be found to have plucked them up unreverently, and without zeal.[4]

Whereupon of the learned I may be judged gross and unwise, in presuming, without the counsel or help of any, to take such an enterprise in hand; nevertheless, as God doth know, I have done it with a good zeal, according to the weakness of my knowledge and capacity. And although they be not so pleasant in taste, as they can find out, to whom God hath given the spirit of learning, yet do I trust, this small handful of gross herbs, wholesome in operation and working, shall be no less acceptable before the majesty of almighty God than the fragrant flowers of others, gathered with more understanding.

But without presumption I may boldly say, they have not sought them with a more willing heart and fervent mind, nor more to the advancement of God's glory, and the desire of acceptation,[5] than I have done. Which if I may obtain, with the good judgment and liking of all my brethren and sisters in the Lord, I shall think my time most happily bestowed. For that thereby I did avoid idleness, to the pleasing of almighty God, and have gained those, whom I know not, as well strangers to me, as my acquaintance, to be my friends, that shall taste these gross herbs with me.

The Lord Jesus Christ, who moisteneth all his elect with his most precious blood, give us all a sweet taste in him, whom I humbly beseech, from the bottom of my heart, to give unto those that are virtuously bent a desire to increase therein, and those, which have not yet reached thereunto, I pray the Holy Ghost to inspire their hearts from above, that they and we may be worthy to meet together in the blessed kingdom of our heavenly Father, which his dear Son our Saviour Jesus Christ did purchase for us, whose blessed name, with the living Father, and the Holy Ghost, be praised and magnified, now and forever, Amen, Amen.

Yours in Christ,

Anne Wheathill,
Gent.

21. A Prayer of the Creation of Mankind, of the True Samaritan, and for Strength against Temptation.

O Father of Heaven, of power almighty, which with thine only word didst create and make all the whole world, and all for the profit and service of man, whom thou didst create of all other a most noble and perfect creature, giving him power upon earth, the waters, and all the fowls and birds of the air. Thou madest him also after thine own similitude and likeness, induing[6] him with a reasonable soul, and all the powers thereof; thou also didst put him in the pleasant garden of paradise, excepting nothing from him, but the eating of the only tree of knowledge of good and evil, and further, for his help, comfort, and company, of a rib of his

[1] *invocate* invoke.
[2] *gross* wanting in fineness or delicacy.
[3] *peradventure* by chance or accident.
[4] *zeal* intense ardour in the pursuit of an end.
[5] *acceptation* acceptance.
[6] *induing* investing, endowing.

side thou madest for him a woman, and gavest her to him to be his wife.

There had they instructions given them, and the law of life for an heritage. Before them was laid both life and death, good and evil, with a free will given them to take which liked them best. But their frailty was such that they, through a small enticement, chose the evil, and left the good; they left life, and chose death. Thus Lord, through sin and breaking of thy commandments, man lost the free will that was given him in his creation, and purchased death to all his posterity.

In the way as he went to Jerusalem and Jericho, he fell in the hands of thieves, who hurting and wounding him sore, departed, leaving him half dead so that he could have help of none, but only of the good Samaritan,[1] who, as he passed by the same way, poured wine and oil into his wounds and took the cure of him.[2]

This only Samaritan was thy dear son, Christ, which took upon him all the iniquities of mankind and laid them on his back by his death, purging and cleansing him, not only from the original sin of our father Adam, but also from all our sins which we commit from time to time, by the virtue of his passion, and the sacrament of Baptism upon our repentance. For as by Adam death came to mankind, so by Jesus Christ was mankind restored to life.

For this great and high benefit of thy Son's blessed passion for our redemption, we thy poor creatures praise and thank thee, most humbly acknowledging his inestimable love towards us, in that thou vouchsafest[3] to die for us, being then sinners and thy mortal enemies. Nevertheless, most merciful Father, we are of ourselves not able to do anything that good is, no not so much as to think a good thought, without thine aid and assistance. We wander here miserably, in the low parts of the vile earth; our strength will not serve us to climb to the high of the hills, where thou dwellest in thy Mount Sion,[4] a place prepared for thine elect,[5] a chosen inheritance of thy faithful servant Abraham, and his seed.[6]

Wherefore since we, being burthened[7] with the effects of worldly pleasures, and also with other cares and troubles, can by no means ascend to thee, that art on the top of so high a mountain, (so many legions of angels attending on thy majesty) we have no remedy, but with the prophet David[8] now to lift the eyes of our hearts and minds towards thee, and to cry for help to come down from thee to us thy poor and wretched servants.

We wander here below, as lost sheep, having no shepherd; we are assailed on every side with manifold[9] enemies; the Devil ravening and hungering, seeketh whom he may devour; the world allureth us also to her deceitful vanities; our flesh also, which we carry about us, is our enemy ready and prone to draw us unto all vices and pleasures. From this can we by no means be defended, but by thee Lord.

Send us therefore thy help and holy angel to assist and strengthen us, for of thee most merciful Father floweth all bounty and goodness. Thou, O Lord God, madest heaven and earth for thine honour and man's commodity; establish therefore, good Lord, the chosen works of thy hand with thy eternal help. From Heaven send us down the wellspring of thy grace, and thy strong angel to aid us by his help, that no assault of our spiritual enemies do prevail against us, but from all evils by thy word defend us, Lord, both touching the body, and also the soul, that no temptation prevail against us.

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1 *good Samaritan* Luke 10:30-37.

2 *took the cure of him* cared for him.

3 *vouchsafest* grant, agree graciously.

4 *Mount Sion* literally, Jerusalem and the site of King David's temple; figuratively, the city of God.

5 *elect* chosen by God for salvation or eternal life.

6 *Abraham, and his seed* Abraham was given a promise (Genesis 12:2) that he would be the father of a great nation (the Jews) with innumerable descendants that would become other nations, a promise read by Protestants to include Reformed Christianity.

7 *burthened* burdened.

8 *David* writer of the psalms. What follows is a paraphrase of Psalm 102, verses 1-2: "Hear my prayer, O Lord; let my cry come to thee! Do not hide thy face from me in the day of my distress! Incline thy ear to me; answer me speedily in the day when I call!"

9 *manifold* varied, diverse.

Thou hast been our protector, even from our mother's womb, and our trust is that thou wilt so continue all the days of our life, and specially at the hour of our death, that we may ascend to the heavenly Jerusalem, where we shall rest in the bosom of our father Abraham,[1] the father of all faithful believers, there to praise thee, and thy loving Son, and the Holy Ghost, world without end, Amen.

31. A Prayer that We May Hear the Word of God and Keep It.

I am thy servant, Lord, give me understanding, that I may learn thy law and decrees. Incline my soul to the words of thy mouth, because thy talk floweth like unto dew. The Israelites said unto Moses: "Speak thou unto us, and we will hear thee, but let not the Lord speak, lest we die."[2] Howbeit,[3] I pray not so, O Lord, but rather with the prophet Samuel I do humbly and earnestly beseech thee thus: "Speak on Lord, for thy servant doth hearken, for thou art the giver and inspirer of life, who art able without any to instruct me."[4]

Thy ministers speak for thee thy secrets, but thou unlockest the understanding of the things pronounced; they rehearse to us thy commandments, but it is thy aid and help that giveth strength to walk over the same, and givest light unto the minds. Wherefore, because thou art the everlasting truth, speak thou Lord my God unto me, lest I die and be made unfruitful, for thou hast the words of everlasting life. Speak therefore that thing, which may bring both comfort unto my soul, and amendment unto my life, and also may cause glory and immortal honour unto thee. For man doth perish, but thy truth endureth, O God, forever.

Blessed are they therefore, whom thou instructest and givest knowledge unto, O Lord, and dost teach thy law, that thou mayest help them in time of trouble, that they perish not. Look favourably upon me, O God, and grant (I pray thee) that thy truth may teach me, keep me, and bring me unto a happy end. Let the same deliver me from all wicked lusts and from inordinate love. Thou hast infinite means and all creatures are at thy commandment; therefore, good Lord, show some sign, whereby I shall be delivered, and send thine holy angel before me to keep me in thy way and to bring me to the place which thou hast provided for me, that I may live with thee everlastingly, world without end, Amen.

—1584

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[1] *bosom of our father Abraham* According to the Old Testament, at death one goes to be with his/her father. Since Abraham was the father of the Jews, this idea was concretized as going to father Abraham or Abraham's bosom. It depicts the blessedness of the believer in paradise after death.

[2] *Israelites … we die* Exodus 20:19. After God appeared in a cloud to pronounce the ten commandments, the Israelites were terrified and asked Moses to act as intermediary.

[3] *Howbeit* nevertheless, however.

[4] *Speak on … instruct me* 1 Samuel 3:10. Samuel was the first prophet after Moses. As a boy serving the priest, Eli, when God first called him, Samuel did not recognize the voice and went to Eli. Eli told him to lie down and listen for God to call and then to reply "Speak, Lord, for thy servant hears," which Samuel did and was given his first prophetic message.

John Lyly
1554-1606

Born into a successful and committed humanist family, John Lyly received an excellent education (BA, 1573; MA, 1575, both from Magdalen College, Oxford University). With his family background he seemed headed for an inevitable career in academia, and indeed he wrote to William Cecil, Lord Burghley in 1574, asking for Burghley's assistance in obtaining a university fellowship. However, he was disappointed in his desire for a life of scholastic achievement and university preferment. In 1578-79 he arrived in London to pursue a career at court.

With the publication of his enormously popular prose fiction *Euphues: The Anatomy of Wit* (1578; 2nd revised edition, 1579) and its sequel *Euphues and His England* (1580), Lyly came to the attention of Burghley, who seems to have obtained some employment for him. Lyly also drew the attention of the influential courtier Edward de Vere, seventeenth earl of Oxford, who became his patron. Sometime before 1584 until 1590, Lyly was engaged in writing plays for the children's companies associated with the Chapel Royal and St Paul's, most of which were performed at court. The best known of these gracious dramas, which often incorporated celebrations of Elizabeth herself, and were grounded in myth and ancient history, include *Campaspe*, *Sapho and Phao*, *Galathea*, and *Endymion*. While Lyly gained literary fame in the years leading up to 1590, the court position he most desired—master of the Revels—eluded him, and he wrote little after this date. Instead, he seems to have turned his energies to local politics, and to seeking some compensation for his long years of service to Elizabeth's Court. He was returned four times as a member of Parliament, and in 1593 he married Beatrice Browne, heiress and Burghley's kinswoman with whom he had three children.[1] Lyly himself died in 1606, having complained futilely to the Queen some six years earlier, that he had been "thirteen years your Highness' servant and yet nothing."[2]

It would be hard to overstate the literary sensation caused by Lyly's *Euphues: An Anatomy of Wit*; it and its sequel each went through ten editions by 1600, and numerous reprints in the 1580s.[3] Lyly's style seems to have been largely the attraction; characterized by rhetorically balanced units and the use of "'figures of sound,' such as 'isocolon' (successive phrases of equal length), 'parison' (correspondence of parts of speech), and 'paramoion' (similarity in sound—alliteration, assonance, rhyme),"[4] the style's "most distinguishing characteristic ... for Lyly's contemporaries was its liberal use of similes drawn from natural history," where "the effect of such rhetorical abundance is even further enhanced by Lyly's frequent use of proverbs."[5] However, while euphuism, as Lyly's enemy Gabriel Harvey scornfully termed it, attracted immediate praise and frequent imitation, it went out of fashion almost as quickly as it had come in. Lyly found, in turn, his literary reputation sinking almost as quickly as it had risen. By the mid 1580s, Lyly's style was being attacked by writers ranging from William Webbe to Sidney to Robert Greene and Shakespeare (both of whom parodied euphuism).

Lyly's fictions have fared little better today. In the nineteenth century, George Saintsbury called euphuism "eccentric and tasteless," while C.S. Lewis described *Euphues* as a "'monstrosity' and a 'fatal success.'"[6] With recent interest in the relationship between patronage, courtship, and male friendship, however, Lyly's fictions have begun to attract more critical attention from scholars like Lorna Hutson and D.B. Alwes.

EDITION: *Euphues. The anatomy of wit.* London: For Gabriel Cawood, [1579]. STC 17052.

[1] D.B. Alwes, "John Lyly," *DLB 167*, p. 114
[2] Ibid., p. 114.
[3] Ibid., p. 102, 112.
[4] Ibid., p. 113.
[5] Ibid., p. 113.
[6] Ibid., p. 112.

from *Euphues: The Anatomy of Wit.*[1]

To the Right Honourable, My Very Good Lord and Master, Sir William West, Knight, Lord Delaware,[2] John Lyly Wisheth Long Life with Increase of Honour

Parrhasius,[3] drawing the counterfeit of Helen,[4] Right Honourable, made the attire of her head loose; who being demanded why he did so, he answered, she was loose.[5] Vulcan was painted curiously, yet with a polt-foot;[6] Leda cunningly, yet with her black hair.[7] Alexander, having a scar in his cheek, held his finger upon it that Apelles might not paint it. Apelles painted him with his finger cleaving to his face.

"Why,"[8] quoth Alexander, "I laid my finger on my scar because I would not have thee see it."

"Yea," said Apelles, "and I drew it there because none else should perceive it; for if thy finger had been away, either thy scar would have been seen or my art misliked."[9]

Whereby I gather that in all perfect works as well the fault as the face is to be shown.[10] The fairest leopard is made with his spots, the finest cloth with his list, the smoothest shoe with his last.[11] Seeing then that in every counterfeit as well the blemish as the beauty is coloured,[12] I hope I shall not incur the displeasure of the wise, in that in the discourse of Euphues I have as well touched the vanities of his love as the virtues of his life.

The Persians, who above all their kings most honoured Cyrus, caused him to be engraven as well with his hooked nose as his high forehead.[13] He that loved Homer best concealed not his flattering, and he that praised Alexander most bewrayed his quaffing.[14] Demonides must have a

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[1] *Euphues* Greek, "well-endowed" (i.e., one possessing intellectual gifts and physical beauty, strength, etc.). See G.K. Hunter, *John Lyly: The Humanist as Courtier* (Cambridge, MA, 1962), p. 49. The subtitle reads: 'Very pleasant for all gentlemen to read, and most necessary to remember, wherein are contained the delights that wit followeth in his youth, by the pleasantness of love, and the happiness he reapeth in age, by the perfectness of Wisdom. By John Lyly, Master of Arts. Corrected and Augmented.' The notes to the following selections try to identify as many of Lyly's proverbial expressions as possible. In addition to Morris Palmer Tilley's *A Dictionary of the Proverbs in England in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries* (citations from which appear in the form '*Tilley* L566'), we have also used Tilley's *Elizabethan Proverb Lore in Lyly's* Euphues *and Pettie's* Petite Pallace (citations from which appear in the form '*Tilley, Eliz. Prov.*, no. 490').

[2] There seems to be almost nothing known about Sir William West, Lord Delaware ("de la Warr") or his relationship with Lyly (Hunter, *John Lyly*, pp. 67-68), although some have speculated that Lyly may have tutored Delaware's children (D.B. Alwes, "John Lyly," *DLB 167*, p. 105). The sequel to *Euphues*, *Euphues and His England* (1580), is dedicated instead to Edward de Vere, the seventeenth earl of Oxford, the son-in-law and protégé of Burghley, both of whom were Lyly's patrons (Hunter, p. 69).

[3] *Parrhasius* (fl. 397 BCE), Greek painter, famous for his ability to represent fierce passions.

[4] *counterfeit of Helen* Wife of Menelaus, Helen was abducted by Paris, son of King Priam of Troy, and was the ostensible cause of the Trojan war and the eventual destruction of Troy itself.

[5] *loose* i.e., sexually wanton, unchaste.

[6] *curiously* with much attention to artistry; *polt-foot* clubfoot. Vulcan was the god of the forge, son of Jupiter and Juno. By some accounts, Vulcan's deformed foot was caused when Jupiter threw him to earth from Olympus. Jupiter had been enraged by Vulcan's attempt to free his mother from an imprisonment imposed by Jupiter for her insolence.

[7] *Leda* wife of Tyndarus, king of Sparta; Jupiter fell in love with Leda and disguised himself as a swan to seduce her; *black hair* blonde hair was generally thought an essential attribute of the beautiful woman in Renaissance England.

[8] *Why* here, an interjection expressing surprise and protest.

[9] Alexander III (the Great)—king of Macedon (356-323 BCE), conqueror of the Persian Empire, patron of the arts and lover of Homer's poetry—granted Apelles—the most famous of classical Greek painters—the exclusive right to paint his portraits.

[10] Proverb (*Tilley, Eliz. Prov.*, no. 181).

[11] *list* border or edge of a cloth, usually of a different and here—though not always—inferior material from the body of the cloth; *last* physical imperfection or flaw.

[12] *coloured* represented.

[13] On the high esteem in which classical and Renaissance writers held Cyrus the Great (d. 530 BCE), founder of the Persian Empire, see p. 719, note 3.

[14] See p. 464, note 13. Even though Plutarch praises Alexander's discipline and self-control, the ancient writer's generally laudatory biography cannot avoid revealing ("bewraying") the conqueror's tendency to drunkenness ("quaffing").

crooked shoe for his wry foot,[1] Damocles[2] a smooth glove for his straight hand. For as every painter that shadoweth a man in all parts giveth every piece his just proportion, so he that deciphereth the qualities of the mind ought as well to show every humour in his kind,[3] as the other doth every part in his colour. The surgeon that maketh the anatomy[4] showeth as well the muscles in the heel as the veins of the heart.

If then the first sight of Euphues shall seem too light[5] to be read of the wise, or too foolish to be regarded of the learned, they ought not to impute it to the iniquity of the author, but to the necessity of the history. Euphues beginneth with love as allured by wit, but endeth not with lust as bereft of wisdom. He wooeth women, provoked by youth, but weddeth not himself to wantonness as pricked[6] by pleasure. I have set down the follies of his wit without breach of modesty, and the sparks of his wisdom without suspicion of dishonesty. And, certes,[7] I think there be more speeches which for gravity will mislike the foolish,[8] than unseemly terms which for vanity may offend the wise.

Which discourse, Right Honourable, I hope you will the rather pardon for the rudeness,[9] in that it is the first, and protect it the more willingly if it offend, in that it might be the last. It may be that fine wits will descant[10] upon him that, having no wit, goeth about to make the anatomy[11] of wit; and certainly their jesting, in my mind, is tolerable. For if the butcher should take upon him to cut the anatomy of a man because he hath skill in opening an ox, he would prove himself a calf;[12] or if the horse-leech[13] would adventure to minister a potion to a sick patient, in that he hath knowledge to give a drench to a diseased horse, he would make himself an ass. The shoemaker must not go above his latchet,[14] nor the hedger meddle with anything but his bill.[15] It is unseemly for the painter to feather a shaft, or the fletcher[16] to handle the pencil. All which things make most against me,[17] in that a fool hath intruded himself to discourse of wit. But as I was willing to commit the fault, so am I content to make amends. Howsoever the case standeth, I look for no praise for my labour, but pardon for my goodwill; it is the greatest reward that I dare ask, and the least that they can offer. I desire no more, I deserve no less.

Though the style nothing delight the dainty ear of the curious sifter,[18] yet will the matter recreate the mind of the courteous reader. The variety of the one will abate the harshness of the other. Things of greatest profit are set forth with least price.[19] Where the wine is neat, there needeth no ivy bush.[20] The right coral needeth no colour-

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[1] In Plutarch's *De audiendis poetis* 3 (*Moralia*, 18D), he refers to a man named Demonides, a cripple with misshapen feet. When Demonides' shoes are stolen, the cripple curses the thief by hoping that the shoes will fit him (*Tilley, Eliz. Prov.*, no. 146).

[2] *Damocles* The precise reference here is obscure, although the actual meaning is clear enough. The most famous Damocles was the Syracusan nobleman (fl. mid 4th century BCE) and flattering courtier of Dionysius II, tyrant of Syracuse (reigned 367-357 BCE). Although his role in the story of the sword of Damocles is well-known, it seems to have little relevance to the allusion here, to the beauty of this young man.

[3] *every humour in his kind* i.e., every aspect of his nature.

[4] *maketh the anatomy* i.e., constructs a representation of the inner body.

[5] *light* trivial, insubstantial.

[6] *pricked* urged on, prompted.

[7] *certes* certainly, without a doubt.

[8] *which for … foolish* i.e., the foolish will dislike these speeches because of their weightiness or seriousness.

[9] *rudeness* roughness of style, lack of sophistication.

[10] *descant* make observations; remark.

[11] *anatomy* detailed examination or analysis.

[12] *calf* stupid person; dolt.

[13] *horse-leech* horse-doctor, veterinarian.

[14] *The shoemaker … latchet* Proverb, "Let not the cobbler (shoemaker) go beyond his last" (i.e., let no man participate in or make pronouncements upon those activities for which he has not been trained). The proverb is "taken from the famous story of Apelles, who could not bear that the cobbler should correct any part of his picture beyond the slipper" (*Tilley* C480).

[15] *bill* hedging bill (a tool used to trim hedges and trees).

[16] *shaft* i.e., the shaft of an arrow; *fletcher* one who makes arrows.

[17] *make most against me* i.e, testify most against me.

[18] *curious sifter* overly particular or unduly inquisitive examiner.

[19] *Things … price* Proverb (*Tilley, Eliz. Prov.*, Appendix A, no. 182).

[20] *wine is neat … ivy bush* A bush of ivy or representation of it was placed outside a tavern to indicate that wine was sold there. Thus, the proverbial expression arose, "Good wine needs no bush (ivy bush,

ing.[1] Where the matter itself bringeth credit, the man with his gloss winneth small commendation. It is therefore, methinketh, a greater show of a pregnant[2] wit than perfect wisdom in a thing of sufficient excellency to use superfluous eloquence. We commonly see that a black ground doth best beseem a white counterfeit.[3] And Venus, according to the judgment of Mars, was then most amiable when she sat close by Vulcan.[4] If these things be true which experience trieth—that a naked tale doth most truly set forth the naked truth,[5] that where the countenance is fair there need no colours,[6] that painting is meeter for[7] ragged walls than fine marble,[8] that verity then shineth most bright when she is in least bravery[9]—I shall satisfy mine own mind, though I cannot feed their humours which greatly seek after those that sift the finest meal and bear the whitest mouths.[10]

It is a world to see how Englishmen desire to hear finer speech than the language will allow, to eat finer bread than is made of wheat,[11] to wear finer cloth than is wrought of wool.[12] But I let pass their fineness which can no way excuse my folly. If your lordship shall accept my good will, which I have always desired, I will patiently bear the ill will of the malicious, which I never deserved.

Thus committing this simple pamphlet to your lordship's patronage, and your honour to the Almighty's protection, for the preservation of the which, as most bounden, I will pray continually, I end.

Your lordship's servant to command,
J. Lyly

To the Gentlemen Readers

I was driven into a quandary,[13] gentlemen, whether I might send this my pamphlet to the printer or to the peddler. I thought it too bad for the press and too good for the pack. But seeing my folly in writing to be as great as others', I was willing my fortune should be as ill as any's. We commonly see the book that at midsummer lieth bound on the stationer's stall[14] at Christmas to be broken in the haberdasher's shop; which, since it is the order of proceeding, I am content this summer to have my doings read for a toy,[15] that in winter they may be ready for trash.

It is not strange, whenas the greatest wonder lasteth but nine days,[16] that a new work should not endure but three months. Gentlemen use books as gentlewomen handle their flowers, who in the morning stick them in their heads and at night strew them at their heels. Cherries be fulsome[17]

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sign)" (*Tilley* W462), meaning that "good things need no commendation of any outward badge or token." "Neat" means pure or unadulterated by the addition of water.

[1] Proverb (*Tilley* C649). Lyly's is the earliest use Tilley cites.

[2] *pregnant* imaginative, inventive, resourceful.

[3] Proverb, "Black best sets forth white" (*Tilley* B435).

[4] I.e., Venus, the goddess of love and the most beautiful of the goddesses, seemed most desirable to her lover, Mars, the god of war, when she was seated next to her husband, Vulcan, a deformed cripple.

[5] Proverb, "The truth shows best being naked" (*Tilley* T589). See the related proverbs, T561, T575, and T593.

[6] Proverb, "A good face needs no paint [i.e., colours, cosmetics]" (*Tilley* F7).

[7] *meeter for* more suited to.

[8] Proverb, "The fine marble needs no painting" (*Tilley* M639).

[9] *bravery* finery, fine clothes.

[10] *those that sift the finest meal and bear the whitest mouths* i.e., those that sift flour that has already been sifted in order to produce an extremely fine texture and (those) that hold the bit most carefully in their mouths; the former metaphor is clear enough, but the latter refers to fine and sensitive horses whose mouths remain undamaged by the bit (*fig.* those who search with extreme care to find the most refined literary works, and who possess [to aid them in their search] the most refined literary tastes).

[11] Proverb, "He would eat finer bread than is made of wheat" (*Tilley* B622), a reference to those who are so overly-fastidious that they cannot be reasonably satisfied even with the best that it is possible to offer. See the related proverb, K183.

[12] a variation of the above proverb, included in the quotations attached to *Tilley* B622.

[13] Proverb, "to be in a quandary" (*Tilley* Q1).

[14] *stationer's stall* bookseller's shop. Unsold books would be sold as waste paper (for wrapping orders, etc.) to a variety of merchants, particularly haberdashers (merchants who sold various small articles) and grocers. See Ben Jonson, "Epigram II: To My Book," *Works* (1616).

[15] *toy* trifling or light entertainment.

[16] Proverb, "A wonder lasts but nine days" (*Tilley* W728).

[17] *fulsome* filling, tending to cloy or surfeit; also coarse, unsuited to a dainty palate; perhaps, even nauseating.

when they be through ripe because they be plenty, and books be stale when they be printed in that they be common.[1] In my mind, printers and tailors are bound chiefly to pray for gentlemen: the one hath so many fantasies to print, the other such divers fashions to make, that the pressing-iron[2] of the one is never out of the fire, nor the printing press of the other any time lieth still. But a fashion is but a day's wearing and a book but an hour's reading;[3] which seeing it is so, I am of the shoemaker's mind, who careth not so the shoe hold the plucking on, nor I so my labours last the running over.[4]

He that cometh in print because he would be known is like the fool that cometh into the market because he would be seen. I am not he that seeketh praise for his labour, but pardon for his offence; neither do I set this forth for any devotion in print,[5] but for duty which I owe to my patron. If one write never so well, he cannot please all; and write he never so ill, he shall please some. Fine heads will pick a quarrel with me if all be not curious,[6] and flatterers a thank if anything be current.[7]

But this is my mind: let him that findeth fault amend it,[8] and him that liketh it use it. Envy braggeth but draweth no blood; the malicious have more mind to quip than might to cut. I submit myself to the judgment of the wise and little esteem the censure of fools. The one will be satisfied with reason, the other are to be answered with silence. I know gentlemen will find no fault without cause, and bear with those that deserve blame; as for others, I care not for their jests, for I never meant to make them my judges.

Farewell

[1] Proverb, "Cherries and news fall price soonest" (*Tilley* C278).

[2] *pressing-iron* i.e., clothes-iron.

[3] Proverb, "Tailors and writers must mind the fashion" (*Tilley* T24).

[4] *running over* skimming or going through (reading).

[5] *in print* in a precise and perfect way; with exactness or precision. See *Tilley, Eliz. Prov.*, no. 504.

[6] *curious* ingenious, clever.

[7] I.e., "flatters will pick a thank [curry favour with me] if anything be current" (if anything in the work is in vogue).

[8] a variation on the proverb, "He may find fault that cannot amend" (*Tilley* F110).

To My Very Good Friends, the Gentlemen Scholars of Oxford[9]

There is no privilege that needeth a pardon;[10] neither is there any remission to be asked where a commission is granted.[11] I speak this, gentlemen, not to excuse the offence which is taken, but to offer a defence where I was mistaken.[12] A clear conscience is a sure card;[13] truth hath the prerogative to speak with plainness and the modesty to bear with patience.[14]

It was reported by some and believed of many that in the education of Ephebus, where mention was made of universities, that Oxford was too much either defaced or defamed.[15] I know not what the envious have picked out by malice, or the curious[16] by wit, or the guilty by their own galled[17] consciences; but this I say, that I was as far from thinking ill as I find them from judging well. But if I should now go about to make amends, I were

[9] *To My Very Good Friends … Oxford* This dedication is not in the 1578 edition; Lyly added it in response to the attacks on *Euphues* by those who saw it as insulting the university and its faculty. See p. 462, note 15 below.

[10] Proverb, "Where no fault is there needs no pardon" (*Tilley* F116).

[11] Proverb (*Tilley, Eliz. Prov.*, Appendix A, no. 184).

[12] *mistaken* misunderstood, misconstrued.

[13] Proverb (Tilley C596), meaning that a clear conscience is a certain means to achieve one's desired goal (Lyly's is the earliest use Tilley cites.)

[14] partly a variation on the proverb, "Truth's tale is simple (Truth is plain)" (*Tilley* T593). See p. 461, note 5.

[15] *Ephebus … Oxford … defaced or defamed* In a section of *Euphues* called "Euphues and His Ephebus," Euphues offers a treatise on the education of youths, derived largely from Plutarch's *Moralia* ("On the Education of Children") (Hunter, p. 266). There, Euphues criticizes his own education in Athens, which was thought by some to be a veiled attack on Lyly's own education at Oxford. See Hunter, *John Lyly*, pp. 42-44. Ironically, as Alwes notes, *Euphues* "can perhaps best be read ... as an elaborate plea for academic preferment" (p. 105), since "Euphues' critique of the abuses at Athens [i.e., Oxford] ... concludes with the self-serving observation: 'How such abuses should or might be redressed in all universities, especially in Athens, if I were of authority to command, it should be seen, or of credit to persuade those that have the dealings with them, it should soon be shown" (p. 107).

[16] *curious* overly exacting; nitpickers.

[17] *galled* rubbed, sore.

then faulty in somewhat amiss,[1] and should show myself like Apelles' prentice,[2] who, coveting to mend the nose, marred the cheek; and not unlike the foolish dyer, who never thought his cloth black until it was burned. If any fault be committed, impute it to Euphues, who knew you not, not to Lyly, who hates you not.

Yet may I of all the rest most condemn Oxford of unkindness[3]—of vice I cannot—who seemed to wean me before she brought me forth, and to give me bones to gnaw before I could get the teat to suck; wherein she played the nice[4] mother in sending me into the country to nurse, where I tired[5] at a dry breast three years and was at the last enforced to wean myself. But it was destiny; for if I had not been gathered from the tree in the bud, I should, being blown, have proved a blast;[6] and as good it is to be an addle-egg as an idle bird.[7]

Euphues at his arrival, I am assured, will view Oxford, where he will either recant his sayings or renew his complaints. He is now on the seas, and how he hath been tossed I know not; but whereas I had thought to receive him at Dover, I must meet him at Hampton.[8] Nothing can hinder his coming but death, neither anything hasten his departure but unkindness.

Concerning myself, I have always thought so reverently of Oxford, of the scholars, of the manners, that I seemed to be rather an idolater than a blasphemer. They that invented this toy[9] were unwise, and they that reported it unkind, and yet none of them can prove me unhonest.[10]

But suppose I glanced at some abuses. Did not Jupiter's egg bring forth as well Helen, a light huswife[11] in earth, as Castor, a light star in heaven? The ostrich, that taketh the greatest pride in her feathers, picketh some of the worst out and burneth them.[12] There is no tree but hath some blast,[13] no countenance but hath some blemish; and shall Oxford, then, be blameless? I wish it were so, yet I cannot think it is so. But as it is, it may be better; and were it badder, it is not the worst. I think there are few universities that have less faults than Oxford, many that have more, none but hath some.

But I commit my cause to the consciences of those that either know what I am, or can guess what I should be: the one will answer themselves in construing friendly; the other, if I knew them, I would satisfy reasonably.

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1 *faulty in somewhat amiss* guilty of some error, mistake.

2 *prentice* apprentice.

3 *unkindness* i.e., "unnaturalness" (especially given the following metaphor).

4 *nice* overly refined or fastidious. The practice of wet-nursing was common among upper-class Renaissance mothers, who rarely breast-fed their own babies.

5 *tired* tugged.

6 *for if I had not been gathered … blast* i.e., if I had not been picked while I was still in bud, when I flowered, I would have proven to be already blighted or ruined (cf. *Tilley* B702, "To nip in the bud [blossom]").

7 Proverb, "As good be an addled egg as an idle bird" *(Tilley, Eliz. Prov.*, no. 185). An addled egg was a rotten or putrid egg which produced no chicken. The idea of *abortiveness* led to many word-plays on *addle* and *idle*, where *idle* means "empty-headed" or "stupid."

8 *Hampton* Southampton. Although there may be an obscure biographical reference here (Hunter notes that Southampton was near to Lord Delaware's country estate [p. 68]), Lyly may also be hinting at Euphues' later reformation from wild youth to sober man: while both Dover and Southampton were port towns, Dover was by far the busier, close to London, and a main port to arrive from and depart for the Continent; Southampton, on the other hand, had a reputation for being a quieter port for Continental journeys (*Topographical Dict.*, p. 155; p. 475). Lyly may simply suggest that the sequel to *Euphues*, which he thought was almost finished (close at hand, like Dover to London) is actually far from complete (far distant, like Southampton from London). See Hunter, *John Lyly*, pp. 64-66.

9 *toy* foolish or idle tale.

10 *unhonest* dishonourable.

11 *huswife* hussy: a pert and sexually loose woman or girl. When Jupiter in the form of a swan seduced Leda, wife of the King of Sparta, she produced two eggs; from one was born Helen of Troy and Pollux, from the other, Castor and Clytemnestra. For Helen, see p. 465, note 16. Castor led an exemplary heroic life, and as a reward was transformed, along with his brother Pollux, into the constellation Gemini when he died. Cf. the proverb, "To come of the same egg (nest)" (i.e., "of one father and mother, or brought up under one master, or in one school" [*Tilley* E81]).

12 not an especially common notion about ostriches (the idea that they hide their heads in the sand and eat iron is often cited). See *Pliny, Natural History*, 1.270.

13 *blast* damaged or diseased bud.

Thus, loath to incur the suspicion of unkindness in not telling my mind, and not willing to make any excuse where there need no amends, I can neither crave pardon lest I should confess a fault, nor conceal my meaning lest I should be thought a fool. And so I end.

Yours assured to use,
John Lyly.

Euphues

There dwelt in Athens a young gentleman of great patrimony and of so comely a personage that it was doubted whether he were more bound to nature for the lineaments of his person or to fortune for the increase of his possessions. But nature, impatient of comparisons, and, as it were, disdaining a companion or copartner in her working, added to this comeliness of his body such a sharp capacity of mind that not only she proved fortune counterfeit, but was half of that opinion that she herself was only current.[1] This young gallant, of more wit than wealth,[2] and yet of more wealth than wisdom, seeing himself inferior to none in pleasant conceits,[3] thought himself superior to all in honest conditions,[4] insomuch that he thought himself so apt to all things that he gave himself almost to nothing but practicing of those things commonly which are incident to these sharp wits: fine phrases, smooth quips, merry taunts, jesting without mean,[5] and abusing mirth without measure.

As therefore the sweetest rose hath his prickle,[6] the finest velvet his brack,[7] the fairest flour his bran,[8] so the sharpest wit hath his wanton will and the holiest head his wicked way. And true it is that some men write, and most men believe, that in all perfect shapes a blemish bringeth rather a liking every way to the eyes than a loathing any way to the mind.[9] Venus had her mole[10] in her cheek which made her more amiable; Helen her scar in her chin which Paris called *cos amoris*, the whetstone of love; Aristippus his wart;[11] Lycurgus his wen.[12] So likewise in the disposition of the mind, either virtue is overshadowed with some vice or vice overcast with some virtue: Alexander valiant in war, yet given to wine;[13] Tully[14] eloquent in his glozes, yet vainglorious; Solomon wise, yet too, too wanton;[15] David

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1 *counterfeit … current* The image here is taken from coining—i.e., Nature's gifts to Euphues showed that fortune was falsely given the credit for his excellence, and Nature [came] to partly believe that she herself was the only genuine or true influence upon his character and personage.

2 playing on the proverb, "Better wit than wealth" (*Tilley* W544) and "Wisdom (Knowledge) is better than riches" (W526). See the related proverb, W534.

3 *conceits* ideas, notions.

4 *conditions* personal qualities.

5 *mean* moderation.

6 Proverb, "No rose without a thorn (prickle)" (*Tilley* R182). See related proverbs, M839, P420, R179, and W466.

7 a variation on the proverb, "The purest lawn has frets" (*Tilley* L121a); *brack* flaw.

8 Proverb, "All flour has its bran" (*Tilley* F383). Lyly's is the earliest use Tilley cites.

9 Cf. pp. 468-69, note 12.

10 *Venus had her mole* Thomas Dekker's *The Gull's Hornbook* refers to "the mole on Helen's cheek, being *cos amoris*," but we have been unable to trace the source of this common allusion. See R.B. McKerrow, ed. (London, 1904; rept. New York, 1971), p. 17.

11 *Aristippus his wart* Aristippus, ancient Greek philosopher, associate of Socrates, and proverbially flattering courtier of Dionysius II, tyrant of Syracuse. Sometimes credited with founding the Cyrenaic school of philosophy, he combined a dedication to philosophy with unbridled hedonism. Diogenes Laertius' life of Aristippus gives many anecdotes about his devotion to philosophy and his love of luxury but makes no mention of a prominent wart. See *Laertius* vol. 1, 2.8, pp. 195-233.

12 *Lycurgus his wen* (i.e., cyst). Here, the famously austere founder of classical Sparta's constitution; thus, the man responsible for Sparta's dedication to the values of self-discipline, self-denial, and patriotic self-sacrifice. His cyst is not mentioned by any of the major classical writers we have consulted.

13 On Alexander's overfondness for wine, see p. 459, note 14.

14 *Tully* Marcus Tullius Cicero (106-43 BCE), Roman orator, lawyer, politician, and writer, famous for his elegant and persuasive expositions ("glozes"). Plutarch reports that Cicero's main flaw was a vain tendency to tirelessly praise himself and magnify his achievements.

15 Solomon's wisdom is proverbial; he also, however, had 700 wives and 300 concubines; many of these women worshiped foreign gods, and Solomon was slowly drawn away into idolatry (1 Kings 11:1-13).

holy, but yet a homicide;[1] none more witty than Euphues, yet at the first none more wicked.

The freshest colours soonest fade,[2] the teenest razor soonest turneth his edge,[3] the finest cloth is soonest eaten with moths,[4] and the cambric[5] sooner stained than the coarse canvas.[6] Which appeared well in this Euphues, whose wit being, like wax, apt to receive any impression, and bearing the head in his own hand,[7] either to use the rein or the spur, disdaining counsel, leaving his country, loathing his old acquaintance, thought either by wit to obtain some conquest, or by shame to abide some conflict; who, preferring fancy before friends and his present humour before honour to come, laid reason in water, being too salt for his taste,[8] and followed unbridled affection,[9] most pleasant for his tooth.

When parents have more care how to leave their children wealthy than wise, and are more desirous to have them maintain the name than the nature of a gentleman; when they put gold into the hands of youth where they should put a rod under their girdle;[10] when instead of awe they make them past grace, and leave them rich executors of goods and poor executors of godliness—then is it no marvel that the son, being left rich by his father's will, become reckless by his own will.

But it hath been an old said saw,[11] and not of less truth than antiquity, that wit is the better if it be the dearer bought,[12] as in the sequel of this history shall most manifestly appear. It happened this young imp to arrive at Naples, a place of more pleasure than profit and yet of more profit than piety, the very walls and windows whereof showed it rather to be the tabernacle of Venus than the temple of Vesta.[13] There was all things necessary and in readiness that might either allure the mind to lust or entice the heart to folly: a court more meet for an atheist than for one of Athens,[14] for Ovid than for Aristotle,[15] for a graceless lover than for a godly liver, more fitter for Paris than Hector,[16] and meeter for Flora than Diana.[17] Here my youth—whether for weariness he could not, or for wantonness would not go any farther—determined to make his abode; whereby it is evidently seen that the fleetest fish swalloweth the delicatest bait, that the highest soaring hawk traineth to the lure,[18] and that the wittiest brain is inveigled with the sudden view of alluring vanities.

Here he wanted[19] no companions which courted him continually with sundry kinds of devices whereby they might either soak his purse to reap commodity[20] or soothe his person to win

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[1] David, king of Israel, one of God's favourites, nevertheless arranged the death of Uriah so that he (David) could take Uriah's wife, Bathsheba, as his own (2 Samuel 11).

[2] Proverb, "The fairest flowers (freshest colours) soonest fade" (*Tilley* F391).

[3] *teenest* *OED* notes that Lyly's use of "teen" here is a corruption of "keen"; thus, "keenest" or "sharpest"; *turneth his edge* becomes dull. Although this saying sounds proverbial, it is not in Tilley.

[4] Proverb, "The finest cloth is eaten by moths" (*Tilley* C429).

[5] *cambric* fine white linen.

[6] Proverb, "The finest lawn (cloth) will be the soonest stained" (*Tilley* L120). See the related proverbs, C56, S450, S781.

[7] *bearing the head in his own hand* The image is from horsemanship, where Euphues is represented as the rider being in full control of his mount (his own course in life).

[8] *laid reason in water … taste* Proverb, "to lay a [or sometimes 'in'] water," meaning "to lay aside" (*Tilley* W108). Euphues rejects the salty—thus, distasteful—dictates of reason.

[9] *affection* passion (i.e., emotion as opposed to reason).

[10] *a rod under their girdle* i.e., beat them in order to instil discipline and cement their moral education. Cf. the proverb, "Spare the rod and spoil (spill) the child. (He that spares the rod hates the child)" (*Tilley* R155). See the related proverb, C326.

[11] *said saw* a spoken traditional maxim or proverb.

[12] Proverb, "Wit is never good till it be bought (dearly bought)" (*Tilley* W567). See the related proverb, W545.

[13] I.e., dedicated to pleasure (represented by Venus, the goddess of love) rather than to chastity and self-restraint (represented by Vesta, the goddess of sexual purity and the family hearth).

[14] Athens was famed as a city of philosophical learning, dedicated to and named after the goddess Athena.

[15] I.e., for the classical world's premier erotic poet than for its most famous philosopher.

[16] I.e., for a lover (Paris stole away Helen, the wife of Menelaus, out of love for her, triggering the Trojan War) than a warrior (Hector, Paris' brother, was Troy's pre-eminent warrior who could be brought down only by the great Achilles).

[17] I.e., more suitable for the goddess of spring, fertility, and reproduction than for the goddess of chastity.

[18] Proverb, "In time all hawks will stoop to the lure" (*Tilley, Eliz. Prov.*, no. 330).

[19] *wanted* lacked.

[20] *soak his purse to reap commodity* i.e., drain or exhaust his money to gain their own profit.

credit, for he had guests and companions of all sorts. There frequented to his lodging as well the spider to suck poison of his fine wit as the bee to gather honey,[1] as well the drone as the dove, the fox as the lamb, as well Damocles to betray him as Damon to be true to him.[2] Yet he behaved himself so warily that he singled his game wisely.[3] He could easily discern Apollo's music from Pan his pipe, and Venus' beauty from Juno's bravery, and the faith of Laelius from the flattery of Aristippus.[4] He welcomed all, but trusted none. He was merry, but yet so wary[5] that neither the flatterer could take advantage to entrap him in his talk, nor the wisest any assurance of his friendship.

Who, being demanded of one what countryman he was, he answered, "What countryman am I not? If I be in Crete, I can lie;[6] if in Greece, I can shift;[7] if in Italy, I can court it.[8] If thou ask whose son I am also, I ask thee whose son I am not. I can carouse with Alexander,[9] abstain with Romulus,[10] eat with the Epicure, fast with the Stoic,[11] sleep with Endymion,[12] watch with Chrysippus"[13]—using these speeches and other like.

An old gentleman in Naples, seeing his pregnant wit, his eloquent tongue somewhat taunting yet with delight, his mirth without measure yet not without wit, his sayings vainglorious yet pithy, began to bewail his nurture and to muse at his nature, being incensed against the one as most pernicious and inflamed with the other as most precious. For well he knew that so rare a wit would in time either breed an intolerable trouble or bring an incomparable treasure to the commonweal; at the one he greatly pitied, at the other he rejoiced. Having, therefore, gotten opportunity to communicate with him his mind, with watery eyes (as one lamenting his wantonness) and smiling face (as one loving his wittiness) encountered him on this manner:[14]

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[1] Proverb, "Where the bee sucks honey, the spider sucks poison" (*Tilley* B208). See the related proverb, B205.

[2] Damocles and Damon are figures from the classical past who represent, respectively, hypocritical, flattering sycophancy (see p. 460, note 2) and true, undying friendship. Damon, the Pythagorean philosopher, was condemned to death by the tyrant Dionysius; he was allowed to return home and settle his affairs before his execution, only because the philosopher Pythias promised to die in his place if Damon did not return at the appointed time. When Damon appeared for his execution, Dionysius was so impressed at the bond of friendship between the two men that he released them both. In the Renaissance, they became a common archetype of ideal friendship. For other such archetypes, see p. 476, note 5.

[3] *singled his game wisely* The image is taken from hunting, where a hunter separates one deer, etc. from the herd; here, he wisely singled out the individual who was the object of his pursuit or interest from the rest of the crowd.

[4] Since Apollo was the god of music and the arts, his music produced on the lyre would be more divine than that produced on the rural pipes of Pan, god of shepherds and herdsmen; Venus' beauty was supreme, and Juno attiring herself in finery (bravery) is no substitute; on Aristippus' reputation for flattery, see p. 464, note 11. *Laelius* Gaius Laelius (c. 235-c. 160 BCE), Roman consul, and one of the main speakers in Cicero's dialogue, *De Amicitia* ("On Friendship"). Cicero uses Laelius' relationship with Scipio Africanus (the younger), famed Roman general, to exemplify the true nature of ideal friendship.

[5] Proverb, "Good to be merry and wise" (*Tilley* G324).

[6] Proverb, "Cretans are liars (Use craft against Cretans)" (*Tilley* C822).

[7] *shift* deceive, live by fraud. The proverb "Grecian faith" (*Tilley* F31) refers to Greeks as the proverbial archetype of faithlessness and treachery. See p. 466, note 6.

[8] *court it* play or act the courtier; Euphues' answer plays upon the proverb, "When you are at Rome do as they do at Rome" (*Tilley* R165).

[9] See p. 459, note 14.

[10] Romulus, one of the two mythic founders of Rome, famed for his piety, military valour, and political acuity. His life-long reputation for abstemiousness alluded to here probably springs from the legend that he and his twin brother Remus, exposed as infants, were suckled by a she-wolf and fed with crumbs by a hitwaw [i.e., hickwall or woodpecker].

[11] The Epicurean philosophers and their followers were popularly perceived in the Renaissance as hedonists, while the Stoics were viewed as embodying the virtues of self-abnegation and asceticism.

[12] *Endymion* In classical mythology, a beautiful young shepherd sleeping on Mount Latmos was spied by the moon, who fell instantly in love with him. She caused him to sleep eternally so that she could gaze on his beauty forever. Lyly's play *Endymion* (1585) uses this figure as part of a graceful celebration of Elizabeth I.

[13] Chrysippus of Soli (c. 280-207 BCE), Stoic philosopher. His reputation for wakefulness might be traced to Laertius' attribution of an astounding 705 works to him. See *Laertius*, vol. 2, 7.7.

[14] *encountered him on this manner* addressed him in this way.

"Young gentleman, although my acquaintance be small to entreat you, and my authority less to command you, yet my good will in giving you good counsel should induce you to believe me, and my hoary hairs (ambassadors of experience) enforce you to follow me; for by how much the more I am a stranger to you, by so much the more you are beholding to me. Having, therefore, opportunity to utter my mind, I mean to be importunate with you to follow my meaning.

"As thy birth doth show the express and lively image of gentle blood, so thy bringing up seemeth to me to be a great blot to the lineage of so noble a brute;[1] so that I am enforced to think that either thou didst want[2] one to give thee good instructions, or that thy parents made thee a wanton with too much cockering:[3] either they were too foolish in using no discipline, or thou too froward[4] in rejecting their doctrine; either they willing to have thee idle, or thou willful to be ill-employed. Did they not remember that which no man ought to forget, that the tender youth of a child is like the tempering of new wax—apt to receive any form?[5] He that will carry a bull with Milo must use to carry him a calf also;[6] he that coveteth to have a straight tree must not bow him being a twig.[7] The potter fashioneth his clay when it is soft,[8] and the sparrow is taught to come when he is young.[9] As, therefore, the iron being hot receiveth any form with the stroke of the hammer, and keepeth it[10] being cold forever, so the tender wit of a child, if with diligence it be instructed in youth, will with industry use those qualities in his age.

"They might also have taken example of the wise husbandmen, who in their fattest[11] and most fertile ground sow hemp before wheat, a grain that drieth up the superfluous moisture and maketh the soil more apt for corn; or of good gardeners, who in their curious knots[12] mix hyssop with thyme as aiders the one to the growth of the other (the one being dry, the other moist); or of cunning painters, who for the whitest work cast the blackest ground, to make the picture more amiable. If, therefore, thy father had been as wise a husbandman as he was a fortunate husband, or thy mother as good a housewife as she was a happy wife—if they had been both as good gardeners to keep their knot as they were grafters to bring forth such fruit, or as cunning painters as they were happy parents—no doubt they had sowed hemp before wheat (that is, discipline before affection); they had set hyssop with thyme (that is, manners with wit, the one to aid the other); and to make thy dexterity more, they had cast a black ground for their white work (that is, they had mixed threats with fair looks).

"But things past are past calling again; it is too late to shut the stable door when the steed is stolen.[13] The Trojans repented too late when their

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[1] *brute* referring to Brute, or Brutus, the legendary great-grandson of Aeneas (legendary founder of the Roman people), and reputed the first king of Britain, and the founder of London; thus, an individual of noble or worthy descent.

[2] *want* lack.

[3] *cockering* indulgence.

[4] *froward* perverse, unmanageable, obstinate.

[5] Proverb, "Soft wax will take any impression" (*Tilley* W136); "Youth and white paper take any impression" (Y44). See the related proverbs, W135, W138.

[6] Proverb, "He may bear (carry) a bull that hath borne (carried) a calf" (*Tilley* B711), meaning that a person who becomes accustomed to doing little things, gradually becomes able to do greater ones. Milo was a disciple of Pythagoras and famed six-time Olympic champion, one of whose feats was to carry a bullock forty yards, kill it with a single blow, and consume it in one day (*Classical Dict.*, p. 412).

[7] Proverb, "Young twigs may be bent but not old trees" (*Tilley, Eliz. Prov.*, no. 654). Two variations are: "Best to bend while it is a twig" (*Tilley* T632); and "Thraw (i.e, twist) the wand while it is green" (W27). Renaissance proverbs about the raising of children often emphasize the necessity of discipline, warning that unless a child is moulded in youth—when he or she is pliable—they will be obstinate and immoveable in their maturity. See p. 465, note 10.

[8] Proverb, "The potter fashions his clay when it is soft" (*Tilley, Eliz. Prov.*, no. 500); "A young child like new wax easily receives any form" (no. 90, p. 97).

[9] Proverb, "Old sparrows are ill to tame" (*Tilley* S716).

[10] Proverb, "Strike while the iron is hot" (*Tilley, Eliz. Prov.*, no. 594; *Tilley* I94).

[11] *fattest* richest.

[12] *curious knots* artistically arranged, formal gardens.

[13] Proverb, "When the steed (horse) is stolen shut the stable door" (*Tilley* S838). Cf. Caxton, *Fab. Avian* (1484) 24, p. 245: "It was not time to shut the stable when the horses been lost and gone." See the related proverbs, M809, T305; proverb, "Things past cannot be recalled" (*Tilley* T203). See the related proverbs, C921, T200, T204, T332, Y31.

town was spoiled.[1] Yet the remembrance of thy former follies might breed in thee a remorse of conscience and be a remedy against farther concupiscence. But now to thy present time. The Lacedaemonians were wont to show their children drunken men and other wicked men, that by seeing their filth they might shun the like fault, and avoid the like vices when they were at the like state.[2] The Persians, to make their youth abhor gluttony would paint an Epicure sleeping with meat in his mouth and most horribly overladen with wine, that by the view of such monstrous sights they might eschew the means of the like excess.[3] The Parthians, to cause their youth to loathe the alluring trains of women's wiles and deceitful enticements, had most curiously carved in their houses a young man blind, besides whom was adjoined a woman so exquisite that, in some men's judgment, Pygmalion's image[4] was not half so excellent, having one hand in his pocket as noting her theft, and holding a knife in the other hand to cut his throat.

"If the sight of such ugly shapes caused a loathing of the like sins, then, my good Euphues, consider their plight and beware of thine own peril. Thou art here in Naples a young sojourner, I an old senior; thou a stranger,[5] I a citizen; thou secure, doubting no mishap; I sorrowful, dreading thy misfortune. Here mayest thou see that which I sigh to see: drunken sots wallowing in every house, in every chamber, yea, in every channel.[6] Here mayest thou behold that which I cannot without blushing behold, nor without blubbering utter: those whose bellies be their gods,[7] who offer their goods as sacrifice to their guts, who sleep with meat in their mouths,[8] with sin in their hearts, and with shame in their houses. Here, yea, here, Euphues, mayest thou see, not the carved vizard[9] of a lewd woman, but the incarnate visage of a lascivious wanton; not the shadow of love, but the substance of lust. My heart melteth in drops of blood to see a harlot with the one hand rob so many coffers, and with the other to rip so many corpses. Thou art here amidst the pikes,[10] between Scylla and Charybdis, ready if thou shun Syrtis to sink into Symplegades.[11] Let the Lacedaemonian, the Persian, the Parthian, yea, the Neapolitan, cause thee rather to detest such villainy at the sight and view of their vanity.

[...]

"One drop of poison infecteth the whole tun of wine, one leaf of coloquintida marreth and spoileth the whole pot of porridge, one iron-mole defaceth the whole piece of lawn.[12] Descend into

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[1] Proverb, "Like the Trojans, we were wise too late" (*Tilley* T528). See the related proverbs, E192 and P649.

[2] *The Lacedaemonians … the like state* Plutarch reports that the Lacedaemonians (i.e., the Spartans) would force their slaves (the Ilotes) to drink to excess as an object lesson about the vice of drunkenness.

[3] *The Persians … the like excess* We have not been able to trace this allusion. However, Roger Ascham's *The Schoolmaster* (1570) celebrates the Persians' system of education for the opposite reason: that it strove to maintain youthful innocence by protecting young men from exposure to examples of vice. See *English Works*, ed. W.A. Wright (Cambridge, 1904; rept., 1970), pp. 203, 206, and 210.

[4] The classical sculptor Pygmalion created the statue of a woman so beautiful that he fell in love with it. Venus brought it to life and Pygmalion named her Galatea, married her, and had a son by her. We have not been able to trace the source of the Parthian reference.

[5] *stranger* foreigner.

[6] *channel* gutter.

[7] Philippians 3:19: "Their end is destruction, their god is the belly, and they glory in their shame, with minds set on earthly things."

[8] Psalm 78:29-31 describes God feeding the Israelites with manna in the desert and their subsequent ingratitude and disobedience: "So they did eat, and were well filled: for he gave them their own desire; they were not estranged from their lust. But while their meat was yet in their mouths, the wrath of God came upon them, and slew the fattest of them, and smote down the chosen men of Israel."

[9] *vizard* mask.

[10] *pikes* peaks, pointed rocks (equivalent dangers).

[11] Proverb, "between Scylla and Charybdis" (*Tilley* S169), meaning to be caught between two equal dangers. See the related proverb, H62. The Syrtis or Syrtes was the name of two bays on the north coast of Africa; their dangerous sandbanks and shallows were a famous peril for mariners. The Symplegades or "the clashing rocks" refers to "the cliffs at the entrance of the Thracian Bosporous which were supposed to clash together and destroy ships attempting to pass through the Straits" (*Topographical Dict.*, p. 496-98).

[12] Proverb, "One drop of poison infects the whole tun of wine" (*Tilley, Eliz. Prov.*, no. 496); "a little coloquintida [i.e., the colocynth, a very bitter apple] (one ill, wicked weed; one crop of a turd) mars

thine own conscience and consider with thyself the great difference between staring and stark-blind,[1] wit and wisdom, love and lust. Be merry, but with modesty;[2] be sober, but not too sullen; be valiant, but not too venturous. Let thy attire be comely, but not costly;[3] thy diet wholesome, but not excessive. Use pastime as the word importeth: to pass the time in honest recreation. Mistrust no man without cause, neither be thou credulous without proof. Be not light to follow every man's opinion, nor obstinate to stand in thine own conceit.[4] Serve God, love God, fear God, and God will so bless thee as either thy heart can wish, or thy friends desire. And so I end my counsel, beseeching thee to begin to follow it."

This old gentleman having finished his discourse, Euphues began to shape him answer in this sort:

"Father and friend—your age showeth the one, your honesty the other—I am neither so suspicious to mistrust your goodwill nor so sottish[5] to mislike your good counsel; as I am, therefore, to thank you for the first, so it stands upon me[6] to think better on the latter. I mean not to cavil with you as one loving sophistry, neither to control[7] you as one having superiority: the one would bring my talk into the suspicion of fraud, the other convince me of folly.

"Whereas you argue—I know not upon what probabilities, but sure I am upon no proof—that my bringing-up should be a blemish to my birth, I answer and swear to that, you were not therein a little overshot. Either you gave too much credit to the report of others, or too much liberty to your own judgment. You convince[8] my parents of peevishness in making me a wanton, and me of lewdness in rejecting correction. But so many men, so many minds:[9] that may seem in your eye odious which in another's eye may be gracious. Aristippus a philosopher, yet who more courtly?[10] Diogenes[11] a philosopher, yet who more carterly? Who more popular than Plato, retaining always good company?[12] Who more envious than Timon, denouncing all human society?[13] Who so severe as the Stoics, which like stocks[14] were moved with no melody? Who so secure as the Epicures, which wallowed in all kind of licentiousness? Though all men be made of one metal, yet they be not cast all in one mould.[15] There is framed of the selfsame clay as well the tile to keep out water, as the pot to contain liquor; the sun doth harden the dirt and melt the wax;[16] fire maketh the gold to shine and

(spoils) a whole pot (a potful) of porridge (pottage)" (*Tilley, Eliz. Prov.*, no. 96; *Tilley* W240). All are variations on "One ill condition mars all the good" (*Tilley* C585). For the converse of these proverbs, p. 464, notes 6-10.

1 Proverb, "There is a difference between staring and stark-blind (stark-mad)" (*Tilley* D334).

2 Proverb, "Good to be merry and wise" (*Tilley* G324).

3 Proverb, "Comely not gaudy" (*Tilley* C541).

4 This paragraph develops the proverbial wisdom behind "The golden mean [i.e., the middle path or way] is best" (*Tilley* M792), meaning everything in moderation, and nothing in excess. See the related proverbs, M793, M804, M806, V80. Cf. Polonius' advice to his son Laertes, *Hamlet*, 1.3.58-80.

5 *sottish* foolish, stupid, dull.

6 *it stands upon me* i.e., it is my duty, or it is incumbent upon me.

7 *control* rebuke, reprove.

8 *convince* convict.

9 Latin proverb, *Quot homines tot sententiae* ("There are as many opinions as men") (Terence, *Phormio*, 2.4.14). Also a popular English proverb, "so many men, so many minds" (*Tilley* M583); "so many heads so many wits" (H279).

10 *Aristippus … courtly* See p. 464, note 11. When Aristippus took up his position as one of Dionysius' courtiers, he was roundly criticized by his fellow philosophers, particularly by Diogenes of Sinope (*Laertius*, 2.8.67-68).

11 *Diogenes* Diogenes of Sinope (c. 412/403-324/321 BCE), Greek philosopher of the Cynic school, famous for his extremely ascetic lifestyle, for his rejection of polite conventions, and for the scorn he poured on his fellow philosophers, saying, among other things, that Plato's lectures were a waste of time (*Laertius*, 6.2.22-33; 27-44); *carterly* befitting a carter; rude, boorish, ill-bred.

12 perhaps a reference to the convivial nature of Plato's dialogues. Diogenes Laertius reports of Plato that the philosopher always wanted "to leave a memorial of himself behind, either in the hearts of his friends or in his books" (*Laertius*, 3.39-41).

13 Timon of Athens (fl.5th century BCE), in the Renaissance a stock figure of the misanthrope. His story is recounted in Lucian's satirical dialogue "Timon" and in Plutarch's "Life of Marcus Antonius"; after his defeat at Actium, Antony resolved to emulate Timon's misanthropic, hermitic existence.

14 *stocks* tree stumps.

15 Proverb, "All men are made of the same metal" (*Tilley* M501). See the related proverb, A119.

16 Proverb, "The same sun softens (melts) wax and hardens clay" (*Tilley* S980).

the straw to smother;[1] perfumes doth refresh the dove and kill the beetle,[2] and the nature of the man disposeth that consent of the manners.[3]

"Now whereas you seem to love my nature and loathe my nurture, you bewray[4] your own weakness in thinking that nature may any ways be altered by education;[5] and as you have examples to confirm your pretence,[6] so I have most evident and infallible arguments to serve for my purpose. It is natural for the vine to spread; the more you seek by art to alter it, the more in the end you shall augment it. It is proper for the palm-tree to mount; the heavier you load it, the higher it sprouteth.[7] Though iron be made soft with fire, it returneth to his hardness; though the falcon be reclaimed to the fist, she retireth to her haggardness.[8] The whelp of a mastiff will never be taught to retrieve the partridge.[9] Education can have no show where the excellency of nature doth bear sway. The silly mouse will by no manner of means be tamed;[10] the subtle fox may well be beaten but never broken from stealing his prey.[11] If you pound spices, they smell the sweeter;[12] season the wood never so well, the wine will taste of the cask.[13] Plant and translate the crab-tree where and whensoever it please you, and it will never bear sweet apple[14]—unless you graft by art, which nothing toucheth nature. Infinite and innumerable were the examples I could allege and declare to confirm the force of nature and confute these, your vain and false forgeries, were not the repetition of them needless, having showed sufficient or bootless (seeing those alleged will not persuade you).[15] And can you be so unnatural, whom Dame Nature hath nourished and brought up so many years, to repine, as it were, against nature?

[...]

"But why go I about to praise nature, the which as yet was never any imp so wicked and barbarous, any Turk so vile and brutish, any beast so dull and senseless, that could, or would, or durst[16] dispraise or contemn?[17] Doth not Cicero conclude and allow that if we follow and obey nature we shall never err?[18] Doth not Aristotle allege and confirm that nature frameth or maketh nothing in any

[1] Proverb, "The same fire which purifies gold burns straw" (*Tilley* F279). Lyly's is the earliest use Tilley cites.

[2] Proverb, "Bad odors attract the vulture (beetle), perfumes repel him" (*Tilley* O13). See the related proverb, B221.

[3] I.e., a man's nature determines his behaviour.

[4] *bewray* reveal, betray.

[5] Proverb, "Nature passes nurture" (*Tilley* N47). See the related proverbs, "Better fed than taught" (F174); and "Nurture is above (passes) nature" (N357).

[6] *confirm your pretence* i.e., support your argument.

[7] Proverb, "The straighter (higher) grows the palm the heavier the weight it bears" (*Tilley* P37). See the related proverb, C34, p. 474, note 9.

[8] *haggardness* wildness (of an untamed hawk or falcon that has never been trained to come to the falconer's fist).

[9] Proverb (*Tilley, Eliz. Prov.*, Appendix A, no. 197).

[10] Proverb (*Tilley, Eliz. Prov.*, no. 736). Tilley cites Erasmus's *Similia* as the source (I. 614 F); *silly* weak, helpless.

[11] Proverb, "A wolf (fox) may change his hair but not his heart (nature, malice)" (*Tilley* W616). See the related proverbs, F638 and W613.

[12] Proverb, "If you beat (pound) spice it will smell the sweeter" (*Tilley* S746). See the related proverb, F665.

[13] Proverb, "With what liquor a vessel (cask) is first seasoned, it will long keep the scent of it." Tilley notes that Euphues offers the converse of this proverb (*Tilley, Eliz. Prov.*, no. 658). Cf. Horace, *Epistles*, 1.2.69-70; Quintilian, *Institutio Oratoria* ("Education of an Orator"), 1.1.5.

[14] Proverb, "Plant the crab tree where you will, it will never bear sweet apples" (*Tilley* C788). Lyly's use is the earliest one Tilley cites.

[15] I.e., either the examples I've given are sufficient or it is in vain (bootless) to offer any others.

[16] *durst* dared.

[17] *contemn* despise.

[18] *Cicero … err* Cicero defines friendship as only possible between virtuous men: "... such men [i.e., those who embody the virtues of loyalty, uprightness, fairness, and generosity] let us consider good ... and also entitled to be called by that term because, in as far as that is possible for man, they follow Nature, who is the best guide to good living." *Laelius: De Amicitia* ("On Friendship"), 5.19, pp. 128-29. Similarly, in *De Senectute* ("On Old Age"), the aged Cato notes, "I am wise because I follow Nature as the best of guides and obey her as a god" (2.5, pp. 12-13). See W.A. Falconer, trans., *De Senectute, De Amicitia, De Divinatione*, in *Cicero's Works*, 28 vols. (Cambridge, MA, 1923), vol. 20. See also the popular proverb, "He that followeth Nature is never out of the way [i.e, is never in error, led astray]" (*Tilley, Eliz. Prov.*, no. 457).

point rude, vain, or imperfect?[1] Nature was had in such estimation and admiration among the heathen people that she was reputed for the only goddess in heaven.

"If nature, then, have largely and bountifully endued me with her gifts, why deem you me so untoward[2] and graceless? If she have dealt hardly[3] with me, why extol you so much my birth? If nature bear no sway, why use you this adulation? If nature work the effect, what booteth any education?[4] If nature be of strength or force, what availeth discipline or nurture? If of none, what helpeth nature? But let these sayings pass as known evidently and granted to be true, which none can or may deny, unless he be false or that he be an enemy to humanity.

"As touching my residence and abiding here in Naples, my youthly affections, my sports and pleasures, my pastimes, my common dalliance, my delights, my resort and company which daily use to visit me: although to you they breed more sorrow and care than solace and comfort because of your crabbed age, yet to me they bring more comfort and joy than care and grief, more bliss than bale,[5] more happiness than heaviness, because of my youthful gentleness. Either you would have all men old as you are, or else you have quite forgotten that you yourself were young or ever knew young days; either in your youth you were a very vicious and ungodly man, or now (being aged) very superstitious and devout above measure.[6]

"Put you no difference between the young flourishing bay-tree and the old withered beech? No kind of distinction between the waxing and the waning of the moon, and between the rising and the setting of the sun? Do you measure the hot assaults of youth by the cold skirmishes of age, whose years are subject to more infirmities than our youth? We merry, you melancholy; we zealous in affection, you jealous[7] in all your doings; you testy without cause, we hasty for no quarrel; you careful, we careless; we bold, you fearful; we in all points contrary unto you, and you in all points unlike unto us.

"Seeing, therefore, we be repugnant each to the other in nature, would you have us alike in qualities? Would you have one potion ministered to the burning fever and to the cold palsy, one plaster to an old issue[8] and a fresh wound, one salve for all sores, one sauce for all meats?[9] No, no, Eubulus![10] But I will yield to more than either I am bound to grant, either thou able to prove. Suppose that which I never will believe, that Naples is a cankered storehouse of all strife, a common stews[11] for all strumpets, the sink of shame, and the very nurse of all sin. Shall it therefore follow of necessity that all that are wooed of love should be wedded to lust? Will you conclude, as it were ex consequenti,[12] that whosoever arriveth here shall be enticed to folly and, being enticed, of force[13] shall be entangled? No, no, it is the disposition of the thought that altereth the nature of the

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[1] In the context of arguing "that man is more of a political animal than bees or any other gregarious animals," Aristotle notes: "Nature, as we often say, makes nothing in vain, and man is the only animal whom she has endowed with the gift of speech" (*Politics* in *The Basic Works of Aristotle*, 1.2.1253A). Later he asserts, "Now if nature makes nothing incomplete, and nothing in vain, the inference must be that she has made all animals for the sake of man" (1256B). Cf. "Neither by nature, then, nor contrary to nature do the virtues arise in us; rather we are adapted by nature to receive them, and are made perfect by habit" (Aristotle, *Nicomachean Ethics*, 2.1.1103A); *rude* unfinished.

[2] *untoward* intractable, unruly, perverse.

[3] *hardly* severely, in the sense of "meanly," or "ungenerously"; not having lavished me with her gifts.

[4] *what booteth any education?* i.e., what is the point of having any education?

[5] *bale* suffering, unhappiness.

[6] There are at least two proverbs glanced at here and in the following two paragraphs: "Youth and age will never agree" (*Tilley* Y43) and "He that in youth no virtue uses, in age all honour him refuses" (Y37).

[7] *jealous* suspicious, apprehensive of evil, fearful.

[8] *issue* a suppurating wound.

[9] Proverb, "He has but one salve for all sores" (*Tilley* S82). See the related proverb, S83.

[10] *Eubulus* Greek, "wise counsellor."

[11] *stews* brothel.

[12] Latin, "from what follows upon; as a necessary consequence of."

[13] *of force* necessarily, inevitably.

thing.[1] The sun shineth upon the dunghill and is not corrupted;[2] the diamond lieth in the fire and is not consumed; the crystal toucheth the toad and is not poisoned;[3] the bird trochilus liveth by the mouth of the crocodile and is not spoiled;[4] a perfect wit is never bewitched with lewdness, neither enticed with lasciviousness.

"Is it not common that the holm tree springeth amidst the beech? That the ivy spreadeth upon the hard stones? That the soft feather bed breaketh the hard blade? If experience have not taught you this, you have lived long and learned little,[5] or if your moist brain[6] have forgot it, you have learned much and profited nothing. But it may be that you measure my affections by your own fancies, and knowing yourself either too simple to raise the siege by policy, or too weak to resist the assault by prowess, you deem me of as little wit as yourself, or of less force; either of small capacity, or of no courage. In my judgment, Eubulus, you shall as soon catch a hare with a tabor[7] as you shall persuade youth with your aged and overworn eloquence to such severity of life, which as yet there was never Stoic so strict, nor Jesuit[8] so superstitious, neither votary so devout but would rather allow it in words than follow it in works, rather talk of it than try it.[9] Neither were you such a saint in your youth that, abandoning all pleasures, all pastimes and delights, you would choose rather to sacrifice the first fruits of your life to vain holiness than to youthly affections. But as to the stomach quatted[10] with dainties all delicates seem queasy,[11] and as he that surfeiteth with wine useth afterward to allay with water, so these old huddles,[12] having overcharged their gorges with fancy, account all honest recreation mere folly and, having taken a surfeit of delight, seem now to savour it with despite.

"Seeing, therefore, it is labour lost[13] for me to persuade you, and wind vainly wasted for you to exhort me, here I found you and here I leave you,[14] having neither bought nor sold with you, but changed ware for ware.[15] If you have taken little pleasure in my reply, sure I am that by your counsel I have reaped less profit. They that use to steal honey burn hemlock to smoke the bees from their hives, and it may be that to get some advantage of me you have used these smoky arguments, thinking thereby to smother me with the conceit of strong imagination. But as the chameleon though he have most guts draweth least breath,[16]

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[1] Proverb, "A man is weal or woe as he thinks himself so" (*Tilley* M254). Cf. *Hamlet*: "There is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so" (2.2.253-54). See the related proverb, N298.

[2] Proverb, "The sun is never the worse for shining on a dunghill" (*Tilley* S982).

[3] The notion that toads were poisonous and bore the antidote to this poison in their own bodies is found both in proverbial lore ("The foul toad hath a fair stone in its head" [*Tilley, Eliz. Prov.* no. 634; cf. no. 177]), and in the period's natural history: it was believed that toads possessed a stone (the so-called "toad-stone," usually located on the top of the head) which was an antidote to poison, if worn next to a person's skin. See T. Browne, *Pseudodoxia Epidemica* ("Vulgar Errors"; 1646), Book 3, chapter 13, pp. 149-52, who traces this idea from the ancients.

[4] Both Herodotus (*An Account of Egypt: Being the Second Book of His Histories called Euterpe*, para. 25) and Aristotle (*History of Animals*, Book 9, part 6) describe the symbiotic relationship between the crocodile and the trochilus, where the little bird eats the leeches which infest the crocodile's mouth, or simply cleans its teeth; *spoiled* killed, destroyed.

[5] Proverb, "Live and learn" (*Tilley* L379). See the related proverb, L393.

[6] *moist brain* A moist-brained person is dull or stupid.

[7] Proverb, "You shall as soon catch a hare with a tabor" (*Tilley* H160), one of many proverbial expressions suggesting the impossibility of a projected action. A tabor was a small drum. See the related proverb, W416.

[8] *Jesuit* a priest of the Roman Catholic order, the Society of Jesus, popularly represented in Protestant England as embodying what it saw as all the vices of that religion: superstition, authoritarianism, and duplicity.

[9] Proverb, "Few words and many deeds" (*Tilley* W797); "The greatest talkers are the least (not the greatest) doers" (T64); "not words but deeds" (W820).

[10] *quatted* glutted, stuffed.

[11] Proverb, "To him that has lost his taste, sweet is sour." Cf. Erasmus, *Similia*, I. 624 F (*Tilley, Eliz. Prov.*, no. 744).

[12] *huddle* surly old person.

[13] Proverb, "You lose your labor" (*Tilley* L9).

[14] Proverb, "Here I found you and here (As I found you) I leave you" (*Tilley* F224). See the related proverb, V5.

[15] *ware for ware* goods for goods (speech for speech).

[16] perhaps a reference to the contradiction in Pliny's description of this lizard: he repeats the common idea that the chameleon lived on nothing more substantial than air, but he also talks about the uses to which people have put chameleon dung (the product of the guts) [*Natural History*, 2.315b]. See also the proverb, "The chameleon lives on air (changes color)" (*Tilley, Eliz. Prov.* no. 83).

or as the elder tree though he be fullest of pith is farthest from strength,[1] so though your reasons seem inwardly to yourself somewhat substantial and your persuasions pithy in your own conceit, yet being well weighed without,[2] they be shadows without substance[3] and weak without force. The bird taurus hath a great voice but a small body,[4] the thunder a great clap yet but a little stone,[5] the empty vessel giveth a greater sound than the full barrel.[6] I mean not to apply it, but look into yourself and you shall certainly find it. And thus I leave you seeking it; but were it not that my company stay my coming,[7] I would surely help you to look it, but I am called hence by my acquaintance."

Euphues, having thus ended his talk, departed, leaving this old gentleman in a great quandary; who, perceiving that he was more inclined to wantonness than to wisdom, with a deep sigh, the tears trickling down his cheeks, said:

"Seeing thou wilt not buy counsel at the first hand good cheap, thou shalt buy repentance at the second hand at such an unreasonable rate that thou wilt curse thy hard pennyworth and ban[8] thy hard heart.[9] Ah, Euphues, little dost thou know that if thy wealth waste, thy wit will give but small warmth; and if thy wit incline to willfulness, that thy wealth will do thee no great good. If the one had been employed to thrift, the other to learning, it had been hard to conjecture whether thou shouldest have been more fortunate by riches or happy by wisdom, whether more esteemed in the commonweal for wealth to maintain war or for counsel to conclude peace. But, alas, why do I pity that in thee which thou seemest to praise in thyself?"

And so saying, he immediately went to his own house, heavily bewailing the young man's unhappiness.

Here ye may behold, gentlemen, how lewdly[10] wit standeth in his own light,[11] how he deemeth no penny good silver but his own,[12] preferring the blossom before the fruit, the bud before the flower, the green blade before the ripe ear of corn, his own wit before all men's wisdoms.[13] Neither is that geason,[14] seeing for the most part it is proper to all those of sharp capacity to esteem of themselves as most proper.[15] If one be hard in conceiving,[16] they pronounce him a dolt; if given to study, they proclaim him a dunce; if merry, a jester; if sad, a saint; if full of words, a sot; if without speech, a cipher. If one argue with them boldly, then is he impudent; if coldly, an innocent. If there be reasoning of divinity, they cry, *Quae supra nos, nihil ad nos*[17] if of humanity, *Sententias loquitur carnifex.*[18] Hereof cometh such great familiarity between the ripest wits when they shall see the disposition the one of the other, the sympathia

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[1] Proverb, "The elder tree is fullest of pith and farthest from strength" (*Tilley, Eliz. Prov.*, Appendix A, no. 206).

[2] *without* i.e., when viewed from the outside, objectively.

[3] glances at the proverb, "Lose not the substance for the shadow" (*Tilley* S951).

[4] Pliny says "there is a bird called Taurus (because it loweth like a bull or cow)," probably the bittern (*Natural History*, 1.293a). As the *OED* suggests, the bittern's booming-voice was well-known; it is mentioned by Chaucer (*Wife of Bath's Tale*, l.116), Skelton (*Philip Sparrow*, l. 432), and T. Browne (*Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, Book 3, chapter 25).

[5] *thunder ... stone* thunder-bolt; cf. the proverb, "The thunderbolt has but his clap" (*Tilley* T278). Pliny notes that generally the louder the thunder, the less severe the accompanying lightning (*Natural History*, 1.20-21).

[6] Proverb, "Empty vessels sound most" (*Tilley* V36); "Full vessels sound least" (V37). See the related proverb, B488.

[7] *stay my coming* await my arrival.

[8] *ban* curse, chide angrily.

[9] Proverb, "He that refuses to buy counsel cheap shall buy repentance dear" (*Tilley* C689). See the related proverbs, R81-2 and W546.

[10] *lewdly* wickedly; perhaps, with the much earlier sense of "foolishly."

[11] Proverb, "to stand in one's own light" (i.e., said of a person whose actions injure his or her own interests) (*Tilley* L276).

[12] Proverb, "He thinks his penny (farthing, halfpenny) good silver" (*Tilley* P194); that is, he thinks well of himself with little reason. Here, more specifically, he thinks only his own ideas are worth anything.

[13] all variations on the proverbs, "He eats his corn in the blade [i.e., before it is ripe]" (*Tilley* C658) and "Corn is not to be gathered in the blade but the ear" (C656).

[14] *geason* rare, uncommon.

[15] *proper* characteristic, inherent; *proper* excellent, admirable.

[16] *hard in conceiving* i.e., have difficulty in understanding (something).

[17] Proverb, "The things that are above us are nothing to us" (*Tilley* T206).

[18] Latin, "The hangman announces the sentence" (i.e., there can be no objective judgement [upon a matter]).

of affections and, as it were, but a pair of shears to go between their natures;[1] one flattereth another in his own folly, and layeth cushions under the elbow of his fellow[2] when he seeth him take a nap with fancy;[3] and as their wit wresteth[4] them to vice, so it forgeth them some feat[5] excuse to cloak their vanity.

Too much study doth intoxicate their brains, "For," say they, "although iron the more it is used the brighter it is, yet silver with much wearing doth waste to nothing;[6] though the cammock the more it is bowed the better it serveth,[7] yet the bow the more it is bent and occupied the weaker it waxeth;[8] though the camomile the more it is trodden and pressed down the more it spreadeth,[9] yet the violet the oftener it is handled and touched the sooner it withereth and decayeth.[10] Besides this, a fine wit, a sharp sense, a quick understanding, is able to attain to more in a moment or a very little space than a dull and blockish head in a month. The scythe cutteth far better and smoother than the saw; the wax yieldeth better and sooner to the seal than the steel to the stamp; the smooth and plain beech is easier to be carved than the knotty box.[11] For neither is there anything but that hath his contraries."

Such is the nature of these novices that think to have learning without labour and treasure without travail—either not understanding, or else not remembering, that the finest edge is made with the blunt whetstone[12] and the fairest jewel fashioned with the hard hammer.[13] I go not about, gentlemen, to inveigh against wit, for then I were witless, but frankly to confess mine own little wit. I have ever thought so superstitiously[14] of wit that I fear I have committed idolatry against wisdom; and if nature had dealt so beneficially with me to have given me any wit, I should have been readier in the defence of it to have made an apology, than any way to turn to apostasy. But this I note, that for the most part they stand so on their pantofles[15] that they be secure of perils, obstinate in their own opinions, impatient of labour, apt to conceive wrong, credulous to believe the worst, ready to shake off their old acquaintance without cause, and to condemn them without colour.[16] All which humours are by so much the more easier to be purged by how much the less they have festered the sinews.[17] But return we again to Euphues.

Euphues having sojourned by the space of two months in Naples, whether he were moved by the courtesy of a young gentleman named Philautus[18] or enforced by destiny, whether his pregnant wit or his pleasant conceits wrought the greater liking in the mind of Euphues, I know not for certainty; but Euphues showed such entire love towards him, that he seemed to make small account of any others, determining to enter into such an inviolable league of friendship with him as neither time

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[1] Proverb, "There went but a pair of shears between them" (*Tilley* P36), meaning they are close to identical in nature (i.e., they're cut from the same cloth). See the related proverbs, E81 and H24.

[2] Proverb, "To sow (lay) pillows (cushions) under the elbows" (*Tilley, Eliz. Prov.*, no. 484), meaning to give a false sense of security.

[3] *take a nap with fancy* i.e., to be immersed in or dazed with fanciful ideas.

[4] *wresteth* twists, turns.

[5] *feat* apt, smart, adroit.

[6] Proverb, "Iron (Brass) with use grows bright" (*Tilley* I93). See the related proverb, I91; proverb, "Iron (Gold) with often handling is worn to nothing" (I92).

[7] Proverb, "as crooked as a cammock [a crooked staff, a crook, or a curved stick]" (*Tilley* C33).

[8] Proverb, "A bow long bent at last waxes (i.e., grows) weak" (*Tilley* B561). See the related proverb, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" (W842). "Occupied" means "used" or "made use of."

[9] Proverb, "The more camomile is trodden down the more it spreads" (*Tilley* C34). See the related proverb, P37.

[10] Proverb (*Tilley, Eliz. Prov.*, Appendix A, no. 215).

[11] *box* wood of the box-tree, an extremely hard wood, and thus favoured by engravers and carvers.

[12] Proverb, "The blunt whetstone makes a sharp edge" (*Tilley, Eliz. Prov.*, no. 681); "A whetstone cannot itself cut but yet it makes tools cut" (*Tilley* W299).

[13] Proverb (*Tilley, Eliz. Prov.*, Appendix A, no. 217).

[14] *superstitiously* in an extravagantly devoted way.

[15] Proverb, "to stand on one's pantofles [i.e., an overshoe with a cork sole worn to raise the feet from the wet or mud]" (*Tilley* P43). See the related proverb, P335. It means to stand upon one's dignity.

[16] *without colour* without even a show of justice.

[17] Cf. the proverbs, "A green [i.e., new] wound is soon healed" (*Tilley* W927) and "It is ill healing an old sore" (H283).

[18] *Philautus* Greek, "self-love."

by piecemeal should impair, neither fancy[1] utterly dissolve, nor any suspicion infringe.

"I have read," sayeth he, "and well I believe it, that a friend is in prosperity a pleasure, a solace in adversity, in grief a comfort, in joy a merry companion,[2] at all times another I, in all places the express image of mine own person[3]—insomuch that I cannot tell whether the immortal gods have bestowed any gift upon mortal men either more noble or more necessary than friendship. Is there anything in the world to be reputed—I will not say compared—to friendship? Can any treasure in this transitory pilgrimage be of more value than a friend, in whose bosom thou mayest sleep secure without fear, whom thou mayest make partner of all thy secrets without suspicion of fraud, and partaker of all thy misfortune without mistrust of fleeting,[4] who will account thy bale his bane,[5] thy mishap his misery, the pricking of thy finger the piercing of his heart?[6] But whither am I carried? Have I not also learned that one should eat a bushel of salt with him whom he meaneth to make his friend,[7] that trial maketh trust,[8] that there is falsehood in fellowship?[9] And what then? Doth not the sympathy of manners make the conjunction of minds?[10] Is it not a byword, 'Like will to like'?[11] Not so common as commendable it is to see young gentlemen choose them such friends with whom they may seem, being absent, to be present; being asunder, to be conversant;[12] being dead, to be alive. I will, therefore, have Philautus for my fere,[13] and by so much the more I make myself sure to have Philautus, by how much the more I view in him the lively image of Euphues."

Although there be none so ignorant that doth not know, neither any so impudent that will not confess friendship to be the jewel of human joy, yet whosoever shall see this amity grounded upon a little affection will soon conjecture that it shall be dissolved upon a light occasion, as in the sequel of Euphues and Philautus you shall see, whose hot love waxed soon cold.[14] For as the best wine doth make the sharpest vinegar,[15] so the deepest love turneth to the deadliest hate.[16] Who deserved the most blame, in mine opinion it is doubtful, and so difficult that I dare not presume to give verdict. For love being the cause for which so many mischiefs have been attempted, I am not yet per-

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[1] *fancy* romantic love.

[2] Opposing proverbial expressions are glanced at here: "Prosperity gets friends but adversity tries them" (*Tilley* P611) and "In time of prosperity friends will be plenty, in time of adversity not one among twenty" (T301).

[3] Proverb, "A friend is one's second self" (*Tilley* F696). See the related proverbs, F701 and H49. Both Cicero's dialogue *Laelius: De Amicitia* ("On Friendship" 7.23) and Aristotle's *Nicomachean Ethics* (9.4.1166A30-31) make this claim. Much of Euphues' speech in praise of friendship derives from *Laelius: De Amicitia.*

[4] *without mistrust of fleeting* i.e., without having to fear that one's friend will prove inconstant or fickle in his friendship.

[5] *bale* misery, suffering, misfortune; *bane* curse, ruin.

[6] Much proverbial wisdom echoes these sentiments: "A true friend a great treasure" (*Tilley* F719); "A friend's frown is better than a fool's smiles [a foe's kiss]" (F727); "Keep well thy friends when thou hast gotten them" (F752). However, as Euphues goes on to note, there were also popular sayings warning against placing too much trust in friends, especially new ones: "Never trust much to a new friend or an old enemy" (F712); "Trust no friend with that you need fear him if he were your enemy" (F721); "Friends agree best at a distance" (F734); "From my friends God defend me, from my enemies I can keep myself" (F739). Related proverbs appear in the notes below.

[7] Proverb, "Before you make a friend eat a bushel of salt with him" (*Tilley* F685); given that it would take a very long time to eat a bushel of salt in any reasonable fashion, the proverb thus recommends taking an equally long time before taking a person on as a friend. See the related proverb, "He that has many friends eats too much salt with his meat" (F744).

[8] Proverb, "Try (Try your friend) before you trust" (*Tilley* T595) and "Prove your friend ere you have need" (F718).

[9] Proverb, "There is falsehood (flattery) in fellowship" (*Tilley* F41); for related proverbs, see F349 ("Flattery gets friends") and T549 ("In trust is treason").

[10] Proverb, "Sympathy (similitude) of manners makes the conjunction of minds" (S1056), a variation on the proverb below.

[11] Proverb, "Like will to like" (*Tilley* L286). See the related proverbs, C135-36, L284, L287.

[12] *conversant* in communication.

[13] *fere* comrade.

[14] Proverb, "Hot love is soon cold" (L483). See the related proverbs, E222, H732, L482, and L559; *waxed* grew.

[15] Proverb, "The sweetest wine makes the sharpest vinegar" (*Tilley* W470). See the related proverb, H382.

[16] Proverb, "The greatest hate proceeds from the greatest love" (*Tilley* H210); "No hate like to brothers' if they fall at debate" (H211). But cf. "Faithful love will never turn to hate" (L477) and "A perfect love does last eternally" (L539).

suaded whether[1] of them was most to be blamed, but certainly neither of them was blameless. I appeal to your judgment, gentlemen, not that I think any of you of the like disposition able to decide the question, but, being of deeper discretion than I am, are more fit to debate the quarrel. Though the discourse of their friendship and falling out be somewhat long, yet, being somewhat strange, I hope the delightfulness of the one will attenuate the tediousness of the other.

Euphues had continual access to the place of Philautus and no little familiarity with him; and finding him at convenient leisure, in these short terms unfolded his mind unto him:

"Gentleman and friend, the trial I have had of thy manners cutteth off divers terms which to another I would have used in the like matter. And sithence[2] a long discourse argueth folly,[3] and delicate words incur the suspicion of flattery,[4] I am determined to use neither of them, knowing either of them to breed offence. Weighing with myself the force of friendship by the effects, I studied ever since my first coming to Naples to enter league with such a one as might direct my steps, being a stranger, and resemble my manners, being a scholar; the which two qualities as I find in you able to satisfy my desire, so I hope I shall find a heart in you willing to accomplish my request. Which if I may obtain assure yourself that Damon to his Pythias, Pylades to his Orestes, Titus to his Gysippus, Theseus to his Pirithous, Scipio to his Laelius,[5] was never found more faithful than Euphues will be to Philautus."

Philautus by how much the less he looked for this discourse, by so much the more he liked it, for he saw all qualities both of body and mind in Euphues; unto whom he replied as followeth:

"Friend Euphues—for so your talk warranteth me to term you—I dare neither use a long process, neither a loving speech, lest unwittingly I should cause you to convince me[6] of those things which you have already condemned. And verily I am bold to presume upon your courtesy since you yourself have used so little curiosity,[7] persuading myself that my short answer will work as great an effect in you as your few words did in me. And seeing we resemble (as you say) each other in qualities, it cannot be that the one should differ from the other in courtesy. Seeing the sincere affection of the mind cannot be expressed by the mouth and that no art can unfold the entire love of the heart,[8] I am earnestly to beseech you not to measure the firmness of my faith by the fewness of my words, but rather think that the overflowing waves of goodwill leave no passage for many words. Trial shall prove trust.[9] Here is my hand, my heart, my lands, and my life at thy commandment. Thou mayest well perceive that I did believe thee that so soon I did love thee, and I hope thou wilt the rather love me in that I did believe thee."

Either Euphues and Philautus stood in need of friendship or were ordained to be friends. Upon so short warning to make so soon a conclusion might

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1 *whether* which of the two.

2 *sithence* since.

3 Proverb, "Few words show men wise" (*Tilley* W799); "Few words are best" (W798).

4 Proverb, "Full of courtesy, full of craft" (*Tilley* C732); proverb, "Few words among friends are best" (W796); cf. "In fairest speech is feigning [i.e., lying, deception] rifest" (Pettie, *Petite Pallace*, I, 116).

5 For Damon and Pythias, see p. 466, note 2. *Pylades and Orestes* Pylades proved the extent of his friendship for Orestes, son of Agamemnon, by helping him to avenge his murdered father; *Titus and Gysippus* Gysippus, reduced to poverty and exile, confesses to a murder he has not committed in order to achieve the release of death. Titus, hearing that his friend has been charged with murder, confesses to the crime (even though he also is not guilty) in order to save Gysippus. As they argue with each other in front of the magistrate, the real criminal, affected by their mutual devotion, confesses to the crime. See Boccaccio, *Decameron* (Tenth Day, Eighth Story); there are interesting parallels between this tale and the plot of *Euphues*; *Theseus and Pirithous* So desirous was Pirithous, king of Lapithae, to meet the great Theseus and test his valour that he invaded Theseus' lands. Upon their meeting, the war was forestalled, as an immediate friendship was struck up between the two men; their friendship, like that of Damon and Pythias, was so deep and inviolable that it became proverbial. For Scipio and Laelius, see p. 466, note 4. In Renaissance England, all were well-known exemplars of true friendship.

6 *convince me* convict, find me guilty.

7 *curiosity* elaboration.

8 Proverb, "They that love most speak least" (*Tilley, Eliz. Prov.* no. 419). But cf. the proverb, "Love makes men orators" (*Tilley* L522).

9 See p. 475, note 8.

seem (in mine opinion) if it continued, miraculous; if shaken off, ridiculous. But after many embracings and protestations one to another, they walked to dinner, where they wanted neither meat,[1] neither music, neither any other pastime; and having banqueted, to digest their sweet confections, they danced all that afternoon.[2] They used only one board,[3] but one bed, one book—if so be it they thought not one too many. Their friendship augmented every day, insomuch that the one could not refrain the company of the other one minute. All things went in common between them,[4] which all men accounted commendable.

Philautus being a town-born child, both for his own countenance and the great countenance[5] which his father had while he lived, crept into credit with[6] Don Ferardo, one of the chief governors of the city; who although he had a courtly crew of gentlewomen sojourning in his palace, yet his daughter, heir to his whole revenues, stained the beauty of them all: whose modest bashfulness caused the other[7] to look wan for envy; whose lily cheeks, dyed with a vermilion red, made the rest to blush for shame. For as the finest ruby staineth the colour of the rest that be in place, or as the sun dimmeth the moon that she cannot be discerned, so this gallant girl, more fair than fortunate, and yet more fortunate than faithful, eclipsed the beauty of them all and changed their colours. Unto her had Philautus access, who won her by right of love and should have worn her by right of law had not Euphues by strange destiny broken the bonds of marriage and forbidden the banns[8] of matrimony. [...]

[...]

[Philautus takes Euphues to dinner at Don Ferardo's; there Euphues falls in love at first sight with Philautus's beloved, Lucilla, and she with him. Euphues determines, after some agonizing inner debate, that all's fair in love and war; and he decides to pursue Lucilla. To Philautus, he pretends that he is in love with Lucilla's gentlewoman attendant, Livia, so that he can have some excuse for visiting the household. A short time later, Euphues and Philautus go to visit Lucilla and her gentlewomen, including Livia, but Philautus is called away on a journey by Lucilla's father, Don Ferardo. Left alone, Euphues and Lucilla admit to each other their mutual love. As a result, when her father and Philautus return, having concluded between themselves that marriage should take place at once, Lucilla refuses to marry Philautus. Don Ferardo assumes Philautus has a rival, and tries to discover his name by assuring Lucilla that, as her father, he will do anything to ensure her happiness.]

Lucilla, perceiving the drift of the old fox her father, weighed with herself what was the best to be done. At the last, not weighing her father's ill will but encouraged by her love, shaped him an answer which pleased Ferardo but a little and pinched Philautus on the parson's side,[9] on this manner:

"Dear father Ferardo, although I see the bait you lay to catch me, yet I am content to swallow the hook.[10] Neither are you more desirous to take me napping,[11] than I willing to confess my meaning. So it is that love hath as well inveigled me as others, which make it as strange as I.[12] Neither do I love him so meanly that I should be

[1] *wanted* lacked; *meat* food, provisions.

[2] *banqueted ... afternoon* A banquet was a course, or sometimes a separate meal, consisting of sweetmeats, fruits, and other delicacies; hence, the "sweet confections."

[3] *board* dining table.

[4] Proverb, "Among friends all things are common" (*Tilley* F729). See also M980.

[5] *countenance* social position, standing, dignity.

[6] *crept into credit with* gradually gained the favourable estimation and trust of.

[7] *other* others; the other group of women.

[8] *banns* public proclamation [of a couple's intention to marry].

[9] Proverb, "Pinch on the parson's side" (*Tilley* P67), meaning to deprive him of what is rightfully due to him (literally, to refuse to pay to the parish priest his rightful tithes).

[10] Proverb, "The bait hides the hook" (*Tilley* B50). See the related proverb, S585.

[11] Proverb, "to take one napping" (*Tilley* N36-37).

[12] *make it as strange as I* i.e., others have rejected it [love] just as I [have].

ashamed of his name, neither is his personage so mean that I should love him shamefully. It is Euphues, that lately arrived here at Naples, that hath battered the bulwark of my breast and shall shortly enter as conqueror into my bosom. What his wealth is I neither know it nor weigh it; what his wit is all Naples doth know it and wonder at it. Neither have I been curious to inquire of his progenitors, for that I know so noble a mind could take no original but from a noble man. For as no bird can look against the sun but those that be bred of the eagle,[1] neither any hawk soar so high as the brood of the hobby,[2] so no wight[3] can have such excellent qualities except he descend of a noble race, neither be of so high capacity unless he issue of a high progeny.[4] And I hope Philautus will not be my foe, seeing I have chosen his dear friend; neither you, father, be displeased in that Philautus is displaced. You need not muse that I should so suddenly be entangled. Love gives no reason of choice, neither will it suffer any repulse.[5] Myrrha was enamoured of her natural father, Byblis of her brother, Phaedra[6] of her son-in-law. If nature can no way resist the fury of affection, how should it be stayed by wisdom?'[7]

Ferardo, interrupting her in the middle of her discourse, although he were moved with inward grudge, yet he wisely repressed his anger, knowing that sharp words would but sharpen her froward[8] will, and thus answered her briefly:

"Lucilla, as I am not presently to grant my good will,[9] so mean I not to reprehend thy choice. Yet wisdom willeth me to pause until I have called what may happen to my remembrance, and warneth thee to be circumspect lest thy rash conceit bring a sharp repentance. As for you, Philautus, I would not have you despair, seeing a woman doth oftentimes change her desire."[10]

Unto whom Philautus in few words made answer: "Certainly, Ferardo, I take the less grief in that I see her so greedy after Euphues. And by so much the more I am content to leave my suit, by how much the more she seemeth to disdain my service. But as for hope, because I would not by any means taste one dram thereof, I will abjure all places of her abode and loathe her company, whose countenance I have so much loved. As for Euphues—."

And there, staying his speech, he flung out of the doors, and repairing to his lodging uttered these words:

"Ah, most dissembling wretch Euphues! O counterfeit companion! Couldst thou under the show of a steadfast friend cloak the malice of a mortal foe?[11] Under the colour of simplicity shroud the image of deceit? Is thy Livia turned to my Lucilla, thy love to my lover, thy devotion to my saint? Is this the courtesy of Athens, the cavil-

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[1] Proverb, "Only the eagle can gaze at the sun" (*Tilley* E3), a commonplace of Renaissance natural history.

[2] *hobby* a small species of falcon, used to hunt larks and other small birds, known for its ability to soar high and fast.

[3] *wight* person, individual.

[4] Proverb, "He is proper (noble) that has proper (noble) conditions" (*Tilley* C586); "A gentleman will do like a gentleman" (G67). But cf., "Nature passes nurture" (N47) and "Nurture is above (passes) nature" (N357).

[5] Proverb, "Love is without reason" (*Tilley* L517). See the related proverbs, L508, L558, W592. See also p. 481, note 15.

[6] *Myrrha* She deceived her father Cinyras, king of Cyprus, into unwittingly having intercourse with her. When he discovered the deception and tried to kill her, she fled into Arabia; after giving birth to Adonis, she was transformed by the gods into the myrrh tree; *Byblis* Having fallen in love with her brother, Caunus, Byblis revealed her passion to him. Rejected, she followed him when he fled their homeland; frenzied by grief, she was transformed into a fountain; *Phaedra* Daughter of Minos and Pasiphae, Phaedra married Theseus and fell in love with Theseus' son by the amazon Hippolyte, Hippolytus. During one of Theseus' absences, she revealed her passion to her step-son only to be rejected by him. In revenge, Phaedra told Theseus on his return that Hippolytus had tried to seduce her. Banished by his father, Hippolytus was trampled to death by his own horses in response to Theseus' prayer that Neptune would punish his son. Phaedra then confessed her crime and hanged herself.

[7] Proverb, "It is impossible to love and be wise" (*Tilley* L558).

[8] *froward* perverse, unmanageable, obstinate.

[9] I.e., as I am not going to immediately grant my approval.

[10] A woman's lack of constancy had many proverbial expressions: "A woman's mind and winter wind (winter weather and women's thoughts) change oft" (*Tilley* W673); "A woman's mind (a woman) is always mutable" (W674); "Women are as wavering (changeable, inconstant) as the wind" (W698); "A woman is a weathercock" (W653).

[11] This comment glances at the proverb, "It is better to have an open foe than a dissembling friend" (*Tilley* F410).

ing of scholars, the craft of Grecians? Couldst thou not remember, Philautus, that Greece is never without some wily Ulysses, never void of some Sinon,[1] never to seek of some deceitful shifter? Is it not commonly said of Grecians that craft cometh to them by kind, that they learn to deceive in their cradle?[2] Why then did his pretended courtesy bewitch thee with such credulity? Shall my goodwill be the cause of his ill will? Because I was content to be his friend, thought he me meet[3] to be made his fool? I see now that as the fish scolopidus in the flood Araris at the waxing of the moon is as white as the driven snow and at the waning as black as the burnt coal,[4] so Euphues which at the first increasing of our familiarity was very zealous is now at the last cast become most faithless.

"But why rather exclaim I not against Lucilla, whose wanton looks caused Euphues to violate his plighted[5] faith? Ah, wretched wench, canst thou be so light of love as to change with every wind? So inconstant as to prefer a new lover before thine old friend? Ah, well I wot[6] that a new broom sweepeth clean, and a new garment maketh thee leave off the old though it be fitter,[7] and new wine causeth thee to forsake the old though it be better;[8] much like to the men in the island Scyros which pull up the old tree when they see the young begin to spring,[9] and not unlike unto the widow of Lesbos which changed all her old gold for new glass.[10] Have I served thee three years faithfully, and am I served so unkindly? Shall the fruit of my desire be turned to disdain?

"But unless Euphues had inveigled thee, thou hadst yet been constant; yea, but if Euphues had not seen thee willing to be won, he would never have wooed thee. But had not Euphues enticed thee with fair words, thou wouldst never have loved him; but hadst thou not given him fair looks, he would never have liked thee. Aye, but Euphues gave the onset; aye, but Lucilla gave the occasion. Aye, but Euphues first broke his mind;[11] aye, but Lucilla first bewrayed[12] her meaning. Tush, why go I about to excuse any of them, seeing I have just cause to accuse them both? Neither ought I to dispute which of them hath proffered me the greatest villainy, sith that[13] either of them hath committed perjury. Yet although they have found me dull in perceiving their falsehood, they shall not find me slack in revenging their folly. As for Lucilla, seeing I mean altogether to forget her, I mean also to forgive her,[14] lest in seeking means to be revenged mine old desire be renewed."

Philautus, having thus discoursed with himself, began to write to Euphues as followeth:

Although hitherto, Euphues, I have shrined thee in my heart for a trusty friend, I will shun thee hereafter as a truthless foe; and although I cannot see in thee less wit than I was wont, yet do I find less honesty. I perceive at the last, although (being deceived) it be too late, that musk, though it be sweet in the smell, is sour in the smack;[15] *that the leaf*

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[1] *Ulysses* king of Ithaca, protagonist of Homer's *Odyssey*, whose craft and subtlety was well-known; most famously, he suggested the stratagem of the Trojan horse; *Sinon* Son of Sisyphus, Sinon accompanied the Greeks to Troy and there was instrumental in persuading the Trojans to take the Trojan horse within the city walls; he was a by-word for treachery and deceit in the Renaissance.

[2] Proverb, "Grecian faith" (*Tilley* F31). See p. 466, note 7; *by kind* i.e., as part of their natural character.

[3] *meet* fit, suitable.

[4] perhaps the scolopendra, a fabled sea-fish which, when caught with a hook, was thought first to vomit up its guts to expel the hook, and then swallow its guts down again. Pliny does not mention its chameleon properties (*Pliny, Natural History*, 1.262g, 2.300k).

[5] *plighted* promised, vowed.

[6] *wot* know.

[7] Proverb, "A new broom (besom) sweeps clean" (*Tilley* B682), meaning new servants are often very diligent (or new officers very severe) at first but then lapse into slothfulness; proverb, "There is no more hold of a new friend than of a new fashion" (H509). See the related proverb, F712.

[8] Proverb, "Old friends and old wine are best" (*Tilley* F755).

[9] Achilles initially retreated to the island of Scyros (Skyros) to avoid the Trojan war, but we have not been able to identify the source of the custom mentioned here.

[10] This allusion remains obscure, although the injunction not to surrender foolishly that which is old but valuable for that which is new but cheap is surely proverbial.

[11] *broke his mind* revealed what was in his mind.

[12] *bewrayed* revealed, disclosed.

[13] *sith that* seeing that.

[14] Proverb, "Forgive and forget" (*Tilley* F597).

[15] *smack* taste, flavour.

of the cedar tree, though it be fair to be seen, yet the syrup depriveth sight; that friendship, though it be plighted by shaking the hand, yet it is shaken off by fraud of the heart. But thou hast not much to boast of, for as thou hast won a fickle lady, so hast thou lost a faithful friend. How canst thou be secure of her constancy, when thou hast had such trial of her lightness? How canst thou assure thyself that she will be faithful to thee, which hath been faithless to me?

Ah, Euphues, let not my credulity be an occasion hereafter for thee to practice the like cruelty. Remember this: that yet there hath never been any faithless to his friend that hath not also been fruitless to his God. But I weigh the treachery the less in that it cometh from a Grecian in whom is no truth.[1] *Though I be too weak to wrestle for a revenge, yet God, who permitteth no guile to be guiltless, will shortly requite this injury; though Philautus have no policy to undermine thee, yet thine own practices will be sufficient to overthrow thee.*

Couldst thou, Euphues, for the love of a fruitless pleasure violate the league of faithful friendship? Didst thou weigh more the enticing looks of a lewd wench than the entire love of a loyal friend? If thou didst determine with thyself at the first to be false, why didst thou swear to be true? If to be true, why art thou false? If thou wast[2] *minded both falsely and forgedly to deceive me, why didst thou flatter and dissemble with me at the first? If to love me, why didst thou flinch at the last? If the sacred bands of amity did delight thee, why didst thou break them? If dislike thee,*[3] *why didst thou praise them?*

Dost thou not know that a perfect friend should be like the glazeworm which shineth most bright in the dark,[4] *or like the pure frankincense which smelleth most sweet when it is in the fire;*[5] *or at the least not unlike to the damask rose which is sweeter in the still*[6] *than on the stalk? But thou, Euphues, dost rather resemble the swallow which in the summer creepeth under the eaves of every house and in the winter leaveth nothing but dirt behind her;*[7] *or the humble-bee which having sucked honey out of the fair flower doth leave it and loathe it;*[8] *or the spider which in the finest web doth hang the fairest fly.*

Dost thou think, Euphues, that thy craft in betraying me shall any whit cool my courage in revenging thy villainy? Or that a gentleman of Naples will put up such an injury at the hands of a scholar? And if I do, it is not for want of strength to maintain my just quarrel, but of will which thinketh scorn to get so vain a conquest. I know that Menelaus for his ten years' war endured ten years' woe, that after all his strife he won but a strumpet, that for all his travail he reduced—I cannot say reclaimed—but a straggler;[9] *which was as much, in my judgment, as to strive for a broken glass which is good for nothing.*[10] *I wish thee rather Menelaus' care*[11] *than myself his conquest; that thou, being deluded by Lucilla, mayest rather know what it is to be deceived, than I, having conquered thee, should prove what it were to bring back a dissembler. Seeing, therefore, there can no greater revenge light upon thee than that as thou hast reaped where another hath sown, so another may thresh that which thou hast reaped,*[12] *I will pray that thou mayest be measured unto with the like measure that thou hast meten unto others;*[13] *that as thou hast thought it no conscience to betray me, so others may deem it no dishonesty to deceive thee; that as Lucilla made it a light matter to forswear her old friend Philautus, so she may make it a mock to forsake her new fere*[14] *Euphues. Which if it come to pass, as it is like by my compass, then shalt thou see the troubles and feel the torments which thou hast already thrown into the hearts and eyes of others.*

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1 See p. 462, note 14; p. 466, notes 6-7.

2 *wast* were.

3 *If dislike thee* i.e., if "the sacred bands of amity" displeased thee.

4 Proverb, "You will make me believe that glowworms are lanterns" (*Tilley* G143).

5 Proverb, "Frankincense is burned before it smells" (*Tilley* F665).

6 *in the still* i.e., in the apparatus used for distillation.

7 Proverb, "Swallows, like false friends, fly away upon the approach of winter" (*Tilley* 1026). See the related proverbs, P611 and T301.

8 Proverb, "Too much honey cloys the stomach" (*Tilley* H560); *humble-bee* bumble bee.

9 *for all … straggler* i.e., in exchange for all his trouble he brought back again (I cannot say reformed) just a camp-follower (a whore); there is a play on "reduced" which can mean literally to bring (someone) back, and "reclaimed" which can mean *fig.*, to bring back from a wrong course of action.

10 Proverb, "Glasses and lasses are brittle ware" (*Tilley, Eliz. Prov.*, no. 284).

11 *care* sorrow, suffering.

12 Proverb, "One sows, another reaps" (*Tilley* S691) and "One reaps, another threshes" (*Tilley, Eliz. Prov.* no. 511, 511A).

13 Proverb, "With what measure you mete it shall be measured unto you" (*Tilley* M801; Matthew 8:2); proverb, "measure for measure" (M800).

14 *fere* companion.

Thus hoping shortly to see thee as hopeless as myself is hapless,[1] *I wish my wish were as effectually ended as it is heartily looked for. And so I leave thee.*

Thine once,

Philautus.

Philautus, dispatching a messenger with this letter speedily to Euphues, went into the fields to walk there, either to digest his choler[2] or chew upon his melancholy.

But Euphues, having read the contents, was well content, setting his talk at naught and answering his taunts in these gibing[3] terms:

I remember, Philautus, how valiantly Ajax boasted in the feats of arms, yet Ulysses bore away the armour;[4] *and it may be that though thou crake*[5] *of thine own courage, thou mayest easily lose the conquest. Dost thou think Euphues a dastard*[6] *that he is not able to withstand thy courage, or such a dullard that he cannot descry*[7] *thy craft? Alas, good soul, it fareth with thee as with the hen, which when the puttock*[8] *hath caught her chicken beginneth to cackle; and thou, having lost thy lover, beginnest to prattle.*

Tush, Philautus, I am in this point of Euripides his mind, who thinks it lawful for the desire of a kingdom to transgress the bonds of honesty, and for the love of a lady to violate and break the bonds of amity.[9] *The friendship between man and man as it is common, so is it of course;*[10] *between man and woman as it is seldom, so is it sincere:*[11] *the one proceedeth of the similitude of manners, the other of the sincerity of the heart. If thou hadst learned the first point of hawking, thou wouldst have learned to have held fast;*[12] *or the first note of descant, thou wouldst have kept thy sol-fa to thyself.*[13]

But thou canst blame me no more of folly in leaving thee to love Lucilla than thou mayest reprove him of foolishness that having a sparrow in his hand letteth her go to catch the pheasant, or him of unskillfulness that seeing the heron leaveth to level his shot at the stock dove,[14] *or that woman of coyness that having a dead rose in her bosom throweth it away to gather the fresh violet. Love knoweth no laws.*[15] *Did not Jupiter transform himself into the shape of Amphitryon to embrace Alcmene, into the form of a swan to enjoy Leda, into a bull to beguile Io, into a shower of gold to win Danae? Did not Neptune change himself into a heifer, a ram, a flood, a dolphin, only for the love of those he lusted after? Did not Apollo convert himself into a shepherd, into a bird, into a lion, for the desire he had to heal his disease?*[16] *If the gods thought no scorn to become beasts to obtain their best beloved, shall Euphues be so nice in*

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[1] *hapless* unfortunate.

[2] *choler* anger.

[3] *gibing* insulting.

[4] After the death of Achilles, both Ulysses and Ajax claimed the dead hero's arms. Ulysses was granted them (largely because of his superior eloquence) and in response to this slight Ajax killed himself with his own sword.

[5] *crake* boast, brag.

[6] *dastard* sot, coward.

[7] *descry* discern, perceive.

[8] *puttock* kite, a bird of prey.

[9] In Euripides' *The Phoenician Women*, Eteocles concludes a speech about his desire for absolute power with the words: "if one must do a wrong, it's best to do it/pursuing power—otherwise, let's have virtue." See E. Wyckoff, trans., *The Complete Greek Tragedies*, Vol. IV: Euripides, ed. D. Grene and R. Lattimore (Chicago, 1959), ll. 524-25; proverb, "When love puts in friendship is gone" (*Tilley* L549). See the related proverb, L505.

[10] *of course* customary, routine.

[11] Proverb, "Friendship between man and man is less sincere than friendship between man and woman." According to Tilley, a rare proverbial expression, occurring here in *Euphues*, in George Pettie's 1576 *Petite Palace of Pettie His Pleasure* (1.2), and in its converse form in Lyly's play *Endymion* (3.4.114), but nowhere else. Quoted from *Endymion* in *Wit's Commonwealth* (Part I), "[The saying] is attributed there to Plato" (*Tilley, Eliz. Prov.*, no. 276).

[12] Proverb, "The first point of hawking is hold fast [i.e, to the bird]" (*Tilley, Eliz. Prov.*, no. 329).

[13] The descant is the counterpoint sung to a melody in order to create harmony, while "sol-fa" refers to those syllables to which the musical scale is usually sung. *OED* notes that Lyly uses "sol-fa" here *fig.*, meaning "complaint." Perhaps, Euphues means that Philautus should be silent, instead of marring the main melody of Euphues' love for Lucilla with his descant of complaints. Cf. proverb, "To make one sing sol-fa," meaning "to rattle [a person] up soundly, to give [someone] a severe check" (*Tilley* S607).

[14] *leaveth to level his shot at the stock dove* i.e., ceases to aim his weapon at the wild pigeon.

[15] Proverb, "Love is lawless" (*Tilley* L508). See p. 478, note 5.

[16] All of these famous transformations of the gods in pursuit of mortal women are inscribed on the tapestry which Arachne weaves in her contest with Minerva, deliberately contrasting the goddess' depiction of the glory of the gods with her own representation of their lust and folly.

changing his copy[1] *to gain his lady? No, no; he that cannot dissemble in love is not worthy to live.*[2] *I am of this mind: that both might and malice, deceit and treachery, all perjury, any impiety, may lawfully be committed in love, which is lawless.*

In that thou arguest Lucilla of lightness, thy will hangs in the light of thy wit.[3] *Dost thou not know that the weak stomach, if it be cloyed with one diet, doth soon surfeit?*[4] *That the clown's*[5] *garlic cannot ease the courtier's disease so well as the pure treacle? That far fet and dear bought is good for ladies?*[6] *That Euphues being a more dainty morsel than Philautus ought better to be accepted?*

Tush, Philautus, set thy heart at rest, for thy hap[7] *willeth thee to give over all hope both of my friendship and her love. As for revenge, thou art not so able to lend a blow as I to ward it, neither more venturous to challenge the combat than I valiant to answer the quarrel. As Lucilla was caught by fraud, so shall she be kept by force;*[8] *and as thou wast too simple to espy my craft, so I think thou wilt be too weak to withstand my courage. But if thy revenge stand only upon thy wish, thou shalt never live to see my woe or to have thy will.*

And so farewell.

Euphues

This letter being dispatched, Euphues sent it and Philautus read it; who, disdaining those proud terms, disdained also to answer them, being ready to ride with Ferardo.

Euphues, having for a space absented himself from the house of Ferardo because he was at home, longed sore[9] to see Lucilla; which now opportunity offered unto him, Ferardo being gone again to Venice with Philautus.

But in this his absence one Curio, a gentleman of Naples of little wealth and less wit, haunted Lucilla her company, and so enchanted her that Euphues was also cast off with Philautus. Which thing being unknown to Euphues caused him the sooner to make his repair[10] to the presence of his lady, whom he finding in her muses[11] began pleasantly to salute[12] in this manner:

"Mistress Lucilla, although my long absence might breed your just anger—for that lovers desire nothing so much as often meeting—yet I hope my presence will dissolve your choler—for that lovers are soon pleased when of their wishes they be fully possessed. My absence is the rather to be excused in that your father hath been always at home, whose frowns seemed to threaten my ill fortune; and my presence at this present the better to be accepted in that I have made such speedy repair to your presence."

Unto whom Lucilla answered with this gleek:[13] "Truly, Euphues, you have missed the cushion,[14] for I was neither angry with your long absence, neither am I well pleased at your presence; the one gave me rather a good hope hereafter never to see you, the other giveth me a greater occasion to abhor you."

Euphues, being nipped on the head,[15] with a pale countenance, as though his soul had forsaken his body, replied as followeth: "If this sudden change, Lucilla, proceed of any desert of mine, I am here not only to answer the fact but also to make amends for my fault; if of any new motion or mind to forsake your new friend, I am rather to

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[1] *so nice in changing his copy* i.e., overly fastidious in regard to changing his behaviour or course of action.

[2] Proverb, "He that cannot dissemble [i.e., cloak or disguise his true intentions] knows not how to live (rule)" (*Tilley* D386).

[3] I.e., your accusing Lucilla of fickleness (also, wantonness, incontinence) shows that your emotions are obstructing your ability to reason.

[4] *cloyed with one diet* over-loaded with one type of food; *surfeit* experience nausea.

[5] *clown's* peasant's. Garlic was a homely, rural remedy for a number of ailments, while treacle (a medicinal compound) was generally prepared and sold by apothecaries, and was thus much more expensive.

[6] Proverb, "Far-fetched (far-sought) and dear bought are dainties (is good, fit, meet) for ladies" (*Tilley, Eliz. Prov.*, no. 213).

[7] *hap* fortune, chance.

[8] Proverb, "Love cannot be compelled (forced)" (*Tilley* L499). See the related proverb, K46.

[9] *sore* eagerly, very much.

[10] *make his repair* make his way.

[11] *in her muses* in a state of abstraction or meditation.

[12] *salute* greet.

[13] *gleek* gibe, insult.

[14] Proverb, "to miss the cushion" (*Tilley* C928), meaning to miss the mark or make a mistake.

[15] *nipped on the head* overpowered or overcome.

lament your inconstancy than revenge it. But I hope that such hot love cannot be so soon cold,[1] neither such sure faith be rewarded with so sudden forgetfulness."

Lucilla, not ashamed to confess her folly, answered him with this frump:[2] "Sir, whether your deserts or my desire have wrought this change it will boot[3] you little to know. Neither do I crave amends, neither fear revenge. As for fervent love, you know there is no fire so hot but it is quenched with water, neither affection so strong but is weakened with reason. Let this suffice thee: that thou know I care not for thee."

"Indeed," said Euphues, "to know the cause of your alteration would boot me little, seeing the effect taketh such force. I have heard that women either love entirely or hate deadly,[4] and seeing you have put me out of doubt of the one, I must needs persuade myself of the other. This change will cause Philautus to laugh me to scorn, and double thy lightness in turning so often. Such was the hope that I conceived of thy constancy that I spared not in all places to blaze[5] thy loyalty, but now my rash conceit will prove me a liar and thee a light huswife."[6]

"Nay," said Lucilla, "now shalt thou not laugh Philautus to scorn, seeing you have both drunk of one cup.[7] In misery, Euphues, it is great comfort to have a companion.[8] I doubt not but that you will both conspire against me to work some mischief, although I nothing fear your malice. Whosoever accounteth you a liar for praising me may also deem you a lecher for being enamoured of me; and whosoever judgeth me light in forsaking of you may think thee as lewd in loving of me. For thou that thoughtest it lawful to deceive thy friend must take no scorn to be deceived of thy foe."

"Then I perceive, Lucilla," said he, "that I was made thy stale and Philautus thy laughingstock;[9] whose friendship, I must confess indeed, I have refused to obtain thy favour. And sithence[10] another hath won what we both have lost, I am content for my part; neither ought I to be grieved, seeing thou art fickle."

"Certes, Euphues," said Lucilla, "you spend your wind in waste, for your welcome is but small and your cheer is like to be less. Fancy giveth no reason of his change, neither will be controlled for any choice.[11] This is, therefore, to warn you that from henceforth you neither solicit this suit, neither offer any way your service. I have chosen one (I must needs confess) neither to be compared to Philautus in wealth, nor to thee in wit, neither in birth to the worst of you both. I think God gave it me for a just plague for renouncing Philautus and choosing thee. And sithence I am an example to all women of lightness, I am like also to be a mirror to them all of unhappiness. Which ill luck I must take by so much the more patiently, by how much the more I acknowledge myself to have deserved it worthily."

"Well, Lucilla," answered Euphues, "this case breedeth my sorrow the more in that it is so sudden, and by so much the more I lament it by how much the less I looked for it.[12] In that my welcome is so cold and my cheer so simple, it nothing toucheth me, seeing your fury is so hot and my misfortune so great, that I am neither willing to receive it nor you to bestow it. If tract of time or want of trial had caused this metamorphosis, my grief had been more tolerable, and your fleeting[13] more excusable. But coming in a moment, undeserved, unlooked for,

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1 Proverb. See p. 475, note 14.

2 *frump* jeer, mocking speech.

3 *boot* avail, profit.

4 Proverb, "A woman either loves or hates to extremes" (*Tilley* W651).

5 *blaze* publicly proclaim.

6 *huswife* a worthless hussy.

7 Proverb, "To drink of the same cup" (*Tilley* C908).

8 Proverb, "It is good to have company in trouble (misery)" (*Tilley* C571). Cf. F295.

9 *stale* a lover whose devotion is turned into ridicule for the amusement of a rival or rivals; *laughingstock* butt of ridicule.

10 *sithence* seeing that.

11 Proverb, "Love is without reason" (*Tilley* L517). See p. 478, note 5; p. 481, note 15.

12 Proverb, "The sorrow that is sudden is the more sour" (*Tilley, Eliz. Prov.* no. 575).

13 *fleeting* fickleness, inconstancy.

unthought of, it increaseth my sorrow and thy shame."

"Euphues," quoth she, "you make a long harvest for a little corn,[1] and angle for the fish that is already caught.[2] Curio—yea, Curio—is he that hath my love at his pleasure, and shall also have my life at his commandment; and although you deem him unworthy to enjoy that which erst[3] you accounted no wight[4] worthy to embrace, yet seeing I esteem him more worth than any, he is to be reputed as chief. The wolf chooseth him for her mate that hath or doth endure most travail for her sake;[5] Venus was content to take the blacksmith with his poltfoot;[6] Cornelia here in Naples disdained not to love a rude miller. As for changing, did not Helen, that pearl of Greece, thy countrywoman, first take Menelaus, then Theseus, and last of all Paris? If brute beasts give us examples that those are most to be liked of whom we are best beloved, or if the princess of beauty, Venus, and her heirs, Helen and Cornelia, show that our affection standeth on our free will, then am I rather to be excused than accused. Therefore, good Euphues, be as merry as you may be,[7] for time may so turn that once again you may be."

"Nay, Lucilla," said he, "my harvest shall cease, seeing others have reaped my corn; as for angling for the fish that is already caught, that were but mere folly. But in my mind, if you be a fish you are either an eel which as soon as one hath hold on her tail will slip out of his hand,[8] or else a minnow which will be nibbling at every bait but never biting.[9] But what fish soever you be, you have made both me and Philautus to swallow a gudgeon.[10]

"If Curio be the person, I would neither wish thee a greater plague, nor him a deadlier poison. I, for my part, think him worthy of thee, and thou unworthy of him: for although he be in body deformed, in mind foolish, an innocent born, a beggar by misfortune, yet doth he deserve a better than thyself, whose corrupt manners have stained thy heavenly hue, whose light behaviour hath dimmed the lights of thy beauty, whose inconstant mind hath betrayed the innocency of so many a gentleman.

"And in that you bring in the example of a beast to confirm your folly, you show therein your beastly disposition, which is ready to follow such beastliness. But Venus played false. And what for that? Seeing her lightness serveth for an example, I would wish thou mightest try her punishment for a reward, that being openly taken in an iron net all the world might judge whether thou be fish or flesh.[11] And, certes, in my mind no angle[12] will hold thee; it must be a net. Cornelia loved a miller, and thou a miser. Can her folly excuse thy fault? Helen of Greece—my countrywoman born, but thine by profession—changed and rechanged at her pleasure, I grant. Shall the lewdness of others animate thee in thy lightness? Why then dost thou not haunt the stews[13] because Lais frequented them? Why dost thou not love a bull, seeing

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[1] Proverb, "A long harvest of a little corn" (*Tilley* H184).

[2] Proverb, "He angles for the fish already caught" (*Tilley* F312).

[3] *erst* earlier.

[4] *wight* person, man.

[5] Proverb, "The she-wolf chooses always that wolf for her mate who is made most lean and foul by following her." According to Tilley, a rare proverb which appears only here in *Euphues*, in Lyly's play *Love's Metamorphosis* (3.1.45), in Pettie's *Petite Palace* (1.19) and in the *Maxwell Younger Manuscript* (*Tilley, Eliz. Prov.*, no. 697).

[6] See p. 461, note 4; p. 483, note 11.

[7] Proverb, "He that cannot do as he would, must do as he may." A very popular proverb (*Tilley, Eliz. Prov.*, no. 720; *Tilley* M769, 769a)

[8] Proverb, "as slippery as an eel" (*Tilley* E60). See also, "Who has a woman has an eel by the tail" (W640); see the related proverbs, E59, E61, and H508.

[9] The minnow's caution does not seem to be proverbial. Cf. the proverb, "That fish will soon be caught that nibbles at every hook (bait)" (*Tilley* F324).

[10] Proverb, "To swallow (gape for) a gudgeon," a very popular proverb meaning "to be imposed upon," or "to be fooled into believing anything" (*Tilley* G473). Lyly's use is the earliest one Tilley cites; *gudgeon* a small fresh-water fish used as bait.

[11] Proverb, "neither fish nor flesh nor good red herring" (*Tilley* F319), a very popular proverb, meaning that something or someone is neither one thing nor another; *being openly taken in an iron net* Vulcan, Venus' husband, threw a magic net over Venus and her lover Mars, the god of war, while they were in bed together. He then called all the gods together to witness their shame and to laugh at them.

[12] *angle* a fish-hook (cf. Coverdale, Ecclesiastes, 7:26: "a woman is bitterer than death: for she is a very angle, her heart is a net").

[13] *stews* brothel; Lais was the most famous of ancient courtesans, mistress of Alcibiades, and famous for her debauchery and her mockery of those philosophers who counselled the control of the passions (*Classical Dict.*, p. 346).

Pasiphae loved one?[1] Why art thou not enamoured of thy father, knowing Myrrha was so incensed?[2] These are set down that we, viewing their incontinency, should fly the like impudency, not follow the like excess; neither can they excuse thee of any inconstancy.

"Merry I will be as I may.[3] But if I may hereafter as thou meanest, I will not. And therefore farewell Lucilla, the most inconstant that ever was nursed in Naples. Farewell Naples, the most cursed town in all Italy. And women all, farewell."

[...]

Ferardo, seeing his daughter to have neither regard of her own honour nor his request, conceived such an inward grief that in short space he died, leaving Lucilla the only heir of his lands and Curio to possess them. But what end came of her, seeing it is nothing incident to the history of Euphues, it were superfluous to insert it, and so incredible that all women would rather wonder at it than believe it. Which event being so strange, I had rather leave them in a muse[4] what it should be than in a maze in telling what it was.

Philautus, having intelligence of Euphues his success[5] and the falsehood of Lucilla, although he began to rejoice at the misery of his fellow, yet, seeing her fickleness, could not but lament her folly and pity his friend's misfortune, thinking that the lightness of Lucilla enticed Euphues to so great liking. Euphues and Philautus having conference between themselves, casting discourtesy in the teeth each of the other,[6] but chiefly noting disloyalty in the demeanour of Lucilla, after much talk renewed their old friendship, both abandoning Lucilla as most abominable. Philautus was earnest to have Euphues tarry in Naples, and Euphues desirous to have Philautus to Athens; but the one was so addicted to the court, the other so wedded to the university, that each refused the offer of the other. Yet this they agreed between themselves: that though their bodies were by distance of place severed, yet the conjunction of their minds should neither be separated by the length of time, nor alienated by change of soil.

"I, for my part," said Euphues, "to confirm this league give thee my hand and my heart."

And so likewise did Philautus. And so, shaking hands, they bid each other farewell.

—1578; 2nd revised edition, 1579

[1] Pasiphae, wife of King Minos of Crete, fell in love with a bull and contrived to have intercourse with it, giving birth later to the Minotaur, a creature half-man and half-bull.

[2] See p. 478, note 6.

[3] See p. 466, note 5.

[4] *in a muse* i.e., in a state of wonderment, bewilderment, or amazement. The romance later contains a letter, "Euphues to Philautus, touching the death of Lucilla," wherein we learn that Lucilla took to a courtesan-career at court, wasted her inheritance, and was finally reduced to a poverty-stricken death. However, she also died unrepentant.

[5] *success* i.e., the outcome (of Euphues' affair with Lucilla).

[6] I.e., each accused the other of discourtesy.

Barnabe Riche
1542-1617

The writer of numerous books and pamphlets ranging from satire to translation to novella and romance, Barnabe Riche has until recently been a much-neglected sixteenth-century figure, although among military historians his stock has always been high. The facts of his life have been the subject of much debate, but while his place of birth, his family, and his early years are essentially undocumented, his life in his chosen professions—soldier and writer—provides more material for the biographer. Probably born in Essex, Riche's own prefaces suggest that he had some formal education, but that this did not extend to university. He often describes himself as a "gentleman" in his various prefaces and dedications, and his original *DNB* biographer states that he was "distantly connected with the family of Lord-chancellor Rich" (p. 991). As a very young man he enlisted in the army and fought in Queen Mary's war with France (1557-58), although this war was only the first of many in which he would fight; by his own testimony, he was an active soldier for over forty years. After a privateering venture which ended badly, Riche found himself in debt, for which he was briefly imprisoned in 1570. Later, he served in Ireland, and spent some time in Dublin, and it was during a brief peace in 1574 that he began to write, initially military works, although at least one of these showed an interest in literary devices which he was to develop later.[1] His fictional works date from the late 1570s, beginning with *The Strange and Wonderful Adventures of Don Simonides* (1581), a romance influenced by the Italian novella. A 1584 sequel to *Don Simonides* satirized many of the conventions of romantic love and desire which he had employed in the original.

Just before being called to serve during the 1579 Fitzmaurice Rebellion in Ireland, Riche wrote what many consider his finest work, the collection of short narratives called *Riche His Farewell to Military Profession* (1581). Marrying in 1586, Riche found that his new bride's powerful family, the Eastons, did not assist his military or political advancement. Involved in the training of new recruits and in the suppression of the Essex Rebellion in 1601, Riche carried on with his military service even while continuing to write. He produced a series of four pamphlets on Ireland between 1609 and 1617, as well as numerous satirical works including *The Honesty of This Age* (1614) and *My Lady's Looking Glass* (1616). Spending much of his later years in Dublin, Riche was in contact with the government about the situation in Ireland, although his ill-considered insult directed at James VI in the conclusion of *Riche His Farewell* perhaps kept him from the royal patronage he sought throughout much of his life. His value to the Crown, however, was finally recognized in James's gift of £100, although it came just eighteen months before his death in 1617.[2]

Riche His Farewell to Military Profession (1581) is "arguably the finest set of Elizabethan stories written in imitation of the Italian novella, a genre that enjoyed twenty-five years of popularity following the publication of William Painter's *Palace of Pleasure* in 1566."[3] This collection of eight short love stories contains both *imitatio* and original works, although the line between these two is often blurred in the period. Even those three stories based on tales in Lodowick Bryskett's translation of Cinthio's *Hecatommithi* (1565) are significantly reworked; the others are based on many different sources, from Bandello to Straparola to Painter and Pettie.[4] While "Of Apolonius and Silla" is the best-known because of Shakespeare's use of it as the source material for *Twelfth Night*, it is in many ways the most conventional of the tales, employing a set of familiar romance conventions. Even so, Riche employs considerable skill "in imposing romance patterns on the social fable" and transforming "anecdote back into myth."[5]

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1 D. Beecher, "Barnabe Riche," *DLB 136*, p. 284.
2 Ibid., p. 287.
3 Ibid., p. 285.
4 Ibid., p. 285.
5 Introduction, *Barnabe Riche His Farewell to Military Profession* (Ottawa, 1992), p. 80.

EDITION: *Barnabe Riche His Farewell to Military Profession.* Edited and introduced by Donald Beecher. Publications of the Barnabe Riche Society 1. Ottawa: Dovehouse, 1992. Text and select notes used with the kind permission of Donald Beecher.

from *Barnabe Riche His Farewell to Military Profession:*

Containing Very Pleasant Discourses Fit for a Peaceable Time: Gathered Together for the Only Delight of the Courteous Gentlewomen, Both of England and Ireland, for Whose Only Pleasure They Were Collected Together, And unto Whom They Are Directed and Dedicated by Barnabe Riche *Gentleman.*[1]

To the Right Courteous Gentlewomen, Both of England and Ireland, Barnabe Riche Wisheth All Things They Should Have Appertaining to Their Honour, Estimation, and All Other Their Honest Delights.

Gentlewomen, I am sure there are many—but especially of such as best know me—that will not a little wonder to see such alteration in me, that, having spent my younger days in the wars among men and vowed myself only unto Mars,[2] should now, in my riper years, desire to live in peace amongst women and to consecrate myself wholly unto Venus.[3] But yet the wiser sort can very well consider that the older we wax[4] the riper our wit, and the longer we live the better we can conceive of things appertaining to our own profits. Though harebrained youth overhaled[5] me for a time that I knew not bale from bliss, yet wisdom now has warned me that I well know cheese from chalk;[6] I see now it is less painful to follow a fiddle in a gentlewoman's chamber than to march after a drum in the field, and more sound sleeping under a silken canopy close by a friend[7] than under a bush in the open field within a mile of our foe, and nothing so dangerous to be wounded with the luring look of our beloved mistress as with the cruel shot of our hateful enemy: the one possessed with a pitiful heart to help where she hath hurt, the other with a deadly hate to kill where they might save.

Experience now hath taught me that to be of Mars his crew there is nothing but pain, travail,[8] turmoil, disquiet, cold, hunger, thirst, penury, bad lodging, worse fare, unquiet sleep, with a number of other calamities that haps[9] I know not how. And when a soldier hath thus served in many a bloody broil, a flap with a foxtail[10] shall be his best reward, for I see no better recompense that any of them can get. Now contrary, to be of Venus' band there is pleasure, sport, joy, solace, mirth, peace, quiet rest, dainty fare, with a thousand other delights such as I cannot rehearse; and a man having served but a reasonable time may sometimes take a taste at his mistress' lips for his better recompense.

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[1] This selection is based on D. Beecher's *Barnabe Riche His Farewell to Military Profession* (Publications of the Barnabe Riche Society, vol. 1., edited, with an introduction and notes by D. Beecher [Ottawa, ON: Dovehouse, 1992]). Thanks to Donald Beecher for permission to use his text and select notes. The original title page includes the Latin epigram *Malui me divitem esse quam vocari* (I would rather be wealthy than appealed to [i.e., authoritative or popular]).

[2] *Mars* the god of war.

[3] *Venus* the goddess of love.

[4] *wax* grow.

[5] *overhaled* overpowered, overmastered.

[6] *cheese from chalk* Proverb, "No more like than chalk and cheese (To give chalk for cheese)" (*Tilley* C218), to mock the "wisdom" of an individual who can tell the difference between two totally dissimilar things.

[7] *friend* lover.

[8] *travail* labour.

[9] *haps* happens, chances.

[10] *a flap with a foxtail* Proverb, "He gave him a flap with a foxtail" (*Tilley* F344), meaning to flatter or deceive someone, to make a contemptuous return (usually for a good deed, a piece of sound advice, etc.).

But now, gentlewomen, as I have vowed myself to be at your dispositions,[1] so I know not how to frame myself to your contentations.[2] When I consider with how many commendable qualities he ought to be endowed that should be welcomed into your blessed companies, I find in myself no one manner of exercise that might give me the least hope to win your good likings.

As first for dancing, although I like the measures very well, yet I could never tread them aright, nor to use measure in anything that I went about, although I desired to perform all things by line and by level whatsoever I took in hand.[3] Our galliards are so curious[4] that they are not for my dancing, for they are so full of tricks and turns[5] that he which hath no more but the plain cinquepace[6] is no better accounted of than a very bungler, and, for my part, they might as soon teach me to make a capricornus[7] as a caper in the right kind that it should be. For a jig[8] my heels are too heavy, and these brawls[9] are so busy[10] that I love not to beat my brains about them. A round[11] is too giddy a dance for my diet,[12] for let the dancers run about with as much speed as they may, yet are they never a whit the nigher to the end of their course, unless with often turning they hap to catch a fall, and so they end the dance with shame that was begun but in sport. These hornpipes[13] I have hated from my very youth, and I know there are many other that loves them as evil as I. Thus you may perceive that there is no dance but either I like not of them, or they like not of me, so that I can dance neither.

There resteth, then, if I could play of any instrument, or that I had any sight in song whereby I might delight your dainty ears, gentlewomen, by sweet playing or feigning[14] some pretty ditties. But to the first, my fingers would never be brought in frame; for the second, my mouth is so unpleasant, either to sing or to feign, as would rather breed your loathing than your liking.

Why yet if I could discourse pleasantly to drive away the time with amorous devices, or that my conceit[15] would serve me either to propone[16] pretty questions or to give ready answers, with a number of other delights too long to be rehearsed, there were some comfort that I might be allowed of amongst you. But my capacity is so gross,[17] my wits be so blunt, and all my other senses are so dull that I am sure you would sooner condemn me for a dunce than confirm me for a disciple fit to whisper a tale in a gentlewoman's ears.

But yet I trust, gentlewomen, when you shall perceive the zeal that I bear to my new profession, although you will not presently admit me to the pulpit, yet you will not deny me to be one of your parish, where, if it please you but to place me in the body of the church, you shall find my devotion as much as he that kneels next the chancel[18] door.

And here, gentlewomen, the better to manifest the further regard of my duty, I have presented you with a few rough-hewn histories. Yet, I dare

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1 *dispositions* disposal.

2 *contentations* contentment, pleasure.

3 *measures ... hand* Riche plays here with the meanings of the word "measure." "Measures" refers to grave or stately dances, while "measure" means moderation or temperance. However, "measure" can also refer to the graduated rod, line, or tape used by builders and tailors for taking measurements, as in Riche's use here of the proverbial statement, "To work by line and level (measure)" (*Tilley* L305), meaning to do anything perfectly, with great attention to detail.

4 *galliard* a quick and lively dance in triple time; *curious* elaborate.

5 *tricks and turns* "specific gestures pertaining to formal dancing, the trick and the caper being leaping figures" (Beecher, *Barnabe Riche*, p. 124, note).

6 *cinquepace* a lively dance, the steps of which were based on the number five; it seems to have been associated with the galliard.

7 *capicornus* "capriole, the frisky leap of a goat" (Beecher, *Barnabe Riche*, p. 124, note).

8 *jig* a lively, rapid, springy kind of dance.

9 *brawl* a kind of French dance resembling a cotillion.

10 *busy* elaborate, intricate, complicated.

11 *round* a dance in which the performers move in a circle, or around a room, etc.

12 *for my diet* i.e., to my way of thinking.

13 *hornpipe* a lively and vigorous dance, usually performed by a single person, *orig.* to the accompaniment of the wind instrument also called a hornpipe (associated with the merrymaking of sailors).

14 *feigning* singing softly or humming an air.

15 *devices* familiar conversation, talk, chat; *conceit* faculty of conceiving; wit.

16 *propone* propose (for consideration, acceptance, or adoption).

17 *capacity* mental ability, talent; *gross* lacking in delicacy of perception; dull, stupid.

18 *chancel* the eastern part of a church, used by those who officiate in the performance of the services, and separated from the other parts by a screen, railing, etc.

undertake, [they are] so warely[1] polished that there is nothing let slip that might breed offence to your modest minds.

I have made bold to publish them under your safe-conduct, and I trust it shall nothing at all offend you. My last request is that at your pleasures you will peruse them, and with your favours you will defend them, which if I may perceive not to be misliked among you, my encouragement will be such that I trust within a very short space you shall see me grow from a young puny[2] to a sufficient scholar. And thus, gentlewomen, wishing to you all what yourselves do best like of,

I humbly take my leave.
Yours in the way of honesty,
Barnabe Riche.

To the Noble Soldiers Both of England and Ireland, Barnabe Riche Wisheth as to Himself.

There is an old proverb, noble soldiers, and thus it followeth: "It is better to be happy than wise."[3] But what it is to be happy how should I decipher, who never in my life could yet attain to any hap[4] at all that was good. And yet I have had soldier's luck and speed[5] as well as the rest of my profession. And with wisdom I will not meddle—I never came where it grew—but this I dare boldly affirm, and the experience of the present time doth make daily proof, that wit stands by in a threadbare coat where folly sometimes sits in a velvet gown. And how often is it seen that vice shall be advanced where virtue is little or not at all regarded; small desert shall highly be preferred where well-doing shall go unrewarded; and flattery shall be welcomed for a guest of great account where plain Tom-tell-truth shall be thrust out of doors by the shoulders; and to speak a plain truth indeed, do ye not see pipers, parasites, fiddlers, dancers, players, jesters, and such others, better esteemed and made of, and greater benevolence used toward them, than to any others that endeavour themselves to the most commendable qualities?

Then seeing the abuse of this present age is such that follies are better esteemed than matters of greater weight, I have stepped onto the stage amongst the rest, contented to play a part, and have gathered together this small volume of histories, all treating, sir reverence of you,[6] of love.

I remember that in my last book entitled the *Alarm to England*[7] I promised to take in hand some other thing, but believe me it was not this that I meant, for I pretended then to have followed on, and where I ended with the decay of martial disciplines, so I meant to have begun again with the disciplines of war, and withal to have set forth the orders of sundry battles, and the manner of skirmishes, with many plots[8] of fortification, but especially those of the low countries, as Delft, Delftshaven, Rotterdam, Leyden, the Brielle, both the head[9] and the town, Gorcum, Gouldsluice, Maaslandsluce, the Krimpen,[10] with diverse others worth the perusing for such as have not seen them.

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1 *warely* cautiously, circumspectly; prudently.

2 *puny* a junior or recently admitted student in a school or university.

3 See *Tilley* H140.

4 *hap* chance, fortune, luck.

5 *speed* success, advancement.

6 *sir reverence of you* "in all due respect" (Beecher, *Barnabe Riche*, p. 128, note).

7 Published in 1578, its full title is "Alarm to England, Foreshowing What Perils Are Procured, Where the People Live without Regard of Martial Law. With a Short Discourse Containing the Decay of Warlike Discipline, Convenient to Be Perused by Gentlemen, Such as Are Desirous by Service, to Seek Their Own Deserved Praise, and the Preservation of Their Country." See p. 491, note 10.

8 *plots* plans.

9 *head* "headland or promontory; bank or dam for holding back water" (Beecher, *Barnabe Riche*, p. 128, note).

10 *Delft* … *Krimpen* "Riche names here some of the principal locations in the Dutch wars, no doubt scenes of action he meant to describe in the projected book mentioned [above]. The names were in the news throughout the early 1570s, and it is not easy to determine which actions Riche himself might have participated in as an eyewitness [...] Riche may have been among the 500 soldiers forced to return to England in 1574 when the English under Colonel Chester were driven from their stronghold in Maaslandsluice (Maeslandsluis). Riche gives a close account in the *Alarm* of the siege of Zieriksee in June, 1576, and of Brielle, or Bryel Island. The Gouldsluce or Goudasluice was a key stronghold for preventing the entry of the Spanish cavalry, although Valdez finally succeeded in May, 1574, and slaughtered many of the English" (Beecher, "Textual Notes and Commentary," *Barnabe Riche*, p. 324, note 4).

But I see the time serves not for any such thing to be accounted of, and therefore to fit the time better, I have put forth these loving histories, the which I did write in Ireland at a vacant time before the coming over of James Fitzmaurice.[1] And it pleased me the better to do it only to keep myself from idleness—and yet they say it were better to be idle than ill-occupied. But I trust I shall please gentlewomen, and that is all the gain that I look for. And herein I do but follow the course of the world, for many nowadays go about by a great device as may be how they might become women themselves. How many gentlemen shall you see at this present date that, I dare undertake, in the wearing of their apparel, in the setting of their ruffs and the frizzling[2] of their hair, are more newfangled and foolish than any courtesan of Venice.

And I beseech you, gentlemen, give me leave to tell you a tale that comes even now in my mind: the matter is not worth the hearing, but yet very strange unto me at the first. It was my fortune, at my last being at London, to walk through the Strand towards Westminster, where I met one came riding towards me on a footcloth nag,[3] apparelled in a French ruff, a French cloak, a French hose, and in his hand a great fan of feathers, bearing them up very womanly against the side of his face. And for that I had never seen any man wear them before that day, I began to think it impossible that there might a man be found so foolish as to make himself a scorn to the world to wear so womanish a toy,[4] but rather thought it had been some shameless woman that had disguised herself like a man in our hose and our cloaks—for our doublets, gowns, caps, and hats they had got long ago. But by this time he was come something near me and I might see he had a beard, whereby I was assured that he should have been a man, whereat I began to muse with myself whether his simplicity[5] were more to be pitied, or his folly more to be laughed at. For in mine opinion, it is as fond[6] a sight to see a man with such a bauble in his hands as to see a woman ride through the streets with a lance in hers. And as he passed me, I saw three following that were his men, and taking the hindermost by the arm I asked him what gentlewoman his master was. But the fellow, not understanding my meaning, told me his master's name and so departed.

I began then to muse with myself to what end that fan of feathers served, for it could not be to defend the sun from the burning of his beauty, for it was in the beginning of February when the heat of the sun may be very well endured.

Now if it were to defend[7] the wind or the coldness of the air, methinks a French hood[8] had been a great deal better, for that had been both gentlewoman-like and, being close pinned down about the ears, would have kept his head a great deal warmer. And then a French hood on his head, a French ruff about his neck, a French cloak on his back, and a pair of French hose on his legs had been right *à la mode de France*—and this had been something suitable to his wit.

But I think he did it rather to please gentlewomen, and, the better to show what honour he bore them, would wear one of the greatest vanities that long[9] to their sex. And to this end, gentlemen,

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[1] James Fitzmaurice Fitzgerald, Irish nobleman (d. 1579) who spearheaded a revolt against what he and others perceived as English attempts to undermine the power of the established Anglo-Irish aristocracy. After an initial abortive revolt (1569), Fitzmaurice fled to the Continent, returning to Ireland in 1579 with Spanish and Italian troops, paid for by the Pope. The revolt was not finally put down until 1583 (R. Lockyer, *Tudor and Stuart Britain, 1471-1714* [London, 1964], p. 159). Beecher notes that although "we must presume the *Farewell* was completed before [1579]," Riche "no doubt had to abandon his writing for some time while performing his duties in the quelling of the rebellion" ("Textual Notes and Commentary," *Barnabe Riche*, p. 324, note 4).

[2] *ruff* an article of neck-wear, usually consisting of starched linen or muslin arranged in horizontal flutings, and standing out all around the neck, worn especially in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I; *frizzling* curling hair in small crisp curls.

[3] *footcloth* a large, richly ornamented cloth hanging over the back of a horse and down to the ground on each side. It was considered as a mark of dignity and state; *nag* a small riding horse or pony.

[4] *toy* trinket, trifle, frippery.

[5] *simplicity* lack of wisdom or ordinary judgement.

[6] *fond* foolish, silly.

[7] *defend* ward off.

[8] *French hood* a headdress worn by women in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

[9] *long* i.e., belong.

I have told you my tale that you might perceive the sundry means we use, and all to please women. I see it is the path that all desire to pace, and sure I would wish my friends to tread the same trace. For what is he that is wise which desires to be a soldier? Mars his court is full of bale, Venus' is full of bliss. And, my good companions and fellow soldiers, if you will follow mine advice, lay aside your weapons, hang up your armour by the walls and learn another while,[1] for your better advancements, to pipe, to fiddle, to sing, to dance, to lie, to forge,[2] to flatter, to carry tales,[3] to set ruff[4] or to do anything that your appetites best serve unto, and that is better fitting for the time. This is the only means that is best for a man to bring himself credit. Otherwise I know not which way a man might bend himself either to get gain or good report.

For first, the military profession, by means whereof men were advanced to the greatest renown, is now become of so slender estimation that there is no account neither made of it, nor any that shall profess it.

To become a courtier there is as little gain to be gotten, for Liberality, who was wont to be a principal officer as well in the court as in the country, by whose means well-doing could never go unrewarded, is turned Jack-out-of-office[5] and others appointed to have the custody of him to hold him short, that he range no more abroad so that no man can speak with him. And they say the poor gentleman is so fleeced, from time to time, by those that be his keepers that he hath nothing to give that is good but it falls to their shares.

To become a student in the law, there are such a number of them already that methinks it is not possible that one of them should honestly thrive by another. And some will say that one lawyer and one goshawk were enough in one shire. But of my conscience, there are more lawyers in some one shire in England, with attorneys, solicitors—or as they are termed, brokers of causes or pettifoggers[6]—than there are goshawks[7] in all Norway.

To become a merchant, traffic[8] is so dead by means of these foreign broils[9] that unless a man would be a thief to his country to steal out prohibited wares, there were small gains to be gotten.[10]

To become a farmer, lands be so racked[11] at such a rate that a man should but toil all the days of his life to pay his landlord's rent.

But what occupation or handicraft might a man then follow to make himself rich, when every science depends upon newfangled fashions? For he that today is accounted for the finest workman, within one month some new-found fellow comes out with some new-found fashion, and then he bears the prize, and the first accounted but a bungler. And within another month after, the second shall be served with the same sauce, and thus there is no artificer[12] that can hold his credit long.

Such is the miserable condition of this our present time; this is the course of the world, but especially here in England, where there is no man thought to be wise but he that is wealthy, where no man is thought to speak a truth but such as can lie, flatter, and dissemble, where there is no advice allowed for good but such as tendeth more for

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1 *another while* another time.

2 *forge* fabricate, frame, invent (a false or imaginary story, lie, etc.).

3 *to carry tales* to gossip, to tell tales, to be a tattle-tale.

4 *to set ruff* to play cards.

5 Proverb, "He is Jack-out-of-office" (*Tilley* J23), referring to a person who has been dismissed from his office or employment.

6 *pettifogger* a legal practitioner of inferior status, who conducts petty cases; usually derogatory: a crooked or unethical attorney.

7 *goshawk* a large short-winged hawk.

8 *traffic* trade.

9 *these foreign broils* In August 1567, Philip II of Spain sent troops into the Spanish Netherlands, triggering a European-wide political crisis, with the Dutch engaged in open revolt by April of 1572. Trade with the Continent in general suffered accordingly.

10 *unless a man would be … gotten* Beecher notes that this concern over illegal trade and its effects on England's economic prosperity turns up in a number of Riche's works, including *Alarm to England* (1578). Riche argued "that the illegal exportation of domestic products such as corn, leather, hides, butter, [and] cheese [...] was impoverishing the nation" ("Textual Notes and Commentary," *Barnabe Riche*, p. 324, note 7). John Dee deals with the same concern in *The Perfect Art of Navigation* (1577). See p. 409.

11 *racked* rented (at an exorbitant, even extortionate, rate).

12 *artificer* craftsman.

gain than for glory. And what pinching for a penny that should be spent in our country's defence? How prodigal for a pound to be spent upon vanities and idle devices? What small recompense to soldiers that fight with foes for their country's quiet? How liberal to lawyers that set friends at defiance and disquiet a whole commonwealth? What fawning upon him whom fortune doth advance? What frowning upon him whom she hath brought low? What little care of the poor and such as be in want? What feasting of the rich, and such as be wealthy? What sumptuous houses built by men of mean estate?[1] What little hospitality kept from high and low degree?[2]

And here I cannot but speak of the bounty of that noble gentleman, Sir Christopher Hatton,[3] my very good master and upholder who, having builded a house in Northamptonshire called by the name of Holdenby, which house for the bravery of the buildings, for the stateliness of the chambers, for the rich furniture of the lodgings, for the conveyance[4] of the offices, and for all other necessaries appurtenant to a palace of pleasure, is thought by those that have judgment to be incomparable, and to have no fellow in England that is out of her Majesty's hands. And although this house is not yet fully finished and is but a new erection, yet it differeth far from the works that are used nowadays in many places, I mean where the houses are built with a great number of chimneys[5] and yet the smoke comes forth but at one only tunnel. This house is not built on that manner, for as it hath sundry chimneys so they cast forth several smokes. And such worthy port and daily hospitality [are] kept that, although the owner himself useth not to come there once in two years, yet I dare undertake there is daily provision to be found convenient to entertain any nobleman with his whole train that should hap[6] to call in of a sudden. And how many gentlemen and strangers that come but to see the house are there daily welcomed, feasted, and well lodged. From whence should he come, be he rich, be he poor, that should not there be entertained if it please him to call in. To be short, Holdenby giveth daily relief to such as be in want for the space of six or seven miles' compass.

Peradventure those that be envious will think this tale nothing appurtenant to the matter that I was in hand withal, but I trust my offence is the less, considering I have spoken but a truth, and do wish that every other man were able to say as much for his master, and so an end.

And now where I left off, I was telling what pride, what covetousness, what whoredom, what gluttony, what blasphemy, what riot,[7] what excess, what drunkenness, what swearing, what bribery, what extortion, what usury, what oppression, what deceit, what forgery, what vice in general is daily entertained and practiced in England. And although it hath pleased God by wonderful signs and miracles to forewarn us of his wrath and call us to repentance,[8] yet you see the world runneth forward and keepeth his wonted[9] course without any remorse of conscience, neither making sign nor proffer to

[1] *mean estate* low social rank.

[2] *What little hospitality … low degree?* The tendency of the English to starve the military of funds while spending lavishly on personal luxuries is "another touchstone topic for Riche," and he saw this misdirection of wealth as "a moral issue" (Beecher, "Textual Notes and Commentary," *Barnabe Riche*, p. 324, note 8).

[3] Sir Christopher Hatton (c. 1540-91), prominent courtier and later lord chancellor (1587), well-known as a patron of the arts, supporting and encouraging Edmund Spenser and Thomas Churchyard among others; his ornate country house at Holdenby, a symbol of his status and royal favour, was one of the most magnificent of its time.

[4] *conveyance* management.

[5] As Beecher notes, Holdenby's many working chimneys "meant that there were fires in many rooms for the comfort of guests. Many houses had merely decorative chimneys on the roof—a common architectural affectation of that age" ("Textual Notes and Commentary," *Barnabe Riche*, p. 325, note 13).

[6] *hap* chance, happen.

[7] *riot* wanton, loose, or wasteful living; debauchery, extravagance.

[8] *by wonderful signs … repentance* As Beecher notes, "for signs and portents 1580 had been a banner year: floods in January; an earthquake on April 6; apparitions in Cornwall around May 18; and a comet on Oct. 10 (Cranfill, p. 241)" ("Textual Notes and Commentary," *Barnabe Riche*, p. 325, note 15). See also "The Monstrous Children Broadsides" (pp. 556-71 below) for some examples of the literature of sign and portent.

[9] *wonted* accustomed, customary, usual.

amend. But like as we say, an old sore, being once overrun,[1] will not be cured with any moderate medicine, but must be eaten with corrosives till it comes to the quick,[2] and like as we say, one poison must be a means to expel another,[3] so what should we otherwise think of ourselves, but if we be grown to such extremity as no gentle admonition will serve to reclaim us, what other thing should we look for but a mischief[4] to be the medicine? God will not suffer that vice shall always flourish; he will surely root it out at the last. And how long hath he already borne with us in our wickedness? And what reformation is there had amongst us, unless it be to go from evil to worse? But if we did duly consider how mercifully he hath still dealt with us, how favourably he hath preferred us, and how wonderfully he hath defended us, I think we should not be altogether so unthankful as we show ourselves to be. For who knoweth not what an eyesore this little isle of England hath been to the whole world, and how long we have lived, as it were, in contempt of such countries as be our next neighbours, who, still envying[5] our quiet and happy government, have practiced by as many devices as they could to bring us into their own predicament, had it not been only the providence of God that preserved us? Or what friendship might we yet hope to find at any of their hands if their opportunity would serve them to be revenged of the despite which long ago they had conceived against us? First the French hath ever been our enemies by nature, the Scots by custom, the Spaniards for religion, the Dutch, although we have stood them in great stead and helped them at many a pinch, yet I could buy as much friendship as they do all owe us for a barrel of English beer.[6] If we should go any further, then we come to the Pope, the Turks, and the Devil, and what friendship they bear us I think everyone can imagine.

And here we might consider how wonderfully God hath wrought on our behalves, and with all humbleness of heart give him daily thanks for his benefits bestowed upon us—but most of all, and especially, for our most gracious and sovereign lady, Queen Elizabeth, who from time to time he hath so mightily preserved to be the very instrument of his mercy and loving kindness towards us, and for whose sake, no doubt, he hath forborne us in his displeasure, as many times he did the children of Israel at the request of his servant Moses.

First, how was she assaulted in her sister's time by those ravening wolves that daily sought her death,[7] for they all stood in doubt[8] that she should be that Judith which should cut off proud Holofernes his head.[9] And it pleased God to bring it

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1 *overrun* suppurative, infected.

2 *the quick* the living (and sound part of the flesh so infected).

3 *one poison must be a means to expel another* Proverb, "One poison expels another" (*Tilley* P457).

4 *mischief* disease, ailment.

5 *envying* "(*orig.* enueighyng), suggesting 'inveighing against' as a possible reading" (Beecher, *Barnabe Riche*, p. 133, note).

6 *First the French … of English beer* The long and bloody history of relations between the French and English is well-known; the Scots' relations with the English were also constantly fraught over matters of religion and foreign alliances (particularly between the Scottish and French thrones), leading to English invasions in 1542, 1544, 1545, and 1547; Spain was Roman Catholic and thus an enemy of Protestant England; the Dutch had a national reputation among the English for being drunkards; *owe* profess to.

7 *First, how she was assaulted … death* During the reign of her Catholic half-sister, Mary I, Elizabeth found herself in real danger of execution in the aftermath of the failure of the Wyatt Conspiracy, an attempt to block Mary's intended marriage to Philip II of Spain and place Elizabeth on the throne. There were assiduous attempts to implicate Elizabeth in the plot, particularly by Simon Renard, imperial ambassador to Charles V, and a faction of Mary's Privy Council, and to have her tried and executed as a traitor. For a full account, see. D. Starkey, *Elizabeth: The Struggle for the Throne* (New York, 2001), chapters 20-23.

8 *stood in doubt* suspected.

9 *that she ... Judith … Holofernes his head* In the Book of Judith, an Apocryphal book of the Hebrew Scriptures, the pious and beautiful Jewish widow Judith saves the Jews of Bethulia from an attack by Nebuchadnezzar's general, Holofernes. Entering his camp, Judith overwhelms Holofernes with her beauty and charm. She gets him drunk and proceeds to cut off his head. Stowing the head in a bag, she carries it back to the city where, displayed publicly, it encourages the Israelites to attack; the Assyrians flee and Judith praises God. When Elizabeth ascended the throne in 1558, John Aylmer (among others) defended her right to rule as a specifically female (*continued*)

even so to pass, not only defending her from their cruelty and rage, but raised her up, indeed, to the utter subversion of those bloody butchers, and to the great comfort of us all that were in bondage and subject to tyranny, not only setting us free from those detestable enormities that so corrosived our consciences,[1] but made open way and passage for the word of God freely to be published,[2] I think, to our own destruction that so unworthily receive it. Upon this, how many mighty enemies protested against her, and what harm have any of them been able to do her?[3] And how many treasons and privy conspiracies since that time hath been practiced by our own pelting papists against her?[4] But God hath revealed and brought them to light. Let us therefore pray unto God that he would so lengthen her days that we might still enjoy so gracious a princess long to govern and reign over us, and that from time to time he would so direct her noble Council in all their meetings and consultations as may redound to[5] his glory, to the benefit of their country, and to their own immortal fame. Let us likewise pray that God would root such covetous hearts out of England that, for the sparing of a penny for the present time, care not to let slip such matter as may cost many a pound hereafter this.

Now lastly, and as mariners use[6] to sing at the sea, "God save my mate and me also": God send all soldiers that hath honestly served their country better consideration than of long time they have had.

And thus, noble soldiers and gentlemen all, I have held you with a long sermon, neither can I tell how my preaching will be allowed of; I crave no more, but wish you all better fortune than I know the present time will afford you, and so will rest at your disposition.

Barnabe Riche

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sovereign by pointing to the Biblical precedent of Judith. He argued that "if God has chosen to give England a queen regnant, then his will is manifest and to complain of it blasphemous. [...] As when the formidable Judith flayed those 'milksops,' the Israelite elders, for their fear and faithlessness, Elizabeth has been chosen to rouse Protestantism and England to their triumph over the Holofernes of Popery" (M. Stocker, *Judith, Sexual Warrior: Women and Power in Western Culture* [New Haven, 1998], p. 74). Comparisons between Elizabeth and Judith were particularly common in the early years of her reign (Stocker, pp. 70-76).

[1] *to the utter subversion ... those detestable enormities that so corrosived our consciences* Under Mary I, most English Protestants had to accommodate themselves to the Catholic rite which she and her government reintroduced into public worship, as well as Catholic doctrine in general. Of those who refused to make any such compromises, just under 300 were executed (R. Tittler, *The Reign of Mary I* [London, 1993], p. 33) and subsequently memorialized as the Marian martyrs in John Foxe's *Acts and Monuments* (popularly known as *The Book of Martyrs*); *corrosived* eaten away, consumed (as metal is by an acid or corrosive).

[2] *published* reported openly or publicly. In the first weeks of her reign, Mary I deprived many prominent Protestant ministers of their parishes and imprisoned some of English Protestantism's most influential speakers and writers (such as Thomas Cranmer, Thomas Becon, Hugh Latimer, and Nicholas Ridley). A large number of the earliest of the Marian Martyrs (see pp. 220-24) were popular Protestant preachers, such as John Rogers, Rowland Taylor, and Hugh Latimer (Tittler, *Reign of Mary*, p. 33). Mary's government also attempted to prevent the printing and distribution of Protestant books and pamphlets through a number of proclamations and acts of Parliament between 1553 and 1558 (ibid., pp. 38-39).

[3] Pope Pius V (reigned, 1566-72) issued against Elizabeth I a papal bull (or edict) of excommunication (*Regnans in excelsis* [1570]), which also absolved her subjects of allegiance to her and in fact excommunicated any of them who continued loyal. This bull was intended to help bolster the Northern Rebellion (1569-70).

[4] *And how many treasons ... against her?* There were a number of conspiracies against Elizabeth which were at least partly motivated by the desire for the restoration of Catholicism in England. These plots were often formulated by some of Elizabeth's Catholic subjects who felt alienated and threatened by her regime's commitment to Protestantism and were tacitly supported by some of Europe's Catholic powers; many of these conspiracies, such as Pole's Plot (1562) and the Ridolfi Plot (1570-71), circulated around the figure of Mary, queen of Scots. However, Riche may also be referring to the activities of the Jesuits in England in the 1570s and 1580s, perhaps in particular their encouragement of lay recusance (the resistance of Catholic Englishmen and Englishwomen to the Church of England, particularly by refusing to attend its services). After the 1570 papal bull (see p. 494, note 3), it became easy to view any English Catholic as a potential traitor, and any secret meeting of Catholics as "privy conspiracies"; *pelting* violent, passionate, hot-tempered.

[5] *redound to* contribute or turn to.

[6] *use* are accustomed.

To the Readers in General

I assure thee, gentle reader, when I first took in hand to write these discourses, I meant nothing less than to put them in print, but wrote them at the request of some of my dearest friends, sometimes for their disport,[1] to serve their private use. And now again, by great importunity, I am forced to send them all to the printer. The histories, altogether, are eight in number, whereof the first, the second, the fifth, the seventh and eighth are tales that are but forged only for delight, neither credible to be believed nor hurtful to be perused. The third, the fourth, and the sixth are Italian histories written likewise for pleasure by Master L.B.[2] And here, gentle reader, I must instantly entreat thee that if thou findest any words or terms seeming more indecent than peradventure[3] thou wilt like of, think that I have set them down as more appropriate to express the matter they entreat[4] of than either for want of judgement or good manners. Trusting that as I have written them in jest, so thou wilt read them but to make thyself merry, I wish they might as well please thee in the reading as they displease me in putting them forth. I bid thee heartily farewell.

Barnabe Riche

[...]

[1] *disport* entertainment, amusement.

[2] *Master L.B.* Lodowick Bryskett (born c. 1546, died between 1609 and 1612), poet, translator, and administrator, son of Italian immigrants. His knowledge of Italian is testified to by his translation of Giraldi Cinthio's philosophical treatise *Tre dialoghi della rita civile* ("A Discourse of Civil Life, concerning the Ethic Part of Moral Philosophy," published 1606). The third, fourth and sixth stories in *Farewell* are translations from the Italian collection *Hecatommithi* by Cinthio ("Textual Notes and Commentary," Beecher, *Barnabe Riche*, p. 326, note 22), and Bryskett (Beecher believes) "is the perfect candidate for the original translator of these three stories."

[3] *peradventure* perhaps.

[4] *entreat* handle, treat.

Of Apolonius and Silla

The Argument of the Second History

Apolonius, duke, having spent a year's service in the wars against the Turk, returning homeward with his company by sea, was driven by force of weather to the isle of Cyprus, where he was well-received by Pontus, governor of the same isle, with whom Silla, daughter to Pontus, fell so strangely in love that after Apolonius was departed to Constantinople, Silla with one man followed, and coming to Constantinople she served Apolonius in the habit of a man, and after many pretty accidents falling out, she was known to Apolonius, who, in requital of her love, married her.

There is no child that is born into this wretched world but before it doth suck the mother's milk it taketh first a sup of the cup of error,[5] which maketh us when we come to riper years not only to enter into actions of injury, but many times to stray from that[6] is right and reason. But in all other things wherein we show ourselves to be most drunken with this poisoned cup, it is in our actions of love, for the lover is so estranged from that is right and wandereth so wide from the bounds of reason that he is not able to deem white from black, good from bad, virtue from vice, but only led by the appetite of his own affections, and grounding them on the foolishness of his own fancies, will so settle his liking on such a one as either by desert or unworthiness will merit rather to be loathed than loved.

If a question might be asked, "what is the ground indeed of reasonable love whereby the knot is knit of true and perfect friendship?" I think those that be wise would answer, "desert," that is, where the party beloved doth requite us with the like. For otherwise, if the bare show of beauty or the comeliness of personage might be sufficient to confirm us in our love, those that be accustomed to go to fairs and markets might sometimes fall in love with twenty in a day; desert

[5] *it taketh first a sup of the cup of error* a reference to the Christian doctrine of original sin.

[6] *that* i.e., that which.

must then be, of force, the ground of reasonable love, for to love them that hate us, to follow them that fly from us, to fawn on them that frown on us, to curry favour with them that disdain us, to be glad to please them that care not how they offend us—who will not confess this to be an erroneous love, neither grounded upon wit nor reason? Wherefore, right courteous gentlewomen, if it please you with patience to peruse this history following, you shall see Dame Error so play her part with a leash[1] of lovers, a male and two females, as shall work a wonder to your wise judgment in noting the effect of their amorous devices and conclusions of their actions: the first, neglecting the love of a noble dame, young, beautiful and fair, who only for his good will[2] played the part of a serving man, contented to abide any manner of pain only to behold him; he again setting his love of a dame that, despising him—being a noble duke—gave herself to a serving man, as she had thought, but it otherwise fell out, as the substance of this tale shall better describe. And because I have been something tedious in my first discourse, offending your patient ears with the hearing of a circumstance overlong,[3] from henceforth that which I mind to write shall be done with such celerity as the matter that I pretend to pen may in any wise permit me, and thus followeth the history.

During the time that the famous city of Constantinople remained in the hands of the Christians,[4] amongst many other noblemen that kept their abiding in that flourishing city there was one whose name was Apolonius, a worthy duke, who, being but a very young man and even then new come to his possessions, which were very great, levied a mighty band of men at his own proper charges with whom he served against the Turk during the space of one whole year, in which time, although it were very short, this young duke so behaved himself—as well by prowess and valiance showed with his own hands as otherwise by his wisdom and liberality used towards his soldiers—that all the world was filled with the fame of this noble duke. When he had thus spent one year's service, he caused his trumpet to sound a retreat, and gathering his company together and embarking themselves he set sail, holding his course towards Constantinople. But being upon the sea, by the extremity of a tempest which suddenly fell, his fleet was dissevered, some one way and some another; but he himself recovered the isle of Cyprus where he was worthily received by Pontus, duke and governor of the same isle, with whom he lodged while his ships were new repairing.

This Pontus that was lord and governor of this famous isle was an ancient duke and had two children, a son and a daughter. His son was named Silvio, of whom hereafter we shall have further occasion to speak, but at this instant he was in the parts of Africa serving in the wars.

The daughter her name was Silla, whose beauty was so peerless that she had the sovereignty amongst all other dames, as well for her beauty as for the nobleness of her birth. This Silla, having heard of the worthiness of Apolonius, this young duke, who besides his beauty and good graces had a certain natural allurement, that being now in his company in her father's court, she was so strangely attached[5] with the love of Apolonius that there was nothing might content her but his presence and sweet sight. And although she saw no manner of hope to attain to that she most desired, knowing Apolonius to be but a guest and ready to take the benefit of the next wind and to depart

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[1] *leash* a set of three, *orig.* in sporting language used of hounds, hawks, foxes, hares, deer, etc.

[2] *good will* favour or kindly regard.

[3] *And because … overlong* As Beecher notes, Riche's self-censure "for the prolixity of his first story" and his "promise henceforth to tell his tales as quickly as the matter would allow" are both unusual: "This shows either a clear sense of an impatient readership, or a sense of a new narrative form based on conciseness, rapid intrigue, and an uninterrupted movement of events. That was a novel view of fiction in the age of the chivalric romance" ("Textual Notes and Commentary," *Barnabe Riche*, p. 328, note 3).

[4] *During the time … Christians* Constantinople was a Christian city from its founding by Constantine in 324 CE until its capture by Sultan Mohammed II in 1453 (*Topographical Dict.*, p. 128; *OCD*, p. 380).

[5] *attached* seized, laid hold of.

into a strange country, whereby she was bereaved of all possibility ever to see him again, and therefore strived with herself to leave her fondness, but all in vain—it would not be, but like the fowl which is once limed, the more she striveth, the faster she tieth herself.[1]

So Silla was now constrained, perforce[2] her will, to yield to love; wherefore from time to time she used so great familiarity with him as her honour might well permit, and fed him with such amorous baits as the modesty of a maid could reasonably afford, which when she perceived did take but small effect, feeling herself so much outraged with the extremity of her passion, by the only countenance that she bestowed upon Apolonius it might have been well perceived that the very eyes pleaded unto him for pity and remorse. But Apolonius, coming but lately from out the field from the chasing of his enemies, and his fury not yet thoroughly dissolved or purged from his stomach, gave no regard to those amorous enticements which, by reason of his youth, he had not been acquainted withal. But his mind ran more to hear his pilots bring news of a merry wind to serve his turn to Constantinople, which in the end came very prosperously; and giving Duke Pontus hearty thanks for his great entertainment, taking his leave of himself and the Lady Silla his daughter, departed with his company and with a happy gale arrived at his desired port.

Gentlewomen, according to my promise, I will here for brevity's sake omit to make repetition of the long and dolorous discourse recorded by Silla for this sudden departure of her Apolonius, knowing you to be as tenderly hearted as Silla herself, whereby you may the better conjecture the fury of her fever.

But Silla, the further that she saw herself bereaved of all hope ever any more to see her beloved Apolonius, so much the more contagious were her passions, and made the greater speed to execute that she had premeditated in her mind, which was this: amongst many servants that did attend upon her there was one whose name was Pedro, who had a long time waited upon her in her chamber, whereby she was well-assured of his fidelity and trust; to that Pedro, therefore, she bewrayed[3] first the fervency of her love borne to Apolonius, conjuring him in the name of the goddess of love herself and binding him by the duty that a servant ought to have that tendereth his mistress' safety and good liking, and desiring him with tears trickling down her cheeks that he would give his consent to aid and assist her in that she had determined, which was—for that she was fully resolved to go to Constantinople where she might again take the view of her beloved Apolonius—that he, according to the trust she had reposed in him, would not refuse to give his consent secretly to convey her from out her father's court according as she would give him direction, and also to make himself partaker of her journey and to wait upon her till she had seen the end of her determination.

Pedro, perceiving with what vehemency his lady and mistress had made request unto him, albeit he saw many perils and doubts depending in her pretence,[4] notwithstanding, gave his consent to be at her disposition, promising her to further her with his best advice and to be ready to obey whatsoever she would please to command him. The match being thus agreed upon and all things prepared in a readiness for their departure, it happened there was a galley of Constantinople ready to depart, which Pedro understanding, came to the captain desiring him to have passage for himself and for a poor maid that was his sister which were bound to Constantinople upon certain urgent affairs—to which request the captain granted, willing him to prepare aboard with all speed because the wind served him presently to depart.

Pedro now coming to his mistress and telling her how he had handled the matter with the captain, she liking very well of the device, disguis-

[1] *like the fowl … tieth herself* Small birds were often hunted by smearing their usual perches with a sticky substance.

[2] *perforce* against.

[3] *bewrayed* revealed.

[4] *doubts depending in her pretence* dangers or uncertainties connected with her plan.

ing herself into very simple attire, stole away from out her father's court and came with Pedro, whom now she calleth brother, aboard the galley, where all things being in readiness and the wind serving very well, they launched forth with their oars and set sail.

When they were at the sea, the captain of the galley, taking the view of Silla, perceiving her singular beauty, he was better pleased in beholding of her face than in taking the height either of the sun or star. And thinking her by the homeliness[1] of her apparel to be but some simple maiden, calling her into his cabin he began to break with her after the sea fashion, desiring her to use his own cabin for her better ease, and during the time that she remained at the sea she should not want a bed, and then whispering softly in her ear he said that, for want of a bedfellow, he himself would supply that room. Silla, not being acquainted with any such talk, blushed for shame, but made him no answer at all. My captain, feeling such a bickering[2] within himself, the like whereof he had never endured upon the sea, was like to be taken prisoner aboard his own ship and forced to yield himself a captive without any cannon shot; wherefore to salve all sores, and thinking it the readiest way to speed,[3] he began to break with Silla in the way of marriage, telling her how happy a voyage she had made to fall into the liking of such a one as himself was, who was able to keep and maintain her like a gentlewoman, and for her sake would likewise take her brother into his fellowship whom he would by some means prefer in such sort that both of them should have good cause to think themselves thrice happy, she to light of such a husband, and he to light of such a brother. But Silla, nothing pleased with these preferments, desired him to cease his talk for that she did think herself indeed to be too unworthy such a one as he was, neither was she minded yet to marry, and therefore desired him to fix his fancy upon some that were better worthy than herself was, and that could better like of his courtesy than she could do. The captain, seeing himself thus refused, being in a great chafe,[4] he said as followeth:

"Then seeing you make so little account of my courtesy, proffered to one that is so far unworthy of it, from henceforth I will use the office of my authority; you shall know that I am the captain of this ship and have power to command and dispose of things at my pleasure, and seeing you have so scornfully rejected me to be your loyal husband, I will now take you by force and use you at my will, and so long as it shall please me will keep you for mine own store; there shall be no man able to defend you, nor yet to persuade me from that I have determined."

Silla, with these words being struck into a great fear, did think it now too late to rue her rash attempt, determined rather to die with her own hands than to suffer herself to be abused in such sort. Therefore she most humbly desired the captain so much as he could to save her credit, and seeing that she must needs be at his will and disposition, that for that present he would depart and suffer her till night, when in the dark he might take his pleasure without any manner of suspicion to the residue of his company. The captain, thinking now the goal to be more than half won, was contented so far to satisfy her request and departed out, leaving her alone in his cabin.

Silla, being alone by herself, drew out her knife ready to strike herself to the heart, and falling upon her knees desired God to receive her soul as an acceptable sacrifice for her follies which she had so willfully committed, craving pardon for her sins and so forth, continuing a long and pitiful reconciliation to God, in the midst whereof there suddenly fell a wonderful storm, the terror whereof was such that there was no man but did think the seas would presently have swallowed them. The billows so suddenly arose with the rage of the wind that they were all glad to fall to heaving out of water, for otherwise their feeble

[1] *homeliness* simplicity, plainness.

[2] *bickering* battle.

[3] *speed* succeed.

[4] *chafe* rage, passion, fury.

galley had never been able to have brooked[1] the seas.

This storm continued all that day and the next night, and they, being driven to put romer[2] before the wind to keep the galley ahead the billow, were driven upon the main shore where the galley broke all to pieces; there was every man providing to save his own life: some got upon hatches, boards, and casks, and were driven with the waves to and fro; but the greatest number were drowned, amongst the which Pedro was one. But Silla herself being in the cabin, as you have heard, took hold of a chest that was the captain's, the which by the only providence of God brought her safe to the shore; the which when she had recovered, not knowing what was become of Pedro her man, she deemed that both he and all the rest had been drowned for that she saw nobody upon the shore but herself.

Wherefore, when she had awhile made great lamentations, complaining her mishaps, she began in the end to comfort herself with the hope that she had to see her Apolonius, and found such means that she broke open the chest that brought her to land, wherein she found good store of coin, and sundry suits of apparel that were the captain's. And now, to prevent a number of injuries that might be proffered to a woman that was left in her case, she determined to leave her own apparel and to sort herself into some of those suits, that, being taken for a man, she might pass through the country in the better safety. And as she changed her apparel, she thought it likewise convenient to change her name, wherefore, not readily happening of any other, she called herself Silvio, by the name of her own brother whom you have heard spoken of before.

In this manner she travelled to Constantinople where she inquired out the palace of the Duke Apolonius, and thinking herself now to be both fit and able to play the servingman, she presented herself to the Duke, craving his service. The Duke, very willing to give succour[3] unto strangers, perceiving him to be a proper smug[4] young man, gave him entertainment. Silla thought herself now more than satisfied for all the casualties[5] that had happened unto her in her journey, that she might at her pleasure take but the view of the Duke Apolonius, and above the rest of his servants was very diligent and attendant upon him, the which the Duke perceiving, began likewise to grow into good liking with the diligence of his man, and therefore made him one of his chamber.[6] Who but Silvio then was most neat[7] about him, in helping of him to make him ready in a morning, in the setting of his ruffs, in the keeping of his chamber? Silvio pleased his master so well that above all the rest of his servants about him, he had the greatest credit, and the Duke put him most in trust.

At this very instant there was remaining in the city a noble dame, a widow, whose husband was but lately deceased, one of the noblest men that were in the parts of Greece, who left his lady and wife large possessions and great livings. This lady's name was called Julina, who, besides the abundance of her wealth and the greatness of her revenues, had likewise the sovereignty of all the dames of Constantinople for her beauty. To this Lady Julina Apolonius became an earnest suitor, and according to the manner of wooers, besides fair words, sorrowful sighs, and piteous countenances, there must be sending of loving letters, chains, bracelets, brooches, rings, tablets,[8] gems, jewels, and presents—I know not what. So my

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1 *brooked* endured, withstood.

2 *to put romer* "Either to trim the sails, or allow to be driven by the wind, or to use a sea anchor to keep the ship properly oriented to the wind" (Beecher, *Barnabe Riche*, p. 186, note).

3 *succour* aid; refuge.

4 *smug* neat, spruce, smart (according to Beecher, originally "smouge" [*Barnabe Riche*, p. 187]).

5 *casualties* mishaps, unfortunate accidents.

6 *made him one of his chamber* i.e., he made him one of the servants who attended him in his private quarters, a position of status and influence indicating here the Duke's affection for and trust in Silvio/Silla.

7 *neat* "(possibly a misprint for 'near') skillful and precise" (Beecher, *Barnabe Riche*, p. 187, note).

8 *tablet* ornament of precious metal or jewellery of a flat form, worn about the person.

duke, who in the time that he remained in the isle of Cyprus had no skill at all in the art of love, although it were more than half proffered unto him, was now become a scholar in love's school and had already learned his first lesson, that is, to speak pitifully, to look ruthfully,[1] to promise largely, to serve diligently, and to please carefully. Now he was learning his second lesson, that is, to reward liberally, to give bountifully, to present[2] willingly, and to write lovingly. Thus Apolonius was so busied in his new study that I warrant you there was no man that could challenge him for[3] playing the truant, he followed his profession with so good a will. And who must be the messenger to carry the tokens and love letters to the Lady Julina but Silvio his man; in him the Duke reposed his only confidence to go between him and his lady.

Now gentlewomen, do you think there could have been a greater torment devised wherewith to afflict the heart of Silla than herself to be made the instrument to work her own mishap and to play the attorney in a cause that made so much against herself? But Silla, altogether desirous to please her master, cared nothing at all to offend herself, followed his business with so good a will as if it had been in her own preferment.

Julina, now having many times taken the gaze of this young youth Silvio, perceiving him to be of such excellent perfect grace, was so entangled with the often sight of this sweet temptation that she fell into as great a liking with the man as the master was with herself. And on a time Silvio, being sent from his master with a message to the Lady Julina, as he began very earnestly to solicit in his master's behalf, Julina interrupting him in his tale, said:

"Silvio, it is enough that you have said for your master; from henceforth either speak for yourself or say nothing at all."

Silla, abashed to hear these words, began in her mind to accuse the blindness of love, that Julina, neglecting the good will of so noble a duke, would prefer her love unto such a one as nature itself had denied to recompense her liking.

And now for a time leaving matters depending,[4] as you have heard, it fell out that the right Silvio indeed—whom you have heard spoken of before, the brother of Silla—was come to his father's court into the isle of Cyprus, where, understanding that his sister was departed in manner as you have heard, conjectured that the very occasion did proceed of some liking had between Pedro her man—that was missing with her—and herself. But Silvio, who loved his sister as dearly as his own life, and the rather for that as she was his natural[5] sister both by father and mother—so the one of them was so like the other in countenance and favour that there was no man able to discern one from the other by their faces, saving by their apparel, the one being a man, the other a woman—Silvio therefore vowed to his father not only to seek out his sister Silla, but also to revenge the villainy which he conceived in Pedro for the carrying away of his sister. And thus departing, having travelled through many cities and towns without hearing any manner of news of those he went to seek for, at the last he arrived at Constantinople, where, as he was walking in an evening for his own recreation on a pleasant green yard without the walls of the city, he fortuned to meet with the Lady Julina, who likewise had been abroad to take the air. And as she suddenly cast her eyes upon Silvio, thinking him to be her old acquaintance by reason they were so like one another as you have heard before, said unto him:

"Sir Silvio, if your haste be not the greater, I pray you let me have a little talk with you, seeing I have so luckily met you in this place."

Silvio, wondering to hear himself so rightly named, being but a stranger not of above two days' continuance in the city, very courteously came towards her, desirous to hear what she would say.

Julina, commanding her train something to stand back, said as followeth: "Seeing my good

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[1] *ruthfully* piteously, dolefully.

[2] *to present* to grant or give gifts.

[3] *challenge him for* accuse him of.

[4] *depending* suspended.

[5] *natural* legitimate.

will and friendly love hath been the only cause to make me so prodigal to offer that I see is so lightly rejected, it maketh me to think that men be of this condition, rather to desire those things which they cannot come by than to esteem or value of that which both largely and liberally is offered unto them; but if the liberality of my proffer[1] hath made to seem less the value of the thing that I meant to present, it is but in your own conceit,[2] considering how many noble men there hath been here before, and be yet at this present, which hath both served, sued, and most humbly entreated to attain that which to you of myself I have freely offered, and I perceive is despised or at the least very lightly regarded."

Silvio, wondering at these words, but more amazed that she could so rightly call him by his name, could not tell what to make of her speeches, assuring himself that she was deceived and did mistake him, did think, notwithstanding, it had been a point of great simplicity[3] if he should forsake that which fortune had so favourably proffered unto him, perceiving by her train that she was some lady of great honour, and viewing the perfection of her beauty and the excellency of her grace and countenance did think it impossible that she should be despised, and therefore answered thus:

"Madam, if before this time I have seemed to forget myself in neglecting your courtesy which so liberally you have meant unto me, please it you to pardon what is past, and from this day forwards Silvio remaineth ready prest[4] to make such reasonable amends as his ability may any ways permit, or as it shall please you to command."

Julina, the gladdest woman that might be to hear these joyful news, said: "Then, my Silvio, see you fail not tomorrow at night to sup with me at my own house where I will discourse further with what amends you shall make me."

To which request Silvio gave his glad consent, and thus they departed very well pleased. And as Julina did think the time very long till she had reaped the fruit of her desire, so Silvio, he wished for harvest before corn could grow, thinking the time as long till he saw how matters would fall out. But not knowing what lady she might be, he presently—before Julina was out of sight—demanded of one that was walking by what she was and how she was called, who satisfied Silvio in every point, and also in what part of the town her house did stand whereby he might inquire it out.

Silvio, thus departing to his lodging, passed the night with very unquiet sleep, and the next morning his mind ran so much of his supper that he never cared neither for his breakfast nor dinner; and the day, to his seeming, passed away so slowly that he had thought the stately steeds had been tired that draw the chariot of the sun, or else some other Joshua had commanded them again to stand,[5] and wished that Phaethon had been there with a whip.[6]

Julina, on the other side, she had thought the clock-setter had played the knave, the day came no faster forwards; but six o'clock being once struck, recovered comfort to both parties, and Silvio hastening himself to the palace of Julina, where by her he was friendly welcomed, and a sumptuous supper being made ready, furnished with sundry sorts of delicate dishes, they sat them down, passing the supper time with amorous looks, loving countenances, and secret glances conveyed from the one to the other, which did better satisfy them than the feeding of their dainty dishes.

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1 *the liberality of my proffer* the generosity of my offer.

2 *conceit* personal or private opinion, judgement.

3 *point* instance; *simplicity* lack of judgement.

4 *ready prest* prepared to strive hard (and with eagerness).

5 *some other Joshua had commanded them again to stand* In the Book of Joshua, Joshua performs the miracle of making the sun stand still during his victory over the Amorites (10:12-14).

6 *he had thought … and wished that Phaethon had been there with a whip* Riche refers here to the myth of Apollo, the sun god, and his son, Phaethon. When Apollo gave Phaethon permission to drive the horses of the sun across the sky, Phaethon found that he lacked the strength to control the fiery beasts. Zeus, fearing that earth and heaven would both be set on fire by the out-of-control sun chariot and its wildly racing horses, struck Phaethon down with a thunderbolt.

Supper time being thus spent, Julina did think it very unfitly if she should turn Silvio to go seek his lodging in an evening, desired him therefore that he would take a bed in her house for that night; and bringing him up into a fair chamber that was very richly furnished, she found such means that when all the rest of her household servants were abed and quiet, she came herself to bear Silvio company, where concluding upon conditions that were in question between them,[1] they passed the night with such joy and contentation[2] as might in that convenient time be wished for, but only that Julina, feeding too much of some one dish above the rest, received a surfeit whereof she could not be cured in forty weeks after,[3] a natural inclination in all women which are subject to longing and want the reason to use a moderation in their diet. But the morning approaching, Julina took her leave and conveyed herself into her own chamber; and when it was fair daylight, Silvio making himself ready departed likewise about his affairs in the town, debating with himself how things had happened, being well assured that Julina had mistaken him, and therefore, for fear of further evils, determined to come no more there, but took his journey towards other places in the parts of Greece to see if he could learn any tidings of his sister Silla.

The Duke Apolonius, having made a long suit and never a whit the nearer of his purpose, came to Julina to crave her direct answer, either to accept of him and of such conditions as he proffered unto her, or else to give him his last farewell.

Julina, as you have heard, had taken an earnest penny[4] of another, whom she had thought had been Silvio the duke's man, was at a controversy in herself what she might do. One while she thought, seeing her occasion served so fit, to crave the Duke's good will for the marrying of his man. Then again she could not tell what displeasure the Duke would conceive in that she should seem to prefer his man before himself, did think it therefore best to conceal the matter till she might speak with Silvio to use his opinion how these matters should be handled, and hereupon resolving herself, desiring the Duke to pardon her speeches, said as followeth:

"Sir duke, for that from this time forwards I am no longer of myself, having given my full power and authority over to another whose wife I now remain by faithful vow and promise, and albeit I know the world will wonder when they shall understand the fondness[5] of my choice, yet I trust you yourself will nothing dislike with me sith[6] I have meant no other thing than the satisfying of mine own contentation and liking."

The Duke hearing these words, answered: "Madam, I must then content myself, although against my will, having the law in your own hands to like of whom you list[7] and to make choice where it pleaseth you."

Julina, giving the Duke great thanks that would content himself with such patience, desired him likewise to give his free consent and good will to the party whom she had chosen to be her husband.

"Nay surely madam," quoth the Duke, "I will never give my consent that any other man shall enjoy you than myself. I have made too great account of you than so lightly to pass you away with my good will. But seeing it lieth not in me to let[8] you, having, as you say, made your own choice, so from henceforwards I leave you to your own liking, always willing you well, and thus will take my leave."

The Duke departed towards his own house, very sorrowful that Julina had thus served him. But in the mean space[9] that the Duke had remained in the house of Julina, some of his ser-

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1 *concluding upon conditions … them* i.e., they first exchanged a promise of marriage; they betrothed themselves to each other.

2 *contentation* contentment; pleasure.

3 *in forty weeks after* the human gestation period.

4 *earnest penny* a small sum of money paid as an earnest (i.e., a pledge) to secure a bargain.

5 *fondness* foolishness, folly.

6 *sith* since.

7 *list* desire, wish.

8 *let* hinder, oppose.

9 *mean space* meantime.

vants fell into talk and conference with the servants of Julina, where, debating between them of the likelihood of the marriage between the Duke and the lady, one of the servants of Julina said that he never saw his lady and mistress use so good countenance to the Duke himself as she had done to Silvio his man, and began to report with what familiarity and courtesy she had received him, feasted him and lodged him, and that in his opinion, Silvio was like to speed[1] before the Duke, or any other that were suitors.

This tale was quickly brought to the Duke himself, who making better inquiry in the matter, found it to be true that was reported; and better considering of the words which Julina had used towards himself, was very well assured that it could be no other than his own man that had thrust his nose so far out of joint,[2] wherefore, without any further respect,[3] caused him to be thrust into a dungeon where he was kept prisoner in a very pitiful plight.[4]

Poor Silvio, having got intelligence by some of his fellows what was the cause that the Duke his master did bear such displeasure unto him, devised all the means he could, as well by mediation by his fellows as otherwise by petitions and supplication to the Duke that he would suspend his judgment till perfect proof were had in the matter, and then if any manner of thing did fall out against him whereby the Duke had cause to take any grief, he would confess himself worthy not only of imprisonment, but also of most vile and shameful death; with these petitions he daily plied the Duke, but all in vain, for the Duke thought he had made so good proof that he was thoroughly confirmed in his opinion against his man.

But the Lady Julina, wondering what made Silvio that he was so slack in his visitation and why he absented himself so long from her presence, began to think that all was not well. But in the end, perceiving no decoction[5] of her former surfeit received as you have heard, and finding in herself an unwonted swelling in her belly, assuring herself to be with child, fearing to become quite bankrupt of her honour, did think it more than time to seek out a father, and made such secret search and diligent inquiry that she learned the truth how Silvio was kept in prison by the Duke his master. And minding to find a perfect remedy, as well as for the love she bore to Silvio as for the maintenance of her credit and estimation, she speedily hasted to the palace of the Duke, to whom she said as followeth:

"Sir duke, it may be that you will think my coming to your house in this sort doth something pass the limits of modesty, the which I protest before God proceedeth of this desire that the world should know how justly I seek means to maintain my honour. But to the end I seem not tedious with prolixity of words, nor to use other than direct circumstances, know, sir, that the love I bear to my only beloved Silvio, whom I do esteem more than all the jewels in the world, whose personage I regard more than my own life, is the only cause of my attempted journey, beseeching you that all the whole displeasure which I understand you have conceived against him may be imputed unto my charge, and that it would please you lovingly to deal with him whom of myself I have chosen rather for the satisfaction of mine honest liking than for the vain pre-eminences of honourable dignities looked after by ambitious minds."

The Duke, having heard this discourse, caused Silvio presently to be sent for, and to be brought before him, to whom he said: "Had it not been sufficient for thee, when I had reposed myself in thy fidelity and the trustiness of thy service, that thou shouldest so traitorously deal with me? But since that time hast not spared still to abuse me with so many forgeries and perjured protestations, not only hateful unto me whose simplicity thou thinkest to be such that by the plot of thy pleasant

[1] *speed* succeed.

[2] *that had thrust his nose so far out of joint* i.e., that had displaced or supplanted him; that had spoiled his plans.

[3] *respect* consideration.

[4] *plight* condition.

[5] *decoction* digestion.

tongue thou wouldst make me believe manifest untruth, but most abominable be thy doings in the presence and sight of God, that hast not spared to blaspheme his holy name by calling him to be a witness to maintain thy leasings,[1] and so detestably wouldst forswear thyself in a matter that is so openly known."

Poor Silvio, whose innocency was such that he might lawfully swear, seeing Julina to be there in place, answered thus:

"Most noble Duke, well understanding your conceived grief, most humbly I beseech you patiently to hear my excuse, not minding thereby to aggravate or heap up your wrath and displeasure, protesting before God that there is nothing in the world which I regard so much or do esteem so dear as your good grace and favour. But desirous that your Grace should know my innocency, and to clear myself of such impositions wherewith I know I am wrongfully accused, which as I understand should be in the practicing of the Lady Julina who standeth here in place, whose acquittance for my better discharge now I most humbly crave, protesting before the almighty God that neither in thought, word, nor deed, I have not otherwise used myself than according to the bond and duty of a servant that is both willing and desirous to further his master's suits,[2] which, if I have otherwise said than that is true, you, Madam Julina, who can very well decide the depths of all this doubt, I most humbly beseech you to certify a truth if I have in anything missaid or have otherwise spoken than is right and just."

Julina, having heard this discourse which Silvio had made, perceiving that he stood in great awe of the Duke's displeasure, answered thus: "Think not, my Silvio, that my coming hither is to accuse you of any misdemeanour towards your master; so I do not deny but in all such embassages wherein towards me you have been employed, you have used the office of a faithful and trusty messenger. Neither am I ashamed to confess that the first day that mine eyes did behold the singular behaviour, the notable courtesy, and other innumerable gifts wherewith my Silvio is endued, but that beyond all measure my heart was so inflamed that impossible it was for me to quench the fervent love or extinguish the least part of my conceived torment before I had bewrayed[3] the same unto him, and of my own motion craved his promised faith and loyalty of marriage. And now is the time to manifest the same unto the world which hath been done before God and between ourselves, knowing that it is not needful to keep secret that which is neither evil done nor hurtful to any person. Therefore, as I said before, Silvio is my husband by plighted faith, whom I hope to obtain without offence or displeasure of anyone, trusting that there is no man that will so far forget himself as to restrain that which God hath left at liberty for every wight,[4] or that will seek by cruelty to force ladies to marry otherwise than according to their own liking. Fear not then my Silvio to keep your faith and promise which you have made unto me, and as for the rest, I doubt not things will so fall out as you shall have no manner of cause to complain."

Silvio, amazed to hear these words, for that Julina by her speech seemed to confirm that which he most of all desired to be quit of,[5] said: "Who would have thought that a lady of so great honour and reputation would herself be the ambassador of a thing so prejudicial and uncomely for her estate?[6] What plighted[7] promises be these which be spoken of? Altogether ignorant unto me, which if it be otherwise than I have said, you sacred gods consume me straight with flashing flames of fire. But what words might I use to give credit to the truth and innocence of my cause? Ah, Madam Julina, I desire no other testimony than your own honesty and virtue, thinking that you will not so much blemish the brightness of your honour,

1 *leasings* lies, falsehoods.

2 *suits* supplications, petitions.

3 *bewrayed* revealed.

4 *wight* person, individual.

5 *to be quit of* to be clear of, freed from.

6 *prejudicial* detrimental or damaging to; *uncomely* improper, unseemly; *estate* moral and/or bodily condition; perhaps, also, status or standing in the world.

7 *plighted* solemnly pledged.

knowing that a woman is or should be the image of courtesy, continency and shamefastness, from the which so soon as she stoopeth and leaveth the office[1] of her duty and modesty, besides the degradation of her honour, she thrusteth herself into the pit of perpetual infamy. And as I cannot think you would so far forget yourself, by the refusal of a noble duke, to dim the light of your renown and glory, which hitherto you have maintained amongst the best and noblest ladies, by such a one as I know myself to be too far unworthy your degree and calling, so most humbly I beseech you to confess a truth: whereto tendeth those vows and promises you speak of, which speeches be so obscure unto me as I know not for my life how I might understand them?"

Julina, something nipped[2] with these speeches, said: "And what is the matter that now you make so little a count of your Julina, that being my husband in deed have the face[3] to deny me to whom thou art contracted by so many solemn oaths? What, art thou ashamed to have me to thy wife? How much oughtest thou rather to be ashamed to break thy promised faith and to have despised the holy and dreadful name of God. But that time constraineth me to lay open that which shame rather willeth I should dissemble and keep secret, behold me then here, Silvio, whom thou hast gotten with child, who if thou be of such honesty as I trust for all this I shall find, then the thing is done without prejudice or any hurt to my conscience, considering that by the professed faith thou didst account me for thy wife and I received thee for my spouse and loyal husband, swearing by the almighty God that no other than you have made the conquest and triumph of my chastity, whereof I crave no other witness than yourself and mine own conscience."

I pray you, gentlewomen, was not this a foul oversight of Julina, that would so precisely swear so great an oath that she was gotten with child by one that was altogether unfurnished with implements for such a turn? For God's love take heed, and let this be an example to you, when you be with child, how you swear who is the father before you have had good proof and knowledge of the party, for men be so subtle and full of sleight[4] that, God knoweth, a woman may quickly be deceived.

But now to return to our Silvio, who, hearing an oath sworn so divinely that he had gotten a woman with child, was like to believe that it had been true in very deed; but remembering his own impediment thought it impossible that he should commit such an act, and therefore half in a chafe,[5] he said:

"What law is able to restrain the foolish indiscretion of a woman that yieldeth herself to her own desires? What shame is able to bridle or withdraw her from her mind and madness, or with what snaffle[6] is it possible to hold her back from the execution of her filthiness? But what abomination is this, that a lady of such a house should so forget the greatness of her estate, the alliance[7] whereof she is descended, the nobility of her deceased husband, and maketh no conscience[8] to shame and slander herself with such a one as I am, being so far unfit and unseemly for her degree. But how horrible is it to hear the name of God so defaced, that we make no more account but for the maintenance of our mischiefs, we fear no whit at all to forswear his holy name, as though he were not in all his dealings most righteous, true, and just, and will not only lay open our leasings to the world, but will likewise punish the same with most sharp and bitter scourges."

Julina, not able to endure him to proceed any farther in his sermon, was already surprised with a vehement grief, began bitterly to cry out uttering these speeches following:

"Alas, is it possible that the sovereign justice of God can abide a mischief so great and cursed?

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1 *office* moral obligation.

2 *nipped* stung; vexed.

3 *face* effrontery, impudence, shameless boldness.

4 *sleight* cunning, deceit, trickery.

5 *chafe* rage, passion; state of vexation.

6 *snaffle* a light bridle.

7 *alliance* kindred, family.

8 *maketh no conscience* i.e., does not make it a matter of conscience; has no scruples about.

Why may I not now suffer death rather than the infamy which I see to wander before mine eyes? Oh happy and more than right happy had I been if inconstant fortune had not devised this treason wherein I am surprised and caught. Am I thus become to be entangled with snares, and in the hands of him who, enjoying the spoils[1] of my honour, will openly deprive me of my fame by making me a common fable[2] to all posterity in time to come? Ah, traitor and discourteous wretch, is this the recompense of the honest and firm amity which I have borne thee? Wherein have I deserved this discourtesy? By loving thee more than thou art able to deserve? Is it I, arrant thief, is it I upon whom thou thinkest to work thy mischiefs? Doest thou think me no better worth but that thou mayest prodigally waste my honour at thy pleasure? Didst thou dare to adventure upon me, having thy conscience wounded with so deadly a treason? Ah, unhappy and above all other most unhappy, that have so charily preserved mine honour, and now am made a prey to satisfy a young man's lust that hath coveted nothing but the spoil of my chastity and good name."

Herewithal the tears so gushed down her cheeks that she was not able to open her mouth to use any further speech.

The Duke, who stood all this while and heard this whole discourse, was wonderfully moved with compassion towards Julina, knowing that from her infancy she had ever so honourably used herself that there was no man able to detect her of any misdemeanour otherwise than beseemed a lady of her estate. Wherefore being fully resolved that Silvio his man had committed this villainy against her, in a great fury drawing his rapier, he said unto Silvio:

"How canst thou, arrant thief, show thyself so cruel and careless to such as do thee honour? Hast thou so little regard of such a noble lady as humbleth herself to such a villain as thou art, who, without any respect either of her renown or noble estate, canst be content to seek the wrack and utter ruin of her honour? But frame thyself to make such satisfaction as she requireth—although I know, unworthy wretch, that thou art not able to make her the least part of amends—or I swear by God that thou shall not escape the death which I will minister to thee with my own hands, and therefore advise thee well what thou doest."

Silvio, having heard this sharp sentence, fell down on his knees before the Duke, craving for mercy, desiring that he might be suffered to speak with the Lady Julina apart, promising to satisfy her according to her own contentation.

"Well," quoth the Duke, "I take thy word, and therewithal I advise thee that thou perform thy promise, or otherwise I protest before God I will make thee such an example to the world that all traitors shall tremble for fear how they do seek the dishonouring of ladies."

But now Julina had conceived so great grief against Silvio that there was much ado to persuade her to talk with him. But remembering her own case, desirous to hear what excuse he could make, in the end she agreed, and being brought into a place severally[3] by themselves, Silvio began with a piteous voice to say as followeth:

"I know not, madam, of whom I might make complaint, whether of you or of myself, or rather of fortune, which hath conducted and brought us both into so great adversity. I see that you receive great wrong, and I am condemned against all right: you in peril to abide the bruit[4] of spiteful tongues, and I in danger to lose the thing that I most desire. And although I could allege many reasons to prove my sayings true, yet I refer myself to the experience and bounty of your mind."

And herewithal, loosing his garments down to his stomach, and showed Julina his breasts and pretty teats surmounting far the whiteness of snow itself, saying: "Lo, madam, behold here the party whom you have challenged[5] to be the father of your child; see, I am a woman, the daughter of a noble duke, who only for the love of him whom

[1] *spoils* plunder.

[2] *fable* the subject of common talk.

[3] *severally* apart from others or from the rest.

[4] *bruit* report, rumours; clamour, din.

[5] *challenged* accused.

you so lightly have shaken off, have forsaken my father, abandoned my country, and in manner as you see, am become a servingman, satisfying myself but with the only sight of my Apolonius. And now madam, if my passion were not vehement and my torments without comparison, I would wish that my feigned griefs might be laughed to scorn and my dissembled pains to be rewarded with flouts.[1] But my love being pure, my travail[2] continual, and my griefs endless, I trust madam, you will not only excuse me of crime but also pity my distress, the which I protest I would still have kept secret if my fortune would so have permitted."

Julina did now think herself to be in a worse case than ever she was before, for now she knew not whom to challenge to be the father of her child. Wherefore, when she had told the Duke the very certainty of the discourse which Silvio had made unto her, she departed to her own house with such grief and sorrow that she purposed never to come out of her own doors again alive to be a wonder and mocking stock to the world.

But the Duke more amazed to hear this strange discourse of Silvio, came unto him whom, when he had viewed with better consideration, perceived indeed that it was Silla the daughter of Duke Pontus, and embracing her in his arms, he said:

"O the branch of all virtue and the flower of courtesy itself, pardon me I beseech you of all such discourtesies as I have ignorantly committed towards you, desiring you that without further memory of ancient griefs, you will accept of me who is more joyful and better contented with your presence than if the whole world were at my commandment. Where hath there ever been found such liberality[3] in a lover, which having been trained up and nourished amidst the delicacies and banquets of the court, accompanied with trains of many fair and noble ladies, living in pleasure and in the midst of delights, would so prodigally adventure yourself, neither fearing mishaps nor misliking to take such pains as I know you have not been accustomed unto? O liberality never heard of before! O fact that can never be sufficiently rewarded! O true love most pure and unfeigned!"

Herewithal, sending for the most artificial[4] workmen, he provided for her sundry suits of sumptuous apparel, and the marriage day appointed, which was celebrated with great triumph through the whole city of Constantinople, everyone praising the nobleness of the Duke; but so many as did behold the excellent beauty of Silla gave her the praise above all the rest of the ladies in the troupe.

The matter seemed so wonderful and strange that the bruit was spread throughout all the parts of Greece insomuch that it came to the hearing of Silvio, who as you have heard, remained in those parts to inquire of his sister. He, being the gladdest man in the world, hastened to Constantinople, where coming to his sister he was joyfully received and most lovingly welcomed and entertained of the Duke his brother-in-law. After he had remained there two or three days, the Duke revealed unto Silvio the whole discourse how it happened between his sister and the Lady Julina, and how his sister was challenged for getting a woman with child. Silvio, blushing with these words, was stricken with great remorse to make Julina amends, understanding her to be a noble lady, and was left defamed to the world though his default. He therefore bewrayed the whole circumstance to the Duke, whereof the Duke being very joyful, immediately repaired with Silvio to the house of Julina, whom they found in her chamber in great lamentation and mourning, to whom the Duke said:

"Take courage madam, for behold here a gentleman that will not stick both to father your child and to take you for his wife—no inferior person but the son and heir of a noble duke, worthy of your estate and dignity."

Julina, seeing Silvio in place, did know very well that he was the father of her child, and was so rav-

[1] *flouts* mockeries, jeers, scoffs.

[2] *travail* labour.

[3] *liberality* generosity.

[4] *artificial* skillful.

ished with joy that she knew not whether she were awake or in some dream. Silvio, embracing her in his arms, craving forgiveness of all that passed, concluded with her the marriage day, which was presently[1] accomplished with great joy and contentation to all parties. And thus Silvio, having attained a noble wife, and Silla his sister her desired husband, they passed the residue of their days with such delight as those that have accomplished the perfection of their felicities.

The Conclusion

Gentle reader, now thou hast perused these histories to the end, I doubt not but thou wilt deem of them as they worthily deserve and think such vanities more fitter to be presented on a stage—as some of them have been—than to be published in print—as till now they have never been. But to excuse myself of the folly that here might be imputed unto me, that myself being the first that have put them to the print, should likewise be the first that should condemn them as vain, for mine own excuse herein I answer, that in the writing of them I have used the same manner that many of our young gentlemen useth nowadays in the wearing of their apparel, which is rather to follow a fashion that is new—be it never so foolish—than to be tied to a more decent custom that is clean out of use. Sometimes wearing their hair frizzled so long that makes them look like a water spaniel, sometimes so short like a new shorn sheep; their beards sometimes cut round like a Philip's dollar,[2] sometimes square like the King's Head in Fish Street;[3] sometimes so near the skin that a man might judge by his face the gentleman had had very pilled[4] luck. Their caps and hats sometimes so big as will hold more wit than three of them have in their heads; sometimes so little that it will hold no wit at all. Their ruffs sometimes so huge as shall hang about their necks like a cartwheel; sometimes a little falling-band that makes them look like one of the Queen's silk women.[5] Their cloaks sometimes so long as it shall trip on their heels; sometimes so short as will not hang over their elbows. Their jerkins sometimes with high collars buttoned close under their chin, sometimes with no collars at all about their necks like a wench in a red waistcoat that were washing of a buck;[6] sometimes with long saucy sleeves that will be in every dish before his master, sometimes without sleeves like Scogin's man that used to run of sleeveless errands.[7] Their doublets sometimes faggot-waisted about the navel, sometimes cow-bellied below the flanks that the gentleman must undo a button when he goes to piss.

In their hose so many fashions as I cannot describe, sometimes garragaskins[8] breeched like a bear, sometimes close to the dock[9] like the devil in a play, wanting but a tail, sometimes round like to Saint Thomas' onions,[10] sometimes petite ruffs of two inches long with a close stocking clean above the nock of his tail, sometimes disguising themselves after the use of Spain, sometimes after the Italian manner, and many times they imitate the

[1] *presently* immediately, straightaway.

[2] *Philip's dollar* piece of eight (Spanish coin worth eight reales).

[3] *the King's Head in Fish Street* a London tavern and its sign.

[4] *pilled* beggarly, meagre.

[5] *falling-band* a band or collar worn falling flat around the neck, in fashion during the seventeenth century. Beecher notes that it was a new fashion that came into vogue in the 1580s ("Textual Notes and Commentary," *Barnabe Riche*, pp. 335-36, note 3); *silk woman* one engaged in the manufacture, use, or sale of silk.

[6] *washing of a buck* "a washing tub or vat, buck-washing, thus a woman in a red undergarment carrying out this task" (Beecher, *Barnabe Riche*, p. 316, note).

[7] "The allusion is to *The Jests of Scogin*. Men on important errands wore sleeves in their caps for safe conduct. Without the sleeve, missions were far more difficult to accomplish, and hence the proverbial phrase 'sleeveless errand,' which also denoted a silly, trivial, or unimportant task, such as going to market for some minor purchase, or the kinds of jesting errands Scogin performed" (Beecher, "Textual Notes and Commentary," *Barnabe Riche*, p. 336, note 4).

[8] *garragaskins* gallagaskins: "wide hose or breeches, narrow at the waist, full at the knee" (Beecher, "Textual Notes and Commentary," *Barnabe Riche*, p. 316, note).

[9] *dock* buttocks.

[10] *Saint Thomas' onions* "... large, round breeches resembling the shape of onions, usually referred to as St. Omer's onions" (Beecher, "Textual Notes and Commentary," *Barnabe Riche*, p. 336, note 5).

French fashion so near that all their hair is ready to fall off their heads.[1]

Now I am sure if any of them were asked why he used such variety in his apparel, he would answer, because he would follow the fashion. Let this then suffice likewise for mine excuse, that myself, seeing trifles of no account to be now best in season, and such vanities more desired than matters of better purpose, and the greatest part of our writers still busied with the like, so I have put forth this book because I would follow the fashion.

And now friendly reader, because I have entered thus far to speak of fashions, I will conclude with a tale that maketh something for my purpose. I have read it so long ago that I cannot tell you where—nor the matter is not great though I do not tell you when. But in England, as I think, and, as it should seem, near about London there was sometimes dwelling a gentleman, though not of very great wealth yet of a very honest life and of good report amongst his neighbours, whose name was Master Persinus.[2] This gentleman had a daughter whose name was Mildred, about the age of eighteen years, of a singular beauty, very well trained up by her own mother, who was likewise living and with whom she now remained. It fortuned that a devil of hell called Balthazar, no inferior devil but a master devil, a principal officer and commander in Hell—and trust me, if there were ever a devil that was an honest man, Balthazar was he—saving that being now an ancient devil and well spent in years, he began to wax wanton and to dote in the love of Mistress Mildred, but yet not like our greatest part of lovers nowadays that still practice their loves unlawfully, more for lust than for loyalty. But Balthazar, contrariwise, bore his love honestly, lawfully, yea, and in the way of marriage, the which to bring to pass he took such continual care and travail in his mind that he now confessed the fire of Hell to be but a trifle in respect of the scorching flames of love. Sometimes conjecturing in his mind what bashfulness is found to be in young damsels in these days, but especially when a man comes to proffer them love, they are so shamefast that with a good will they would never hear of marriage till they were thirty years old at the least, and many of them, if it were not for men, I think could be well contented to lead apes in Hell.[3] Otherwhiles he remembered the greedy desire that is generally in parents, who never consent to the marrying of their fair daughters without some great jointure.[4] Now the devil had no lands, and therefore to find the best remedy he could, they say the devil is able to put upon him all manner of shapes. So he took upon him the presence and personage of so gallant a young gentleman as fitted so well the fancy of Mistress Mildred that without any long circumstance she was contented to accept him for her husband, the which being perceived by her father and mother, not minding to contrary their daughter's liking, gave their free consents. There was no more to do but to appoint for their marrying day, the which being once expired, the devil sitting by his best beloved, uttered these words, or such like as followeth:

"My good Mildred, my dear and loving wife, I must confess myself not a little beholding unto you that neither examining my pedigree from whence I came, neither what I am, neither yet how I am able to keep you, would notwithstanding vouchsafe to take me for your husband. I must think your courtesy proceeded of love, and do account myself so much the more beholding to you, and now to give you some trial that you have not made your choice of a rascal or a knave of no reputation, I am contented to give you one demand whatsoever you think best to require of me. And therefore, my dear, ask what you list, your desire shall be satisfied—always provided that

[1] *imitate the French fashion … ready to fall off their heads* Hair loss was a symptom of venereal disease, known in England as the French pox, a disease to which the French were thought particularly prone.

[2] Beecher says that the precise source for this tale is debated, although Riche probably used "Jean Louveau's translation of *Le piacevoli notti* by Straparola" ("Textual Notes and Commentary," *Barnabe Riche*, p. 336, note 7).

[3] *to lead apes in Hell* the proverbial punishment for young virgins who refused to wed.

[4] *jointure* dowry.

hereafter you never trouble me with any further requests."

The young wife, wonderfully well contented with these loving speeches of her courteous husband, desired of him a little pause and respite. And now coming to her mother, to whom she unfolded the whole contents of the premises, sitting them down together to consider of the matter, after a great number of consultations and as many imaginations had between them, in the end they concluded that her request should be for a suit of apparel of a gallant fashion but even then newly come up. And coming to her husband with this demand, they had their wish presently accomplished and this suit of apparel laid by them so well made and fitted as possibly could be desired. Thus all parts were well pleased, they continued in good liking for the space of one month, at which time another new fashion was then come up, as well in the attiring of their heads as also in the making of the gowns, kirtles, and stomachers.[1] Mistress Mildred, being now quite out of a conceit for that she had never a gown to put on her back but of a stale cut and the fashion at the least of a month old, who would blame the gentlewoman though she took it very grievously? Alas, her mind was so far out of quiet that her meat almost did her no manner of good. Which sudden alteration being perceived by her husband, he began to entreat her to show him the cause of her conceived grief, the which when she had revealed, the good honest devil her husband said:

"Well, my dear wife, although when I satisfied your last demand my conditions were that you should never trouble me with any further requests, yet once again to recomfort you, ask of me what you will. I will grant your desire, but to cut you of all hope that hereafter this I will never be troubled again with new fashions, assure yourself that this is the last request that ever I mind to grant you."

Mistress Mildred, giving him twenty kisses for his kindness, went again to her mother with these joyful news, and concluding as before, they brought the devil an inventory of new fashions, beginning with caps, cauls, coifs, ruffs, partlets,[2] sleeves, gowns, kirtles, petticoats, and there was no stitch, no cut, no lace, no guard,[3] nor no fashion that was then in use but in this inventory it was to be found. And as before, this bill was no sooner presented, but all things were in readiness so well fitted and fashioned as if the most cunning workmen in England had been at the making. But what should I say? Before another month was expired, there was a new invention, for then came up new fashions in their caps, in their hats, in their cauls, new fashioned shadows, then came up periwigs, frizzling, and curling,[4] then came up doublets, bombasting and bolstering,[5] new fashions in their gowns, kirtles and petticoats, then they began to wear crimson, carnation, green and yellow stockings; to be short, there was such alteration in women's apparel from the top to the toe in a month that Mistress Mildred thought herself now again to be clean out of fashion, the remembrance whereof brought her likewise to be quite out of countenance.[6] But when she remembered how she was prohibited from making any further demands, it did so gall her at the heart that now she began to frown, lump and lower[7] at her husband, which when he perceived, he said unto her:

"Why how now, my good Mildred, I fear me thy head is troubled again with new fashions from whence cometh these sudden fits. What is the matter that breedeth such alteration in thy manners, tell me I pray thee, what is it that doth offend thee?"

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1 *kirtle* skirt or outer petticoat; *stomacher* an ornamental covering for the chest (often finely embroidered or covered with jewels) worn by women under the lacing of the bodice of a gown.

2 *caul* a netted cap or head-dress usually richly ornamented; *coif* a hat; *partlet* a neckerchief of linen or other fine fabric.

3 *guard* ornamental border or trimming on a garment.

4 *periwig* a fashionable head-dress resembling a highly ornate wig; *frizzling, and curling* methods of dressing the hair.

5 *doublet* a close-fitting body garment (usually a male garment, but writers such as Philip Stubbes decry its adoption by women at the time); *bombasting and bolstering* the padding of clothes, particularly in the area of the bottom.

6 *to be quite out of countenance* completely disconcerted or abashed.

7 *lump and lower* to look sulkily and angrily.

The poor gentlewoman, not able to speak one word for weeping, at the last bursting out into these terms: "If," quoth she, "I had made my choice of a husband worthy of myself, I should never have given him cause thus to wonder at me, nor myself have had occasion to complain for such a trifle, for that I might have done as other women do, and have followed every fashion and every new device without either grudging or restraint of my desire. I should not then have been enjoined to such a kind of silence, but I might have made my husband privy to my wants. I should not then have been kept like Joan of the country in attire of the old fashion devised a month ago."

While Mistress Mildred was proceeding in these speeches or such other like, the devil her husband was struck in such a dump that, not able any longer to endure her talk, he not only avoided himself from her presence, but also devised with speed to fly the country. And coming to Dover, thinking to cross the seas, finding no shipping ready he altered his course and got him into Scotland, never staying till he came to Edinburgh where the King kept his court, and now forgetting all humanity which he had learned before in England he began again afresh to play the devil, and so possessed the King of Scots himself with such strange and unacquainted passions that by the conjecture of physicians and other learned men that were then assembled together to judge the King's diseases, they all concluded that it must needs be some fiend of Hell that so disturbed their prince,[1] whereupon proclamations were presently sent forth that whosoever could give him relief should have a thousand crowns by the year so long as he did live. The desire of these crowns caused many to attempt the matter, but the fury of the devil was such that no man could prevail.

Now it fortuned that Persinus, the father of Mistress Mildred, at this present to be at Edinburgh, who by constraint of some extremity was now compelled to practice physic wherein he had some pretty sight,[2] but therewithal so good success that who but Persinus the English physician had all the name through the whole realm of Scotland. The fame of this physician came to the hearing of the King, who, sending for Persinus, began to debate with him of the strangeness of his fits, proffering large sums of money if he could find a remedy, to whom Persinus answered that it passed far his skill. The King notwithstanding would not give over, but entreated Persinus to take in hand the cure, which when he still denied, did think it rather proceeded of stubbornness than for want of experience, wherefore he began to threaten him, swearing that if he would not accomplish his request it should cost him his life.

Persinus, seeing himself so hardly bestead,[3] was contented to try some part of his cunning; and the next day when the King was in his fit, he was brought in to see the manner how it held him, whom the devil perceiving to come in at the door, speaking to Persinus he said in this manner:

"My father Persinus, I am glad I see you here, but what wind hath driven you hither to this place?"

"Why what art thou," quoth Persinus, "that callest me thy father?"

"Marry," quoth the devil, "I am Balthazar that was once married to your daughter, indeed a devil of hell, though you never knew it before, whom your daughter wearied so much with her new fashions as I had rather be in hell, than married to such a wife."

"And art thou then Balthazar?" quoth Persinus. "Why then I pray thee, good son, depart the King of Scots, for he hath threatened me for thy cause to take away my life."

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[1] As Beecher notes, "The joke at the expense of King James of Scotland would have been appreciated by most of the English before the death of Elizabeth in 1603, especially because James himself had a scholar's interest in witchcraft and demon possession. Circumstances altered when he became James I of England, and took umbrage at any slurs, even the most playful and innocent, that were directed against the Scots. This section had to be reworked for the edition of 1606, quite probably by Riche himself" ("Textual Notes and Commentary," *Barnabe Riche*, p. 336, note 9). See Beecher's introduction, p. 110.

[2] *pretty sight* understanding or insight.

[3] *so hardly bestead* so keenly pressed.

"Marry," quoth Balthazar, "even so I would have it, it were some part of acquittance for your daughter's kindness towards me."

Persinus, seeing the disposition of the devil, thought it not good to deal any further with him at that present, but afterward when the King was come to himself, he requested of him but respite for one month, and against the day that he should then take him in hand again, he devised with the King that all the ordinance in the town might be shot off, all the bells in the town might be rung, and that all the trumpets, drums, and all manner of other instruments might altogether sound about the court and lodging of the King.

These things being accordingly prepared and the day come that was assigned, Persinus being with the King at the beginning of his fit, according as it was appointed the ordinance was shot off, the bells began to ring, musicians played on every side, at which sudden noise the devil began to wonder, and calling to Persinus he said:

"Why, how now father, what meaneth all this noise?"

"Why," quoth Persinus, "dost thou not know the meaning? Then I perceive devils do not know all. But because thou must be acquainted with it, I will tell thee aforehand. The last time I talked with thee thou toldest me thou hadst married my daughter, and thy tokens were so true that I am sure thou didst not lie, for which cause knowing where thy biding[1] is, I have sent for her to the town, and this noise that thou hearest is her welcome to the court."

"And is my wife then come hither to seek me out?" quoth the devil. "Then I shall be sure to be troubled with new fashions; nay, then, farewell Scotland, for I had rather go to Hell," and thus leaving the King he departed his way.

Now to conclude, if a silly woman were able to weary the devil that troubled him with new fashions but once in a month, I think God himself will be wearied with the outrages of men that are busied with new fangles at the least once in a day; I can no more, but wish that gentlemen leaving such superficial follies would rather endeavour themselves in other exercises that might be much more beneficial to their country and a great deal better to their own reputation, and thus an end.

—1581

[1] *biding* dwelling, residence.

Raphael Holinshed
c. 1525-?1580

Holinshed's *Chronicles of England, Scotland, and Ireland* is best known as the chief source for Shakespeare's history plays. Despite the work's fame, the details of Raphael Holinshed's life are somewhat unclear, in part because of the large number of Ralphs and Raphaels in various branches of the family. However, he is thought to have been the son of Ralph Holinshed of Cophurst, Cheshire, to have been in residence at Christ's College, Cambridge in 1544-45, and perhaps to have been ordained.

By the 1560s Holinshed was working as a translator in the print shop of Reginald (Reyner) Wolfe, printer to the Queen, where he began work on the monumental history that eventually bore his name. Wolfe initiated the project in 1548 when, under the patronage of Archbishop Thomas Cranmer, he designed a universal history and cosmography complete with maps and illustrations and began the process of acquiring the documents and records needed to fulfill it.

Identifying Raphael Holinshed as the "author" of the *Chronicles* is perhaps a bit misleading, though, given that the work was the product of a complex and long-term collaboration among a number of scholars and printers. Following Wolfe's death in 1573, Holinshed continued the project under the direction of a syndicate of publishers comprised of George Bishop, John Harrison, and Lucas Harrison. These scholars reduced the scope of the work to histories and descriptions of England, Scotland, and Ireland from the time of inhabitation to 1576. As well, William Harrison (see pp. 527-36) and Richard Stanyhurst aided in its compilation and writing, although it was published under Holinshed's name. Henry Bynneman's 1577 printing of the *Chronicles* sold well enough by 1583 for a revised edition to be undertaken, although not by Holinshed. The expanded publishing syndicate of George Bishop, Lucas Harrison, Ralph Newbery, Henry Denham, and Thomas Woodcocke directed a larger team of writers and compilers, made up of John Hooker, William Harrison, Francis Thynne, John Stow, and Abraham Fleming, who also acted as editor.[1]

Both editions of the work underwent censorship, although in the case of the 1577 edition the changes required were limited to a few passages in the section on Ireland. Scrutiny of the 1587 edition was more stringent, however, possibly because it contained more contemporary, and thus more immediately politically sensitive material. The first review of the work took place immediately after its completion, in February 1587, while the second occurred at the end of 1590. Collectively, the result was abridgement of a number of passages.[2] The "castrations" from the 1590 censorship are more visible because not all copies were brought in when they were recalled.[3]

In his preface to the 1577 edition, Holinshed indicates that one of his objectives is to show diversity of opinion, a goal expressed through the methodology of both editions; both use, for example, a vast array of sources from both traditional and more recent humanist scholarship. In the earlier sections of the "Historie of England" traditional materials such as Geoffrey of Monmouth's *History of the Kings of Britain* (c. 1136) that address pre-Roman Britain were combined with most of the relevant classical writings. For more contemporary events, the compilers favoured eyewitness testimony, verbatim reporting, anecdotes, and multiple accounts of the same events. In the process of revising the 1577 edition, the compilers not only extended the earlier accounts of the history of England and Scotland where Harrison and Stanyhurst left off, but also supplemented and reworked them.[4] For example, Abraham Fleming added to the earlier periods documents and details of economic history and the prehistory of the Reformation. As well, the illustrations from the first edition were removed, likely for the dual purposes of economy and ease of printing.[5]

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[1] See E.S. Donno, "Some Aspects of Shakespeare's Holinshed," *Huntington Library Quarterly* 50 (1987): pp. 229-31, and A. Patterson, *Reading Holinshed's Chronicles* (Chicago, 1994), pp. 8-9.

[2] Donno, "Some Aspects of Shakespeare's Holinshed," p. 231.

[3] Ibid., p. 233.

[4] Patterson, *Reading Holinshed's Chronicles*, p. 56.

[5] Ibid., p. 57.

In its approach to historiography, the *Chronicles* maintains contact with the chronicle tradition, but also shows signs of a developing concern with causation and critical evaluation of sources. The English chronicles had tended to develop by accretion, with an emphasis on quantity of information over critical selection on the basis of relevance.[1] This pattern developed because events were reported in the order in which they occurred, because events of the past were viewed as models for the present, and because the chronicles functioned not only as accounts of the past, but also as a means of preserving documents. Thus, two or three inconsistent accounts of an event were likely all to be recorded in a single history for purposes of preservation and in case a moral lesson invisible to the historian might be apparent to another reader.[2] The work of Polydore Vergil (?1477-?1555), an Italian who spent more than half a century in England, marked a shift from this practice. In his *Anglicae Historiae* (1534-55) he began to look for patterns in the mass of materials available to him and examine the issue of causation, albeit returning frequently to the idea of the direct intervention of divine providence in human affairs.[3] He also began comparison of multiple sources in an effort to determine their accuracy, a process influenced by the developing humanist scholarship.[4] Like the medieval chronicles, Holinshed's *Chronicles* contained a vast number of sources without elaboration of a method for deciding which had priority.[5] It also emphasized the idea of providential control of human history, in which history is read as a record of the execution of God's justice and/or as a working-out of divine will toward a foreordained, if not fully clear, end. It differs from tradition, however, in its fuller and more consistent working-out of the providential argument.[6]

Critics reading the *Chronicles* as an example of a national history have interpreted these characteristics broadly in two ways. The providential thrust of the text has been seen as simply an accretion of moral exempla and as an extended, univocal legitimation of the Tudor dynasty as an expression of England's status as God's chosen land, with English Protestants as God's chosen people.[7] At the same time, however, the proliferation of material has been understood to express a conception of a multivocal, diverse nation, and to be designed to produce critical readers and citizens.[8] Thus, the presentation of parallel histories and of multiple versions of incidents grants readers significant control over interpretation. In this way the reader is permitted to act as a kind of censor, a process that invokes the kind of political control over the past exercised by those in power in the present.[9] The strategy, begun by Holinshed and continued by Fleming, of adding marginalia to mark or comment on sources also helps to construct a sense of debate or discussion within the textual space of the work.

The selections here exemplify the range of the *Chronicles*. The account of Brute reflects a sense of Britain's mythical past and its connection to the power of the Roman Empire, an association fundamental to the ideology of the Tudor dynasty. However, its parenthetical comments identifying sources indicate that this history exists in more than one voice. The account of the 1554 trial of Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, one of a group of eight members of the gentry charged with conspiring with Sir Thomas Wyatt the Younger to seize the Tower of London and overthrow Mary Tudor, takes a strikingly different form. A more contemporary event, its transcription is unique among accounts of trials in the *Chronicles* for its full representation of both prosecution and defence. Its dialogic character is heightened by the use of conventions of dramatic form, including speech prefixes and occasional stage directions.[10] The result is an unusual

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1 F.J. Levy, *Tudor Historical Thought* (San Marino, CA, 1967), p. 167.

2 Ibid., p. 169.

3 Ibid., p. 171.

4 Ibid., p. 172.

5 Ibid., p. 184.

6 R.M. Benbow, "The Providential Theory of Historical Causation in Holinshed's *Chronicles*: 1577 and 1587," *Texas Studies in Language and Literature* 1 (1959): p. 265.

7 Ibid., p. 269.

8 Patterson, *Reading Holinshed's Chronicles*, pp. 6-8.

9 S.A. Kelen, "'It is Dangerous (Gentle Reader)': Censorship, Holinshed's *Chronicle*, and the Politics of Control," *Sixteenth Century Journal* 27 (1996): pp. 710-12.

10 Patterson, *Reading Holinshed's Chronicles*, p. 154.

freedom of expression and positioning of readers as members of the jury who may balance the testimony and reach their own conclusions.

EDITION: *Holinshed's Chronicles: England, Scotland, and Ireland.* London: C. Stowe for J. Johnson et al., 1807. Vol. I, pp. 3-4, 437-44; Vol. IV, pp. 31-44.

from *Chronicles: England, Scotland, and Ireland*

To the Readers Studious in Histories

The order observed in the description of Britain, by reason of the necessary division thereof into books and chapters growing out of a variety of matters therein contained, seemed (in my judgement) so convenient a course devised by the writer, as I was easily induced thereby to digest the history of England immediately following into the like method, so that as in the one, so likewise in the other, by summary contents foregoing every chapter, as also by certain material titles added to the head of every page of the said history, it is a thing of no difficulty to comprehend what is discoursed and discussed in the same.[1]

Wherein (sith[2] histories are said to be the registers of memory and the monuments of verity) all lovers of knowledge, specially historical, are advisedly to mark (among other points) the several and successive alterations of regiments[3] in this land, whereof it was my meaning to have made an abstract, but that the same is sufficiently handled in the first book and fourth chapter of the description of Britain; whereto if the seventh chapter of the same book be also annexed, there is little or no defect at all in that case whereof justly to make complaint.

Wherefore by remitting the readers to those, I reap this advantage, namely a discharge of forethought and purposed labour, which as to reduce into some plausible form was a work both of time, pain and study, so seeming unlikely to be comprised in few words (being a matter of necessary and important observation) occasion of tediousness is to and fro avoided, specially to the reader, who is further to be advertised, that the computations of years here and there expressed, according to the indirect direction of the copies whence they were derived and drawn, is not so absolute (in some men's opinion) as it might have been, howbeit justifiable by their originals.

Wherein hereafter (God prolonging peace in the Church and commonwealth that the use of books may not be abridged) such diligent care shall be had, that in whatsoever the help of books will do good, or conference with antiquaries avail, there shall want no will to use one and the other. And yet it is not a work for every common capacity, nay it is a toil without head or tail even for extraordinary wits, to correct the accounts of former ages so many hundred years received, out of uncertainties to raise certainties, and to reconcile writers dissenting in opinion and report. But as this is unpossible, so is no more to be looked for than may be performed; and further to inquire as it is against reason, so to undertake more than may commendably be achieved, were foul folly.

ABRAHAM FLEMING

[...]

[1] For the sake of brevity, these summaries have been omitted for chapters 3 and 4, below.

[2] *sith* since.

[3] *regiments* reign.

Of Brute and His Descent, How He Slew His Father in Hunting, His Banishment, His Letter to King Pandrasus, against Whom He Wageth Battle, Taketh Him Prisoner, and Concludeth Peace upon Conditions.

The First Chapter

Hitherto have we spoken of the inhabitants of this isle before the coming of Brute,[1] although some will needs have it, that he was the first which inhabited the same with his people descended of the Trojans, some few giants only excepted whom he utterly destroyed, and left not one of them alive through the whole isle. But as we shall not doubt of Brute's coming hither, so may we assuredly think, that he found the isle peopled either with the generation of those which Albion the giant had placed here, or some other kind of people whom he did subdue, and so reigned as well over them as over those which he brought with him.

This Brutus, or Brytus [for this letter (Y) hath of ancient time had the sounds both of V and I] (as the author of the book which Geoffrey of Monmouth[2] translated doth affirm) was the son of Silvius, the son of Ascanius, the son of Aeneas the Trojan, begotten of his wife Creusa, and born in Troy,[3] before the city was destroyed. But as other do take it, the author of that book (whatsoever he was) and such other as follow him, are deceived only in this point, mistaking the matter, that in Posthumus the son of Aeneas (begotten of his wife Lavinia, and born after his father's decease in Italy) was called Ascanius, who had issue a son named Julius, who (as these other do conjecture) was the father of Brute, that noble chieftain and adventurous leader of those people, which being descended (for the more part in the fourth generation) from those Trojans that escaped with life, when that royal city was destroyed by the Greeks, got possession of this worthy and most famous isle.

[...]

The Third Chapter.

But to our matter concerning Brute, who after he had obtained so famous a victory, albeit there was good cause for him to rejoice, yet it sore troubled him to consider that his numbers daily decayed, and his enemies still increased, and grew stronger. Whereupon resting doubtful what to do, whether to proceed against the Gauls,[4] or return to his ships to seek the isle that was appointed him by oracle, at length he chose the surest and best way, as he took it, and as it proved. For whilest the greater part of his army was yet left alive, and that the victory remained on his side, he drew to his navy, and lading his ships with exceeding great store of riches which his people had got abroad in the country, he took the seas again. After a few days sailing they landed at the haven now called Totnesse,[5] the year of the world 2850, after the destruction of Troy 66, after the deliverance of the Israelites from the captivity of Babylon 397, almost ended, in the 18 year of the reign of Tineas king of Babylon, 13 of Melanthus king of Athens, before the building of Rome 368, which was before the nativity of our Saviour Christ 1116,

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[1] *Brute* Brutus, legendary founder of Britain, accidentally killed his father, Silvius, while hunting, in fulfilment of a prophecy. The goddess Diana told the exiled Brutus of an island that awaited him and his followers. Brutus landed on the island, which was inhabited only by a band of giants and called Albion. He renamed the island after himself and his companions "Britons" (from *Brut-ans*) (*Spenser Encycl.*).

[2] *Geoffrey of Monmouth* author of the *Historia Regum Britannia* (History of the Kings of Britain), c. 1139, the first coherent account of the origins of the nation (*Spenser Encycl.*).

[3] *Troy* Aeneas escaped from the ruins of Troy to found a "second Troy" in Italy. This became the Roman Empire. Aeneas had two wives, Creusa, the mother of Ascanius and great grandmother of Brutus, a daughter of Priam who did not survive the fall of Troy, and Lavinia, daughter of Latinus, king of Latium (Italy) (*OCD*).

[4] *Gauls* inhabitants of a territory bounded by the Alps, Rhine, Atlantic ocean, Pyrenees, and Mediterranean, which later becomes France (*OCD*).

[5] *Totnesse* Totnes, meaning "the fort or lookout on the nose or ridge of land," is a town in Devon, near Torbay.

almost ended, and before the reign of Alexander[1] the Great 783.

[...]

The Fourth Chapter.

When Brute had entered this land, immediately after his arrival (as writers do record) he searched the country from side to side, and from end to end, finding it in most places very fertile and plenteous of wood and grass, and full of pleasant springs and fair rivers. As he thus travelled to discover the state and commodities of the island, he was encountered by diverse strong and mighty giants, whom he destroyed and slew, or rather subdued, with all such other people as he found in the island, which were more in number than by report of some authors it should appear there were. Among these giants (as Geoffrey of Monmouth writeth) there was one of passing strength and great estimation, named Gogmagog, with whom Brute caused Corineus[2] to wrestle at a place beside Dover, where it chanced that the giant broke a rib in the side of Corineus while they strove to clasp, and the one to overthrow the other. Wherewith Corineus being sore chaffed[3] and stirred to wrath, did so double his force that he got the upper hand of the giant, and cast him down headlong from one of the rocks there, not far from Dover,[4] and so dispatched him, by reason whereof the place was named long after, The fall or leap of Gogmagog, but afterward it was called The fall of Dover. For this valiant deed, and other the like services first and last achieved, Brute gave unto Corineus the whole country of Cornwall. To be brief, after that Brute had destroyed such as stood against him, and brought such people under his subjection as he found in the isle, and searched the land from the one end to the other, he was desirous to build a city, that the same might be the seat royal of his empire or kingdom. Whereupon he chose a plot of ground lying on the north side of the river of Thames, which by good consideration seemed to be most pleasant and convenient for any great multitude of inhabitants, as well for wholesomeness of air, goodness of soil, plenty of woods, and commodity of the river, serving as well to bring in as to carry out all kinds of merchandise and things necessary for the gain, store, and use of them that there should inhabit.

Here therefore he began to build and lay the foundation of a city, in the tenth or (as other think) in the second year after his arrival, which he named (saith Gal. Mon.[5]) Troynovaunt,[6] or (as Hum. Llhoyd saith) Troynewith, that is, New Troy, in remembrance of that noble city of Troy from whence he and his people were for the greater part descended.

When Brutus had builded this city, and brought the island fully under his subjection, he by the advice of his nobles commanded this isle (which before hight Albion) to be called Britain, and the inhabitants Britons after his name, for a perpetual memory that he was the first bringer of them into the land. In this mean while also he had by his wife 3 sons, the first named Locrinus or Locrine, the second Cambris or Camber, and the third Albanactus or Albanact. Now when the time of his death drew near, to the first he betook the government of that part of the land now known by the name of England, so that the same was long after called Loegria, or Logiers, of the said Locrinus. To the second he appointed the country of Wales, which of him was first named Cambria, divided from Loegria by the river of Severn.[7] To

[1] *Alexander* 356-323 BCE, king of Macedonia and son of Philip II, famous for his imperial conquest of Greece and Asia Minor (*OCD*).

[2] *Corineus* Trojan who wrestled and defeated Gogmagog. The two figures were represented in pageants to welcome Mary I (1554) and Elizabeth I (1559) (*Spenser Encycl.*).

[3] *chaffed* angered, vexed.

[4] *Dover* significant to the original name of Britain (Albion) because "alba" means "white" and Dover, on the SE coast, is noted for its white chalk cliffs (*Spenser Encycl.*).

[5] *Gal. Mon.* Galfridus Monemutensis: Geoffrey of Monmouth.

[6] *Troynovaunt* city founded by Brute ("New Troy"), later rebuilt by British King Lud, from whom London gets its name (*Spenser Encycl.*).

[7] *Severn* river that runs up through the western counties of England near Wales.

his third son Albanact, he delivered all the north part of the isle, afterward called Albania, after the name of the said Albanact: which portion of the said isle lieth beyond the Humber[1] northward. Thus when Brutus had divided the isle of Britain (as before is mentioned) into 3 parts, and had governed the same by the space of 15 years, he died in the 24 year after his arrival (as Harrison[2] noteth) and was buried at Troynovaunt or London, although the place of his said burial there be now grown out of memory.

Mary the Eldest Daughter of King Henry the Eighth. Successor to Edward the Sixth.

The Order of Arraignment of Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, Knight, in the Guildhall of London, the Seventeenth Day of April 1554.

Expressed in a Dialogue for the Better Understanding of Every Man's Part.

The names of the commissioners[3]

Sir Thomas White, knight, Lord Mayor of London; the Earl of Shrewesbury; the Earl of Derby; Sir Thomas Bromley, knight, Lord Chief Justice of England; Sir Nicholas Hare, knight, Master of the Rolls; Sir Edward Englefield, knight, Master of the Court of Wards and Liberties; Sir Richard Southwell, knight, one of the Privy Council; Sir Edward Walgrave, knight, one of the Privy Council; Sir Roger Cholmley, knight; Sir William Portman, knight, one of the justices of the King's Bench; Sir Edward Sanders, knight, one of the justices of the Common Pleas; Master Stanford and Master Dyer, sergeants; Master Edward Griffin, attorney general; Master Sendall and Peter Tichbourne, clerks of the Crown. First, after proclamation made, and the commission read, the Lieutenant of the Tower, Master Thomas Bridges, brought the prisoner to the bar. Then silence was commanded, and Sendall said to the prisoner as followeth.

The Queen's Learned Counsel Gave Evidence against the Prisoner.

SENDALL: Nicholas Throckmorton, knight, hold up thy hand, thou art before this time indicted of high treason, etc., that thou then and there didst falsely and traitorously, etc., conspire and imagine the death of the Queen's Majesty, etc., and falsely and traitorously didst levy war against the Queen within her realm, etc., and also thou wast adherent to the Queen's enemies within her realm, giving to them aid and comfort, etc., and also falsely and traitorously didst conspire and intend to depose and deprive the Queen of her royal estate, and so finally destroy her, etc., and also thou didst falsely and traitorously devise and conclude to take violently the Tower of London, etc. Of all which treasons and every of them in manner and form etc., art thou guilty or not guilty?

THROCKMORTON: May it please you my lords and masters, which be authorised by the Queen's commission to be judges this day, to give me leave to speak a few words, which doth both concern you and me, before I answer to the indictment, and not altogether impertinent to the matter, and then plead to the indictment.

BROMLEY: No, the order is not so, you must first plead whether you be guilty or no.

THROCKMORTON: If that be your order and law, judge accordingly to it.

HARE: You must first answer to the matter wherewith you are charged, and then you may talk at your pleasure.

THROCKMORTON: But things spoken out of place, were as good not spoken.

BROMLEY: These be but delays to spend time, therefore answer as the law willeth you.

THROCKMORTON: My lords I pray you make not too much haste with me, neither think not long for your dinner, for my case requireth leisure, and you have well dined when you have done justice truly.

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[1] *Humber* river that runs into the northern counties from the North Sea, just south of Scotland.

[2] *Harrison* author of the *Description of Britain*, a chief source for the English section of the *Chronicles*. See below, pp. 527-36.

[3] Italics indicate comments or references that appear in the margins of the original text.

Christ said, Blessed are they that hunger and thirst for righteousness.[1]

BROMLEY: I can forbear my dinner as well as you, and care as little as you peradventure.[2]

SHREWSBURY: Come you hither to check us Throckmorton? We will not be so used, no no. I for mine own part have forborne my breakfast, dinner, and supper to serve the Queen.

THROCKMORTON: Yea my good lord I know it right well, I meant not to touch your lordship, for your service and pains is evidently known to all men.

SOUTHWELL: Master Throckmorton, this talk needeth not, we know what we have to do, and you would teach us our duties, you hurt your matter. Go to, go to.

THROCKMORTON: Master Southwell, you mistake me, I meant not to teach you, nor none of you, but to remember you of that I trust you all be well instructed in; and so I satisfy myself, sith I shall not speak, thinking you all know what you have to do, or ought to know. So I will answer to the indictment, and do plead not guilty to the whole and to every part thereof.

SENDALL: How wilt thou be tried?

THROCKMORTON: Shall I be tried as I would, or as I should?

BROMLEY: You shall be tried as the law will, and therefore you must say by God and by the country.[3]

THROCKMORTON: Is that your law for me? It is not as I would, but sith you will have it so, I am pleased with it, and do desire to be tried by faithful just men, which more fear God than the world.

The names of the jurors

Lucar	Low
Young	Whetston
Martin	Painter
Beswick	Banks
Barscarfield	Calthrop
Beswick	Banks
Kightley	Cater

What time the Attorney went forthwith to Master Cholmley, and showed him the Sheriff's return, who being acquainted with the citizens, knowing the corruptions and dexterities[4] of them in such cases, noted certain to be challenged for the Queen (a rare case) and the same men being known to be sufficient and indifferent,[5] that no exceptions were to be taken to them, but only for their upright honesties. Nothwithstanding, the Attorney prompting the Sergeant Dyer, the said Sergeant challenged one Bacon, and another citizen peremptorily for the Queen. Then the prisoner demanded the cause of the challenge? The Sergeant answered, "We need not to show you the cause of the challenge for the Queen." Then the inquest was furnished with other honest men, that is to say, Whetston and Lucar. [...]

(The jury then was sworn, and proclamation made, that whosoever would give evidence against Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, knight, should come in and be heard, for the prisoner stood upon his deliverance, whereupon Sergeant Stanford presented himself[6] to speak) [...][7]

THROCKMORTON: But what doth the principal author of this matter say against me, I mean the Lord Thomas Grey[8] who is yet living? Why be not his depositions brought against me, for so it ought to be, if he can say anything? Will you know the truth? Neither the Lord Thomas Grey hath said, can say, or will say anything against me, notwithstanding the Duke his brother's confession and accusation, who hath affirmed many other things

[1] *Blessed are they …righteousness* one of the Beatitudes found in Matthew 5:6.

[2] *peradventure* by chance or accident, perchance.

[3] *by God … country* the formulaic response to Sendall's question, which Throckmorton challenges.

[4] *dexterities* adroitness, skills, talents.

[5] *indifferent* unbiased, neutral.

[6] *himself* i.e., Throckmorton.

[7] Throckmorton was charged with treason for his alleged plotting of a rebellion against Mary, which was led by Sir Thomas Wyatt. Evidence for these charges follows.

[8] *Thomas Grey* brother of Henry Grey, duke of Suffolk, and father of Lady Jane Grey.

besides the truth. I speak not without certain knowledge, for the Lord Thomas Grey, being my prison-fellow for a small time, informed me, that the Duke his brother had misreported him in many things, amongst others in matters touching me, which he had declared to you, Master Southwell, and other the examiners not long ago. I am sure if the Lord Thomas could, or would have said anything, it should have been here now. And as to the Duke's confession, it is not material, for he doth refer the matter to the Lord Thomas' report, who hath made my purgation.[1]

THE ATTORNEY: And it please you my lords and you my masters of the jury, besides these matters touching Wyatt's rebellion, Sir Peter Carew's treasons and confederating with the Duke of Suffolk, and besides the prisoner's conspiracy with the Earl of Devonshire, with Crofts, Rogers, Warner, and sundry others in sundry places, it shall manifestly appear unto you, that Throckmorton did conspire the Queen's Majesty's death, with William Thomas, Sir Nicholas Arnold, and other traitors intending the same, which is the greatest matter of all others, and most to be abhorred. And for proof hereof, you shall hear what Arnold saith.

Then was Sir Nicholas Arnold's confession read, saying that Throckmorton showed to him riding betwixt Highnam and Crossland in Gloucestershire, that John Fitzwilliams[2] was very much displeased with William Thomas.

ATTORNEY William Thomas devised, that John Fitzwilliams should kill the Queen, and Throckmorton knew of it, as appeareth by Arnold's confession.

[...]

STANFORD: Me think the matters confessed by others against you, together with your own confession, will weigh shrewdly.[3] But how say you to the rising in Kent,[4] and to Wyatt's attempt against the Queen's royal person at her palace?

BROMLEY: Why do you not read Wyatt's accusation to him, which doth make him partner to his treasons?

SOUTHWELL: Wyatt hath grievously accused you, and in many things that others have confirmed.

THROCKMORTON: Whatsoever Wyatt hath said of me in hope of his life he unsaid it at his death. For since I came into this hall, I heard one say (but I know him not) that Wyatt upon the scaffold did not only purge my Lady Elizabeth her Grace, and the Earl of Devonshire, but also all the gentlemen in the Tower, saying they were all ignorant of the stir and commotion. In which number I take myself.

HARE: Norwithstanding he said, all that he had written and confessed to the Council, was true.

SOUTHWELL: It appeareth that you have had good intelligence.

THROCKMORTON: Almighty God provided that revelation for me this day since I came hither, for I have been in close prison these eight and fifty days, where I heard nothing but what the birds told me, which did fly over my head. And now to you of my jury I speak specially, whom I desire to mark attentively what shall be said. I have been indicted, as it appeareth, and now am arraigned of compassing the Queen's Majesty's death, of levying war against the Queen, of taking the Tower of London, of deposing and depriving the Queen of her royal estate, and finally to destroy her, and of adherence to the Queen's enemies. Of all which treasons, to prove me guilty, the Queen's learned council hath given in evidence these points material; that is to say, for the compassing or imagining the Queen's death, and the destruction of her royal person, Sir Nicholas Arnold's depositions, which is that I should say to the said Sir Nicholas in Gloucestershire that Master John Fitzwilliams was angry with William Thomas.

Whereunto I have answered, as you have heard, both denying the matter, and for the proof on my

[1] *purgation* action of clearing oneself from the accusation or suspicion of crime or guilt.

[2] *Sir Peter ... John Fitzwilliams* figures implicated in the various uprisings that made up the rebellion.

[3] *shrewdly* sharply, severely.

[4] *rising in Kent* key uprising led by Sir Thomas Wyatt the younger.

side, do take exceptions, because there is no witness but one. And nevertheless, though it were granted, the depositions prove nothing concerning the Queen's death. For levying of war against the Queen, there is alleged my conference with Sir Thomas Wyatt, Sir James Crofts, Sir Edward Rogers, Sir Edward Warner against the marriage with Spain,[1] and the coming of the Spaniards hither, which talk I do not deny in sort as I spake it, and meant it, and notwithstanding the malicious gathering this day of my conference, proveth yet no levying of war. There is also alleged for proof of the same article, Sir James Croft's confession, which (as you remember) implieth no such thing, but general talk against the marriage with Spain. And of my departing westward with the Earl of Devon, which the said James doth not avow, and therefore I pray you consider it as not spoken. There is also for proof of the said article, the Duke of Suffolk's confession, with whom I never had conference and therefore he avouched[2] the tale of his brother's mouth, who hath made my purgation in those matters; and yet if the matter were proved, they be not greatly material in law. There is also alleged for the further proof of the same article, and for deposing and depriving the Queen of her royal estate, and for my adhering to the Queen's enemies, Cuthbert Vaughan's[3] confession, whose testimony I have sufficiently disproved by sundry authorities and circumstances, and principally by your own law, which doth require two lawful and sufficient witnesses to be brought face to face. Also for the taking of the Tower of London, there is alleged Winter's[4] depositions, which uttereth my misliking, when he uttered unto me Sir Thomas Wyatt's resolution and device for attempting of the said piece. And last of all, to enforce these matters, mine own confession is ingrieved[5] against me, wherein there doth appear neither treason, neither concealment of treason, neither whispering of treason, nor procurement of treason.

And forsomuch as I am come hither to be tried by the law, though my innocency of all these points material objected, be apparent to acquit me, whereto I do principally cleave,[6] yet I will for your better credit and satisfactions show you evidently, that if you would believe all the depositions laid against me, which I trust you will not do, I ought not to be attainted[7] of the treason comprised within my indictment, considering the statute of repeal the last Parliament, of all treasons, other than such as be declared in the five and twentieth year of King Edward the Third,[8] both which statutes, I pray you my lords, may be read here to the inquest.

BROMLEY: No sir, there shall be no books brought at your desire, we do all know the law sufficiently without book.

THROCKMORTON: Do you bring me hither to try me by the law, and will not show me the law? What is your knowledge of the law to these men's satisfactions, which have my trial in hand? I pray you my lords, and my lords all, let the statutes be read, as well for the Queen as for me.

STANFORD: My Lord Chief Justice can show the law, and will, if the jury do doubt of any point.

THROCKMORTON: You know it were indifferent that I should know and hear the law whereby I am adjudged, and forasmuch as the statute is in English, men of meaner learning than the justices can understand it, or else how should we know when we offend?

HARE: You know not what belongeth to your case, and therefore we must teach you. It appertaineth[9] not to us to provide books for you, neither sit we

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1 *marriage with Spain* Mary I's unpopular marriage to Philip II of Spain, which was the impetus for the rebellion because of fears that it would bring England under Spanish domination.

2 *avouched* guaranteed, confirmed.

3 *Cuthbert Vaughan* one of Wyatt's lieutenants, who testified for Throckmorton's participation in the rebellion (*DNB*).

4 *Winter* one of four rebels never brought to trial.

5 *ingrieved* represented as grievous.

6 *cleave* stick fast, adhere.

7 *attainted* condemned.

8 *Edward the Third* ruled 1327-77 and established grounds for treason (in 1352) still in force under Mary I (Patterson, *Reading Holinshed's Chronicles*, pp. 165-66).

9 *appertaineth* be proper, appropriate to.

here to be taught of you, you should have taken better heed to the law before you had come hither.

THROCKMORTON: Because I am ignorant, I would learn, and therefore I have more need to see the law, and partly as well for the instructions to the jury, as for my own satisfaction, which me think were for the honour of this presence. And now if it please you my Lord Chief Justice, I do direct my speech specially to you. What time it pleased the Queen's Majesty, to call you to this honourable office, I did learn of a great personage of Her Highness' Privy Council, that amongst other good instructions, her Majesty charged and enjoined you to minister the law and justice indifferently without respect of persons.[1] And notwithstanding the old error amongst you, which did not admit any witness to speak or any other matter to be heard in the favour of the adversary, her Majesty being party, her Highness' pleasure was, that whatsoever could be brought in the favour of the subject, should be admitted to be heard. And moreover, that you specially, and likewise all other justices, should not persuade themselves to sin in judgement otherwise for her Highness, than for her subject. Therefore, this manner of indifferent proceeding being principally enjoined by God's commandment, which I had thought partly to have remembered you and others here in commission, in the beginning, if I might have had leave, and the same also being commanded you by the Queen's own mouth, me think you ought of right to suffer me to have the statutes read openly, and also to reject nothing that could be spoken in my defence; and in thus doing, you shall show yourselves worthy ministers, and fit for so worthy a mistress.

BROMLEY: You mistake the matter, the Queen spake those words to Master Morgan, chief justice of the Common Pleas, but you have no cause to complain, for you have been suffered to talk at your pleasure.

HARE: What would you do with the statute book? The jury doth not require it, they have heard the evidence, and they must upon their conscience try whether you be guilty or no, so as the book needeth not; if they will not credit the evidence so apparent, then they know not what they have to do.

CHOLMLEY: You ought not to have any books read here at your appointment, for where doth arise any doubt in the law, the judges sit here to inform the court, and now you do but spend time.

THE ATTORNEY: I pray you, my Lord Chief Justice, repeat the evidence for the Queen, and give the jury their charge, for the prisoner will keep you here all day.

BROMLEY: How say you? Have you any more to say for yourself?

THROCKMORTON: You seem to give and offer me the law, but in very deed I have only the form and image of the law; nevertheless, sith I cannot be suffered to have the statutes read openly in the book, I will by your patience guess at them as I may, and I pray you to help me if I mistake, for it is long since I did see them.

[...]

BROMLEY: Notwithstanding the principle (as you allege it) and the preciseness of your sticking to the bare words of the statute, it doth appear and remain of record in our learning, that diverse cases have been adjudged treason, without the express words of the statute, as the Queen's learned council there can declare.

THE ATTORNEY: It doth appear the prisoner did not only entice or procure Wyatt, Carew, Rogers, and others, to commit their traitorous act, and there doth his open facts appear, which Vaughan's confession doth witness, but also he did mind shortly after to associate himself with those traitors, for he minded to have departed with the Earl of Devonshire westward.

THROCKMORTON: My innocency concerning these matters I trust sufficiently appeareth by my former answers, notwithstanding the condemned man's unjust accusation. But because the true understanding of the statute is in question, I say procurement,[2] and specially by words only, is without

[1] *respect of persons* regard for class and position.

[2] *procurement* accomplishing, or bringing about, instigation.

the compass of it, and that I do learn and prove by the principle which I learned of Master Stanford.

STANFORD: Master Throckmorton, you and I may not agree this day in the understanding of the law, for I am for the Queen, and you are for yourself; the judges must determine the matter.

BROMLEY: He that doth procure another man to commit a felony or a murther,[1] I am sure you know well enough the law doth adjudge the procurer there a felon or a murtherer; and in case of treason it hath been always so taken and reputed.

THROCKMORTON: I do and must cleave to my innocence, for I procured no man to commit treason, but yet for my learning I desire to hear some case so ruled when the law was as it is now. I do confess it, that at such time there were statutes provided for the procurer, counsellor, aider, abetter, and such like, as there were in King Henry the Eight's time;[2] you might lawfully make this cruel construction, and bring the procurer within the compass of the law. Happy for Throckmorton that those statutes stood then repealed. But these statutes being repealed you ought not now so to do, and as to the principal procurer in felony and murther, it is not like as in treason, for the principal and accessaries in felony and murther be tryable and punishable by the common law, and so in those cases the judges may use their equity, extending the determination of the fault as they think good, but in treason it is otherwise, the same being limited by statute, which I say and avow is restrained from any judge's construction, by the maxim that I recited.

[...]

SANDERS: The law always in cases of treason doth account all principals and no accessories as in other offences, and therefore a man offending in treason, either by covert act or procurement, whereupon an open deed hath ensued, as in this case, is adjudged by the law a principal traitor.

THROCKMORTON: You adjudge (me think) procurement very hardly, besides the principal, and besides the good proviso, and besides the good example of your best and most godly learned predecessors, the judges of the realm, as I have partly declared, and notwithstanding this grievous racking and extending of this word procurement, I am not in the danger of it, for it doth appear by no deposition that I procured neither one or other to attempt any act.

STANFORD: The jury have to try whether it be so or no, let it weigh as it will.

HARE: I know no mean so apparent to try procurement as by words, and that mean is probably enough against you, as well by your own confession, as by other men's depositions.

THROCKMORTON: To talk of the Queen's marriage with the Prince of Spain, and also the coming hither of the Spaniards, is not to procure treason to be done, for then the whole Parliament house, I mean the common house, did procure treason. But sith you will make no difference betwixt words and acts, I pray you remember a statute made in my late sovereign lord and master's time, King Edward the Sixth, which apparently expressed the difference. These be the words: "Whosoever doth compass or imagine to depose the King of his royal estate by open preaching, express words or sayings, shall for the first offense lose and forfeit to the King all his and their goods and chattels, and also shall suffer imprisonment of their bodies at the King's will and pleasure. Whosoever, etc., for the second offence shall lose and forfeit to the King the whole issues and profits of all his or their lands, tenements and other hereditaments, benefices, prebends,[3] and other spiritual promotions. Whosoever, etc., for the third offence, shall for term of life or lives of such offender or offenders, etc., and shall also forfeit to the King's Majesty, all his or their goods and chattels, and suffer during his or their

[1] *murther* murder.

[2] *King Henry the Eight's time* expansion of grounds for treason under Henry's 1534 legislation.

[3] *hereditaments, benefices, prebends* property that can be inherited; ecclesiastical living; portion of land or tithe from which the clergy stipend is gathered.

lives perpetual imprisonment of his or their bodies. But whosoever, etc., by writing, ciphering, or act, etc., shall for the first offence be adjudged a traitor, and suffer the pains of death." Here you may perceive how the whole realm and all your judgements hath before this understood words and acts diversely[1] and apparently.[2] And therefore the judgements of the Parliament did assign diversity of punishments, because they would not confound the true understanding of words and deeds, appointing for compassing and imagining by word, imprisonment, and for compassing and imagining by open deed, pains of death.

BROMLEY: It is agreed by the whole bench, that the procurer and the adherent be deemed always traitors, when as a traitorous act was committed by any one of the same conspiracy, and there is apparent proof of your adhering to Wyatt, both by your own confession and other ways.

THROCKMORTON: Adhering and procuring be not all one, for the statute of Edward the Third doth speak of adhering, but not of procuring, and yet adhering ought not to be further extended than to the Queen's enemies within her realm, for so the statute doth limit the understanding. And Wyatt was not the Queen's enemy, for he was not so reputed when I talked with him last, and our speech implied no enemy, neither tended to any treason, or procuring of treason, and therefore I pray you of the jury note, though I argue the law, I allege mine innocence, as the best part of my defense.

HARE: Your adhering to the Queen's enemies within the realm, is evidently proved, for Wyatt was the Queen's enemy within the realm, as the whole realm knoweth it, and he hath confessed it both at his arraignment and at his death.

[...]

THE ATTORNEY: Master Throckmorton, quiet yourself, and it shall be the better for you.

THROCKMORTON: Master Attorney, I am not so unquiet as you be, and yet our cases are not alike, but because I am so tedious to you, and have long troubled this presence, it may please my Lord Chief Justice to repeat the evidence wherewith I am charged, and my answers to all the objections, if there be no other matter to lay against me.

Then the Chief Justice remembered particularly all the depositions and evidences given against the prisoner, and either for want of good memory, or good will, the prisoner's answers were in part not recited, whereupon the prisoner craved indifferency, and did help the judges' old memory with his own recital.

[...]

Upon the prisoner's suit on this behalf (that no one have access to the jury), the bench gave order that two sergeants were sworn to suffer no man to repair to the jury, until they were agreed according unto order. Whereupon, then the prisoner was by commandment of the bench withdrawn from the bar, and the court adjourned until three of the clock at afternoon, at which hour the commissioners returned to the Guildhall, and there did tarry until the jury were agreed upon the verdict. And about five of the clock, their agreement being advertised to the commissioners, the said prisoner, Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, was again brought to the bar, where also the jury did repair, and being demanded whether they were agreed upon their verdict, answered universally with one voice, "Yea." Then it was asked who should speak for them; they answered, Whetston, the foreman.

SENDALL: Nicholas Throckmorton, knight, hold up thy hand.

Then the prisoner did so upon the summons.

SENDALL: You that be of the jury, look upon the prisoner.

The jury did as they were enjoined.

[1] *diversely* in a different way.

[2] *apparently* evidently or manifestly to the understanding.

SENDALL: How say you, is Master Throckmorton, knight, there prisoner at the bar, guilty of the treasons whereof he hath been indicted and arraigned in manner and form, yea or no?

WHETSTON: No.

SENDALL: How say you, did he fly from them?

WHETSTON: No, we find no such thing.

THROCKMORTON: I had forgotten to answer that question before, but your have found according to truth, and for the better warranty[1] of your doings, understand that I came to London, and so to the Queen's Council unbrought, when I understood they demanded for me, and yet I was almost an hundred miles from hence, where if I had not presumed upon my truth, I could have withdrawn myself from catching.

BROMLEY: How say you the rest of you, is Whetston's verdict all your verdicts?

The whole inquest answered, "Yea."

BROMLEY: Remember yourselves better, have you considered substantially the whole evidence in sort as it was declared and recited; the matter doth touch the Queen's Highness, and yourselves also, take good heed what you do.

WHETSTON: My Lord, we have throughly[2] considered the evidence laid against the prisoner, and his answers to all these matters, and accordingly we have found him not guilty agreeable to all our consciences.

BROMLEY: If you have done well, it is the better for you.

THROCKMORTON: It is better to be tried than to live suspected. Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for he hath visited and redeemed his people, and hath raised up a mighty salvation for us in the house of his servant David.[3] And it may please you, my Lord Chief Justice, forsomuch as I have been indicted and arraigned of sundry treasons, and have according to the law put my trial to God and my country, that is to say, to these honest men which have found me not guilty, I humbly beseech you give me such benefit, acquittal, and judgement, as the law in this case doth appoint.

When the prisoner had said these words the commissioners consulted together.

THROCKMORTON: May it please you, my Lord Chief Justice, to pronounce sentence for my discharge?

BROMLEY: Whereas you do ask the benefit that the law in such case doth appoint I will give it you; to wit, that where you have been indicted of sundry high treasons, and have been here this day before the Queen's commissioners and justices arraigned of the said treasons, whereunto you have pleaded not guilty, and have for trial therein put yourself on God and your country, and they have found you not guilty, the court doth award that you be clearly discharged, paying your fees. Notwithstanding, Master Lieutenant take him with you again, for there are other matters to charge him withall.[4]

THROCKMORTON: It may please you my lords and masters of the Queen's Highness' Privy Council, to be on my behalf humble suitors to her Majesty, that like as the law this day (God be praised) has purged me of the treasons wherewith I was most dangerously charged, so it might please her excellent Majesty to purge me in her private judgement, and both forgive and forget my overrash boldness, that I used in talk of her Highness' marriage with the Prince of Spain, matters too far above my capacity, and I very unable to consider the gravity thereof, a matter impertinent for me a private person to talk of, which did appertain to her Highness' Privy Council to have in deliberation. And if it shall please her Highness of her bountiful liberality, to remit my former oversight, I shall think myself happy for trial of the danger that I have this day escaped, and may thereby admonish me to eschew[5] things above my reach, and also to instruct me to deal with matters agreeable to my vocation. And God save the Queen's Majesty, and grant the

[1] *warranty* substantiating evidence or witness.

[2] *throughly* thoroughly.

[3] *Blessed be … David* Luke 1:68-69.

[4] *withall* also.

[5] *eschew* avoid, shun.

same long to reign over us. And the same Lord be praised for you the magistrates, before whom I have had my trial this day indifferently by the law, and you have proceeded with me accordingly; and the grace of God be amongst you now and ever.

There was no answer made by any of the Bench to the prisoner's suit, but the Attorney did speak these words.

THE ATTORNEY: And it please you my lords, forsomuch as it seemeth that these men of the jury, which have strangely[1] acquitted the prisoner of his treasons whereof he was indicted, will forthwith depart the court, I pray you for the Queen, that they, and every of them may be bound in a recognisance of five hundred pounds a piece, to answer to such matters as they shall be charged with in the Queen's behalf, whensoever they shall be charged or called.[2]

WHETSTON I pray you, my lords, be good to us, and let us not be molested for discharging our consciences truly. We be poor merchant men and have great charge[3] upon our hands, and our livings do depend upon our travels, therefore it may please you to appoint us a certain day for our appearance, for perhaps some of us may be in foreign parts about our business.

Thus much for Sir Nicholas Throckmorton's arraignment, wherein is to be considered that the repealing of certain statutes in the last Parliament was the chief matter he had to allege for his advantage; whereas the repealing of the same statutes was meant notwithstanding for another purpose (as before you have partly heard), which statutes or the effect of the chief branches of them have been since that time again revived, as by the books of the statutes it may better appear, to which I refer the reader.[4]

—1587

[1] *strangely* surprisingly, unaccountably.

[2] *bound … called* The jurors were sent to prison and eventually called before the Star Chamber judges, where four confessed that their verdict had been in error. The other eight did not and were sentenced to pay fines ranging from £100 to £2,000 each (Patterson, *Reading Holinshed's Chronicles*, p. 178).

[3] *charge* load, burden.

[4] *Thus much …reader* A. Patterson notes that "on the one hand, Holinshed seems to be offering his readers a warning against any enjoyment of Throckmorton's escape, a reminder that he was able, and perhaps improperly, to take an advantage of a loophole in the law that had now, under Elizabeth, been properly closed. On the other hand, not only does the mere presence of the trial in the *Chronicles* serve an educational function, the making of knowledgeable citizens and future jurors, but the reader is explicitly directed to that very source of knowledge of the law that Throckmorton's judges wanted to withhold ..." (*Reading Holinshed's Chronicles*, p. 182).

William Harrison
1535-1593

Church of England minister and historian, William Harrison was born in London and received an excellent education at St Paul's School, Westminster, and Oxford University. From Oxford he graduated BA in 1557, and soon after accepted both a fellowship at Merton College and ordination as a Catholic priest (1558).

There is evidence that Harrison's decision to surrender his fellowship and take up the position of chaplain to William Brooke, Lord Cobham—to whom he dedicated his *Historical Description of the Island of Britain*—was motivated by Harrison's growing disenchantment with Catholicism and his slow movement towards "a fundamentally Protestant, Pauline faith."[1] Cobham remained a patron and supporter throughout Harrison's career in the Church of England, giving him the rectory of Radwinter, Essex in 1559. Interestingly, the Puritan minister and writer Richard Rogers [see above, pp. 440-45] was Harrison's curate; Rogers commented that "it is much unfitting for him that professeth divinity, to apply his time unto ... contemplation of civil histories."[2] Sometime after taking his MA in 1560, Harrison married Marion Isebrand, a marriage which resulted in four children, one of whom, Edmund, went on to become a Church of England minister. Although Harrison remained rector of Radwinter until his death, he was also made canon of Windsor in 1586 and it was at Windsor he died in 1593, having "despair[ed] at England's failure to emulate the social ideals of protestant humanism."[3]

Harrison's *Historical Description of the Island of Britain*, which appeared in volume 1 of Holinshed's *Chronicles* in 1577, was revised and enlarged for the *Chronicles*' 1587 edition (Vols. 1 and 2). Long recognized as the most complete sixteenth-century account of England's social behaviour and customs, the *Historical Description* is also a mine of information about how Harrison and his sixteenth-century readers conceptualized their present society and culture as well as its links to the medieval and distant past. Harrison's reputation as a historian is presently being re-evaluated, with critics beginning to examine the way his recounting of England's past, both in *Description* and in his unpublished works, is fashioned through his deep commitment to Protestantism generally and Protestant humanism in particular.[4]

EDITION: *An Historical Description of the Island of Britain.* Contained in Raphael Holinshed's *The first and second volumes of Chronicles, comprising 1 The description and historie of England, 2 The description and historie of Ireland, 3 The description and historie of Scotland: first collected and published by Raphaell Holinshed, William Harrison, and others: now newlie augmented and continued ... to the yeare 1586*. London: at the expenses of John Harrison, George Bishop, Rafe Newbery, Henry Denham, and Thomas Woodcocke. Printed [by Henry Denham], 1587. STC 13569.

ADDITIONAL ONLINE TEXTS: From "Chapter 12: Of the Manner of Building and Furniture of Our Houses," and from "Chapter 20: Of Gardens and Orchards" in *An Historical Description of the Island of Britain* (1587).

[1] G.J.R. Parry, "William Harrison," *DLB 136*, p. 202.
[2] Quoted in Parry, "William Harrison," *DLB 136*, p. 204.
[3] G.J.R. Parry, "William Harrison," *DNB online*, 2005.
[4] Parry, "William Harrison," *DLB 136*, p. 201.

from *An Historical Description of the Island of Britain:*

With a Brief Rehearsal of the Nature and Qualities of the People of England, and Such Commodities as Are to Be Found in the Same.

Comprehended in Three Books,
and Written by W.H.

BOOK II: THE DESCRIPTION OF ENGLAND

Chapter 3: Of Universities

[...]

They[1] were erected by their founders at the first only for poor men's sons, whose parents were not able to bring them up unto learning, but now they have the least benefit of them, by reason the rich do so encroach upon them. And so far hath this inconvenience[2] spread itself that it is in my time a hard matter for a poor man's child to come by a fellowship (though he be never so good a scholar and worthy of that room[3]). Such packing[4] also is used at elections that not he which best deserveth, but he that hath most friends, though he be the worst scholar, is always surest to speed,[5] which will turn in the end to the overthrow of learning. That some gentlemen also, whose friends have been in times past benefactors to certain of those houses,[6] do intrude into the disposition of their estates, without all respect of order or statutes devised by the founders, only thereby to place whom they think good (and not without some hope of gain), the case is too, too evident; and their attempt would soon take place if their superiors did not provide to bridle their endeavours. In some grammar schools likewise, which send scholars to these universities, it is lamentable to see what bribery is used; for, ere the scholar can be preferred, such bribage[7] is made that poor men's children are commonly shut out and the richer sort received (who in time past thought it dishonour to live, as it were, upon alms), and yet, being placed, most of them study little other than histories, tables,[8] dice, and trifles, as men that make not the living by their study the end of their purposes, which is a lamentable hearing.[9] Beside this, being for the most part either gentlemen or rich men's sons, they oft bring the universities into much slander. For, standing upon their reputation and liberty, they ruffle and roist it out,[10] exceeding in apparel and haunting riotous company (which draweth them from their books unto another trade). And for excuse, when they are charged with breach of all good order, think it sufficient to say that they be gentlemen, which grieveth many not a little.

[...]

And thus much in general of our noble universities, whose lands some greedy gripers do gape wide for, and of late have (as I hear) propounded sundry reasons whereby they supposed to have prevailed in their purposes. But who are those that have attempted this suit, other than such as either hate learning, piety, and wisdom, or else have spent all their own and know not otherwise than by encroaching upon other men how to maintain themselves? When such a motion was made by some unto King Henry VIII, he could answer them in this manner:

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1 *They* i.e., the colleges which comprise the universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

2 *inconvenience* evil.

3 *room* position, place.

4 *packing* underhanded arrangement; contriving, plotting.

5 *speed* succeed, prosper; achieve his desire.

6 *houses* colleges.

7 *bribage* exaction of illegal fees by officials.

8 *histories* The reference here may be to romances (history as a genre in the Renaissance could refer to stories both true and fictional); *tables* the ordinary name for the board-game backgammon (obsolete since c. 1750).

9 *hearing* report.

10 *ruffle* to make a great stir or display; to bear oneself proudly or arrogantly; *roist it out* to perform the actions of a riotous person or swaggering bully.

"Ah, sirrah, I perceive the abbey lands have fleshed[1] you and set your teeth on edge to ask also those colleges. And whereas we had a regard only to pull down sin by defacing the monasteries, you have a desire also to overthrow all goodness by subversion of colleges. I tell you, sirs, that I judge no land in England better bestowed than that which is given to our universities, for by their maintenance our realm shall be well-governed when we be dead and rotten. As you love your welfares, therefore, follow no more this vein,[2] but content yourselves with that you have already, or else seek honest means whereby to increase your livelods,[3] for I love not learning so ill that I will impair the revenues of any one house by a penny whereby it may be upholden."

In King Edward's days likewise the same suit was once again attempted (as I have heard), but in vain; for, sayeth the duke of Somerset,[4] among other speeches tending to that end—who also made answer thereunto in the King's presence by his assignation[5]—

"If learning decay, which of wild men maketh civil, of blockish and rash persons wise and godly counsellors, of obstinate rebels obedient subjects, and of evil men good and godly Christians, what shall we look for else but barbarism and tumult? For when the lands of colleges be gone, it shall be hard to say whose staff shall stand next the door;[6] for then I doubt not but the state of bishops, rich farmers, merchants, and the nobility shall be assailed by such as live to spend all and think that whatsoever another man hath is more mete[7] for them, and to be at their commandment, than for the proper owner that hath sweat and laboured for it."

In Queen Mary's days the weather was too warm for any such course to be taken in hand; but in the time of our gracious Queen Elizabeth, I hear that it was after a sort in talk the third time,[8] but without success, as moved also out of season,[9] and so I hope it shall continue forever. For what comfort should it be for any good man to see his country brought into the estate of the old Goths and Vandals,[10] who made laws against learning and would not suffer any skilful man to come into their council house, by means whereof those people became savage tyrants and merciless hell-hounds, till they restored learning again and thereby fell to civility?

Chapter 5: Of Degrees of People in the Commonwealth of England

[...]

Gentlemen be those whom their race and blood,[11] or at the least their virtues, do make noble and known.

[...]

Moreover, as the King doth dub knights and createth the barons and higher degrees, so gentlemen whose ancestors are not known to come in with

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1 *fleshed* incited.

2 <*> Now abbeys be gone, our dingthrifts [i.e., spendthrifts, prodigals] pry after church and college possessions [*Description*'s note].

3 *livelods* livelihoods (revenues).

4 Edward Seymour, duke of Somerset (c. 1500-52), lord protector of England during the minority of Edward VI, Henry VIII's heir.

5 *by his assignation* by the King's order.

6 *whose staff shall stand next the door* To say that "your staff stands next to the door" is to say "it is your turn next" (*Tilley* S806). See Hall's *Chronicles* Henry VII fol. 13 (1550): "... when thy neighbour's house is afire, thy staff standeth next the door."

7 *mete* appropriate, fitting, apt.

8 I.e., the subject of seizing college lands was revisited a third time.

9 *moved also out of season* suggested at an inappropriate or inopportune time.

10 In book 2, chapter 11: "Of Sundry Kinds of Punishments Appointed for Malefactors," Harrison explains the English legal custom of remitting punishment for certain crimes if the accused showed that he could read (but only if these crimes represented a first offence). He speculates that this law sprang from some Saxon prince's attempt "to train the inhabiters of this land to the love of learning" which previously had been despised. He offers the analogous contempt of the Goths and Vandals for learning: they believed it "weaken[ed] [the] courage" of their leaders, and they would allow no learned man to deliberate on matters of state (*Holinshed's Chronicles,* ed. Sir Henry Ellis, 6 vols. [London, 1807; rept. New York, 1976], 1.313).

11 <*> Gentlemen [*Description*'s note].

William, duke of Normandy (for of the Saxon races yet remaining we now make none accompt,[1] much less of the British issue),[2] do take their beginning in England after this manner in our times:[3] whosoever studieth the laws of the realm; whoso abideth in the university giving his mind to his book; or professeth physic and the liberal sciences; or, beside his service in the room of a captain in the wars or good counsel given at home, whereby his commonwealth is benefitted, can live without manual labour, and thereto is able and will bear the port, charge, and countenance[4] of a gentleman, he shall for money have a coat and arms[5] bestowed upon him by heralds (who in the charter of the same do of custom pretend antiquity and service and many gay things), and thereunto being made so good cheap, be called "master," which is the title that men give to esquires[6] and gentlemen, and reputed for a gentleman ever after; which is so much the less to be disallowed of for that the prince doth lose nothing by it, the gentleman being so much subject to taxes and public payments as is the yeoman or husbandman, which he likewise doth bear the gladlier for the saving of his reputation. Being called also to the wars (for with the government of the commonwealth he meddleth little), whatsoever it cost him, he will both array and arm himself accordingly, and show the more manly courage and all the tokens of the person which he representeth. No man hath hurt by it but himself who peradventure will go in wider buskins[7] than his legs will bear or, as our proverb sayeth, now and then "bear a bigger sail than his boat is able to sustain."

Certes[8] the making of new gentlemen bred great strife sometimes amongst the Romans—I mean when those which were *novi homines*[9] were more allowed of for their virtues newly seen and showed than the old smell of ancient race, lately defaced by the cowardice and evil life of their nephews and dependants,[10] could make the other to be. But as envy hath no affinity with justice and equity, so it forceth not[11] what language the malicious do give out against such as are exalted for their wisdoms. This nevertheless is generally to be reprehended in all estates of gentility, and which in short time will turn to the great ruin of our country: and that is the usual sending of noblemen's and mean[12] gentlemen's sons into Italy, from whence they bring home nothing but mere atheism, infidelity, vicious conversation, and ambitious and proud behaviour, whereby it cometh to pass that they return far worse men than they went out. A gentleman at this present is newly come out of Italy who went thither an earnest Protestant, but coming home he could say after this manner: "Faith and truth is to be kept where no loss or hindrance of a further purpose is sustained by holding of the same, and forgiveness only to be showed when full revenge is made." Another, no less forward than he, at his return from thence could add thus much: "He is a fool that maketh accompt of any religion, but more fool that will lose any part of his wealth or will come in trouble for constant leaning to any;[13] but if he yield to

[1] *accompt* account.

[2] "Saxons" refers here to the descendants of those Germanic tribes who invaded and settled in England in the fifth and sixth centuries CE. "British issue" refers to those descended from the ancient peoples, the Celts or Britons, who inhabited England before the coming of the Saxons. England saw its last great invasion by the Norman French under William, duke of Normandy in 1066; *make none accompt* to regard as unimportant; to treat as valueless.

[3] <*> Lawyers. Students in universities. Physicians. Captains [*Description*'s note].

[4] *port* bearing, deportment (more specifically, "style of living," especially, a grand or expensive style); *charge* expense; *countenance* behaviour, conduct (perhaps more specifically, "position, standing, dignity").

[5] *coat and arms* i.e., coat of arms, heraldic arms, armorial bearings.

[6] *esquire* a man belonging to the higher order of English gentry, ranking below a knight.

[7] *buskins* coverings for the foot and leg reaching to the calf or to the knee; half-boots; proverb, "Make not your sail too big for the ballast (the boat)" (*Tilley* S24).

[8] *Certes* certainly.

[9] Latin, "new men."

[10] *dependants* in the 1587 edition, "defendants" (a printer's error). Ellis suggests "dependants" (*Holinshed's Chronicles*, 1.273).

[11] *it forceth not* it is of no importance; it does not matter.

[12] *mean* inferior in rank or quality; lowly.

[13] *leaning to any* inclination or tendency to any religion.

lose his life for his possession,[1] he is stark mad and worthy to be taken for most fool of all the rest." This gay booty[2] got these gentlemen by going into Italy, and hereby a man may see what fruit is afterward to be looked for where such blossoms do appear. "I care not," sayeth a third, "what you talk to me of God, so as I may have the prince and the laws of the realm on my side."[3] Such men as this last are easily known, for they have learned in Italy to go up and down also in England with pages at their heels finely apparelled, whose face and countenance shall be such as showeth the master not to be blind in his choice.[4] But lest I should offend too much, I pass over to say any more of these Italianates[5] and their demeanour, which alas is too open and manifest to the world, and yet not called into question. [...]

In this place also are our merchants to be installed,[6] as amongst the citizens (although they often change estate with gentlemen, as gentlemen do with them, by a mutual conversion of the one into the other), whose number is so increased in these our days that their only maintenance[7] is the cause of the exceeding prices of foreign wares, which otherwise, when every nation was permitted to bring in her own commodities, were far better cheap and more plentifully to be had. Of the want[8] of our commodities here at home by their great transportation of them into other countries I speak not, sith[9] the matter will easily bewray[10] itself. Certes among the Lacedaemonians it was found out that great numbers of merchants were nothing to the furtherance of the state of the commonwealth,[11] wherefore it is to be wished that the huge heap of them were somewhat restrained, as also of our lawyers; so should the rest live more easily upon their own, and few honest chapmen[12] be brought to decay by breaking of the bankrupt. I do not deny but that the navy of the land is in part maintained by their traffic, and so are the high prices of wares kept up, now they have gotten the only sale of things,[13] upon pretence of better furtherance of the commonwealth, into their own hands; whereas in times past, when the strange bottoms[14] were suffered to come in, we had sugar for four pence the pound that now, at the writing of this treatise, is well worth half-a-crown; raisins or currants for a penny that now are holden at six pence, and sometime at eight pence and ten pence the pound. [...]

Yeomen are those which by our law are called *legales homines*,[15] free men born English, and may dispend of their own free land[16] in yearly revenue to the sum of forty shillings sterling, or £6 as money goeth in our times. [...] The truth is that the word is derived from the Saxon term *zeoman*, or *geoman*, which signifieth (as I have read) a settled or

[1] *possession* his "owning" of this religious conviction.

[2] *gay booty* excellent prize.

[3] This comment and those that precede it are all typical distortions of precepts in Niccolò Machiavelli's political treatise, *The Prince*, a work which Protestant reformers often represented as embodying Italy's cultural and moral corruption. Machiavelli does recommend that a sensible ruler will break his word if adherence to it would disadvantage him in some way. He also asserts that while it is important for a ruler to seem religious, he should be ready to sacrifice religious commitments if to maintain them would be to endanger the stability of the state. However, Harrison's examples largely reflect the widely accepted view in Renaissance England that Italy embraced an amoral pragmatism in matters of religion and politics.

[4] *pages … face … choice* The young Italianate Englishmen have chosen their pages on the basis of these young boys'/men's physical beauty, the implication being that the Englishmen have learned homosexual practices as well as atheism during their sojourn in Italy.

[5] *Italianates* Italianate persons. A popular Italian proverb at the time was *Inglese Italianato è un diavolo incarnato* ("An Englishman Italianate is a devil incarnate").

[6] I.e., among the citizens and burgesses whom Harrison has just finished describing. <*> Merchants [*Description*'s note].

[7] I.e., the merchants' desire to maintain themselves in luxury is the sole cause of the expensiveness of imported products.

[8] *want* lack.

[9] *sith* since, seeing that.

[10] *bewray* reveal, disclose.

[11] Lycurgus, famous ancient legislator, restricted trade as part of his wide-ranging reform of Spartan (Lacedaemonian) political and economic institutions.

[12] *chapmen* traders, dealers, merchants.

[13] *the only sale of things* i.e., a monopoly on the sale of products.

[14] *strange bottoms* foreign ships (where "bottoms" refers to a part of the hull of a ship).

[15] Latin, "lawful men"; at the time, men were labelled *probi et legales homines* (Latin, "good and lawful men") if they were qualified to serve on juries (*Bouvier Law Dictionary*); <*> Yeomen [*Description*'s note].

[16] *dispend … land* to have an income from land.

staid man, such I mean as, being married and of some years, betaketh himself to stay in the place of his abode for the better maintenance of himself and his family, whereof the single sort have no regard but are likely to be still fleeting, now hither, now thither, which argueth want[1] of stability in determination and resolution of judgment for the execution of things of any importance. This sort of people have a certain pre-eminence and more estimation than labourers and the common sort of artificers,[2] and these commonly live wealthily, keep good houses, and travail[3] to get riches. They are also for the most part farmers to gentlemen (in old time called *pagani, et opponuntur militibus*, and therefore Persius calleth himself *semipaganus*[4]) or at the leastwise artificers; and with grazing, frequenting of markets, and keeping of servants (not idle servants as the gentlemen do, but such as get both their own and part of their master's living) do come to great wealth, insomuch that many of them are able and do buy the lands of unthrifty gentlemen, and often, setting their sons to the schools, to the universities, and to the Inns of the Court,[5] or otherwise leaving them sufficient lands whereupon they may live without labour, do make them by those means to become gentlemen; these were they that in times past made all France afraid.[6] And albeit they be not called "master" as gentlemen are, or "sir," as to knights appertaineth, but only "John" and "Thomas," etc., yet have they been found to have done very good service;[7] and the kings of England in foughten[8] battles were wont to remain among them (who were their footmen) as the French kings did amongst their horsemen, the prince thereby showing where his chief strength did consist.

The fourth and last sort of people in England[9] are day labourers, poor husbandmen, and some retailers (which have no free land), copyholders,[10] and all artificers, as tailors, shoemakers, carpenters, brickmakers, masons, etc. As for slaves and bondmen, we have none;[11] nay, such is the privilege of our country by the especial grace of God and bounty of our princes that if any come hither from other realms, so soon as they set foot on land they become so free of condition as their masters, whereby all note of servile bondage is utterly removed from them, wherein we resemble not the Germans—who had slaves also, though such as in respect of the slaves of other countries might well be reputed free—but the old Indians and the Taprobanes[12]—who supposed it a great injury to nature to make or suffer them to be bond whom she in her wonted[13] course doth product[14] and bring forth free. This fourth and last sort of people, therefore, have neither voice nor authority in the commonwealth, but are to be ruled and not to rule other; yet they are not altogether neglected, for in cities and corporate towns, for default of yeomen, they are fain to make up their inquests[15]

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1 *want* lack, absence.

2 *artificers* craftsmen, especially those engaged in industrial handicraft.

3 *travail* labour, work.

4 *pagani, et opponuntur militibus* Latin, "country-men [farmers] as opposed to soldiers." The Roman poet Persius calls himself *semipaganus* in the Prologue to his *Satires* (ll. 6-7): "It is but as a half-member of the community that I bring my lay to the holy feast of bards" (p. 311). *Pagani* means "members of the village community." See *Juvenal and Persius*, trans. G.G. Ramsay (Cambridge, MA, 1957), p. 311, note 5.

5 *Inns of the Court* the four sets of buildings in London (the Inner Temple, the Middle Temple, Lincoln's Inn, and Gray's Inn) belonging to the four legal societies which trained lawyers in the period.

6 a reference to the yeoman archers at the battle of Agincourt.

7 <*> Englishmen on foot and Frenchmen on horseback best [*Description*'s note].

8 *foughten* fought.

9 <*> *Capite censi* or *Proletarii* [*Description*'s note]. In ancient Rome, the *capite censi* ("registered by headcount") or *proletarii* ("the lowest class") were those not able to meet the property requirements for military service.

10 *copyholder* an individual who holds land by copyhold, a type of land tenure where the holder's claim was proven by reference to the manorial role; by the fifteenth century most tenants on a manorial estate held their land by copyhold in return for a yearly rent (J.P. Kenyon, *Wordsworth Dictionary of British History*, p. 92).

11 <*> No slaves nor bondmen in England [*Description*'s note].

12 *Taprobanes* inhabitants of Ceylon, present-day Sri Lanka (*Topographical Dict.*, p. 500).

13 *wonted* customary, usual.

14 *product* produce; bring forth, beget.

15 *they are fain to make up their inquests* i.e., they are willing or happy to compose their inquests (juries).

of such manner of people. And in villages they are commonly made churchwardens, sidemen, aleconners, now and then constables, and many times enjoy the name of headboroughs.[1]

Unto this sort also may our great swarms of idle servingmen be referred, of whom there runneth a proverb, "Young servingmen, old beggars," because service is none heritage.[2] These men are profitable to none, for if their condition be well perused, they are enemies to their masters, to their friends, and to themselves; for by them oftentimes their masters are encouraged unto unlawful exactions of their tenants, their friends brought unto poverty by their rents enhanced, and they themselves brought to confusion by their own prodigality and errors, as men that, having not wherewith of their own to maintain their excesses, do search in highways, budgets, coffers, mails, and stables which way to supply their wants.[3] How divers of them also, coveting to bear an high sail,[4] do insinuate themselves with young gentlemen and noblemen newly come to their lands, the case is too much apparent, whereby the good natures of the parties are not only a little impaired but also their livelihoods and revenues so wasted and consumed that if at all, yet not in many years, they shall be able to recover themselves. It were very good, therefore, that the superfluous heaps of them were in part diminished. And sith necessity enforceth to have some, yet let wisdom moderate their numbers; so shall their masters be rid of unnecessary charge and the commonwealth of many thieves. No nation cherisheth such store of them as we do here in England, in hope of which maintenance many give themselves to idleness that otherwise would be brought to labour and live in order like subjects. Of their whoredoms I will not speak anything at all, more than of their swearing, yet is it found that some of them do make the first a chief pillar of their building, consuming not only the goods but also the health and welfare of many honest gentlemen, citizens, wealthy yeomen, etc., by such unlawful dealings.

[...]

Chapter 6: Of the Food and Diet of the English

[...]

In number of dishes and change of meat, the nobility of England (whose cooks are for the most part musical-headed Frenchmen and strangers[5]) do most exceed, sith there is no day in manner that passeth over their heads wherein they have not only beef, mutton, veal, lamb, kid, pork, cony, capon, pig,[6] or so many of these as the season yieldeth, but also some portion of the red or fallow deer, beside great variety of fish and wild fowl, and thereto sundry other delicates[7] wherein the sweet hand of the seafaring Portingale is not wanting;[8] so that for a man to dine with one of them and to taste of every dish that standeth before him (which few use to do, but each one feedeth upon that meat him best liketh for the time, the beginning of every dish notwithstanding being reserved unto the greatest personage that sitteth at the table, to whom it is drawn up still by the waiters, as order requireth, and from whom it descendeth again even to the lower end, whereby

[1] *churchwarden* lay representative of the parish in matters of church organization, elected to assist the minister in his administrative duties; *sideman* sidesman: elected to assist the churchwardens of a parish; *aleconner* an elected examiner or inspector of ale, responsible for verifying its quality (also responsible for the quality of beer and bread); *constable* here, a petty or parish constable, appointed as a keeper of the peace and performer of various administrative duties in his district; *headborough* a parish officer identical in functions with the petty constable.

[2] Proverb, "A young servingman an old beggar" (*Tilley* S256). See also S255 and C737.

[3] *budgets* pouches, bags, wallets; *mails* travelling bags; *wants* needs, necessities.

[4] *to bear an high sail* to be exalted, to be prosperous.

[5] *musical-headed* While this sentence is listed in the *OED*, the connotations of the word are not commented on; *strangers* foreigners.

[6] *cony* rabbit; *capon* a castrated cock, considered a delicacy in the period; *pig* a young or suckling pig.

[7] *delicates* delicacies.

[8] *Portingale* Portuguese; *wanting* lacking, absent.

each one may taste thereof) is rather to yield unto a conspiracy with a great deal of meat for the speedy suppression of natural health than the use of a necessary mean[1] to satisfy himself with a competent repast, to sustain his body withal. But as this large feeding is not seen in their guests, no more is it in their own persons, for sith they have daily much resort unto their tables (and many times unlooked for),[2] and thereto retain great numbers of servants, it is very requisite and expedient for them to be somewhat plentiful in this behalf.

[...]

The artificer and husbandman make greatest accompt[3] of such meat as they may soonest come by and have it quickliest ready, except it be in London when the companies of every trade do meet on their quarter-days,[4] at which time they be nothing inferior to the nobility. [...] In feasting also this latter sort (I mean the husbandmen) do exceed after their manner, especially at bride-ales, purifications of women, and such odd[5] meetings, where it is incredible to tell what meat is consumed and spent, each one bringing such a dish or so many with him as his wife and he do consult upon, but always with this consideration, that the liefer[6] friend shall have the better provision. This also is commonly seen at these banquets: that the goodman of the house is not charged with anything, saving[7] bread, drink, sauce, houseroom and fire. But the artificers in cities and good towns do deal far otherwise: for albeit that some of them do suffer their jaws to go oft before their claws, and divers of them by making good cheer do hinder themselves and other men, yet the wiser sort can handle the matter well enough in these junkettings,[8] and therefore their frugality deserveth commendation. To conclude, both the artificer and the husbandman are sufficiently liberal and very friendly at their tables; and when they meet they are so merry without malice and plain without inward Italian or French craft and subtlety that it would do a man good to be in company among them. Herein only are the inferior sort somewhat to be blamed: that being thus assembled their talk is now and then such as savoureth of scurrility and ribaldry, a thing naturally incident to carters and clowns,[9] who think themselves not to be merry and welcome if their foolish veins in this behalf be never so little restrained.

[...]

I might here talk somewhat of the great silence that is used at the tables of the honourable and wiser sort generally over all the realm (albeit that too much deserveth no commendation, for it belongeth to guests neither to be *muti* nor *loquaces*[10]), likewise of the moderate eating and drinking that is daily seen, and finally of the regard that each one hath to keep himself from the note of surfeiting and drunkenness (for which cause salt meat—except beef, bacon, and pork—are not any whit esteemed, and yet these three may not be much powdered[11]). But as in rehearsal thereof I should commend the nobleman, merchant, and frugal artificer, so I could not clear the meaner sort of husbandmen and country inhabitants of very much babbling (except it be here and there

[1] *a necessary mean* a moderate or necessary [amount].

[2] *much resort ... unlooked for* i.e., many people turn up unexpectedly to eat at noblemen's tables.

[3] <*> Artificer [*Description*'s note].

[4] *quarter-days* the four days of the year on which tenancy of houses began and ended, and the payment of rents and other quarterly charges fell due.

[5] *bride-ales* a wedding feast of the Old English type, an ale-drinking at a wedding; *purifications of women* Also known as "churching," "purification" was a religious ceremony which featured a woman's public appearance at her local parish church, wherein she gave ritual thanks for her recent safe delivery from the perils of child-bearing; *odd* irregular, casual, chance.

[6] *liefer* dearer.

[7] *saving* with the exception of.

[8] *junkettings* feasts, banquets (merrymaking accompanied by eating and drinking).

[9] *carters and clowns* synonyms for rustic, unsophisticated persons; peasants, boors.

[10] Latin, "silent" nor "talkative."

[11] *powdered* salted.

some odd yeoman), with whom he is thought to be the merriest that talketh of most ribaldry, or the wisest man that speaketh fastest among them, and now and then surfeiting and drunkenness, which they rather fall into for want of heed-taking than wilfully following or delighting in those errors of set mind and purpose. It may be that divers of them, living at home with hard and pinching[1] diet, small drink—and some of them having scarce enough of that—are soonest overtaken when they come unto such banquets; howbeit, they take it generally as no small disgrace if they happen to be cup-shotten,[2] so that it is a grief unto them, though now sans remedy, sith the thing is done and past.

[...]

Heretofore there hath been much more time spent in eating and drinking than commonly is in these days,[3] for whereas of old we had breakfasts in the forenoon, beverages or nuncheons[4] after dinner, and thereto rear-suppers[5] generally when it was time to go to rest (a toy[6] brought into England by hardy Canutus and a custom whereof Athenaeus also speaketh [*lib. 1*], albeit Hippocrates speaks but of twice at the most [*lib. 2, De rat. vict. in. feb. ac.*]).[7] Now these odd repasts—thanked be God—are very well left, and each one in manner (except here and there some young hungry stomach that cannot fast till dinnertime) contenteth himself with dinner and supper only. The Normans, misliking the gormandize of Canutus, ordained after their arrival that no table should be covered above once in the day, which Huntingdon imputeth to their avarice;[8] but in the end, either waxing weary of their own frugality or suffering the cockle[9] of old custom to overgrow the good corn of their new constitution, they fell to such liberty that in often feeding they surmounted Canutus, surnamed "the Hardy." For whereas he covered his table but three or four times in the day, these spread their cloths five or six times, and in such wise[10] as I before rehearsed.[11] They brought in also the custom of long and stately sitting at meat, whereby their feasts resembled those ancient pontifical banquets whereof Macrobius speaketh (lib. 3, cap. 13) and Pliny (lib. 10, cap. 10), and which for sumptuousness of fare, long sitting, and curiosity[12] showed in the same exceeded all other men's feasting;[13] which fondness[14] is not yet left with us, notwithstanding that it proveth very beneficial for the physicians, who most abound where most excess and misgovernment of our bodies do

[1] *pinching* scanty, sparing.

[2] *cup-shotten* cup-shot: drunk, intoxicated.

[3] <*> Less time spent in eating than heretofore [*Description*'s note].

[4] *nuncheons* a slight refreshment of liquor, etc., *orig.* taken in the afternoon.

[5] *rear-suppers* rere-suppers: a supper (usually of a sumptuous nature) following upon the usual evening meal, and thus coming very late at night.

[6] *toy* triviality, frivolous matter or whim.

[7] *Canutus* Canute, Cnut, or Knut (995-1035), king of England (reigned, 1016-35); Athenaeus describes the various types of meals mentioned by several ancient Greek writers: "Philemon states that the ancients had four meals: *araktisma* [breakfast], *ariston* [luncheon], *hesperisma* ('evening meal'), and *deipnon* ('dinner')." See *The Deipnosophists of Athenaeus of Naucratis*, trans. C.B. Gulick, 6 vols. (Cambridge, MA, 1927-41), 1.11, pp. 49-51. Hippocrates' *Regimen in Acute Diseases* differentiates between the treatment regimen for patients with acute diseases partly on the basis of whether they are accustomed to take two meals a day or only one. See *The Medical Works of Hippocrates*, trans. J. Chadwick and W.N. Mann (Oxford, 1950), section 11, p. 130.

[8] Huntingdon notes that King Harold's son, Hardecanute, was well known for his liberality and hospitality: "... [the] tables were laid four times a day with royal sumptuousness ... In our time it is the custom, whether from parsimony, or as they themselves say from fastidiousness, for princes to provide only one meal a day for their court" (*The Chronicle of Henry of Huntingdon*, translated and edited by T. Forester, [London, 1853; rept., New York, 1968], book 6, p. 201). Huntingdon's *Chronicle* was written between c. 1123 and 1154, and first published in 1596.

[9] *cockle* a weed most often found in corn fields.

[10] *in such wise* in such a manner or way.

[11] <*> Canutus a glutton, but the Normans at the last exceeded him in that vice [*Description*'s note].

[12] *curiosity* here, the elaborate and exotic nature of the food served. See p. 535, note 7.

[13] Macrobius recounts the novel dish of peacock served up by the ancient orator Hortensius, thought an extravagance by his contemporaries (*Saturnalia*, trans. and ed. P.V. Davies [New York, 1969], 13.3.1-2, p. 227; also recorded in *Pliny, Natural History*, 1.10.20).

[14] *fondness* foolishness, folly.

appear, although it be a great expense of time and worthy of reprehension. For the nobility, gentlemen, and merchantmen, especially at great meetings, do sit commonly till two or three of the clock at afternoon,[1] so that with many is a hard matter to rise from the table to go to evening prayer and return from thence to come time enough to supper.

[...]

—1587

[1] <*> Long sitting reprehended [*Description*'s note].

Popular Literature in Sixteenth-Century England

Critics define popular literature in sixteenth-century England partly through its material nature (pamphlets, broadsides, and other ephemeral forms); partly through its genres and content (ballads, prose accounts of recent events, etc.); partly through its methods of dissemination and circulation (cheap print, oral recitation, the public theatre); partly through its audiences (including, but certainly not limited to, "the people"—those under the rank of gentleman); and, finally, partly through contemporary descriptions.

Unsurprisingly, the individuals and institutions in the period that possessed the authority to assign value to texts and discourses were often dismissive of popular literature. For Thomas Bodley—founder of Oxford University's famous Bodleian library—popular works were "not worth the custody in such a library," and he tried to exclude them from the collection. Such "baggage books," he believed, were not only valueless in literary and educational terms, but would also compromise the authority of the library and (by extension) the university itself.[1]

Sixteenth-century popular literature is intriguing, then, because it treats behaviours, beliefs, and actions on the margins of society, revealing varied religious, social, cultural, and economic anxieties. It is also fascinating because it draws our attention to the cultural construction of literary value, and the long history of relegating popular texts to the category of the "non-literary." These texts offer the modern reader a salutary contrast to the courtly genres and modes that have until recently been thought largely to comprise the field of Renaissance literature.

Pamphlets of Murder and Mayhem[2]

The author of *The Murder of George Saunders* claims that his pamphlet does not aim "to feed the fond humour of such curious appetites as are more inquisitive of other folks' offences than hasty to redress their own"; however, this very statement suggests that Renaissance murder pamphlets and broadsides aim largely at titillating and shocking their audiences.

Many of these texts represent not just murders that are bloody and grotesque, but murders that show the violation of the deepest bonds of human trust: those between husband and wife, between child and parent, between host and guest, between master and servant. Critics like Peter Lake and Frances Dolan have argued that these texts are not only sensationalist but also represent a nightmare vision of rampant human desire liberated from religious and social control, revealing the inability of the individual conscience and social institutions to maintain order and prevent the violent disintegration of the social world. Popular murder pamphlets generally agree that the single most destructive of these impulses is sexual desire, and that most murders and other serious social disorders can be traced back to women's lust and sexual provocativeness.[3] It is also interesting that these texts often place the blame for women's out-of-control lusts not on women themselves but on the authority figures who have weakly abjured or neglected their responsibility to reign in "the weaker sex": fathers, husbands, masters, and patriarchs generally. Again and again, these pamphlets suggest that if those in domestic authority abuse their power or neglect their duties and responsibilities as patriarchs, then they inevitably set in motion those events that

[1] A. Halasz, *The Marketplace of Print: Pamphlets and the Public Sphere in Early Modern England* (Cambridge, 1996), p. 3.

[2] Editions of various Renaissance crime pamphlets may be found in J.H. Marshburn, ed., *Blood and Knavery: A Collection of English Renaissance Pamphlets and Ballads of Crime and Sin* (Rutherford, 1973).

[3] P. Lake, "Deeds Against Nature: Cheap Print, Protestantism and Murder in Early Seventeenth-Century England," *Culture and Politics in Early Stuart England*, ed. K. Sharpe and P. Lake (Stanford, 1993), p. 263.

rend the social order, destroying the complex relationships of duty, authority, and obedience that protected the world from unbridled desire, sin, and satanic power. The result is a world where women run amok and where patriarchs (especially fathers) violate the very order they are expected to uphold.[1] These pamphlets admittedly share many conventional aspects: the motivating force of Satan, the sinfulness of humanity, the pervasive presence of God's providence (often expressed through the supernatural ways in which murders are brought to light), and the use of omens to highlight the violation of natural and social order. Together, these conventions speak to a number of contemporary anxieties about gender, family, agency, religion, urban life, and the effectiveness of the justice system. Peter Lake argues that the author of *The Murder of George Saunders* takes the conventional aspects of the murder tract and employs them to specifically Protestant ends, incorporating notions of justification by faith, election, and predestination into narratives of sin, murder, and repentance.[2]

EDITIONS: Arthur Golding, *A briefe discourse of the late murther of master George Saunders.* London: Henry Bynneman, 1573. STC 11985; Anonymous, *The trueth of the most wicked and secret murthering of John Brewen.* London: [T. Orwin?] for John Kid, and are to be sold by Edward White, 1592. STC 15095; Anonymous, *The examination, confession, and condemnation of Henry Robson.* London: Printed by Felix Kyngston for R. W[alker], 1598. STC 21131.

ADDITIONAL ONLINE TEXTS: Anonymous. *Sundry Strange and Inhuman Murders* (1591). Arthur Golding, translator. Selections from Ovid's *Metamorphosis* (1567).

[1] Ibid., "Deeds," p. 266-67.

[2] Ibid., p. 283.

[The Murder of George Saunders]

A Brief Discourse of the Late Murder of Master George Saunders, a Worshipful Citizen of London: and of the Apprehension, Arraignment, and Execution of the Principal and Accessories of the Same.[3]

Imprinted at London by Henry Bunneman,[4] dwelling in Knightriders Street, at the Sign of the Mermaid. anno.1573.

Forasmuch as[5] the late murder of Master Saunders, citizen and merchant taylor of this city, ministreth great occasion of talk among all sorts of men, not only here in the town but also far abroad in the country, and generally through the whole realm; and the sequels and accidents[6] ensuing thereupon breed much diversity of reports and opinions—while some do justly detest the horribleness of the ungracious fact,[7] some lament the grievous loss of their dear friends, some rejoice at the commendable execution of upright justice, the godly bewail the unmeasurable inclination of human nature to extreme wickedness, and there-

[3] The author (who signs himself A.G. at the end of the text proper) has been identified as Arthur Golding, most famous as the translator of Ovid's *Metamorphoses. Saunders* is one of only two original works by Golding, and it became the source for the play *A Warning for Fair Women* (1599). The Saunders murder occasioned four other prose accounts and one ballad (F. Dolan, *Dangerous Familiars* [Cornell, 1994], pp. 89-90, note 1). For Golding's life and works, see "Additional Online Texts."

[4] *Henry Bunneman* Henry Bynneman (b. in or before 1542, d. 1583), printer and bookseller, owner of one of the largest printing businesses in London, is most famous for his printing of the first edition of *Holinshed's Chronicles* (1577). He also published Gabriel Harvey and Edmund Spenser's *Familiar Letters* (1580), Erasmus's *Familiarium colloquiorum* ("Familiar Letters") (1571), a Latin translation of Castiglione's "Book of the Courtier," as well as Latin and English editions of Plutarch, Cicero, Ovid, Aristotle, and Virgil, in addition to many of the works of George Gascoigne; religious and political works also tended to be his specialty. See C.S. Clegg, "Henry Bynneman," *DLB 170*, pp. 37-40; M. Bell, "Henry Bynneman," *DNB online*, 2005.

[5] *Forasmuch as* seeing that, inasmuch as.

[6] *accidents* events.

[7] *ungracious fact* wicked crime.

with magnify God's infinite mercy in revoking[1] of forlorn sinners to final repentance, many delight to hear and tell news, without respect of the certainty of the truth, or regard of due humanity, every man debating of the matter as occasion or affection leads him, and few folk turning the advised consideration of God's open judgements, to the speedy reformation of their own secret faults: It is thought convenient, gentle reader, to give thee a plain declaration of the whole matter, according as the same is come to light by open trial of justice and voluntary confession of the parties, that thou mayst both know the truth to the satisfying of thy mind and the avoiding of miscredit,[2] and also use the example to the amendment of thy life. Notwithstanding thou shalt not look for a full discovery of every particular bymatter[3] appendant to the present case, which might serve to feed the fond humour[4] of such curious appetites[5] as are more inquisitive of other folk's offences than hasty to redress their own, for that were neither expedient nor necessary. And men's misdoings are to be prosecuted no further with open detestation than till the parties be either reclaimed by reasonable and godly persuasion or punished by orderly and lawful execution, according to the quality of their offence. When law hath once passed upon them and given them the wages of their wicked deserts, then Christian charity willeth men either to bury the faults with the offenders in perpetual silence, or else so to speak of them as the vices and not the parties themselves may seem to be any more touched.

But hereof shall more be spoken (God willing) in the winding up of this matter. Now I will set down first the murdering of Master Saunders by George Brown, with Brown's apprehension, trial, and execution; then the trial and execution of Anne Saunders, the wife of the said George Saunders, of Anne Drewry widow, and of Roger Clement, called among them "trusty Roger," the servant of the said Anne Drewry; and lastly a brief rehearsal of certain sayings and dealings of the parties convicted, between the time of their apprehensions and the time of execution, which are not things proper and peculiar to the very body of the case, but yet incident and therefore necessary for the hearer, as whereby will appear the very original cause and first ground of this ungodly deed; and this rehearsal shall be shut up and concluded with a short admonition how we ought to deal in this and all other such cases.

The Tuesday in Easter week last past (which was the 24th day of March) the said George Brown, receiving secret intelligence by letter from Mistress Drewry that Master Saunders should lodge the same night at the house of one Master Barnes in Woolwich, and from thence go on foot to Saint Marie Cray the next morning, met him by the way a little from Shooters Hill, between seven and eight of the clock in the fore noon, and there slew both him and also one John Bean, the servant of the said Master Barnes.

As soon as Master Saunders felt himself to have his death's wound (for he was stricken quite and clean through at the first blow), he kneeled down and, lifting up his hands and eyes unto Heaven, said, "God have mercy upon me, and forgive me my sins, and thee too," (speaking to Brown, whom indeed he knew not, whatsoever report hath been made of former acquaintance betwixt them), and with that word he gave up the ghost.[6] And Brown, (as he himself confessed afterward) was thereat stricken with such a terror and agony of heart as he wist[7] not what to do, but was at the point to have fainted even then and oftentimes else that day, and could brook[8] neither meat nor drink that he received of all that day after. He was so abashed afterward at the sight of one of Master Saunders's little young children, as

[1] *revoking* drawing back, recalling.

[2] *miscredit* disbelief.

[3] *bymatter* side accident.

[4] *fond humour* foolish whims; "humour" refers to a person's mental disposition and dominant temperament.

[5] *curious appetites* i.e., those whose inclination is to be unduly and minutely inquisitive (in an unseemly way).

[6] *he gave up the ghost* died, expired.

[7] *wist* knew.

[8] *brook* endure or tolerate; literally, digest.

he had much ado to forbear from swownding[1] in the street, a notable example of the secret working of God's terrible wrath in a guilty and bloody conscience.

But Master Barnes's man, having ten or eleven deadly wounds and being left for dead, did by God's wonderful providence revive again and, creeping a great way on all four (for he could neither go nor stand) was found by an old man and his maiden (that went that way to seek their kine)[2] and conveyed to Woolwich, where he gave evident tokens and marks of the murderer; and so continuing still alive till he[3] had been apprehended and brought unto him died the next Monday after.

Immediately upon the deed doing, Brown sent Mistress Drewry word thereof by trusty Roger; he himself repaired forthwith to the Court at Greenwich,[4] and anon[5] after him came thither the report of the murder also. Then departed he thence unto London straightaways, and came to the house of Mistress Drewry, howbeit[6] he spoke not personally with her. But after conference had with him by her servant Roger, she provided him £20 the same day, for the which Mistress Drewry laid certain plate of her own and of Mistress Saunders to gage.[7]

And upon the next day being Thursday morning (having in the meantime had intelligence that Brown was sought for), they sent him £6 more by the said Roger, and warned him to shift for himself by flight, which thing he forslowed[8] not to do. Nevertheless the lords of the Queen's Majesty's Council caused so speedy and narrow[9] a search to be made for him in all places that upon the 28th of the same month he was apprehended in a man's house of his own name at Rochester by the mayor of the town; and being brought back again to the Court was examined by the Council, unto whom he confessed the deed, as you have heard, and that he had oftentimes before pretended and sought to do the same by the instigation of the said widow Drewry, who (as he said) had promised to make a marriage between him and Mistress Saunders (whom he seemed to love excessively), the desire of which hope hasted him forward to dispatch the fact.[10] Nevertheless he protested (howbeit untruly) that Mistress Saunders was not privy nor consenting thereunto. Upon this confession he was arraigned at the King's Bench in Westminster Hall[11] on Friday the 17th of April, where, acknowledging himself guilty, he was condemned as principal of the murder of Master Saunders, according to which sentence he was executed in Smithfield[12] on Monday the 20th of the same month, at which time (though untruly, as she herself confessed afterward) he laboured by all means to clear Mistress Saunders of committing evil of her body with him; and afterward was hanged up in chains[13] near unto the place where he had done the fact.

Thus much concerning the very case of the murder itself and the punishment of the principal doer thereof. As for the acknowledgment of the former wickedness of his life and the hearty repentance that he pretended[14] for the same, even to his very death, I defer them to the last part of this matter, to which place those things do more

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1 *swownding* swooning, fainting.

2 *kine* cows.

3 *he* i.e., the murderer, Brown.

4 *Court at Greenwich* The ancient royal palace at Greenwich, one of Elizabeth I's favourite residences, was situated on the south bank of the Thames (in the county of Kent), between Woolwich (also on the Thames' south bank about 8 miles east of London)—near where Brown killed Saunders—and London; the Court was a place where one might reasonably expect to hear the latest news (*Topographical Dict.*, pp. 235-36; 571).

5 *anon* straightaway, at once, instantly.

6 *howbeit* although.

7 *plate* utensils and tableware; originally made of gold or silver; *gage* pledge, pawn.

8 *forslowed* delayed.

9 *narrow* careful, strict, precise.

10 *dispatch the fact* promptly execute or accomplish the crime.

11 *King's Bench in Westminster Hall* the court of the King's Bench.

12 *Smithfield* In this case, West Smithfield in London, an open space of about five to six acres, the east side of which was occupied by the church and hospital of St. Bartholomew's; the open space was used for jousts, tournaments, horse and cattle markets, fairs and executions (*Topographical Dict.*, pp. 471-72).

13 *hanged up in chains* i.e., his body was hung up as a warning to others and a public demonstration of justice.

14 *pretended* asserted, professed.

peculiarly pertain. In the meantime, Mistress Drewry and her man being examined and, as well by their own confessions as by the falling out of the matter in consequence,[1] and also by Browne's appeachment,[2] thought culpable, were committed to ward.[3] And anon after Mistress Saunders, being delivered of child and churched[4] (for at the time of her husband's death she looked presently to lie down[5]), was upon Mistress Drewry's man's confession and upon other great likelihoods and presumptions likewise committed to ward, and on Wednesday, the 6th of May, arraigned with Mistress Drewry at the Guild-hall,[6] the effect of whose several indictments is this:

That they had by a letter written been procurers of the said murder, and so accessories before the fact; and knowing the murder done, had by money and otherwise relieved and been aiding to the murderer, and so accessories also after the fact.

Whereunto they both of them pleaded not guilty. And Mistress Saunders, notwithstanding the avouchment of Mistress Drewry's man face to face and the great probabilities of the evidence given in against her by Master Geffrey, the Queen's Majesty's Sergeant,[7] stood so stoutly still to the denial of all things (in which stout denial she continued also a certain time after her condemnation) that some were brought in a blind belief that either she was not guilty at all, or else had but brought herself in danger of law through ignorance and not through pretenced[8] malice.

Howbeit, forasmuch as bare denial is no sufficient bar to discharge manifest matter[9] and apparent evidence, they were both condemned as accessories to Master Saunders's death, and executed in Smithfield the 13th of May, being the Wednesday in the Whitsun week,[10] at which time they both of them confessed themselves guilty of the fact[11] for which they were condemned, and with very great repentance and weakness received the reward of their trespass, in the presence of many personages of honour and worship, and of so great a number of people as the like hath not been seen there together in any man's remembrance. For almost the whole field, and all the way from Newgate,[12] was as full of folk as could well stand one by another; and besides that, great companies were placed both in the chambers nearabouts (whose windows and walls were in many places beaten down to look out at) and also upon the gutters, sides, and tops of the houses, and upon the battlements and steeple of Saint Bartholomew's.[13]

Mistress Drewry's man was arraigned at Newgate on Friday the 8th of May and, being there condemned as accessory, was executed with his mistress at the time and place foresaid.

Thus have ye heard the murdering of Master Saunders, with the apprehension, arraignment, condemnation, and execution of the principal and of the accessories to the same. Now let us proceed to the incidents that happened from the times of their apprehensions to the time of their deaths, and so to the admonition, which is the conclusion and fruit of this whole matter.

Whereas it was determined that Mistress Saunders and Mistress Drewry should have suffered upon the next Saturday after their condemnation,

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1 *falling out of the matter* the course of events; *in consequence* as a result, consequently.

2 *appeachment* the fact of his having been criminally charged; impeachment.

3 *ward* custody, imprisonment.

4 *churched* said of a woman after childbirth when she offers thanks publicly for her safe delivery, usually in keeping with the service prescribed in the *Book of Common Prayer*.

5 *presently to lie down* i.e., shortly/soon to have her child.

6 *Guild-hall* the hall of the corporation of the city of London, where hearings often took place.

7 *Sergeant* an officer whose duty is to enforce the judgements of a tribunal, and arrest offenders or summon persons to appear in court.

8 *pretenced* intended, purposed, designed.

9 *to discharge manifest matter* to dismiss obvious charges.

10 *Whitsun week* the week in the English liturgical calendar beginning with Whitsunday, the seventh Sunday after Easter (now known as Pentecost Sunday).

11 *fact* crime.

12 *Newgate* a London prison, reserved for felons and debtors in the period.

13 *Saint Bartholomew's* See p. 540, note 12.

which was Whitsun even,[1] the matter was stayed till the Wednesday in Whitsun week upon these occasions ensuing. The book of Master Saunders's accounts and reckonings, whereupon depended the knowledge of his whole state, was missing. Certain sums of money were said to be in the hands of parties unknown, the intelligence whereof was desired and sought for to the behoof[2] of Master Saunders's children. The parties convicted were to be reformed to Godward,[3] and to be brought to the willing confessing of the things for which they had been justly condemned, and which as yet they obstinately concealed.

And besides all this, one Mell, a minister that had heretofore been suspended from his ministry, accompanying Mistress Saunders from her condemnation to Newgate, and conferring with her as it had been to give her good counsel and comfort, was so blinded with her solemn asseverations and protestations of innocency, that notwithstanding he had heard her indictment with the exact and substantial trial of her case; yet notwithstanding he persuaded himself that she was utterly clear and, thereupon falling in love with her, dealt with Mistress Drewry to take the whole guilt upon herself, undertaking to sue for Mistress Saunders's pardon. And so what by his terrifying of her with the horror of mischarging and casting away of an innocent, what with his promising of certain money to the marriage of her daughter, and with other persuasions, she was so wholly won that way that, as well before certain personages of honour as also before the Dean of Paul's[4] and others, she utterly cleared Mistress Saunders of the fact[5] or of consent to the same, taking the whole blame thereof to herself, and protesting to stand therein to the death, contrary to her former confession at the time of her arraignment.

Mistress Saunders also, after the laying of this plat,[6] stood so stoutly to her tackling[7] that when the Dean of Paul's gave her godly exhortation for the clearing of her conscience and for the reconciling of herself unto God, as the time and case most needfully required (as others had done before), he could obtain nothing at her hand. By means whereof, he was fain[8] to leave her that time, which was the Friday, not without great grief and indignation of mind to see her stubborn unrepentantness. In the meanwhile, the said Mell discovering his purpose and whole platform to an honest gentleman, whom he unskillfully took to have been a well-willer to obtain the pardon of Mistress Saunders, was partly by that means, and also by other follies of his own, cut off from his enterprise. For when he came to sue for her pardon—which thing he did with such outrage of doting affection that he not only proffered sums of money, but also offered his own body and life for the safety of the woman, whom he protested upon his conscience to be unguilty—the lords of the Council knowing her to be rightly condemned by good justice, and being privy to the state of the case beforehand, and also finding him out by his own unwise dealings (whereof among others one was, that he intended to marry her) not only frustrated his desire, but also adjudged him to stand upon the pillory with apparent notes and significations of his lewd and foolish demeanour.[9]

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[1] *Whitsun even* the evening before Whitsunday; see p. 541, note 10.

[2] *behoof* use, benefit, advantage.

[3] *Godward* i.e., towards God.

[4] *Dean of Paul's* Alexander Nowell (c. 1516/17-1602) was dean of St Paul's Cathedral, London from 1560 to 1602. Although he received a number of important ecclesiastical positions, his views seem to have been too radical to allow for promotion to bishop; however, he was certainly a member of the Church of England establishment. He had a high reputation as a preacher, often preaching in such public and politically charged spaces as Paul's Cross and the Court. He also preached at funerals (he apparently did so at the funeral of Saunders's brother, Haddon [see p. 548]), and visited prisoners, such as Thomas Howard, fourth duke of Norfolk, and Anne Saunders. Nowell's Latin catechism and particularly its English translation (both published 1570) were central to the doctrinal development of the Church of England. See S. Lehmberg, "Alexander Nowell," *DNB online*, 2005.

[5] *fact* crime.

[6] *plat* plan of action; scheme, plot.

[7] *stood ... tackling* maintained her position, held her ground so firmly/unwaveringly.

[8] *fain* willing.

[9] *pillory ... notes and significations ... demeanour* Mell seems to have been exposed to the jeers of the crowd by being fastened to a stake by a ring around his neck and wrists, so that the sign proclaiming his crime could be easily read.

According to the which appointment, he was set upon a pillory by the place of execution at the time of their suffering, with a paper pinned upon his breast wherein were written certain words in great letters containing the effects of his fact to his open shame: *Videlicet:*[1] *For practising to colour the detestable facts of George Saunders's wife.* Which was a very good lesson to teach all persons to refrain from any devices or practises to deface or discredit the honourable proceedings of councillors, and public and lawful form of trials and judgments according to justice, or to hinder the beneficial course of so good examples.

By this occasion Mistress Saunders was utterly unprovided to die at that time, and therefore, as well in respect of mercy as for the considerations aforesaid, a further respite was given to them unwitting, and a reprieve was sent by Master Macwilliams for a time if need were. In the meantime (that is to wit[2] upon the Saturday morning), the constant[3] report goeth that as certain men came talking through Newgate, one happened to speak loud of the gallows that was set up, and of the greatness and strongness of the same, saying it would hold them both and more, the sound of which words did so pierce into the watchful ears of Mistress Saunders, who lay nearhand, that being stricken to the heart with the horror of the present death which she looked for that day, she went immediately to Mistress Drewry and, telling her that she knew certainly by the words which she had heard that they should by all likelihood be executed that day, asked her if she would stand to her former promise. But Mistress Drewry after better consideration of herself, counselling her to fall to plain and simple dealing: telling her that for her own part she was fully determined not to dissemble any longer, nor to hazard her own soul eternally for the safety of another body's temporal life.

Then Mistress Saunders—who had determined to acknowledge nothing against herself so long as she might be in any hope of life, howbeit that she always purposed to utter the truth whensoever she should come to the instant of death, as she herself confessed afterward—being stricken both with fear and remorse did by the advice of Master Cole, (who laboured very earnestly with her to bring her to repentance, and was come to her very early that morning, because it was thought they should have been executed presently) send for the Dean of Paul's again, and bewailing her former stubbornness declared unto him and Master Cole, Master Charke, and Master Yong[4] that she had given her consent and procurement to her husband's death, through unlawful lust and liking that she had to Brown, confessing her sinfulness of life committed with him, and humbly submitting herself to her deserved punishment besought them of spiritual comfort and counsel, which thing they were glad to perceive, and thereupon employed their travail[5] to do them good, and laboured very painfully to instruct them aright: for (God wot[6]) they found all the three prisoners very raw and ignorant in all things pertaining to God and to their soul health, yea and even in the very principles of the Christian religion.

Nevertheless, through God's good working with their labour, they recovered them out of Satan's kingdom unto Christ, insomuch that besides their voluntary acknowledging of their late heinous fact, they also detested the former sinfulness of their life, and willingly yielded to the death which they had shunned, uttering such certain tokens of their unfeigned repentance by all kind of modesty and meekness as no greater could be devised. For Mistress Saunders the same day sent for her husband's brothers and their wives and kinsfolk that were in the town, which came unto

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1 *Videlicet* Latin, "that is to say" or "namely."

2 *to wit* to say, namely.

3 *constant* persistent.

4 *Master Charke* perhaps William Charke (d. 1617) preacher and religious controversialist. He was a leading Puritan reformer and fervent anti-Catholic; *Master Yong* perhaps John Young (c. 1532-1605), who held a number of important ecclesiastical positions, as well as being master of Pembroke College, Cambridge. He was present in London in 1572, and preached at the Convocation. He was later made bishop of Rochester. See B. Usher, "John Young," *DNB online*, 2005.

5 *travail* labour, effort.

6 *wot* knows.

her the day before her death, in whose presence she, kneeling mildly on her knees with abundance of sorrowful tears, desired them of forgiveness for bereaving them of their dear brother and friend. Whereunto Master Saunders the lawyer, in the name of them all, answered, that as they were very sorry both for the loss of their friend and also for her heinous fault, so they heartily forgave her, and in token thereof kneeled down altogether, praying to God with her and for her that he also would remit her sin.

Besides this pitiful submission, she also bewailed her offence towards her own kindred, whom she had stained by her trespass, and towards the whole world, whom she had offended by her crime, but especially her children, whom she had not only bereft both of father and mother, but also left them a corsie[1] and shame. Wherefore, after exhortation given to such of them as were of any capacity and discretion that they should fear God and learn by her fall to avoid sin, she gave each of those a book of Master Bradford's meditations,[2] wherein she desired the foresaid three preachers to write some admonition as they thought good. Which done, she subscribed them with these words: *Your sorrowful mother Anne Saunders.* And so blessing them in the name of God and of our Saviour Jesus Christ, she sent them away out of her sorrowful sight, and gave herself wholly to the settling of her grieved heart to the quiet receiving of the bitter cup,[3] which she drank of the next day, as hath been told before, howbeit, without doubt, to her everlasting comfort.

And Mistress Drewry no less careful of her own state, besides her humble repentance in the prison, and her earnest desiring of the people to pray for herself and the others with her as they came toward execution, did upon the cart[4] not only confess her guiltiness of the fact, as Mistress Saunders had done, but also with great lowliness and reverence, first kneeling down towards the Earl of Bedford[5] and other noblemen that were on horseback on the east side of the stage,[6] took it upon her death[7] that whereas it had been reported of her that she had poisoned her late husband Master Drewry, and dealt with witchcraft and sorcery, and also appeached divers[8] merchant men's wives of dissolute and unchaste living, she had done none of all those things, but was utterly clear both to God and the world of all such manner of dealing.

And then with like obeisance, turning herself to the Earl of Derby,[9] who was in a chamber behind her, she protested unto him before God, that whereas she had been reported to have been the

[1] *corsie* a cause of sharp trouble or grief.

[2] *Master Bradford's meditations* John Bradford (c. 1510-55), evangelical preacher and martyr, was executed as a heretic for his reformist Protestant views under the regime of the Catholic Mary I. Golding probably refers here to *Godly Meditations upon the Ten Commandments, the Articles of Faith, and the Lord's Prayer. Whereunto is Joined a Treatise against the Fear of Death: Also a Comparison between the Old Man and the New* (1567), a particularly apt text for Anne Saunders given her situation and her reported ignorance of the most basic tenets of the Christian faith. See D.A. Penny, "John Bradford," *DNB online*, 2005.

[3] *the bitter cup* echoes Christ's comparison of his suffering and death to a cup from which he must drink. Those who would accompany him into the kingdom of Heaven must drink from the same bitter cup. See Matthew 20:22-23; Mark 10:38-39. Cf. Matthew 26:39; Mark 14:36; and Luke 22:42.

[4] *cart* used to convey convicts to the gallows.

[5] *Earl of Bedford* Francis Russell, second earl of Bedford (1526/27-85), member of the Privy Council (1558), warden of the Scottish Marches (1564), holder of a number of important county offices (lord lieutenant of the western counties), and generally a loyal servant of the Crown, as well as a zealous Protestant and supporter of Church reform. At the end of the treatise, Golding notes that Anne gave a copy of the prayer she said on the scaffold to Bedford. See W.T. MacCaffrey, "Francis Russell, second earl of Bedford," *DNB online*, 2005.

[6] *stage* raised platform, scaffold for the purpose of execution or exposure on the pillory.

[7] *took it upon her death* i.e., swore on her death that (the following is true).

[8] *appeached* charged with, accused of a crime; *divers* several.

[9] *Earl of Derby* Henry Stanley, fourth earl of Derby (1531-93). Although his father was Catholic, Derby was a committed Protestant. He was made a commissioner for ecclesiastical causes, and zealously prosecuted local Catholics throughout the 1570s. He held many important government positions: privy councillor (1585) commissioner in the trial of Mary, queen of Scots (1586), diplomat to Spain (1588), lord high steward (1589). He married, but was later separated from, Margaret Clifford, daughter of the second earl of Cumberland. See L.A. Knafla, "Henry Stanley, fourth earl of Derby," *DNB online*, 2005.

cause of separation betwixt him and my lady his wife, she neither procured nor consented to any such thing. But otherwise whereas in the time of her service in his house she had offended him in neglecting or contemning[1] her duty, she acknowledged her fault and besought him for God's sake to forgive her; who very honourably, and even with tears, accepted her submission, and openly protested himself to pray heartily to God for her.

Her servant also, having openly acknowledged his offence, kneeled meekly down, praying severally[2] with a preacher, as each of them had done at their first coming to the place. Which done, they were all put in a readiness by the executioner, and at one instant (by drawing away the cart whereon they stood) were sent together out of this world unto God.

And Brown also a good while afore, during the time of his imprisonment, coming to a better mind than he had been of in time past, confessed that he had not heretofore frequented sermons, nor received the Holy Sacrament,[3] nor used any calling upon God private or public, nor given himself to reading of Holy Scripture, or any books of godliness, but had altogether followed the appetites and lusts of his sinful flesh, even with greediness and outrageous contempt both of God and man. Nevertheless, God was so good unto him, and schooled him so well in that short time of imprisonment, as he closed up his life with a marvellous appearance of hearty repentance, constant trust in God's mercy through Jesus Christ, and willingness to forsake this miserable world.

Now remaineth to show what is to be gathered of this terrible example, and how we ought to apply the same to our own behoof.[4] First, I note with Saint Paul[5] that when men regard not to know God, or not to honour him when they know him, God giveth them over to their own lusts, so as they run on from sin to sin, and from mischief to mischief, to do such things as are shameful and odious, even in the sight of the world, to their own unavoidable perils. And when the measure of their iniquity is filled up, there is no way for them to escape the justice of God, which they have provoked. Insomuch that if they might eschew all bodily punishment, yet the very hell of their own conscience would prosecute them and the sting of their mind would be a continual prison, torment, and torture to them, wheresoever they went.

Again on the other side, we must mark the infinite greatness of God's wisdom and mercy, who, perceiving the perverse wilfulness of man's froward[6] nature to sinning, suffereth men sometimes to run so long upon the bridle till it seem to themselves that they may safely do what they list,[7] and to the world that they be past recovery unto goodness; and yet in the end catching them in their chief pride, he raiseth them by their overthrow, amendeth them by their wickedness, and reviveth them by their death, in such wise blotting out the stain of their former filth, that their darkness is turned into light, and their terror to their comfort.

Moreover, when God bringeth such matters upon the stage, unto the open face of the world, it is not to the intent that men should gaze and wonder at the persons as birds do at an owl, not that they should delight themselves and others with the fond and peradventure sinister reporting of them,[8] nor upbraid the whole stock and kindred with the fault of the offenders. No, surely God meaneth no such thing. His purpose is, that the execution of his judgements should by the terror of the outward sight of the example drive us to the inward consideration of ourselves. Behold, we be all made of the same mould, printed with the same stamp, and indued with the same nature that the offenders are. We be the imps

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1 *contemning* despising, disdaining, scorning.

2 *severally* separately, individually.

3 *the Holy Sacrament* the Lord's Supper, Eucharist, or Holy Communion.

4 *behoof* benefit.

5 *Saint Paul* See Romans 1:1-2.9.

6 *froward* evilly disposed.

7 *list* please, desire.

8 *fond and peradventure sinister reporting of them* i.e., foolish and perhaps misleading, prejudiced, or malicious reporting of these persons.

of the old Adam,[1] and the venom of sin which he received from the old serpent[2] is shed into us all and worketh effectually in us all. Such as the root is, such are the branches, and the twigs of a thorn or bramble can bear no grapes.[3]

That we stand, it is the benefit of God's grace, and not the goodness of our nature nor the strength of our own will. That they are fallen, it was of frailty, wherefrom we be no more privileged than they, and that should we oversoon perceive by experience, if we were left to ourselves. He that looketh severely into other men's faults is lightly blind in his own. And he that either upbraideth the repentant that hath received punishment or reproacheth the kindred or offspring with the fault of the ancestor or ally,[4] how great soever the same hath been, showeth himself not to have any remorse of his own sins, nor to remember that he himself also is a man; but (which thing he would little think) he fully matcheth the crime of the misdoer, if he do not surmount it by his presumptuousness.

When it was told our Saviour Christ that Pilate had mingled the blood of certain men with their own sacrifice, what answer made he? Did he detest the offenders? Did he declaim against their doings? Did he exaggerate the fault of the one or the cruelty of the other? No. But framing and applying the example to the reformation of the hearer, "Suppose ye," said he, "that those Galileans were greater sinners than all the other Galileans, because they suffered such punishment? I tell you nay. But except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish. Or think ye that those eighteen upon whom the tower in Silo fell and slew them were sinners above all that dwelt in Jerusalem? I tell you nay. But except ye repent, ye shall all perish likewise."[5]

Let us apply this to our present purpose. Were those whom we saw justly executed in Smithfield greater sinners than all other English people? Were they greater sinners than all Londoners? Were they greater sinners than all that looked upon them? No, verily. But except their example lead us to repentance, we shall all of us come to as sore punishment in this world, or else to sorer in the world to come. Their faults came into the open theatre and therefore seemed the greater to our eyes, and surely they were great indeed. Neither are ours the less, because they lie hidden in the covert[6] of our heart. God the searcher of all secrets seeth them, and if he list he can also discover them. He hath showed in some, what all of us deserve, to provoke us all to repentance, that all of us might have mercy at his hand, and show mercy one to another, and with one mouth and one heart glorify his goodness. It is said by the Prophet Samuel that disobedience is as the sin of witchcraft.[7] Let every of us look into himself (but first let him put on the spectacles of God's law, and carry the light of God's word with him) and he shall see such a gulf of disobedience in himself as he may well think there is none offender but himself.

I say not this as a cloaker of offences, that white should not be called white, and black, black; or as a patron of misdoers, that they should not have their deserved hire:[8] but to repress our hasty judgements and uncharitable speeches that we might both detest wickedness with perfect hatred and rue[9] the persons with Christian modesty, knowing that with what measure we met[10] unto others, with the same shall it be moten to us again.

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[1] *imps of the old Adam* children of Adam, the first man. He is called "old Adam" in reference to the popular mode of biblical interpretation called typology, where people, places, things, and actions in the Old Testament were viewed as types or prefigurations of people, places, things, and actions in the New Testament. Thus, Christ is sometimes referred to as "the new Adam," the "man" who has redeemed Adam's original sin. In Romans 6:6, the "old man" refers to humanity's unregenerate condition.

[2] *old serpent* Satan.

[3] *Such as the root is ... bear no grapes* These popular proverbial expressions (*Tilley* T494 and T497) are based on Matthew 7:16-20, although Golding may also be alluding to their use in Romans 11:16-21.

[4] *ally* kindred, relations.

[5] See Luke 13:1-5.

[6] *covert* hiding place, shelter.

[7] *Prophet Samuel ... witchcraft* See 1 Samuel 15:23.

[8] *hire* payment.

[9] *rue* pity; regard with compassion.

[10] *met* past tense of "mete," and thus "measured, apportioned."

Finally, let all folks, both married and unmarried, learn hereby to possess and keep their vessel in honesty and cleanness.[1] For if the knot between man and wife (which ought to be inseparable) be once broken, it is seldom or never knit again. And though it be, yet is not the wound so thoroughly healed, but there appeareth some scar ever after. But if the sore rankle and fester inwardly (as commonly it doth except the more grace of God be), in the end it bursteth forth to the destruction or hurt of both parties, not lightly without great harm to others also besides themselves, as we see by this example. For when the body which was dedicated to God to be his temple and the tabernacle of his Holy Spirit is become the sink of sin and cage of uncleanness, the Devil ceaseth not to drive the parties still headlong unto naughtiness,[2] till they be fallen either into open shame and danger of temporal law, or into damnable destruction both of body and soul, according as Solomon[3] in his Proverbs sayeth, that "the steps of a harlot lead down unto death, and her feet pierce even unto hell." Therefore, good reader, so hear and read this present example as the same may turn to the bettering of thy state and not to occasion of slander, nor to the hurt of thine own conscience, nor to the offence of thy Christian brethren. Farewell.

A.G.

Anne Saunders's Confession as She Spoke It at the Place of Execution.

Good people, I am come hither to die the death whereunto I am adjudged as worthily and as deservedly as ever died any. I had a good husband, by whom I had many children, with whom I lived in wealth, and might have done still had not the Devil kindled in my heart first the hellish firebrand of unlawful lust, and afterward a murderous intent to procure my said husband to be bereaved of his life, which was also by my wicked means accomplished, as to the world is known.

And as I would if he could hear me, if it might be, prostrate upon the ground, at my husband's feet, ask mercy with plentiful tears of him, so that which I may and I ought to do, I ask mercy of God, I ask mercy of all men and women of the world, whom by my deed and example I have offended. And especially I bewail my husband, and ask mercy of my children whom I have bereaved of so good a father; I ask mercy of his kindred and friends whom I have hurt, and of all my friends and kindred, of whom I am abashed and ashamed. And being of myself unworthy of pity, yet I beseech them all, and you all, and all the whole world even for God's sake, and for our Saviour Christ's sake to forgive me.

And I thank God with my whole heart, he hath not suffered me to have the reign and bridle of sinning given me at my will to the danger of my eternal damnation, but that he hath found out my sin, and brought me to punishment in this world, by his fatherly correction to amend, to spare, and save me in the world to come. And I beseech him grant me his heavenly grace, that all who do behold or shall hear of my death may by the example thereof be frayed[4] from like sinning. And I beseech you all to pray for me and with me.

The Prayer Which Was Said by Anne Saunders at the Place of Execution, the Copy Whereof She Delivered unto the Right Honourable the Earl of Bedford.

As I do confess with great sorrow (O dear Father) that I have grievously and oftentimes sinned against Heaven and against thee, and am unworthy

[1] *Finally ... cleanness* "For this is the will of God, even your sanctification, that ye should abstain from fornication: That every one of you should know how to possess his vessel in sanctification and honour" (1 Thessalonians 4:3-4). "Vessel" means the body, especially as receptacle of the soul.

[2] *naughtiness* wickedness, depravity, viciousness.

[3] *Solomon* See Proverbs 5:5.

[4] *frayed* frightened, scared away.

to be called thy daughter,[1] so (O dear Father) I acknowledge thy mercy, thy grace, and love towards me, most wretched sinner, offered me in my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, in whom thou givest me a heart to repent. And by repentance hast put away my sins, and thrown them into the bottom of the sea.[2] O dear Father, increase and continue this grace until the end and in the end. I testify this day (O Lord my God) thy love, O Lord, thy saving health is life everlasting and joy without end. And because thou hast touched my sinful heart with the displeasure of my sin and with a desire of thy kingdom, O dear Father, for thy Christ's sake, as I hope thou wilt, so I beseech thee to finish that good work in me. Suffer me not, merciful and loving Father, to be troubled with death when it layeth hold on me, nor with the love of life when it shall be taken away. O Lord, now as thou hast, so still lift up my soul as it were with an eagle's wings unto Heaven,[3] there to behold thee. Lord, into thy hands I commit my body that it be not troubled in death, and my soul that it see not damnation.[4] Come Lord Jesu, come assist me with thy Holy Spirit, a weak woman in a strong battle. Come Lord Jesu, come quickly.[5] Save thy handmaid that putteth her trust in thee.[6] Behold me in Christ, receive me in Christ, in whose name I pray saying, Our Father. &c.[7]

Anne Saunders dying to the world, and living to God.

After this she also said a godly prayer out of the Service Book, which is used to be said at the hour of death.[8]

Note of a Certain Saying Which Master Saunders Had Left Written with His Own Hand in His Study.

"Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether it be through life or else death. For Christ is to me life, and death is to me advantage."[9] These words were Master Nowell's theme which he preached at the burial of my brother Haddon upon Thursday being the 25th day of January *Anno. Do.*[10] *1570. Anno. Reginae Elizabeth. 13.*

Among other things which he preached, this saying of his is to be had always in remembrance: that is, that we must all (when we come to pray)

[1] *As I do confess ... thy daughter* This echoes the words of Luke's Prodigal Son when he returns home and faces his father: "Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son" (15:21). The father celebrates his younger son's return, and in response to the elder son's anger at this expansive welcome says, "Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine. It was meet that we should make merry, and be glad: for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found" (verse 32). It is often interpreted as a story about the forgiveness and jubilant response that the truly repentant sinner will receive from God.

[2] *And by repentance ... bottom of the sea* "Who is a God like unto thee, that pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by the transgression of the remnant of his heritage [i.e., Israel]? He retaineth not his anger forever, because he delighteth in mercy. He will turn again, he will have compassion upon us; he will subdue our iniquities; and thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea" (Micah 7:18-19).

[3] *as it were with an eagle's wings unto Heaven* "He giveth power to the faint; and to them that hath no might he increaseth strength. Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall: But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint" (Isaiah 40:29-31).

[4] *Lord, into thy hands ... damnation* See Psalm 31:5 ("Into thine hand I commit my spirit: thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth") and Christ's echoing of the verse's first clause at the moment of his death (Luke 23:46).

[5] *Come Lord Jesu, come quickly* Christ says a number of times in the Book of Revelation that he is coming "quickly" (Revelation 3:11; 22:7; 22:12). In fact, the second last verse of Revelation is: "He which testifieth these things sayeth, Surely I come quickly. Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus" (22:20).

[6] *Save thy handmaid ... thee* "Handmaid" is a particularly resonant word in Scripture; Mary most famously describes herself as a handmaid of the Lord (Luke 1:38; 48).

[7] *Our Father. &c* She says the Lord's Prayer.

[8] *out of the Service Book ... death* In the *Book of Common Prayer* (1559) there is "A prayer to be said at the hour of death" included in the section "Certain Godly Prayers to Be Used for Sundry Purposes." Although this section was not an official part of the *BCP*, it was often included at the end of it. The prayer Saunders says appears in the 1567 and 1599 *BCP*.

[9] "According to my earnest expectation and my hope, that in nothing I shall be ashamed, but that with all boldness, as always, so now also Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether it be by life, or by death. For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain" (Philippians 1:20-21).

[10] *Anno. Do.* abbreviation for "anno domini": the year of our Lord; *Anno Regina Elizabeth* the year of Queen Elizabeth's (reign).

first accuse and condemn ourselves for our sins committed against God before the seat of his justice, and then after cleave unto him by faith in the mercy and merits of our Saviour and Redeemer Jesus Christ, whereby we are assured of eternal salvation.

—1573

[The Murder of John Brewen]

The Truth of the Most Wicked and Secret Murdering of John Brewen, Goldsmith of London, Committed by His own Wife through the Provocation of One John Parker Whom She Loved: For Which Fact She Was Burned, and He Hanged in Smithfield, on Wednesday, the 28th of June, 1592, Two Years after the Murder Was Committed.

Imprinted at London for John Kid, and are to be sold by Edward White,[1] dwelling at the little North door of Paul's, at the Sign of the Gun. 1592.[2]

The Murder of John Brewen, Goldsmith of London, Who through the Enticement of John Parker, Was Poisoned of His Own Wife in Eating a Mess of Sugar Sops.

How hateful a thing the sin of murder hath been before the sight of the eternal God the Holy Scriptures do manifest; yet from the beginning we may evidently see how busy the Devil hath been to provoke men thereunto, insomuch that when there was but two brethren living in the world, the only sons of the first man, Adam, he provoked the one most unnaturally to murder the other. And albeit there was none in the world to accuse Cain for so foul a fact, so that in his own conceit[3] he might have walked securely and without blame, yet the blood of the just Abel cried most shrill in the ears of the righteous God for vengeance and revenge on the murderer. The Lord therefore ordained a law that the cruel and unjust blood-shedder should have his blood justly shed again;[4] of which law, although no man is ignorant, and that we see it put in execution daily before our eyes, yet doth the Devil so work in the hearts of a number that, without respect either of the fear of God or extreme punishment in this world, they do notwithstanding commit most heinous and grievous offences, to the great hazard of their souls, and the destructions of their bodies on earth, only through Satan's suggestions, as by this example following may evidently be proved.

There was of late dwelling in London a proper young woman named Anne Welles, which, for her favour and comely personage, as also in regard of her good behaviour and other commendable qualities, was beloved of divers young men, especially of two goldsmiths, which were bachelors, of good friends, and well-esteemed for fine workmanship in their trade. The one of them was called John Brewen, and the other John Parker, who although he was better beloved yet least deserved it (as the sequel hereafter will show). But as the truest lovers are commonly least regarded, and the plain-meaning man most scorned of undiscreet[5] maidens, so came it to pass by Brewen; who, notwithstanding his long and earnest suit, the gifts and favours which she received, was still disdained and cast off, albeit[6] he had the good will and favour of all her friends and kinsfolk. But no man

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[1] *John Kid* John Kid (Kyd) [fl.1591-93?], London journeyman printer? (1584). He has only four entries in the *STC* proper (*STC*, vol. 3, p. 97); *Edward White* Edward White (fl. 1572?-1613), successful London bookseller (1572?), and publisher (almanacs, 1599/1600 and 1605/06). See *STC*, vol. 3, pp. 181-82.

[2] Lambeth Palace's copy of the text is signed on the title page and the last page with the name "Thomas Kydde." J.P. Collier was the first to attribute the text to Thomas Kyd, playwright and translator, author of the early drama, *The Spanish Tragedy*. Lambeth Palace's catalogue rejects this attribution and it remains conjectural. J.R. Mulryne's *DNB* entry does not include "John Brewen" among works attributed to Kyd. See J.P. Collier's 1863 reprint of this pamphlet in *Illustrations of Early English Popular Literature*, vol. I (reissued, 1966).

[3] For an account of the story of Cain and Abel, see Genesis 4; *conceit* judgement, estimation.

[4] Exodus 21:23-24.

[5] *undiscreet* without discernment or sound judgement.

[6] *albeit* even though it be (that); even though; although.

was so high in her books as Parker; he had her favours, whosoever had her frowns; he sat and smiled when others sobbed, and triumphant in the tears of the dispossessed. It came to pass that this nice[1] maiden had, upon a promise between them, received of Brewen both gold and jewels, which he willingly bestowed upon her, esteeming her the mistress and commandress of his life; but when he saw his suit despised and his goodwill nothing regarded, and seeing no hope of her goodwill and favour, he determined, that seeing his suit took no effect, to demand his gold and jewels again. And upon a time coming unto her, requested that he might have his gifts again, to whom disdainfully she made answer that he should stay[2] for it; and the young man, having been thus driven off[3] longer than he thought good of, made no more ado but arrested her for the jewels.

The stout damsel,[4] that had never before been in the like danger, was so astonished and dismayed that she concluded, on condition he would let his action fall and not to think ever the worse of her afterward, to marry him by a certain day, and to make him her husband; and this before good witness she vowed to perform. Brewen was hereof very joyful, and released his prisoner on his own peril,[5] being not a little glad of his good success. And thereupon, so soon as might be, made preparation for their marriage, albeit it proved the worst bargain that ever he made in his life. Now when Parker understood of this thing, he was most grievously vexed, and, as one having deep interest to the possession of her person, stormed most outrageously, and with bitter speeches so taunted and checked[6] her, that she repented the promise[7] she made to Brewen, although she could not any way amend it. Nevertheless, it kindled such a hatred in her heart against her new-made choice that at length it turned to Brewen's death and destruction. And this accursed Parker, although he was not as then in estate to marry[8] (notwithstanding he ere then had lain with her and gotten her with child), and would never let her rest, but continually urged her to make him away[9] by one means or other. Divers and sundry[10] times had they talk together of that matter; and although she often refused to work his death, yet, at length, the grace of God being taken from her, she consented by his direction to poison Brewen; after which deed done, Parker promised to marry her so soon as possibly he could.

Now she had not been married to Brewen above three days when she put in practice to poison him. And although the honest young man loved her tenderly, yet had she conceived such deadly hatred against him that she lay not with him after the first night of her marriage; neither could she abide to be called after his name, but still to be termed Anne Welles, as she was before. And to excuse her from his bed, she said she had vowed never to lie by him more till he had gotten her a better house. And the more to shadow[11] her treachery and to show the discontent she had of his dwelling, she lodged never a night but the first in his house, but provided her a lodging near to the place where this graceless Parker dwelt. By this means the villain had free access to practice[12] with her about the murder, who was so importunate and hasty to have it done that the Wednesday after she was married she wickedly went to effect it, even according as Parker had before given direction, which was in this sort. The varlet[13] had bought a strong deadly poison, whose working was to make speedy haste to the heart without any swelling of

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1 *nice* fastidious, dainty, difficult to please.

2 *stay* wait.

3 *driven off* put off, deferred.

4 *stout* proud, haughty, arrogant; *damsel* a young unmarried woman; a maid, girl. There may be some deliberate archaism here since "damsel" is an unusual word in the context of the period's murder pamphlets.

5 *on his own peril* on his own responsibility [for any consequences].

6 *checked* rebuked, reproved, reprimanded.

7 "promised" in original 1592 text.

8 *in estate to marry* "to be in estate": to be in a position to do something; Parker is perhaps financially incapable of marrying Anne.

9 *make him away* i.e., murder Brewen.

10 *Divers and sundry* often occurring as a pair, meaning "a number of, several."

11 *shadow* conceal.

12 *practice* scheme, plan.

13 *varlet* knave, rogue, rascal.

the body, or other sign of outward confection.[1] This poison the wicked woman secretly carried with her to her husband's house with a merry pleasant countenance, and very kindly she asked her husband how he did, giving him the good morrow in most courteous manner, and asked if he would have, that cold morning, a mess of sugar sops (for it was the week before Shrovetide)?[2]

"I, marry,[3] with a good will, wife," quoth[4] he, "and I take it very kindly that you will do so much for me."

"Alas, husband!" quoth she. "If I could not find in my heart to do so small a matter for you (especially being so lately[5] married), you might justly judge me unkind." And therewithal went to make ready his last meat.[6]

The thing being done, she poured out a mess for him, and strewed secretly therein part of the poison; and having set the porringer[7] down beside her while she put the posnet[8] on the fire again, with her rising up from the fire, her coat cast down that mess which for her husband she had prepared.

"Out alas!" quoth she. "I have spilt a mess of as good sugar sops as ever I made in my life."

"Why," quoth her husband, "is there no more?"

"Yes," quoth she, "that there is, two as good as they, or I will make them as good; but it grieves me that any good thing should so unluckily be cast away."

"What, woman," quoth he, "vex not at the matter. Your ill luck go with them!"

"Marry, amen," quoth she; speaking, God knows, with a wicked thought, though the well-meaning man thought on no evil.

"But I pray you, John," said she, "shall I entreat you to fetch me a pennyworth of red herrings, for I have an earnest desire to eat some."

"That I will," quoth he, "with a good will."

This sly shift[9] she devised to have his absence, that she might the better perform her wicked intent; and by the time he came again she had made ready a mess of sugar sops for him, one for herself, and another for a little boy which she brought with her, but her husband's she had poisoned as before. When he was come, she gave her husband his mess, and she and the child fell also to eating of theirs. Within a pretty while[10] after he had eaten his, he began to wax[11] very ill about the stomach, feeling also a grievous griping of his inward parts, whereupon he told his wife he felt himself not well.

"How so?" quoth she. "You were well before you went forth, were you not?"

"Yes, indeed was I," said he; then he demanded if she were well.

She answered, "Aye"; so likewise said the child.

"Ah!" quoth her husband, "now I feel myself sick at the very heart." And immediately after, he began to vomit exceedingly, with such strains as if his lungs would burst in pieces. Then he requested her to have him to bed, never mistrusting[12] the treachery wrought against him.

Now when it drew somewhat late, she told her husband she must needs go home to her lodging, and when he requested her to stay with him, she said she could not, nor would not; and so unnaturally left the poisoned man all alone that whole night long without either comfort or company. All that night was he extreme sick, worse and worse, never ceasing vomiting till his entrails were all

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1 *confection* unclear; *OED* notes that a "confection" can be "a prepared poison" or "deadly potion," so perhaps the word refers to the outward effects or physical symptoms of consuming such a poison.

2 *mess* a serving or portion of food; *sugar sops* a dish composed of slices of bread, sweetened and sometimes spiced, steeped in milk or some other liquid; *Shrovetide* a religious holiday, also called Shrove Tuesday, which preceded the first day of Lent (Ash Wednesday); traditionally, the last day on which eggs, butter, sugar, and other delicacies could be consumed before Lent's 40 days of fasting and abstinence.

3 *marry interj.*, "indeed" or "certainly."

4 *quoth* said.

5 *lately* recently.

6 *meat* i.e., meal.

7 *porringer* a small basin from which soup, broth, porridge, etc. is eaten.

8 *posnet* a small metal pot or vessel for boiling food.

9 *shift* trick, deceitful stratagem.

10 *pretty while* relatively short time.

11 *wax* grow.

12 *mistrusting* suspecting.

shrunk and broken within him (as is since supposed). The next morning she came to him again, having been once or twice sent for, but made little semblance of sorrow; and when he quibed[1] her with unkindness for not staying with him one night, she asked him if he would have her forsworn?[2]

"Did I not," quoth she, "swear I would not stay in the house one night till you had gotten another?"

"Well, Anne," quoth he, "stay with me now, for I am not long to continue in this world."

"Now, God forbid," quoth she; and with that she made a show of great heaviness and sorrow, and then made him a caudle[3] with sugar and other spices. And so, on the Thursday immediately after he had eaten it he died, and on the Friday he was buried, no person as then suspecting any manner of evil done to him by his wife, but esteemed her a very honest women, although, through her youth, she knew not as then how to behave herself to her husband so kindly as she ought, which they imputed to her ignorance rather than to any malice conceived against her husband. Now you shall understand that within a small space after her husband was dead she was known with child, and safely delivered, every neighbour thinking it had been her husband's, although she since confessed it was not; but that child lived not long, but died.

The murder lying thus unespied, who was so lusty as Parker with the widow, being a continual resorter to her house, whose welcome was answerable to his desire. And so bold in the end he grew with her that she durst not deny him anything he requested, and became so jealous that had she looked but merely upon a man, she should have known the price thereof and have bought her merriment dearly. And yet was he not married unto her. Yea, to such slavery and subjection did he bring her that she must run or go wheresoever he pleased to appoint her, held he up but his finger at any time. If she denied him either money or whatsoever else he listed[4] to request, he would so haul and pull her as was pity to behold; yea, and threaten to stab and thrust her through with his dagger, did she not as he would have her in all things; so that he had her at commandment whensoever he would, and yet could she scant please him with her diligence. In this miserable case he kept her unmarried for the space of two years after her husband was dead. At length he got her with child again, which when the woman knew, she was careful, for the saving of her credit,[5] to keep it unspied so long as she could; in so much that she would not go forth of her doors for fear her neighbours should perceive her great belly. In the mean space[6] Parker coming unto her, she was, upon one day above the rest, most earnest with him to marry her.

"You see," quoth she, "in what case I am; and if you will not for your own credit, yea for my credit's sake marry me, and suffer me not to be a pointing mark for others and a shame among my neighbours."

The varlet, hearing the great moan she made unto him, was nothing moved therewith, but churlishly answered, she should not appoint him when to marry: "But if I were so minded," quoth he, "I would be twice advised how I did wed with such a strumpet[7] as thyself." And then reviled her most shamefully.

Whereunto she answered, she had never been strumpet but for him. "And woe worth thee," quoth she, "that ever I knew thee! It is thou, and no man else, that can triumph in my spoil, and yet now thou refusest to make amends for thy fault. My love to thee thou hast sufficiently tried,[8] although I never found any by thee."

"Out, arrant quean!"[9] quoth he. "Thou wouldst marry me to the end thou mightest poison me, as

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1 *quibed* taunted, gibed at.

2 *forsworn* to have abandoned or renounced an oath.

3 *caudle* a warm drink consisting of a thin gruel, mixed with wine or ale, sweetened and spiced, and generally given to sick people, as well as visitors.

4 *listed* desired.

5 *credit* reputation.

6 *mean space* meantime.

7 *strumpet* whore, loose woman.

8 *tried* tested.

9 *arrant quean* notorious whore.

thou didst thy husband; but for that cause I mean to keep me as long out of thy fingers as I can, and accursed be I, if I trust thee, or hazard my life in thy hands."

"Why, thou arrant beast!" quoth she, "What did I then which thou didst not provoke me to do? If my husband were poisoned, thou knowest (shameless as thou art) it had never been done but for thee! Thou gavest me the poison, and after thy direction I did minister it unto him, and woe is me! It was for thy sake I did so cursed a deed."

These speeches, thus spoken between them in vehemency of spirit, was overheard of some that revealed it to the magistrates, whereupon the woman was carried before Alderman Haward[1] to be examined and the man before Justice Young,[2] who stood in the denial thereof very stoutly; neither would the woman confess anything till in the end she was made to believe that Parker had bewrayed the matter, whereupon she confessed the fact in order as I have declared. Then was she carried into the country to be delivered of her child, and after brought back to prison. And then she and Parker were both arraigned and condemned for the murder at the Sessions Hall near Newgate;[3] and the woman had judgement to be burned in Smithfield, and the man to be hanged in the same place before her eyes.[4] This was accordingly performed, and they were executed on Wednesday last, being the 28th of June 1592, two years and a half after the murder was committed. The Lord give all men grace by their example to shun the hateful sin of murder, for be it kept never so close, and done never so secret, yet at length the Lord will bring it out; for blood is an incessant crier in the ears of the Lord, and he will not leave so vile a thing unpunished.

—1592

The Examination, Confession, and Condemnation of Henry Robson, Fisherman of Rye, Who Poisoned His Wife in the Strangest Manner That Ever Hitherto Hath Been Heard Of.

AT LONDON.
Printed by Felix Kingston for R.W.[5]
and are to be sold in Paternoster Row
at the Sign of the Talbot.
1598.

The Epistle to the Reader.

Gentle readers, amongst all the cruel stratagems, poisonings, and homicides, I have here described one, which in my judgement passeth all that ever

[1] *Alderman Haward* probably Henry Heyward, London alderman and fishmonger. See S. Wright, "Simon Harward," *DNB online*, 2005.

[2] *Justice Young* perhaps Justice Richard Young, London magistrate and enthusiastic priest-hunter, who was involved in the prosecution of the Roman Catholic priest and poet, Robert Southwell (?1561-95), and in the questioning of the RC priest turned Church of England minister, Anthony Tyrrell (1552-1615).

[3] *Sessions Hall near Newgate* A court of justice, near the Newgate prison in London, a prison meant largely for felons and other serious criminals. See *Survey London* (1598), vol. 1, p. 34.

[4] Anne Welles and John Parker are both found guilty not simply of murder, but of what was known as "petty treason," where the murder of a husband by a wife, child, or retainer was thought so heinous and so unnatural, such an assault on the patriarchal order of the family (and by extension that of society as a whole), that it was legally and popularly perceived as analogous to high treason, an attack on the monarch or government. Punishment for petty treason differed on the basis of the murderer's gender. For a woman, the punishment for petty treason and high treason were (theoretically at least) the same: she would be executed by being burned alive. However, for a man, the punishment for petty treason was far less horrific than that for high treason; a man who murdered his master or who was an accessory to a woman's murder of her husband simply received the common punishment for murder: death by hanging; by contrast, a man convicted of high treason would be hanged, drawn, and quartered, a lengthy and spectacularly torturous process. Interestingly, a man who murdered his wife would find himself convicted simply of murder, and would receive the common punishment for murder: death by hanging. As the following pamphlets suggest, however, legal theory and practice in the period were quite different. Cf. the execution of Anne Saunders in *The Murder of George Saunders* (F. Dolan, *Dangerous Familiars*, pp. 20-31).

[5] *Felix Kingston*, prolific London printer (1597-1652), Dublin printer (1618-19), operator of the Parish Clerks' Press (1626-29); he was the son of John Kingston, also a London printer (from 1553) (*STC*, vol. 3, p. 99); *R.W.* *STC* identifies R.W. as Robert Walker, London Stationer (fl. 1597-99). He has only 3 entries in the *STC* proper (vol. 3, p. 176).

were invented, together with God's providence in bringing it to light. And the sooner have I penned it, that others may beware of being deceived by Satan to do the like, in hope it shall be concealed.

L.B.

At Rye in Sussex there dwelled a man whose name was Henry Robson. By trade he used fishing, and lived long time in very good estimation amongst his neighbours, till such time as through his lavish spending he came greatly in debt to his utter ruin. For when Lucifer had found a means how to accomplish his will, he never left him till by his devilish practises he had brought him to the gallows. For having lived there, and being happened into the danger of the law, his creditors began to put him in suit;[1] whom when he could no ways satisfy, he was cast into prison, where he long time remained languishing in woe.

This Robson had a wife, who for her honest dealing and good neighbourhood[2] was greatly beloved both of young and old. And although she could no ways redeem him, yet did she relieve him in such sort by her diligent labour that each one wondered at her endeavour. Yet nevertheless, he little weighed neither her kindness nor the laws of God, as hereafter shall manifestly appear, but devised continually how he might make her away;[3] who being dead, he determined to sell all that ever he could make, and being redeemed out of prison, to have conveyed himself over into the Low Countries[4] and there to have lived.

Whilest these mischievous thoughts harboured in his mind, the Devil stirred up the mind of one Glasier,[5] being then in prison, to be an instrument to put this his villainy in practise; who one day finding a fit opportunity, he thus began: "Faith, Harry, I am sorry to see thee live thus in prison, and hast been so well-beloved in this town."

"Tush, Glasier," said this Robson, "'tis too late now to be sorry when there is no remedy, for so long as my wife liveth, it is impossible that ever I should come out."

"Faith, then," said Glasier, "sure if my wife's death could procure my liberty, I would never be in bondage or imprisoned."

"No," said Robson, "why, my wishes can never the sooner procure her death."

"Aye, but" said the other, "your endeavour may, without being once suspected; and if you will take my counsel and be secret, I will warrant you she shall not long live."

Which words when Robson heard, greatly rejoicing at this good hap,[6] he not only vowed to be secret, but also to put this in speedy execution, and during life to remain Glasier's friend, if it sorted to good effect.[7] In short time after, Glasier was delivered, at which instant Robson put him in mind of his promise, which he promised presently to accomplish, and hasting down to one Fishers, a mercer in the town, bought a pennyworth of ratsbane. And coming to the prison again, in secret he delivered it to Robson, willing him to temper it with glass small beaten,[8] and wrapt in the skin of a shoulder of mutton, to the quantity of a half nut or less, and in the night when his wife should next come to lie with him, he should convey it into her privy parts,[9] which he would warrant[10] without danger to him should kill her. And so he departed.

Oh heinous crime and wicked counsel, the like whereof since Cain murdered the righteous Abel hath not been heard of! But now mark the event:[11] some seven days after, his wife (according to her accustomed order) came to the prison and finding her well-beloved husband, she saluted him, joying

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1 *his creditors began to put him in suit* i.e., they prosecuted or took legal action against him.

2 *neighbourhood* good neighbourly conduct.

3 *make her away* i.e., murder her.

4 *Low Countries* a general term referring to Holland, Zeeland, and the Netherlands.

5 *Glasier* a proper name, but also obsolete form of "glazier," a person who manufactures glass or glazes windows.

6 *hap* chance, fortune.

7 *sorted to good effect* concluded or turned out well.

8 *to temper it with glass small beaten* i.e., mingle it with glass broken up into small pieces.

9 *privy parts* genitals; here specifically, the vagina.

10 *warrant* guarantee, promise.

11 *mark the event* i.e., consider closely the outcome.

of his welfare. But he, who minded nought[1] else but murder, saluted her with a dissembling show of friendship. And at night when she would have departed, he constrained her to stay all night, which was the dearest night's pleasure that ever woman had, for in the night he put in practise his former imaginations, which how it worked shall hereafter be declared.

In the morning without suspect, the poor silly[2] woman departing home, little thinking her death should so soon approach, falling close to her work,[3] she found herself grieved, and her body began to swell more and more. For now it began to run and eat into her veins, so that with the extreme pain she was constrained to go to bed, where she lay languishing some five days. Her neighbours resorting still to comfort her, and many physicians were sent for, all which agreed that she was poisoned. And therefore gave her many purgations, and using many other means, but all could not serve, for in their lives they had never seen nor heard of so strange an accident.[4] When they had used all the means they could, her days of life being now finished, she took her last adieu of the world and so died.

So soon as she was dead, according to the manner, they would have prepared for her burial. But the physicians hindered their purpose, and, having obtained license of the officers, they caused her to be ripped,[5] where they found in every vein both glass and ratsbane, and yet could not devise[6] how or by what means it should come thither, for that it could not be it should there happen by any conveyance in meat or drink. And therefore they determined to find out by some means who was the doer of this villainy. And incontinently[7] sending to every shop in the town to know who lately bought any ratsbane, at the said Fishers (aforesaid) they heard that one Glasier two weeks before had there bought a pennyworth. Whereupon they made search for the said Glasier, but he having heard of this news, and knowing himself guilty of the crime was fled away. Then they bethought how Glasier was then lately returned out of prison where Robson was, whose wife it was that was poisoned. And inquiring further when Robson's wife was with him in prison, they learned that she lay with him in the prison house not full a week before. This all being put together, they began to conjecture of the matter. And the mayor, jurats, and recorder[8] being assembled, they sent for Robson, who incontinent[9] was brought before them, and being come, the recorder (one Master Boulton) began thus:

"Neighbour Robson," said he, "we understand by one Glasier that you had certain poison of him which you caused him to buy. Now we have sent for you to know to what intent you bought it, for that you are suspected of the death of your wife, and by some manifestly accused." Which he hearing, began to use many protestations, that he was as ignorant both of any such poison or of the deed as the child newly born.

"Nay," said the recorder, "if you be so obstinate, we will bring Glasier forth, who to your shame shall testify it, and then you are not only guilty of the poison, but also of the act doing. And therefore confess the truth and shame the Devil."[10]

"Well," said Robson, "I had indeed ratsbane. But what of that?"

"Why didst thou deny it then?" said the recorder. "It shows a guilty conscience. But what

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1 *nought* nothing.

2 *silly* pitiable, deserving of compassion; helpless, defenseless.

3 *falling close to her work* i.e., beginning to work attentively.

4 *accident* disaster, mishap, unfortunate event.

5 *ripped* clearly refers to the physicians' decision to perform an autopsy, but when the word is applied to the human body it usually denotes the body's violent and illegitimate tearing open: 3.a. "to slash up with a sharp instrument, to tear open with violence" (*OED*); also *fig.* "to open up, lay bare, disclose, make known, search into, examine" (*OED*).

6 *devise* conceive, imagine, guess.

7 *incontinently* immediately.

8 *jurats* jurors; *recorder* a magistrate or judge having criminal or civil jurisdiction in a city or borough.

9 *incontinent* immediately.

10 *confess the truth and shame the Devil* proverbial expression meaning, "to tell the truth boldly in defiance of temptation to the contrary" (cf. *Tilley* T566).

didst thou with it, and to what intent didst thou buy it?"

"Why," said he, "the courthouse is full of rats, and I bought it to kill them."

"That is not so," said the recorder, "but the Devil is the father of liars, and I fear thou art his son. Confess the truth what thou didst with it."

"Well," said Robson, "if you will needs know, I will truly resolve you. I have been long in prison, and I have often heard that poison will break open any iron lock, and therefore I bought it, thinking thereby to get my liberty. Now I have told the truth I hope you will pardon me."

"No," said the recorder, "thou hast not told the truth, for with it and glass mingled together thou didst poison thy wife. And therefore as thou lookest for any favour at our hands, confess how, and in what manner thou didst it, and who was thy counsellor in it."

"Well then I perceive," said Robson, "you glut[1] after my blood and if it will pleasure you, you shall have it." For they having told him truth, he could no longer deny it, and therefore, imagining that Glasier was taken and had confessed all, he openly declared the whole manner aforesaid, how and in what manner he had done it, and for what cause, and who was his counsellor, which they hearing greatly marvelled. And so for that time he was committed to prison, where he remained till the Sessions day,[2] where he was arraigned and condemned, and according to the law he was there adjudged to be hanged, which was performed.

The Lord of his infinite grace grant everyone better to withstand Satan's temptations and eschew his subtleties, that they be not led by his allurements nor entrapped in his snares, who seeketh by all means to bring everyone to confusion.

finis.

—1598

[1] *glut* long greedily for.

[2] *the Sessions day* the regular day on which a judicial sitting would take place, where a judge or judges would try legal cases; the specified day on which judicial trials or investigations were scheduled to take place.

THE MONSTROUS CHILDREN BROADSIDES

Linking monstrous births with other "issues that challenged the orderly, Protestant, hierarchical society of post-Reformation England," David Cressy argues that such births "disturbed the margins, cut across the grain, and set the authorities on edge."[3] Although the broadsides reprinted below are part of a European-wide interest in monsters, and take their grounding from classical and ancient treatments, as well as medieval bestiaries, they all evince the common Renaissance belief that monstrous births were significant in some symbolic way, sometimes embodying a divine warning against vice, sometimes constituting a warning of God's imminent wrath towards the English nation as a whole.[4]

EDITIONS: Anonymous, *The true reporte of the forme and shape of a monstrous childe, borne at Muche Horkesleye.* London: Thomas Marshe, 1562. STC 12207; Anonymous, *A discription of a monstrous Chylde, borne at Chychester in Sussex.* London: Leonard Askel for Frances Godlyf, 1562. STC 6177; John Barker, *The true description of a monsterous chylde, borne in the Ile of Wight.* London: William Griffith, 1564. STC 1422; H.B., *The true discripcion of a childe with ruffes borne in the parish of Micheham in the cou[n]tie of Surrey.* London: John Allde and Richard Jones, 1566. STC 1033; Anonymous, *The forme and shape of a monstrous child, borne at Maydstone in Kent.* London: John Awdeley, 1568. STC 17194.

ADDITIONAL ONLINE TEXTS: Anonymous Broadsides and Ballads. *A New Ballad of the Strange and Most Cruel Whips* (1588); *A Ditty Delightful of Mother Watkins Ale* (c. 1590); and *Luke Hutton's Lamentation* (1598).

[3] *Agnes Bowker's Cat: Travesties and Transgressions in Tudor and Stuart England* (Oxford, 2000), p. 1.

[4] There are (unsurprisingly) no editions of these various broadsides, given their ephemeral status in literary history. Further reading would have to turn to the originals or their digitized copies. The only readily available sixteenth-century text featuring monsters and marvels is a book, not a popular broadside: A. Paré's *On Monsters and Marvels*, trans. and ed. J.L. Pallister (Chicago, 1982).

[The Much Horkesley Monster]

The True Report of the Form and Shape of a Monstrous Child, Born at Much Horkesley, a Village Three Miles from Colchester, in the County of Essex, the 21st Day of April in This Year, 1562.

Oh praise ye God and
bless his name
His mighty hand hath
wrought the same.

This monstrous world that monsters breeds as rife[1]
As men tofore[2] it bred by native kind,
By births that show corrupted nature's strife
Declares what sins beset the secret mind.

I mean not this as though deformed shape
Were always linked with fraughted mind with vice,[3]
But that in nature God such draughts[4] doth shape
Resembling sins that so been had in price;[5]

So grossest faults brast[6] out in body's form
And monster caused of want or too much store
Of matter[7] shows the sea of sin: whose storm
O'erflows and whelms virtue's barren shore;

Faulty alike in ebb and eke in flood,
Like distant both from mean, both like extremes.[8]
Yet great'st excess the want of mean doth shroud
And want of mean excess from virtue's means.

So contrariest extremes consent in sin,
Which to bewray[9] to blindest eyes by sight
Behold a calf hath clapped[10] about his chin
His chauderne[11] reft whence nature placed it right;

And ruffed drives doubtful seers to prove by speech
Themselves not calves, and makes the fashion stale.[12]
In him behold by excess from mean our breach[13]
And midst excess yet want[14] of nature's shape.

To show our miss[15] behold a guiltless babe
Reft of his limbs (for such is virtue's want),
Himself and parents both infamous made
With sinful birth, and yet a worldling scant,[16]
Fears midwife's rout,[17] bewraying his parents' fault
In want of honesty and excess or sin.
Made lawful by all laws of man, yet halt[18]
Of limbs by God, 'scaped not the shameful mark

Of bastard son in bastard shape descried.[19]
Better, far better ungiven were his life
Than given so. For nature just envied
Her gift to him, and cropped with maiming knife

---

1 *rife* plentifully, abundantly.

2 *tofore* heretofore.

3 *with fraughted mind with vice* i.e., with a mind freighted or loaded with vice.

4 *draughts* perhaps, an image or representation.

5 *had in price* "to have in price": to have a sense or estimate of [a thing's] worth.

6 *brast* northern form of "burst."

7 *caused of want or too much store / Of matter* Renaissance medical texts sometimes explain monstrous births as caused by a lack of ("want of") or an excess of ("too much store of") seed or semen ("matter").

8 I.e., just as distant from the middle ground (the mean) and therefore just as extreme (far apart from each other) as the ebb and flow of the sea's tide.

9 *bewray* to reveal what has hitherto been kept secret, to disclose, reveal.

10 *calf* a term of endearment for a young boy, but also sometimes "a meek and inoffensive person"; *clapped* fastened energetically and promptly.

11 *chauderne* perhaps, an obsolete form of chawdron: the entrails of a beast, esp. as used for food.

12 *ruffed ... stale* i.e., those who are ruffed (wearing this article of fashionable clothing, which is here implicitly compared to an aspect of the infant's physical deformity) are anxious speak in order to prove that they are not beasts (i.e., calves) or fools (calf is also a slang term for "dolt"); the monstrous spectacle makes the fashion uninteresting, unfashionable. On ruffs, see p. 565, note 9.

13 I.e., by the deformed infant's distance from the physical mean of the human body, we may judge our breach in sin.

14 *want* lack.

15 *miss* sin.

16 *yet a worldling scant* i.e., "though [he is] scarcely of the world (since just born)," and "though [he is] scarcely a worldly person, a person whose particular sin is to be overly concerned about worldly matters [such as his and his parents' social reputations]."

17 *rout* shout (obviously of surprise and horror).

18 *halt* crippled, deformed.

19 *descried* disclosed, made known, revealed.

¶ The true reporte of the forme and

shape of a monstrous childe, borne at Muche Horkesleye, a village three myles from Colchester, in the Countye of Esser, the .xxi. daye of Apryll in this yeare. 1562.

O, prayse ye God and blesse his name

His mightye hande hath wrought the same.

THis monstrous world that monsters brede as
Is men to fore it bred by native kinde (rife
By birthes that shewe corrupted natures strife
Declares what sinnes befel the secrete minde.
I meane not this as though deformed shape
Were alwayes linkd with straughted minde with vice
But that in nature god such draughtes doth shape
Resembling sinnes that so bin had in price,
So grossest faultes brast out in bodyes forme
And monster caused of want or to much store
Of matter, shewes the sea of sinne: whose forme
Oreflowes and whelmes vertues barren shore.
Faultye alike in ebbe and eke in flowd,
Like distaunt both from meane, both like extreames.
Yet greatest excesse the want of meane doth show de
And want of meane excesse from vertues meanes.
So contrarye st extreames consent in sinne
Which to bewray to blindest eyes by syght
Beholde a calfe hath clapt about his chinne
His chaudrone rest whence nature placed it right.
And ruffd dames doutfull seers to proue by speache
Them selues not calues, and makes the fashion stale.
In him behold by excesse from meane our breache
And middes excesse yet want of natures shape.

To shewe our misse beholde a guiltlesse babe
Reft of his limmes (for such is vertues want)
Him selfe and parentes both infamous made
With sinful byrth: and yet a worldlyng scant.
Feares midwyfes route: bewrayeng his parentes fault
In want of honestye and excesse of sinne.
Made lawfull by all lawes of man, yet halt
Of limmes by God, scapd not the shamefull marke
Of bastard sonne in bastard shape descryed.
Better farre better vnspuen were his lyfe
Than geuen so. For nature iust enuyed
Her gyft to him: and cropd with mayming knyfe
His limmes, to wreake her spyte on parentes sinne,
Which, if she spare vnwares so many scapes
As wycked world to breede wil neuer linne
Theyr liues declare theyr maims saued frō their shapes
Scorchd in theyr mindes (o cruel pitye mayme
That festreth styll, o vnrecured sore)
Where thothers quiting wyth theyr bodyes shame
Theyr parentes guilt, oft linger not theyr lyues
In lothed shapes but naked flye to skyes.
As this may do whose forme to fore thine eyes
Through want thou seest, a monstrous vglye shape
Whom frendly world to sinne doth terme a scape.

ON Tuysday being the .xxi. day of Apryll, in this yeare of our Lorde God a thousand fyue hundred thre score and two, there was borne a man childe of this maymed forme at Muche Horkesley in Esser, a village about three myles from Colchester, betwene a naturall father and a naturall mother hauing neyther hande, foote, legge, nor arme, but on the left syde it hath a Stumpe growynge out of the shoulder, and the ende thereof is rounde, and not so long as it should go to the elbowe, and on the ryghte syde no mencion of any thing where any arme should be, but a litel stumpe of one ynche in length, also on the left buttocke there is a stumpe comming out of the length of the thygh almost to the knee, and rounde at the ende, and groweth something ouerthwart towardes the place where the ryght legge should be, and where the ryghte legge should be, there is no mencion of anye legge or stumpe. Also it hath a Codde and stones but no yearde, but a lytell hole for the water to issue out. Finallye it hath by estimation no tounge, by reason whereof it sucketh not, but is succoured wyth liquide substaunce put into the mouth by droppes, and nowe begynneth to feede wyth pappe beyng very well fauoured, and of good and chearefull face.

¶ The aforesayde Anthony Smyth of Muche Horkelley husbandman and his wyfe, were both maryed to others before, and haue had dyuers chyldren, but this deformed childe is the fyrst that the sayd Anthony and his wyfe had betwene them two, it is a man chylde. This chylde was begot out of matrimony, but borne in matrimonye. And at the makynge hereof was liuing, and like to continue.

¶ Imprinted at London in Aldersgate strete nere to S. Dunstons church by Thomas Marshe.

The True Report of a Monstrous Child Born at Muche Horkesley, 1562. Reproduced by permission of the British Library. Shelfmark: HUTH. 50. (36.).

His limbs to wreak her spite on parents' sin.
Which, if she spare unwares so many scapes[1]
As wicked world to breed will never lin,[2]
Their lives declare their maims saved from their shapes

Scorched in their minds (O cruel privy maim[3]
That fest'reth still, O unrecured[4] sore)
Where th'others, quiting[5] with their bodies' shame
Their parents' guilt, oft linger not their lives
In loathed shapes but naked fly to skies.
As this may do whose form tofore[6] thine eyes
Through want thou seest a monstrous ugly shape,
Whom friendly world to sin doth term a scape.[7]

On Tuesday being the 21st day of April, in this year of our Lord God a thousand five hundred three score and two, there was born a man child of this maimed form at Much Horkesley in Essex, a village about three miles from Colchester, between a natural father and a natural mother, having neither hand, foot, leg, nor arm, but on the left side it hath a stump growing out of the shoulder, and the end thereof is round, and not so long as it should go to the elbow, and on the right side no mention of anything where any arm should be, but a little stump of one inch in length. Also on the left buttock there is a stump coming out of the length of the thigh almost to the knee, and round at the end, and groweth something overthwart[8] towards the place where the right leg should be, and where the right leg should be, there is no mention of any leg or stump. Also it hath a cod and stones but no yard, but a little hole for the water[9] to issue out. Finally it hath by estimation no tongue, by reason whereof it sucketh not, but is succored with liquid substance put into the mouth by drops, and now beginneth to feed with pap[10] being very well-favoured, and of good and cheerful face.

The aforesaid Anthony Smith of Much Horkesley, husbandman, and his wife, were both married to others before, and have had divers children, but this deformed child is the first that the said Anthony and his wife had between them two. It is a man child. This child was begot out of matrimony, but born in matrimony. And at the making hereof was living, and like to continue.

Imprinted at London in ... [*illegible*] street near to St Dunstan's Church by Thomas Marsh.[11]

—1562

[1] *unwares* unexpectedly; unintentionally; *scapes* a breaking out from moral restraint; thus, an outrageous sin; often applied to a breach of chastity.

[2] *lin* cease, leave off, desist from.

[3] *privy maim* secret wound; "maim" often refers to a serious, lasting and disabling injury.

[4] *unrecured* unhealed.

[5] *quiting* paying for, redeeming.

[6] *tofore* in front of, before.

[7] I.e., whom a world friendly to sin terms a scape; here the meaning contrasts with that above (p. 559, note 1), and refers to a transgression due to thoughtlessness, and thus a trivial fault or slip, not a moral outrage.

[8] *overthwart* askew, aslant.

[9] *cod* scrotum; *stones* testicles; *yard* penis; *water* urine.

[10] *pap* a mixture of bread and milk (or water), meant for infants or invalids.

[11] Thomas Marsh (Marshe, Marche), prolific London printer (1554-87, at least), father of Edward and Henry Marsh (also printers). He was granted a patent in 1572 for Latin grammar books (*STC*, vol. 3, p. 115). Marsh was not only the publisher of the first surviving edition of *A Mirror for Magistrates* (1559), but also of an important and influential collection of tragedies by the Roman playwright, Seneca. Paul Budra notes that while "he printed everything, from psalters to cookbooks," he favoured later in his career the genres of tragedy and history, perhaps on account of the success of the *Mirror*. See *A Mirror for Magistrates and the de casibus tradition* (Toronto, 2000), p. 11.

[The Chichester Monster]

A Description of a Monstrous Child, Born at Chichester in Sussex, the 24th Day of May. This Being the Very Length and Bigness of the Same. 1562.

When God for sin to plague hath ment,[1]
Although he long defarde,
He tokens truly strange hath sent
To make his foes a feared

That they thereby might take remorse
Of their ill life misspent
And more of love,[2] than fear or force
Their formal[3] faults repent.

Before the earth was overflowen
With waters huge throughout,
He sent them Noe,[4] that holy one,
Who daily went about

To call them then to godly life,
At whom they laughed and fumed.
He was contemned[5] of man and wife
Till they were all consumed.

Loth[6] did preach most earnestly,
But it did not prevail:
Then fire and brimstone verily
Upon them down did hail.

Pharaoh's[7] heart had no remorse,
Though wonders strange he saw,
But rather was therefore the worse
Without all fear or awe,

Until both he and his therefore
By justice sent of God
In raging seas were all forlore,[8]
And then he felt the rod.

Ten times truly were the Jews
In captive brought and led.[9]
Before each time, it God did use
His tokens strange we read.

The year before Vaspatian[10] came
The Jews a heifer dressed,[11]
Which being slain did calve a lame;[12]
This sign they soon did wrest[13]

---

[1] *ment* meant (i.e., when God means to punish, torment ["plague"] [us] for [our] sin, although he has long deferred ["defarde"] this punishment).

[2] *of love* i.e., on account of the love (they have for God).

[3] *formal* perhaps an adjective taken from the verb "formel" (to mention or speak of beforehand); i.e., former, earlier.

[4] *Noe* Noah, the Biblical patriarch who is saved (along with his family) from the general destruction of humanity in the great flood; when he tries to warn his neighbours of the coming catastrophe, they mock him.

[5] *contemned* despised.

[6] *Loth* Lot warns the men of Sodom against their intention to rape his two male visitors (disguised angels), and later warns his sons-in-law to flee with himself and his family since God has decided to destroy the city. They don't believe him and are destroyed in the general conflagration (Genesis 19:7, 14).

[7] *Pharaoh's* In Exodus 7:17-12:30, Pharaoh witnesses a number of plagues that are visited upon his country by God via his intermediary Moses, plagues which subvert the normal course of nature (e.g., hail falls from a clear sky and burns like fire upon the ground). His heart hardened by God, Pharaoh is unmoved.

[8] *In raging seas were all forlore* Although Pharaoh is finally forced to free the Israelites from their slavery in Egypt, he changes his mind and sets out after them with his army; catching up with them at the Red Sea, Pharaoh's army attempts to follow the Israelites onto the dry land in the midst of the sea which God has miraculously opened up. They are drowned when the sea flows back into its bed (Exodus 14).

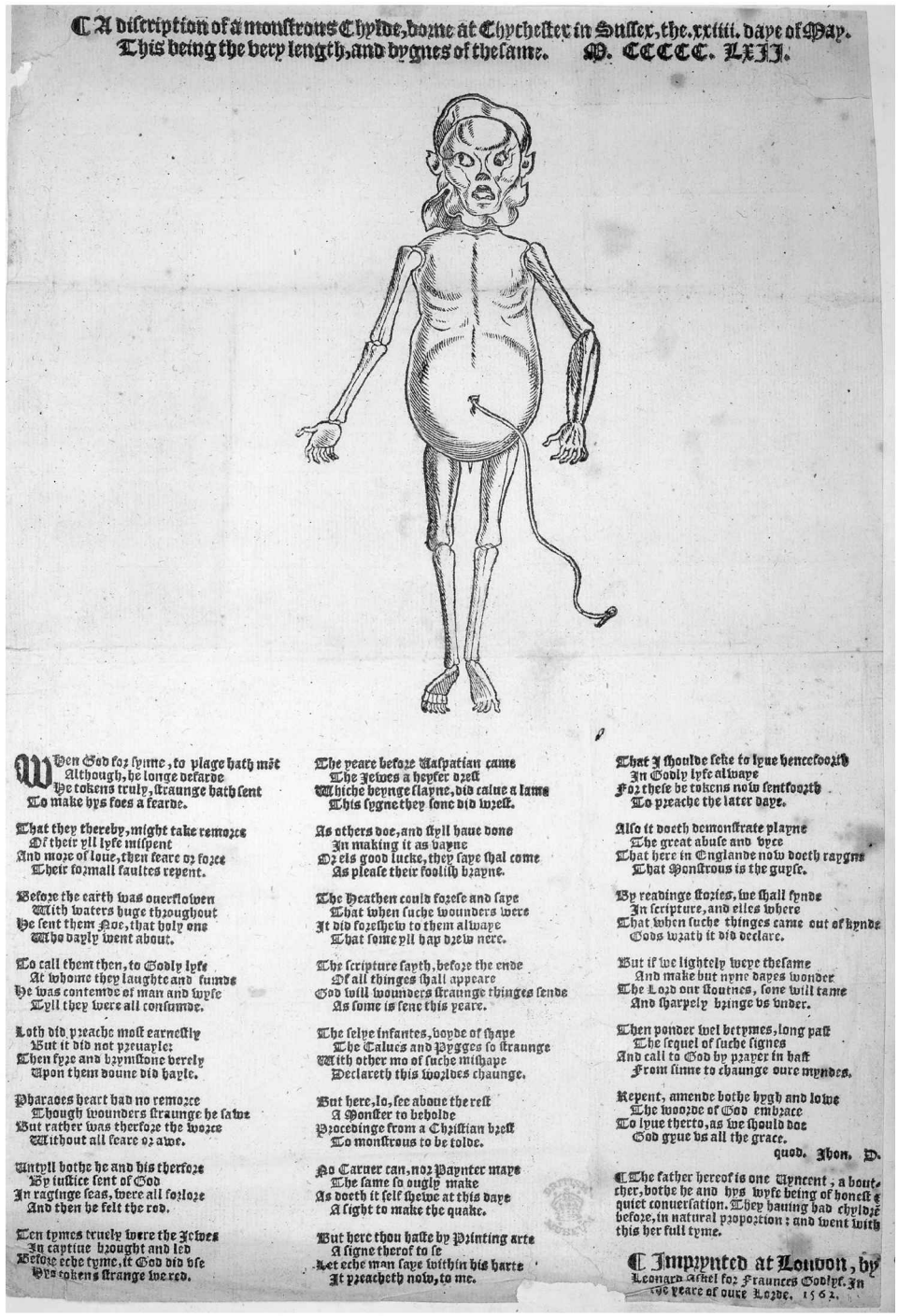
[9] *Ten times ... and led* The Jews were conquered and enslaved a number of times, the most famous captivities were the "Assyrian Captivity," the "Babylonian Captivity," and the "Roman Captivity."

[10] *Vaspatian* Vespasian, Roman general and later emperor. In 66 CE he invaded Judaea in response to a Jewish insurrection which had already claimed the lives of a Roman garrison. In the subsequent siege of Jerusalem, more than half a million Jews perished and the Temple was completely destroyed (*Catholic Encycl.*, online, 2005).

[11] *dressed* i.e., prepared for ritual sacrifice.

[12] *calve a lame* i.e., gave birth to a lamb; lame = obsolete form of "lamb." The mid-ninth century Jewish history *Sefer Yosippon* reports this as one of the signs given by God in the year before the Roman emperor Vespasian's troops arrived to put down the Jewish revolt and in the process destroy Jerusalem and its Temple. While the Jewish wise men knew that the sacrificial calf's giving birth to a sheep indicated a coming catastrophe, the common people misinterpreted it as a good omen.

[13] *wrest* misinterpret or twist, pervert the meaning of.



¶ A discription of a monstrous Chylde, borne at Chychester in Sussex, the xviii. daye of May. This being the very length, and bygnes of the same. M. CCCCC. LXII.

When God for tyme, to plage hath mēt
Although, he longe debarde
Ye tokens truly, straunge hath sent
To make hys foes a feard.

That they thereby, might take remorse
Of their yll lyfe mispent
And more of loue, then feare or force
Their formall faultes repent.

Before the earth was ouerflowen
With waters huge throughout
He sent them Noe, that holy one
Who daily went about.

To call them then, to Godly lyfe
At whome they laughte and skornde
He was contemde of man and wyfe
Tyll they were all consumde.

Loth did preache most earnestly
But it did not preuayle:
Then fyre and brymstone direly
Upon them doune did hayle.

Pharaoes heart had no remorse
Though wounders straunge he sawe
But rather was therfore the worse
Without all feare or awe.

Untyll bothe he and his therfore
By iustice sent of God
In raginge seas, were all forlore
And then he felt the rod.

Ten tymes truely were the Iewes
In captiue brought and led
Before ech tyme, it God did vse
Hys tokens straunge we red.

The yeare before Nabuchadnezzar came
The Iewes a heyfer dyed
Whiche beynge slayne, did calue a lame
This sygne they sone did wyeld.

As others doe, and styll haue done
In making it as vayne
Or els good lucke, they saye shal come
As please their foolish brayne.

The heathen could foresee and saye
That when suche wounders were
It did forshew to them alwaye
That some yll hap nere.

The scripture sayth, before the ende
Of all thinges shall appeare
God will wounders straunge thinges sende
As some is sene this yeare.

The selye infantes, voyde of shape
The Calues and Pygges so straunge
With other mo of suche mishape
Declareth this worldes chaunge.

But here, lo, see aboue the rest
A Monster to beholde
Procedinge from a Christian brest
To monstrous to be tolde.

No Caruer can, nor Paynter maye
The same so ougly make
As doeth it self shewe at this daye
A sight to make the quake.

But here thou haste by Printing arte
A signe therof to se
Let eche man saye within his harte
It preacheth now, to me.

That I shoulde seke to lyue henceforth
In Godly lyfe alwaye
For these be tokens now sentforth
To preache the latter daye.

Also it doeth demonstrate playne
The great abuse and vice
That here in Englande now doeth raygne
That Monstrous is the guyse.

By readinge stories, we shall fynde
In scripture, and elles where
That when suche thinges came out of kynde
Gods wrath it did declare.

But if we lightely wey the same
And make but nyne dayes wonder
The Lord our Sauiour, sone will tame
And sharpely bringe vs vnder.

Then ponder wel betymes, long past
The sequel of suche signes
And call to God by prayer in hast
From sinne to chaunge oure myndes.

Repent, amende bothe hygh and lowe
The woorde of God embrace
To lyue therto, as we should doe
God grue vs all the grace.

quod. Ihon. D.

¶ The father hereof is one Tyncent, a boutcher, bothe he and hys wyfe being of honest & quiet conuersation. They hauing had chyldre before, in natural proporcion: and went with this her full tyme.

¶ Imprynted at London, by Leonard Askel for Fraunces Godlyf. In the yeare of oure Lorde. 1562.

A Description of a Monstrous Child Born at Chichester, 1562.
Reproduced by permission of the British Library. Shelfmark: HUTH. 50. (33.).

As others do and still have done
In making it as vain,[1]
Or else good luck they say shall come,
As please their foolish brain.

The heathen could foresee and say
That when such wonders were
It did foreshow[2] to them alway
That some ill hap drew nere.[3]

The Scripture sayeth,[4] before the end
Of all things shall appear,
God will wonders[5] strange things send,
As some is seen this year.

The silly[6] infants, void of shape,
The calves and pigs so strange,
With other mo[7] of such misshape
Declareth this world's change.

But here, lo, see above the rest
A monster to behold,
Proceeding from a Christian breast,
Too monstrous to be told.

No carver can, nor painter may
The same so ugly make,
As doth itself show at this day,
A sight to make thee quake.[8]

But here thou hast by printing art
A sign thereof to see.
Let each man say within his heart,
It preacheth now to me
That I should seek to live henceforth
In godly life alway.
For these be tokens now sent forth
To preach the Latter Day.[9]

Also it doth demonstrate plain
The great abuse and vice
That here in England now doth reign,
That monstrous is the guise.

By reading stories we shall find
In Scripture and elsewhere
That when such things came out of kind[10]
God's wrath it did declare.

But if we lightly weigh the same
And make but nine days' wonder,[11]
The Lord our stoutness[12] soon will tame
And sharply bring us under.

Then ponder well betimes[13] long past
The sequel of such signs,
And call to God by prayer in hast[14]
From sin to change our minds.

Repent, amend both high and low,
The word of God embrace.
To live thereto as we should do
God give us all the grace.

quod. Ihon. D.[15]

---

1 *making it as vain* i.e., interpreting it as empty or meaningless.
2 *foreshow* foretell, predict.
3 *ill hap* misfortune; *nere* near.
4 *The Scripture sayeth* Revelation 6-20.
5 *wonders* wondrous.
6 *silly* innocent.
7 *mo* more.
8 See stanza 9 of "The True Description of a Monstrous Child Born in the Isle of Wight."
9 *Latter Day* the day of the Last Judgement. See Revelation and Matthew 25:31ff.
10 *came out of kind* i.e., when such creatures were born which cross what we might now call "the species barrier."
11 *nine days' wonder* proverbially, an event that causes a huge but temporary sensation; it is implied that the response to this event is unthinking and trivializing ("A wonder lasts but nine days" [*Tilley* W728]).
12 *stoutness* pride, arrogance.
13 *ponder well betimes* i.e., meditate deeply and in due time or before it is too late (betimes).
14 *hast* haste.
15 *quod Ihon D.* "said John D."

The father hereof is one Vincent, a butcher, both he and his wife being of honest and quiet conversation. They having had children before in natural proportion, and went with this her full time.[1]

Imprinted at London, by
Leonard Askel for Frances Godlyf.[2]
In the year of our Lord, 1562

—1562

[The Isle of Wight Monster]

The True Description of a Monstrous Child Born in the Isle of Wight, in This Present Year of Our Lord God 1564, the Month of October, after This Form with a Cluster of Long Hair about the Navel. The Father's Name is James Johnson, in the Parish of Freswater.

For mercy, Lord, with one accord,
To thee we call and cry,
That so doth show in earth below
Thy wondrous works daily.

Within the rase[3] of five years space
Much monstrous sights hath bin:[4]
Of sundry kind, man bear in mind,
And soon turn from thy sin.

Repent and pray, amend I say,
Leave off thy wicked ways.
The time draws on, thou must be gone,
Behold this latter days.[5]

Of infants young, agone not long,
With calves and pigs which were:
The tokens lo, misshapen so,
Which crieth to us great fear.

Now this late sight in Isle of Wight,[6]
Strangely it is to tell:
Two children born, never beforn,[7]
Such wonders there befell.

The one I find of womankind,
Having her shape all right;
The other is transposed this,[8]
As pleaseth the Lord of might.

Where nature's art doth not her part,
In working of her skill,
To shape aright each lively wight:[9]
Behold it is God's will.

Lo here you see, before your eye,
A man child to behold,
A babe guiltless, deformed this,
Most wonderous to be told.

No carver can nor painter than
The shape more ugly make:
As itself doth declare the truth,
A sight to make us quake.

Let us all fear, and in mind bear,
This form so monsterous,
That no hurt wrought, nor evil hath thought.
What shall become of us

---

1 *went with this her full time* i.e., the child was not premature.

2 Leonard Askell (fl. 1562-63), London printer (1556). He has only 2 entries in the *STC* proper (vol. 3, p. 6); Francis Godlif (Godly), London bookbinder, 1562-96; Chester bookbinder, 1566-67. He has only 2 entries in the *STC* proper (vol. 3, p. 69).

3 *rase* perhaps "race" or "quick passage;" or "rase" as in "erase."

4 *bin* been.

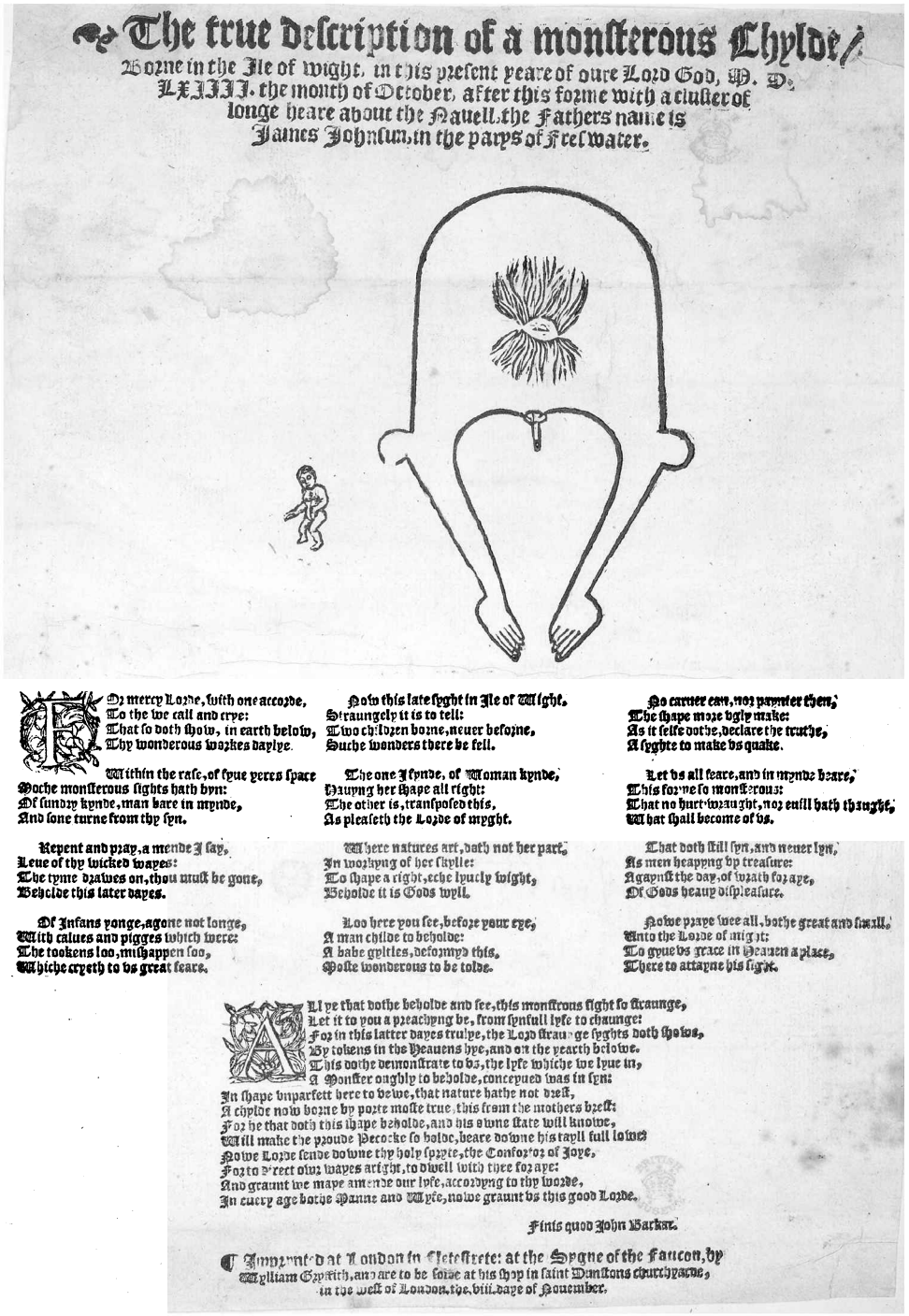
5 *latter days* a reference to the "end times" or apocalypse prophesied in the Book of Revelation; these "latter days" are a herald of the end of the world and the Last Judgement; see also "the day of wrath," below, l.43.

6 *Isle of Wight* a small island off the coast of southwest England; now a popular holiday resort.

7 *beforn* before.

8 *transposed this* i.e., transformed into this shape (with the additional sense that this transformation is a perversion or corruption of the original).

9 *wight* person.



The true description of a monsterous Chylde/

Borne in the Ile of wight, in this present yeare of oure Lord God, M. D. LXIIII. the month of October, after this forme with a cluster of longe heare about the Nauell. the Fathers name is Iames Johnson, in the parys of Frelwater.

FOr mercy Lorde, with one accorde,
To the we call and crye:
That so doth show, in earth below,
Thy wonderous workes daylye.

Within the rase, of fyue yeres space
Moche monsterous sights hath byn:
Of sundry kynde, man bare in mynde,
And lone turne from thy syn.

Repent and pray, a mende I say,
Leue of thy wicked wayes:
The tyme drawes on, thou must be gone,
Beholde this later dayes.

Of Infans yonge, agone not longe,
With calues and pigges which were:
The tookens loo, mishappen soo,
Whiche cryeth to vs great feare.

Now this late syght in Ile of Wight.
Straungely it is to tell:
Two children borne, neuer before,
Suche wonders there be fell.

The one Kynde, of Woman kynde,
Varying her shape all right:
The other is, transposed this,
As pleaseth the Lorde of myght.

Where natures art, doth not her part,
In working of her skylle:
To shape a right, eche lyuely wight,
Behold it is Gods will.

Loo here you see, before your eye,
A man childe to beholde:
A babe goodlies, deformyd this,
Moste wonderous to be tolde.

No carner can, nor paynter then,
The shape more ugly make:
As it selfe doth, declare the truthe,
A syghte to make vs quake.

Let vs all feare, and in mynde beare,
This forme so monsterous:
That no hurt waught, nor euill hath thought,
What shall become of vs.

That doth still syn, and neuer lyn,
As men heapyng by treasure:
Against the day, of wrath to aye,
Of Gods heauy displeasure.

Nowe praye wee all, bothe great and small,
Vnto the Lorde of myght:
To gyue vs grace in Heauen a place,
There to attayne his syght.

ALl ye that dothe beholde and see, this monstrous sight so straunge,
Let it to you a preachyng be, from synfull lyfe to chaunge:
For in this latter dayes trulye, the Lord straunge sights doth showe,
By tokens in the Heauens hye, and on the yearth belowe.
This dothe demonstrate to vs, the lyfe whiche we lyue in,
A Monster oughly to beholde, conceyued was in syn:
In shape vnparfett here to bewe, that nature hathe not dreft,
A chylde now borne by poyte moste true, this from the mothers brefl:
For he that doth this shape beholde, and his owne state will knowe,
Will make the proude Peacocke to bolde, beare downe his tayll full lowe:
Nowe Lorde sende downe thy holy spyrite, the Comforter of Joye,
For to direct oure wayes aright, to dwell with thee for aye:
And graunt we maye amende our lyfe, accordyng to thy worde,
In euery age bothe Manne and Wyfe, nowe graunt vs this good Lorde.

Finis quod John Barker.

Imprynted at London in Fletestrete: at the Sygne of the Faucon, by William Gryffith, and are to be solde at his shop in saint Dunstons churchyarde, in the weft of London. the viii. daye of Nouember.

The True Description of a Monstrous Child Born in the Isle of Wight, 1564. Reproduced by permission of the British Library. Shelfmark: HUTH. 50. (40.).

That doth still sin, and never lin,[1]
As men heaping up treasure,
Against the day of wrath for aye[2]
Of God's heavy displeasure.

Now pray we all, both great and small,
Unto the Lord of might:
To give us grace, in Heaven a place,
There to attain his sight.

All ye that doth behold and see this monstrous sight so strange,
Let it to you a preaching be from sinful life to change:
For in this latter days truly, the Lord strange sights doth show,
By tokens in the heavens high and on the earth below.
This doth demonstrate to us, the life which we live in,
A monster ugly to behold, conceived was in sin:
In shape unparfett[3] here to view, that nature hath not dressed,
A child now born by port most true,[4] this from the mother's breast.
For he that doth this shape behold, and his own state will know,
Will make the proud peacock so bold bear down his tail full low.
Now Lord send down thy Holy Sprite,[5] the comforter of joy,
For to direct our ways aright, to dwell with thee for aye:
And grant we may amend our life according to thy word,
In every age both man and wife, now grant us this good Lord.

Finis quod John Barker.[6]

Imprinted at London in Fleetstreet: at the Sign of the Faucon,[7] by William Griffith,[8] and are to be sold at his shop in Saint Dunston's Churchyard, in the west of London, the 8th day of November.

—1564?

[The Ruffs Monster]

The True Description of a Child with Ruffs[9] *Born in the Parish of Micheham in the County of Surrey in the Year of Our Lord 1566.*

The fore part
and the back part[10]

This present year of our Lord 1566, the 7th day of June, one Helene Jermin, the wife of John Jermin, husbandman,[11] dwelling in the parish of Micheham, was delivered of a woman child named Christian being after this manner and form following. That is to say, the face comely and of a cheerful countenance. The arms and hands, legs and feet of right shape, and the body, with all other members thereunto appertaining, well-proportioned in due form and order, saving that it is as it

---

1 *lin* obsolete verb, "to cease, desist."

2 *for aye* for ever, for all eternity.

3 *unparfett* imperfect.

4 *born by port most true* i.e., the birth was a normal vaginal birth; "port" here is used in its figurative sense, meaning door or gateway (cf. Raynolde, *The Birth of Mankind* [1564]: "The entrance of the matrix or womb, is named the womb port or the mother port" [G2v]).

5 *Holy Sprite* the Holy Spirit or Holy Ghost, the third person in the Trinity (along with God the Father and God the Son).

6 *Finis quod John Barker* "the end says John Barker." John Barker published three other ballads between 1561 and 1570: "A ballad declaring how neighbourhood, love, and true dealing is gone"; "Of the horrible and woeful destruction of Jerusalem"; and "The plagues of Northumberland."

7 *Faucon* Falcon.

8 *William Griffith* William Griffith (Gryffyth), London bookseller and printer, 1552?-71. He has some 29 entries in the *STC* proper (vol. 3, pp. 72-73).

9 *Ruffs* an article of neckwear usually consisting of starched linen or muslin arranged in horizontal flutings and standing out all around the neck, worn especially in the reigns of Elizabeth I and James I.

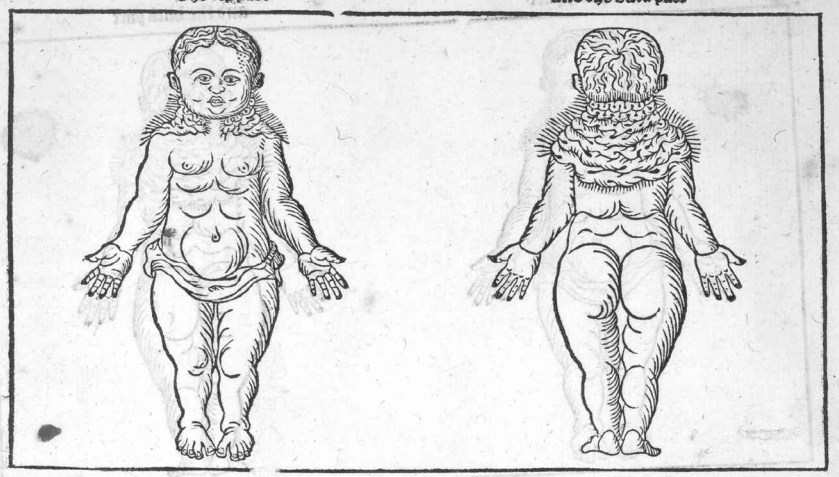
10 the labels for the two views of the Child with Ruffs. See accompanying facsimile.

11 *husbandman* farmer.

¶ The true discription of a Childe with Ruffes borne

in the parish of Micheham in the Coũtie of Surrey in the yeere of our Lord. M. D. LVI.

The for part and the back part



THis present yeere of our Lor M. D. LVI the .vii. day of June one Helene Jermin the wife of John Jermin Husbandman dwelling in the parishe of Micheham was deliuered of a Woman Childe named Christiã beeing after this maner & fourme following. That is to say, the face comly & of a cheerful countenaũce. The Armes and hands, Leggs and Feet of right shape, and the Body w all other members therunto appertenig, wel proporcioned in due fourme & order, sauing þ it is as it were wunderfully clothed with suche a Fleshy skin as the like at no time hath ben seene. For it hath the said fleshy skin behinde like vnto a Neckerchef growing from the veriey of the Back vp vnto the neck as it were with many Ruffes set one after another and beeing as it were somthing gathered, euery Ruf about an inche brode hanig here growing on the edges of the same, & so w Ruffes cõming ouer þ Shoulders and couering some part of þ Armes proceding vp vnto the nape of the neck behinde and almoste round about the neck, like as many womens Gownes be, not close to gither before: but that the thyrde beeing (with a faire white skin) bare betweene bothe the sides of the ruffes, the said ruffes about the neck beeing double and as it were thick gathered, muche like vnto the Ruffes that many do vse to weare about their necks.

¶ This Childe before said (the day of the date vnder written) was tobe seene in Glene Alley in Suthwark beeing aliue and .v. weeks olde and iii. dayes not vnlikly to liue long.

¶ An Admonition vnto the Reader,

THis picture preſt in paper white,
our natures doth declare:
Whose fourme so straunge by nature
may lerne vs to beware. (tures spite

¶ By natures spite, what do I saye?
doth nature rule the roste?
Nay god it is say wel I may:
by whom nature is tost.

¶ The face ful faire, the members all,
in order stand and place:
But yet to muche: by natures thrall,
doth worke a great disgrace.

¶ This ruffeling world in ruffes al rolde,
doth God detest and hate:
As we may lerne the tale wel tolde,
of Childzen borne of late.

¶ What meanes this childe by natures
thus Ruffed for to be: (worke:
But by these Ruffes our natures spurk,
we might be holde and see.

¶ Her squares our squaring doth set out,
this here our heres doth checke:
This monstrouse monster out of dout,
agreeth in eche respect.

¶ Our filthy liues in Pigg's are theiwd,
our Pride this Childe doth bere:
Our ragg's and Ruffes that are so lewd,
beholde her flesthe and here.

¶ Our Weall's and Cattel plagued are,
all monstrouse in their shape:
And eke this Childe doth wel declare,
the pride we vse of late.

¶ Our curled here her here doth preche
our ruffes and giles gate:
Our straunge attire wherto we reche,
our flesthe that plese we may.

¶ The poet telleth how Daphenes was,
transformd into a tre:
And Io to a Cow did passe,
a straunge thing for to se.

¶ But poets tales may passe and go,
as trifels and vntrueth:
When ruffes of flesthe as I do trowe,
shall moue vs vnto ruthe.

¶ Deformed are the things we were,
deformed is our hart:
The Lord is wroth with all this gere,
repent for fere of smarte.

¶ Pray we the Lord our hart's to turn,
whiles we haue time and space:
Lest that our soules in hel do burn,
for voiding of his grace.

¶ And þ O England whose womãkinde,
in ruffes do walke to oft:
Parswade them ful to bere in minde,
this Childe with ruffes so soft.

¶ In fourme as they in nature so,
a maid she is in deed:
God graunt vs grace how euer we go,
for to repent with speed.

FINIS. Q H B.

¶ Imprinted at London by John Allde and Richarde Johnes and are to be solde at the Long Shop adioining vnto S. Mildreds Churche in the Poultrie and at the litle shop adioining to the Northwest doore of Paules Churche. Anno domini. M. D. LVI. the .xx. of August

The True Description of a Child with Ruffs Born in Micheham, 1566.
Reproduced by permission of the British Library. Shelfmark: HUTH. 50. (34.).

were wonderfully clothed with such a fleshy skin as the like at no time hath been seen. For it hath the said fleshy skin behind like unto a neckerchief, growing from the reins of the back[1] up unto the neck as it were with many ruffs set one after another and being as it were something gathered, every ruff about an inch broad having here growing on the edges of the same, and so with ruffs coming over the shoulders and covering some part of the arms proceeding up unto the nape of the neck behind and almost round about the neck, like as many women's gowns be, not close together before; but that the throat being (with a fair white skin) bare between both the sides of the ruffs, the said ruffs about the neck being double and as it were thick-gathered, much like unto the ruffs that many do use to wear about their necks.

This child beforesaid (the day of the date under written) was to be seen in Glene Alley in Southwark,[2] being alive and 10 weeks old and 4 days not unlikely to live long.

An Admonition unto the Reader

This picture pressed in paper white
our natures doth declare,
Whose form so strange by nature's spite
may learn us to beware.

By nature's spite, what do I say?
doth nature rule the rost?[3]
Nay God it is, say well I may,
by whom nature is tossed.

The face full fair, the members all
in order stand and place:
But yet too much: by nature's thrall,[4]
doth work a great disgrace.

This ruffling[5] world in ruffs all rolled
doth God detest and hate,
As we may learn the tale well told
of children born of late.[6]

What means this child by nature's work
thus ruffed for to be?
But by these ruffs our nature's spurk[7]
we might behold and see.

Her squares our squaring[8] doth set out,
this hair our hairs doth check;[9]
This monstrous monster out of doubt
agreeth in each respect.

Our filthy lives in pigs are showed,
our pride this child doth bear.
Our rags[10] and ruffs that are so lewd—
behold her flesh and hair.

Our beasts and cattle plagued are,
all monstrous in their shape,
And eke[11] this child doth well declare
the pride we use of late.

Our curled hair her hair doth preach,
our ruffs and guises gay,[12]
Our strange attire whereto we reach[13]
our flesh that please we may.

---

1 *reins of the back* i.e., the region of the kidneys; the loins.

2 Southwark was on the south bank of the Thames, and it became a ward of the city of London in 1550; associated with disorder and license, Southwark was the location for the city's theatres and houses of prostitution.

3 *rost* roost.

4 *thrall* enslavement.

5 *ruffling* making a great stir or display; swaggering, bearing oneself proudly or arrogantly; in this context, an obvious pun on the article of clothing (i.e., one who wears ruffs is also likely to ruffle).

6 *of late* recently.

7 *spurk* sprout or shoot; perhaps, though, "spark."

8 *squares* criteria, rules, standards, patterns; *squaring* quarrelling, arguing.

9 *this ... check* i.e., the spectacle of the child's hair checks ("reproves" or "criticizes") our hair (which is described just three stanzas later as an emblem of vanity and pride).

10 *rags* here, a contemptuous word for fine clothing, rather than one implying torn or otherwise worn clothing.

11 *eke* also.

12 *guises* styles or fashions of attire and personal adornment; *gay* fine, showy, brightly coloured.

13 *reach* aspire.

The poet telleth how Daphenes was
transformed into a tree;
And Io[1] to a cow did pass,
a strange thing for to see.

But poets' tales may pass and go
as trifles and untruth,
When ruffs of flesh as I do trow[2]
shall move us unto ruth.[3]

Deformed are the things we wear,
deformed is our heart.
The Lord is wroth[4] with all this gear;[5]
repent for fear of smart.[6]

Pray we the Lord our hearts to turn,
whilst we have time and space,
Lest that our souls in Hell do burn
for voiding of his grace.

And ye, O England, whose womankind
in ruffs do walk too oft:
Persuade them still to bear in mind
this child with ruffs so soft.

In form as they in nature so,
a maid she is indeed.
God grant us grace, however we go,
for to repent with speed.

finis. the.

Imprinted at London by John Allde and Richard Jones[7] and are to be sold at the Long Shop adjoining unto St. Mildred's Church in the Poultry and at the little shop adjoining to the Northwest door of Paul's Church. Anno domini.[8] 1566, the 20th of August.

—1566

[The Maidstone Monster]

The Form and Shape of a Monstrous Child Born at Maidstone in Kent, the 24th of October. 1568.[9]

At Maidstone in Kent there was one Margaret Mere, daughter to Richard Mere of the said town of Maidstone, who being unmarried played the naughty pack[10] and was gotten with child, being delivered of the same child the 24th day of October last past, in the year of our Lord 1568 at seven of the clock in the afternoon of the same

[1] *Daphenes* In Ovid, Apollo, the sun god, fell in love with the beautiful nymph, Daphne; pursued by him, she cried out to her father, the river god Peneus, to save her from being ravished; Peneus responded by transforming her into the laurel tree, which became the emblem of Apollo, and in turn of victorious generals and poets; *Io* nymph, daughter of the river god Inachus; after Zeus (Jupiter), king of the gods, had raped her, he transformed her into a heifer to keep his "dalliance" a secret from his wife, Hera (Juno).

[2] *trow* believe, think.

[3] *ruth* grief, sorrow, pity.

[4] *wroth* angry, wrathful.

[5] *gear* apparel, attire; here, in a contemptuous and dismissive sense: "rubbish."

[6] *smart* injury, punishment, suffering.

[7] John Allde (fl. 1555-92), a successful printer and stationer, who specialized in ballads and almanacs and other popular works; Richard Jones (Johnes), fl. 1564-1602, a printer who specialized in various genres of popular literature, particularly ballads for which he had license to print large numbers.

[8] *Anno domini Latin*, "the year of our Lord."

[9] The boxes which surround the figures in the facsimile following are (beginning at the left hand side of the picture):

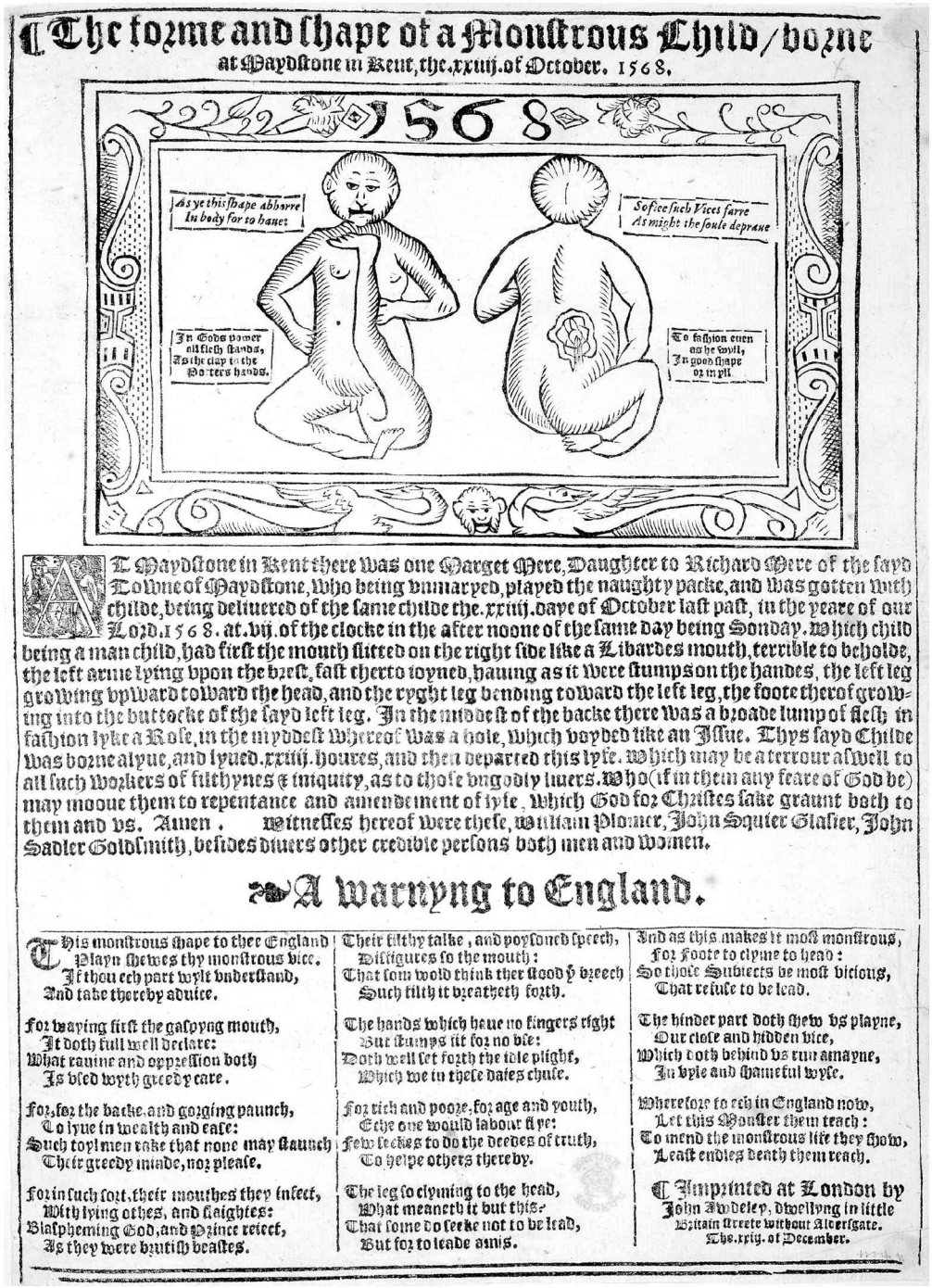
As ye this shape abhor
In body for to have

So flee such vices far
As might the soul deprave

In God's power
all flesh stands
As the clay in the
Potter's hands.

To fashion even
as he will,
In good shape
or in ill.

[10] *naughty pack* a slang term of dubious origin; when applied to a person, though, "pack" is almost always accompanied by "naughty"; a person of low moral character.



The forme and shape of a Monstrous Child/borne at Maydstone in Kent, the.xxiij. of October. 1568.

1568

As ye this shape abhorre
In body for to haue:

So fice such Vices farre
As might the soule deprane

In Gods power
all flesh standes,
As the clay in the
Potters handes.

To fashion euen
as he will,
In good shape
or in ill

AT Maydstone in Kent there was one Margret Mere, Daughter to Richard Mere of the sayd Towne of Maydstone, Who being vnmaryed, played the naughty packe, and was gotten with childe, being deliuered of the same childe the.xxiij. daye of October last past, in the yeare of our Lord. 1568. at. vij. of the cloche in the after noone of the same day being Sonday. Which child being a man child, had first the mouth slitted on the right side like a Libardes mouth, terrible to beholde, the left arme lying vpon the brest, fast therto ioyned, hauing as it were stumps on the handes, the left leg growing vpward toward the head, and the right leg bending toward the left leg, the foote therof growing into the buttocke of the sayd left leg. In the middest of the backe there was a broade lump of flesh in fashion lyke a Rose, in the myddest Whereof was a hole, which voyded like an Issue. Thys sayd Childe was borne alyue, and lyued. xxiij. houres, and then departed this lyfe. Which may be a terrour aswell to all such Workers of filthynes & iniquity, as to those vngodly liuers. Who (if in them any feare of God be) may mooue them to repentance and amendement of lyfe. Which God for Christes sake graunt both to them and vs. Amen. Witnesses hereof were these, William Plomer, John Squier Glasier, John Sadler Goldsmith, besides diuers other credible persons both men and women.

A warnyng to England.

THis monstrous shape to thee England
Playn shewes thy monstrous vice.
If thou eche part wyll vnderstand,
And take thereby aduice.

For waying first the gaspyng mouth,
It doth full well declare:
What rauine and oppression both
Is vsed wyth greedy care.

For, for the backe and gorging paunch,
To lyue in wealth and ease:
Such toplmen take that none may staunch
Their greedy minde, nor please.

For in such sort their mouthes they infect,
With lying othes, and sleightes:
Blaspheming God, and Prince reiect,
As they were brutish beastes.

Their filthy talke, and poysoned speech,
Disfigures so the mouth:
That some would think ther vtterd breech
Such filthy it breatheth forth.

The hands which haue no fingers right
But stumps fit for no vse:
Doth well set forth the vile plight,
Which we in these dayes chuse.

For rich and poore, for age and youth,
Eche one would labour fre:
Few seeke to do the deedes of truth,
To helpe others thereby.

The leg so clyming to the head,
What meaneth it but this:
That some do seeke not to be lead,
But for to leade amis.

And as this makes it most monstrous,
For foote to clyme to head:
So those Subiects be most vicious,
That refuse to be lead.

The hinder part doth shew vs playne,
Our close and hidden vice,
Which doth behind vs run amayne,
In vyle and shameful wyse.

Wherefore to eche in England now,
Let this Monster them teach:
To mend the monstrous life they show,
Least endles death them reach.

Imprinted at London by John Awdeley, dwellyng in little Britain streete without Aldersgate. The.xvij. of December.

The Form and Shape of a Monstrous Child Born at Maidstone, 1568.
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day, being Sunday. Which child, being a man child, had first the mouth slitted on the right side like a libard's[1] mouth, terrible to behold; the left arm lying upon the breast, fast thereto joined, having as it were stumps on the hands; the left leg growing upward toward the head, and the right leg bending toward the left leg, the foot thereof growing into the buttock of the said left leg. In the middest of the back there was a broad lump of flesh in fashion like a rose, in the middest whereof was a hole, which voided like an issue.[2] This said child was born alive, and lived 24 hours, and then departed this life. Which may be a terror as well to all such workers of filthiness and iniquity, as to those ungodly livers. Who (if in them any fear of God be) may move them to repentance and amendment of life. Which God for Christ's sake grant both to them and us. Amen.

Witnesses hereof were these: William Plomer; John Squier, glazier; John Sadler, goldsmith; besides divers[3] other credible persons both men and women.

A Warning to England.

This monstrous shape to thee, England,
Plain shows thy monstrous vice,
If thou each part wilt understand,
And take thereby advice.

For weighing first the gasping mouth,
It doth full well declare,
What ravine[4] and oppression both
Is used with greedy care.

For, for the back, and gorging paunch,
To live in wealth and ease:
Such toil men take that none may staunch
Their greedy mind nor please.

For in such sort, their mouths they infect
With lying oaths and slaightes,[5]
Blaspheming God, and prince reject,
As they were brutish beasts.

Their filthy talk and poisoned speech
Disfigures so the mouth,
That some would think there stood the breech[6]
Such filth it breatheth forth.

The hands which have no fingers right
But stumps fit for no use
Doth well set forth the idle plight
Which we in these days chuse:[7]

For rich and poor, for age and youth,
Each one would labour fly.
Few seckes[8] to do the deeds of truth,
To help others thereby.

The leg so climbing to the head,
What meaneth it but this?
That some do seek not to be led,
But for to lead amiss.

And as this makes it most monstrous
For foot to climb to head,
So those subjects be most vicious
That refuse to be led.

The hinder part doth show us plain[9]
Our close and hidden vice,
Which doth behind us run amain[10]
In vile and shameful wise.[11]

---

1 *libard* obsolete form, leopard.

2 *issue* a discharge of blood or other matter from the body, either due to disease or produced medically through an incision or artificially created ulcer; *to void* to discharge matter from the body.

3 *divers* several.

4 *ravine* ravin: gluttony, voracity; but perhaps also, "robbery, rapine."

5 *slaightes* obsolete form of "sleight": artifice, strategy, trickery.

6 *breech* buttocks; specifically here, the anus; so-called because it is the part of the body which the breeches (or trousers) normally covered.

7 *chuse* choose.

8 *seckes* obsolete form, "seeks."

9 *hinder part doth show us plain* a reference to the open, running sore on the back of the figure on the right-hand side of the drawing.

10 *amain* with full force, violently, excessively.

11 *wise* way; here, "vilely" and "shamefully."

Wherefore to each in England now,
Let this monster them teach
To mend the monstrous life they show,
Lest endless death them reach.

Imprinted at London by John Awdeley,[1] dwelling in little Britain street without Aldersgate.[2] The 23rd of December.

—1568

WITCHCRAFT: LEGAL AND POPULAR DISCOURSES

The sixteenth century was a dark time for witches. Laws against witchcraft changed with each monarch; Edward VI repealed the strict laws made in the reign of Henry VIII, but Elizabeth reinstated them, and James reissued them with harsher punishments for first time offences. Punishments extended from imprisonment and pillorying to hanging and burning at the stake. Witchcraft was especially feared when connected with actions against the monarch; in such circumstances it was always treated as treason and the harshest penalties were exacted. An act passed in Elizabeth's reign reveals the very real threat witches posed to those in authority. An example of a trial of the witches at Chelmsford was recorded in a blackletter pamphlet—"blackletter" indicating a form of typography—and combines a serious, detailed transcription of the court proceedings with plenty of scandalous particulars to produce an example of early modern tabloid.

The frequent connection of witchmongering with Roman Catholicism is seen in both the Chelmsford trial and the writings of Reginald Scott in his treatise *The Discovery of Witchcraft*. Scott ridicules the belief in (and thus the persecution of) witches, essentially by denying the supernatural, which incriminates Scott in charges of atheism. James VI's tract *Daemonology* speaks against Scott's assertions. *Daemonology* was influenced by the King's experiences in 1590 with the treasonous North Berwick coven led by Francis Stewart, earl of Bothwell, who conspired to drown James as he returned from Denmark with his new bride. For most in the period, witchcraft was the revelation of the Devil at work. What remained problematic was how to distinguish between genuine witches and the hapless individuals accused of devilry by vengeful neighbours.

EDITIONS: *An Act against Conjurations, Enchantments and Witchcrafts*, in *Statutes of the Realm*, London (1819),Vol. 4, Pt. 1, Chpt. 16, pp. 446-47 at *The Internet Archive* (<http://www.archive.org/stream/statutesrealm00etcgoog#page/n8/mode/2up>); Anonymous, *The Examination and confession of certaine wytches at Chensforde in the countie of Essex*. London: By William Powell for William Pickering, 1566. STC 19869.5; Reginald Scot, *The discoverie of witchcraft wherein the lewde dealing of witches and witchmongers is notablie detected* ... London: By [Henry Denham for] William Brome, 1584. STC 21864; James VI, *Daemonologie in the forme of a dialogue, divided into three bookes*. Edinburgh: Printed by Robert Walgrave, printer to the King's Majesty, 1597. STC 14364.

An Act against Conjurations, Enchantments, and Witchcrafts[3]

Where at this present there is no ordinary nor condign[4] punishment provided against the practisers of the wicked offences of conjurations and invocations of evil spirits, and of sorceries, enchantments, charms and witchcrafts, the which offences by force of a statute[5] made in the 33rd year of the reign of the late King Henry the Eighth were made to be felony, and so continued until the said statute was repealed by the Act and Statute of Repeal made in the first year of the reign of the late King Edward the VIth; since the repeal whereof many fantastical and devilish

[1] John Awdeley (fl. 1559-77), a publisher of popular works, such as "ballads, news sheets and religious tracts," as well as the author of *The Fraternity of Vagabonds* (1565), an early example of the period's "rogue" literature (*DNB*, vol. 1, p. 748).

[2] *without Aldersgate* outside Aldersgate, one of the principal gates of London.

[3] This act of Parliament was passed in Queen Elizabeth's reign, 1563.

[4] *condign* appropriate.

[5] *statute* law or decree made by a sovereign or legislative authority.

persons have devised and practised invocations and conjurations of evil and wicked spirits, and have used and practised witchcrafts, enchantments, charms and sorceries, to the destruction of the persons and goods of their neighbours and other subjects of this realm, and for other lewd intents and purposes contrary to the laws of almighty God, to the peril of their own souls, and to the great infamy and disquietness of this realm. For reformation whereof be it enacted by the Queen's Majesty with the assent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal and the Commons in this present Parliament assembled, and by authority of the same, that if any person or persons after the first day of June next coming use, practise, or exercise any invocations or conjurations of evil and wicked spirits to or for any intent or purpose; or else if any person or persons after the said first day of June shall use, practise or exercise any witchcraft, enchantment, charm, or sorcery, whereby any person shall happen to be killed or destroyed, that then as well every such offender or offenders in invocations or conjurations as is aforesaid, their counsellors and aiders, as also every such offender or offenders in witchcraft, enchantment, charm, or sorcery whereby the death of any person doth ensue, their aiders and counsellors, being of either of the said offences lawfully convicted and attainted,[1] shall suffer pains of death as a felon or felons, and shall lose the privilege and benefit of sanctuary and clergy,[2] saving to the wife of such person her title of dower, and also to the heir and successor of such person his or their titles of inheritance, succession and other rights, as though no such attainder of the ancestor or predecessor had been had or made.[3]

And further be it enacted by the authority aforesaid, that if any person or persons, after the said first day of June next coming, shall use, practise, or exercise any witchcraft, enchantment, charm, or sorcery, whereby any person shall happen to be wasted, consumed, or lamed in his or her body or member, or whereby any goods or chattels[4] of any person shall be destroyed, wasted, or impaired, then every such offender or offenders, their counsellors and aiders, being thereof lawfully convicted, shall for his or their first offence or offences, suffer imprisonment by the space of one whole year, without bail or mainprize,[5] and once in every quarter of the said year shall in some market town, upon the market day, or at such time as any fair shall be kept there, stand openly upon the pillory[6] by the space of six hours and there shall openly confess his or her error and offence; and for the second offence, being as is aforesaid lawfully convicted or attainted, shall suffer death as a felon, and shall lose the privilege of clergy and sanctuary. [...]

Provided always, that if the offender, in any of the cases aforesaid for which the pains of death shall ensue, shall happen to be a peer of this realm, then his trial therein to be had by his peers, as it is used in cases of felony or treason and not otherwise.

And further to the intent that all manner of practise, use, or exercise of witchcraft, enchantment, charm, or sorcery, should be from henceforth utterly avoided, abolished and taken away, be it enacted by the authority of this present Parliament that if any person or persons shall from and after the said first day of June next coming, take upon him or them, by witchcraft, enchantment, charm, or sorcery, to tell or declare in what place any treasure of gold or silver should or might be found or had in the earth or other secret places, or where goods or things lost or stolen should be found or become, or shall use or practise any sorcery, enchantment, charm, or witchcraft to the

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1 *attainted* convicted.

2 *benefit of sanctuary and clergy* Fugitives could take refuge in churches or other sacred places; the benefit of clergy was the advantage of belonging to a privileged order which was exempted from the sentence of ordinary courts of law.

3 The law does not take away the titles or inheritance of the family members of the convicted; *attainder* conviction.

4 *chattels* possessions, goods; also, cattle.

5 *mainprize* a person who stands surety for a prisoner's appearance in court at a specified time.

6 *pillory* a wooden or occasionally metal framework through which any of the head, hands, or feet of the offender were thrust.

intent to provoke any person to unlawful love, or to hurt or destroy any person in his or her body, member or goods, that then every such person or persons so offending, and being thereof lawfully convicted, shall for the said offence suffer imprisonment by the space of one whole year without bail or mainprize, and once in every quarter of the said year shall in some market town, upon the market day, or at such time as any fair shall be kept there, stand openly upon the pillory by the space of six hours, and there shall openly confess his or her error and offence [...] every such offender being thereof the second time convicted as is aforesaid, shall forfeit unto the Queen's Majesty, her heirs and successors, all his goods and chattels and suffer imprisonment during life.

—1563

Anonymous, *The Examination and Confession of Certain Witches at Chelmsford in the County of Essex before the Queen's Majesty's Judges, the 26th Day of July, Anno 1566.*

The Examination of Them with Their Confession before Doctor Cole and Master Fortescue at the Same Assize[1] Verbatim, as Near as Could Be Gathered and First of Elizabeth Francis, Who Said as Here Follows.

First, she learned this art of witchcraft, at the age of 12 years, of her grandmother, whose name was Mother Eve of Hatfield Peverel, deceased.

Item:[2] when she taught it her, she counselled her to renounce God and his word, and to give of her blood to Satan (as she termed it), which she delivered her in the likeness of a white spotted cat, and taught her to feed the said cat with bread and milk, and she did so. Also, she taught her to call it by the name of Satan and to keep it in a basket.

When this Mother Eve had given her the cat Satan, then this Elizabeth desired first of the said cat (calling it Satan) that she might be rich and to have goods, and he promised her she should, asking her what she would have, and she said "sheep" (for this cat spoke to her, as she confessed, in a strange hollow voice, but such as she understood by use), and this cat forthwith brought sheep into her pasture to the number of 18, black and white, which continued with her for a time, but in the end did all wear away, she knew not how.

Item: when she had gotten these sheep, she desired to have one Andrew Byles to her husband, which was a man of some wealth, and the cat did promise she should, but that he said she must first consent that this Andrew should abuse[3] her, and she so did.

And after, when this Andrew had thus abused her, he would not marry her, wherefore she willed Satan to waste his goods, which he forthwith did, and yet not being contented with this, she willed him to touch his body, which he forthwith did, whereof he died.

Item: that every time that he did anything for her, she said that he required a drop of blood, which she gave him by pricking herself, sometime in one place and then in another, and where she pricked herself there remained a red spot, which was still to be seen.

Item: when this Andrew was dead, she, doubting[4] herself with child, willed Satan to destroy it, and he bade her take a certain herb and drink it, which she did, and destroyed the child forthwith.

Item: when she desired another husband he promised her another, naming this Francis whom she now hath, but said he is not so rich as the other, willing her to consent unto that Francis in fornication, which she did, and thereof conceived a daughter that was born within a quarter of a year after they were married.

After they were married they lived not so quietly as she desired, being stirred (as she said) to much unquietness and moved to swearing and

[1] *Assize* trial, legal inquest.

[2] *Item* "likewise"; used to introduce a new fact or statement, especially in a formal document.

[3] *abuse* use improperly (sexually).

[4] *doubting* fearing.

cursing, wherefore she willed Satan her cat to kill the child, being about the age of half a year old, and he did so, and when she yet found not the quietness that she desired, she willed it to lay a lameness in the leg of this Francis her husband, and it did in this manner: it came in a morning to this Francis' shoe, lying in it like a toad, and when he perceived it, putting on his shoe, and had touched it with his foot, he, being suddenly amazed asked of her what it was, and she bade him kill it, and he was forthwith taken with a lameness whereof he cannot [be] healed.

After all this, when she had kept this cat by the space of 15 or 16 year, and, as some say (though untruly) being weary of it, she came to one Mother Waterhouse her neighbour (a poor woman) when she was going to the oven,[1] and desired her to give her a cake and she would give her a thing that she should be the better for so long as she lived. And this Mother Waterhouse gave her a cake, whereupon she brought her this cat in her apron and taught her as she was instructed before by her grandmother Eve, telling her that she must call him Satan and give him of her blood and bread and milk as before. And at this examination would confess no more.

Mother Waterhouse of Hatfield Peverel of the Age of 64 Years Being Examined the Same Day Confessed as Follows, and the 29th Day Suffered.

First, she received this cat of this Francis's wife in the order as is before said, who willed her to call him Satan, and told her that if she made much of him he would do for her what she would have him to do.

Then, when she had received him she (to try him what he could do) willed him to kill a hog of her own, which he did, and she gave him for his labour a chicken, which he first required of her and a drop of her blood. And this she gave him at all times when he did anything for her, by pricking her hand or face and putting the blood to his mouth, which he sucked, and forthwith would lie down in his pot again, wherein she kept him, the spots of all the which pricks are yet to be seen in her skin.

Also she saith that another time, being offended with one Father Kersey, she took her cat Satan in her lap and put him in the wood before her door, and willed him to kill three of this Father Kersey's hogs, which he did, and returning again told her so, and she rewarded him as before, with a chicken and a drop of her blood, which chicken he ate up clean as did all the rest, and she could find remaining neither bones nor feathers.

Also she confessed that, falling out with one Widow Gooday, she willed Satan to drown her cow and he did so, and she rewarded him as before.

Also, she falling out with another of her neighbours, she killed her three geese in the same manner.

Item: she confessed that because she could have no rest (which she required), she caused Satan to destroy the brewing at that time.[2]

Also, being denied butter of another, she caused her to lose the curds 2 or 3 days after.

Item: falling out with another of her neighbours and his wife, she willed Satan to kill him with a bloody flux,[3] whereof he died, and she rewarded him as before.

Likewise she confessed that because she lived somewhat unquietly with her husband, she caused Satan to kill him, and he did so about nine years past, since which time she hath lived a widow.

Also she said that when she would will him to do anything for her, she would say her paternoster[4] in Latin.

Item: this Mother Waterhouse confessed that she first turned this cat into a toad by this means: she kept the cat a great while in wool in a pot, and at length being moved by poverty to occupy[5] the

[1] *going to the oven* the communal baking oven.

[2] This may indicate that Mother Waterhouse was a brewer of beer.

[3] *bloody flux* an abnormally copious flowing of blood or other discharge.

[4] *paternoster* "Our Father" or the Lord's Prayer.

[5] *occupy* to make use of.

wool, she prayed in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost that it would turn into a toad, and forthwith it was turned into a toad, and so [she] kept it in the pot without wool.

Also she said, that going to Braxted a little before her apprehension, this Satan willed her to hie[1] her home, for she should have great trouble, and that she should be either hanged or burned shortly. More at this time she would not confess.

Joan Waterhouse, Daughter to This Mother Waterhouse, Being of the Age of 18 Years, and Examined, Confesses as Follows.

First, that her mother this last winter would have learned her this art, but she learned it not, neither yet the name of the thing. She saith she never saw it but once in her mother's hand, and that was in the likeness of a toad, and at that time coming in at a sudden when her mother called it out to work something withal, she heard her to call it Satan, for she was not at any time truly taught it, nor did never exercise it before this time as follows.

Item: she confessed that when her mother was gone to Braxted, in her absence lacking bread, she went to a girl, a neighbour's child, and desired her to give her a piece of bread and cheese, which when she denied and gave her not, or at the least not so much as would satisfy her, she going home did as she had seen her mother do, calling Satan, which came to her (as she said) she thought out of her mother's shoe from under the bed in the likeness of a great dog, demanding what she would have.

Wherewithal she being afeared, said she would have him to make such a girl afeared, naming this girl. Then asked he her what she would give him, and she said a red cock; then said he no, but thou shalt give me thy body and soul. Whereby, she being sore feared and desirous to be rid of him, said she would. And herewith he went to this girl in the likeness of an evil-favoured dog with horns on his head, and made her very much afeared, and doth yet haunt her, now cannot these witches (as they say) call him in again, because they did not let him out. And more (saith she) she never did, but this her doing was the revealing of all the rest.

[1] *hie* hasten.

The Second Examination and Confession of Mother Agnes Waterhouse and Joan Her Daughter upon Her Arraignment,[2] with the Questions and Answers of Agnes Brown the Child, on Whom the Spirit Haunteth at This Present, Deliberately Declared before Justice Southcote and Master Gerard the Queen's Attorney, the 27th Day of July, Anno 1566, No Less Wonderful than Most True.

First, being demanded whether that she [Mother Agnes Waterhouse] were guilty or not guilty upon her arraignment of the murdering of a man, she confessed that she was guilty, and then upon the evidence given against her daughter Joan Waterhouse, she said that she had a white cat, and willed her cat that he should destroy many of her neighbour's cattle, and also that he should kill a man, and so he did, and then after she must go two or three mile from her house, and then she took thought how to keep her cat. Then she and her cat concluded that he the said cat would become a toad, and then she should keep him in a close house and give him milk, and so he would continue till she came home again.

And then being gone forth, her daughter, having been at a neighbour's house thereby, required of one Agnes Brown, of the age of 12 years or more, a piece of bread and cheese, and the said Agnes said that she had none, and that she had not the key of the milkhouse door, and then the said Joan went home and was angry with the said Agnes Brown and she said that she remembered that her mother was wont to go up and down in her house and to call "Satan, Satan." She said she would prove[3] the like, and then she went up and down the house and called "Satan," and then there came a black dog to her and asked her what she would have. And then she said she was

[2] *Arraignment* where one must answer a criminal charge.

[3] *prove* test.

afeared, and said, "I would have thee to make one Agnes Brown afraid." And then he asked her what she would give him and she said she would give him a red cock, and he said he would have none of that, and she asked him what he would have then, and he said he would have her body and soul, and so upon request and fear together she gave him her body and soul.

And then said the Queen's attorney, "How wilt thou do before God?" "Oh my lord, I trust God will have mercy upon me." And then he said, "Thou sayest well."

And then he [the dog] departed from her, and then she said that she heard that he made the said Agnes Brown afeared.

The said Agnes Brown was then demanded and called for, and then she came in, and being asked what age she was of, she said she thought she was 12 years old, and then the Queen's attorney asked her what she could say, and then she said that at such a day, naming the day certain, that she was churning of butter, and there came to her a thing like a black dog with a face like an ape, a short tail, a chain and a silver whistle (to her thinking) about his neck, and a pair of horns on his head, and brought in his mouth the key of the milkhouse door. "And then, my lord," she said, "I was afeared, for he skipped and leaped to and fro, and sat on the top of a nettle, and then I asked him what he would have, and he said he would have butter, and I said I had none for him, and then he said he would have some or[1] he went. And then he did run to put the key into the lock of the milkhouse door, and I said he should have none, and he said he would have some, and then he opened the door and went upon the shelf, and there upon a new cheese laid down the key, and being awhile within he came out again, and locked the door, and said that he had made flap butter[2] for me, and so departed." And then she said she told her aunt of it and then she sent for the priest, and when he came he bade her to pray to God and call on the name of Jesus.

"And so the next day, my lord, he came again to me with the key of our milkhouse door in his mouth, and then I said, 'In the name of Jesus, what hast thou there?' And then he laid down the key and said that I spoke evil words in speaking of that name, and then he departed, and so my aunt took up the key, for he had kept it from us two days and a night, and then we went into the milkhouse, and there we did see the print of butter upon the cheese. And then within a few days after he came again with a bean pod in his mouth—" And then the Queen's attorney asked what that was, and so the other justices declared, and then she said, "My lord, I said, 'In the name of Jesus, what hast thou there?' And so then he laid it down, and said I spoke evil words and departed, and came again by and by with a piece of bread in his mouth, and I asked him what he would have, and he said butter it was that he would have, and so he departed, and my lord, I did not see him no more till Wednesday last, which was the 24th day of July."

"Why," said the Queen's attorney, "was he with thee on Wednesday last?" "Yea," she said. "What did he then to thee?" said he. "My lord," said she, "he came with a knife in his mouth and asked me if I were not dead, and I said, 'No, I thanked God,' and then he said if I would not die that he would thrust his knife to my heart but he would make me to die, and then I said, 'In the name of Jesus, lay down thy knife,' and he said he would not depart from his sweet dame's knife as yet, and then I asked of him who was his dame, and then he nodded and wagged his head to your house, Mother Waterhouse."

Then the Queen's attorney asked of the said Agnes Waterhouse what she said to it. Then she demanded what manner knife that it was, and Agnes Brown said it was a dagger knife. "There thou liest," said Agnes Waterhouse. "Why?" quoth the Queen's attorney. "Marry, my lord" (quoth she), "she saith it is a dagger knife and I have none such in my house but a great knife, and therein she lieth."

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[1] *or* before.

[2] *flap butter* butter formed by flapping or beating, or perhaps a broad pat of butter.

"Yea, yea, my lord," quoth Joan Waterhouse, "she lieth in that she saith that it had a face like an ape, for this that came to me was like a dog."

"Well," said the Queen's attorney, "well, can you make it come before us now? If ye can, we will dispatch you out of prison by and by." "No, faith," said Agnes Waterhouse, "I cannot, for in faith if I had let him go as my daughter did I could make him come by and by, but now I have no more power over him." Then said the Queen's attorney, "Agnes Waterhouse, when did thy cat suck of thy blood?" "Never," said she. "No?" said he, "let me see." And then the jailer lifted up her kercher[1] on her head and there [were] divers spots in her face and one on her nose. Then said the Queen's attorney, "In good faith, Agnes, when did he suck of thy blood last?" "By my faith, my lord," said she, "not this fortnight." And so the jury went together for that matter.

The End and Last Confession of Mother Waterhouse at Her Death, Which Was the 29th Day of July, Anno 1566.

First (being ready prepared to receive her death), she confessed earnestly that she had been a witch and used such execrable sorcery the space of 15 years, and had done many abominable deed[s], the which she repented earnestly and unfeignedly, and desired almighty God forgiveness in that she had abused his most holy name by her devilish practices, and trusted to be saved by his most unspeakable mercy. And being demanded of the bystanders, she confessed that she sent her Satan to one Wardol, a neighbour of hers, being a tailor (with whom she was offended) to hurt and destroy him and his goods. And this her Satan went thereabout for to have done her will, but in the end he returned to her again, and was not able to do this mischief. She asked the cause, and he answered because the said Wardol was so strong in faith that he had no power to hurt him. Yet she sent him divers and sundry time[s] (but all in vain) to have mischiefed him.

And being demanded whether she was accustomed to go to church to the common prayer or divine service, she said "Yea." And being required what she did there, she said she did as other women do, and prayed right heartily there, and when she was demanded what prayer she said, she answered, "The Lord's Prayer, the Ave Maria, and the Belief."[2] And then they demanded whether in Latin or in English, and she said, "In Latin." And they demanded why she said it not in English but in Latin, seeing that it was set out by public authority and according to God's word that all men should pray in the English and mother tongue that they best understand, and she said that Satan would at no time suffer her to say it in English, but at all times in Latin. For these and many other offences which she hath committed, done and confessed, she bewailed, repented and asked mercy of God, and all the world forgiveness, and thus she yielded up her soul, trusting to be in joy with Christ her Saviour, which dearly had bought her with his most precious blood. Amen.

—1566

Reginald Scott, from *The Discovery of Witchcraft*[3]

BOOK XVI, CHAPTER VI

[...] when with all their familiars,[4] their ointments, etc. whereby they ride invisibly, nor with all their charms, they can neither convey themselves from the hands of such as lay wait for them; nor can get out of prison that otherwise can go in and out at a mouse hole; nor finally can save themselves from

[1] *kercher* kerchief.

[2] *Ave Maria* salutation to the Virgin Mary; *the Belief* creed, confession of faith.

[3] Reginald Scott [Scot] (d. 1599), writer, engineer, and MP for New Romney (1589). *The Discovery of Witchcraft* is divided into sixteen books, each of which contains many chapters. Here Scott questions the existence of witches.

[4] *familiars* demons associated with or under the power of humans; often in animal form.

the gallows that can transubstantiate[1] their own and others' bodies into flies or fleas, etc.; who seeth not that either they lie or are belied[2] in their miracles? When they are said to transfer their neighbours' corn into their own ground and yet are perpetual beggars, and cannot enrich themselves either with money or otherwise, who is so foolish as to remain longer in doubt of their supernatural power? When never any yet from the beginning of the world till this day hath openly showed any other trick, conceit, or cunning point of witchcraft than legerdemain[3] or cozenage,[4] who will tarry any longer for further trial? When both the common law and also the injunctions do condemn prophesying and likewise false miracles and such as believe them in these days, who will not be afraid to give credit to those knaveries? When hereby they make the devil to be a god that heareth the prayers and understandeth the minds of men, who will not be ashamed, being a Christian, to be so abused by them? [...] When in all the New Testament we are not warned of these bodily appearances of devils as we are of his other subtleties, etc., who will be afraid of their bugs? When no such bargain is mentioned in the scriptures, why should we believe so incredible and impossible covenants,[5] being the ground of all witchmongers' religion, without the which they have no probability in the rest of their foolish assertions? When as if any honest man's conscience be appealed unto, he must confess he never saw trial of such witchcraft or conjuration to take effect as is now so certainly affirmed, what conscience can condemn poor souls that are accused wrongfully, or believe them that take upon them impiously to do or work those impossible things? When the whole course of the scripture is utterly repugnant to these impossible opinions, saving a few sentences, which nevertheless rightly understood relieve them nothing at all, who will be seduced by their fond arguments? When as now that men have spied the knavery of oracles and such pelf,[6] and that there is not one oracle in the world remaining, who cannot perceive that all the residue heretofore of those devices have been cozenages, knaveries and lies? When the power of God is so impudently transferred to a base creature, what good Christian can abide to yield unto such miracles wrought by fools? When the old women accused of witchcraft are utterly insensible and unable to say for themselves, and much less to bring such matters to pass as they are accused of, who will not lament to see the extremity used against them? When the foolisher sort of people are always most mistrustful of hurt by witchcraft, and the simplest and dotingest[7] people mistrusted to do the hurt, what wise man will not conceive all to be but folly? When it were an easy matter for the devil, if he can do as they affirm, to give them great store of money and make them rich and doth it not, being a thing which would procure him more disciples than any other thing in the world, the wise must needs condemn the devil of folly and the witches of peevishness[8] that take such pains and give their souls to the devil to be tormented in hell fire and their bodies to the hangman to be trussed on the gallows for nickels in a bag.

BOOK XVI, CHAPTER VII

By this time all kentishmen[9] know (a few fools excepted) that Robin Goodfellow[10] is a knave. All wise men understand that witches' miraculous enterprises, being contrary to nature, probability and reason, are void of truth or possibility. All Protestants perceive that popish charms, conjura-

[1] *transubstantiate* change from one substance to another.
[2] *belied* misrepresented, proven false.
[3] *legerdemain* "light of hand"; sleight of hand, trickery.
[4] *cozenage* act of cheating, deception, fraud.
[5] *covenants* compacts, contracts, bargains.
[6] *pelf* trumpery, lies.
[7] *dotingest* most weak, enfeebled in intellect.
[8] *peevishness* foolishness, perverseness.
[9] *kentishmen* men from Kent, a county in England; here possibly a term for Englishmen generally; perhaps a reference to kenning, or knowing ("knowledgeable men").
[10] *Robin Goodfellow* also known as Hobgoblin or Puck; a fairy or goblin believed to haunt the English countryside.

tions, execrations[1] and benedictions are not effectual, but be toys and devices only to keep the people blind and to enrich the clergy. All Christians see that to confess witches can do as they say were to attribute to a creature the power of the Creator. All children well brought up conceive and spy, or at the least are taught, that jugglers' miracles do consist of legerdemain and confederacy. The very heathen people are driven to confess that there can be no such conference between a spiritual devil and a corporal witch as is supposed. For no doubt all the heathen would then have every one his familiar devil, for they would make no conscience to acquaint themselves with a devil that are not acquainted with God.

I have dealt and conferred with many (marry I must confess papists for the most part) that maintain every point of these absurdities. And surely I allow better of their judgements than of others unto whom some part of these cozenages are discovered and seen, and yet, concerning the residue, they remain as wise as they were before: specially being satisfied in the highest and greatest parts of conjuring and cozening, to wit, in popery, and yet will be abused with beggarly juggling and witchcraft.

—1584

James VI (1566-1625), from *Daemonology*[2]

The Preface to the Reader

The fearful abounding at this time in this country of these detestable slaves of the Devil, the witches or enchanters, hath moved me (beloved reader) to dispatch in post[3] this following treatise of mine, not in any wise (as I protest) to serve for a show of my learning and engine,[4] but only (moved of conscience) to press thereby, so far as I can, to resolve the doubting hearts of many, both that such assaults of Satan are most certainly practised and that the instruments thereof merit most severely to be punished, against the damnable opinions of two principally in our age, whereof the one called Scott,[5] an Englishman, is not ashamed in public print to deny that there can be such a thing as witchcraft, and so maintains the old error of the Sadducees[6] in denying of spirits. [...]

THE SECOND BOOK. CHAPTER III

Argument: The witches' actions divided in two parts. The actions proper to their own persons. Their actions toward others. The form of their conventions and adoring of their master.

PHILOMATHES: [...] It rests then that ye discourse upon their practices from they be passed prentices,[7] for I would fain hear what is possible to them to perform in very deed. Although they serve a common master with the necromancers[8] (as I have before said), yet serve they him in another form. For as the means are diverse which allure them to these unlawful arts of serving of the Devil, so by diverse ways use they their practices, answering to these means, which first the Devil used as instruments in them, though all tending to one end: to wit, the enlarging of Satan's tyranny, and crossing of the propagation of the kingdom of Christ, so far as lieth in the possibility either of the one or other sort, or of the Devil their master. For where the magicians, as allured

[1] *execrations* curses.

[2] *Daemonology* is written in the form of a dialogue between Philomathes and Epistemon, and is divided into three books. It was first published in Edinburgh in 1597, but went through multiple editions for an English readership in 1603.

[3] *in post* with speed.

[4] *engine* wit, skill.

[5] *Scott* i.e., Reginald Scott, author of the previous entry, *The Discovery of Witchcraft.*

[6] *Sadducees* one of three sects into which the Jews were divided in the time of Christ; they denied the existence of angels and spirits, as well as the resurrection of the dead.

[7] *from they be passed prentices* i.e., after they have become apprentices.

[8] *necromancers* those practising the art of revealing the future by means of communication with the dead.

by curiosity in the most part of their practices seek principally the satisfying of the same, and to win to themselves a popular honour and estimation, these witches on the other part, being enticed either for the desire of revenge or of worldly riches, their whole practices are either to hurt men and their goods or what they possess, for satisfying of their cruel minds in the former, or else by the wrack in whatsoever sort of any whom God will permit them to have power of, to satisfy their greedy desire in the last point.

EPISTEMON: In two parts their actions may be divided: the actions of their own persons and the actions proceeding from them towards any other. And this division being well understood will easily resolve you what is possible to them to do. For although all that they confess is no lie upon their part, yet doubtlessly in my opinion a part of it is not indeed according as they take it to be, and in this I mean by the actions of their own persons. For as I said before, speaking of magic, that the Devil illudes the senses of these scholars of his in many things, so say I the like of these witches.

PHILOMATHES: Then I pray you, first to speak of that part of their own persons, and then you may come next to their actions towards others.

EPISTEMON: To the effect that they may perform such services of their false master as he employs them in, the Devil, as God's ape,[1] counterfeits in his servants this service and form of adoration that God prescribed and made his servants to practise. For as the servants of God publically use to convene for serving of him, so makes he [the Devil] them in great numbers to convene (though publically they dare not) for his service. As none convenes to the adoration and worshipping of God except they be marked with his seal, the sacrament of Baptism, so none serves Satan and convenes to the adoring of him that are not marked with that mark,[2] whereof I already spoke. As the minister sent by God teacheth plainly at the time of their public conventions how to serve him in spirit and truth, so that unclean spirit in his own person teacheth his disciples at the time of their convening how to work all kind of mischief, and craves compt[3] of all their horrible and detestable proceedings passed for advancement of his service. Yea, that he may the more vively[4] counterfeit and scorn God, he oft times makes his slaves to convene in these very places which are destined and ordained for the convening of the servants of God (I mean by churches). But this far, which I have yet said, I not only take it to be true in their opinions, but even so to be indeed. For the form that he used in counterfeiting God amongst the gentiles makes me so to think. As God spoke by his oracles, spoke he not so by his? As God had as well bloody sacrifices as others without blood, had not he the like? As God had churches sanctified to his service, with altars, priests, sacrifices, ceremonies, and prayers, had he not the like polluted to his service? As God gave responses by Urim and Thrummim,[5] gave he not his responses by the entrails of beasts, by the singing of fowls, and by their actions in the air? As God by visions, dreams, and ecstasies revealed what was to come and what was his will unto his servants, used he not the like means to forewarn his slaves of things to come? Yea, even as God loved cleanness, hated vice and impurity, and appointed punishments therefore, used he not the like (though falsely I grant, and but in eschewing[6] the less inconvenient to draw them upon a greater), yet dissimulated he not I say, so far as to appoint his priests to keep their bodies clean and undefiled before their asking responses of him? And feigned he not God to be a protector of every virtue, and a just revenger of the contrary? This reason then moves me, that as he is that same devil, and as crafty now as he was then, so

[1] *God's ape* God's fool, but also someone who imitates God.

[2] *that mark* the mark of Satan. See Revelation 13:16-18; a mark on the right hand or the forehead. The number "of the beast" is "six hundred three score and six."

[3] *compt* account.

[4] *vively* lively.

[5] *Urim and Thrummim* sacred symbols worn on the breastplates of the high priest. Exodus 28:30. While the exact nature of these symbols is uncertain, they apparently helped the priest understand God's decisions in difficult matters.

[6] *eschewing* avoiding.

will he not spare as pertly[1] in these actions that I have spoken of concerning the witches' persons. But further, witches oft times confess not only his convening in the church with them, but his occupying of the pulpit; yea, their form of adoration to be the kissing of his hinder parts, which though it seem ridiculous, yet may it likewise be true, seeing we read that in Calicut[2] he, appearing in form of a goat-buck, hath publically that un-honest homage done unto him by every one of the people. So ambitious is he and greedy of honour (which procured his fall) that he will even imitate God in that part, where it is said that Moses could see but the "hinder parts of God, for the brightness of his glory" (Exodus 33).[3] [...]

THE SECOND BOOK. CHAPTER V

Argument: Witches' actions towards others. Why there are more women of that craft nor[4] men. What things are possible to them to effectuate[5] by the power of their master. The reasons thereof. What is the surest remedy of the harms done by them.

[...] EPISTEMON: In their actions used towards others, three things ought to be considered: first, the manner of their consulting thereupon; next, their part as instruments; and last, their master's part, who puts the same in execution. As to their consultations thereupon, they use them oftest in the churches where they convene for adoring, at what time their master, enquiring at them what they would be at, every one of them propones[6] unto him what wicked turn they would have done, either for obtaining of riches or for revenging them upon any whom they have malice at; who granting their demand, as no doubt willingly he will, since it is to do evil, he teacheth them the means whereby they may do the same. As for little trifling turns that woman have ado with, he causeth them to joint[7] dead corpses and to make powders thereof, mixing such other things there amongst as he gives unto them.

PHILOMATHES: But before ye go further, permit me I pray you to interrupt you one word which ye have put me in memory of by speaking of women. What can be the cause that there are twenty women given to that craft where there is one man?

EPISTEMON: The reason is easy, for as that sex is frailer than man is, so is it easier to be entrapped in these gross snares of the Devil, as was over-well proved to be true by the serpent's deceiving of Eve at the beginning, which makes him the homelier with that sex sensyne.[8]

PHILOMATHES: Return now where ye left.

EPISTEMON: To some others at these times he teacheth how to make pictures[9] of wax or clay, that by the roasting thereof, the persons that they bear the name of may be continually melted or dried away by continual sickness. To some he gives such stones or poulders[10] as will help to cure or cast on diseases, and to some he teacheth kinds of uncouth[11] poisons, which mediciners understand not (for he is far cunninger than man in the knowledge of all the occult properties of nature), not that any of these means which he teacheth them (except the poisons which are composed of things natural) can of themselves help anything to these turns that they are employed in, but only being God's ape, as well in that as in all other things. Even as God by his sacraments, which are earthly of themselves, works a heavenly effect, though no ways by any cooperation in them, and

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1 *pertly* boldly, shamelessly

2 *Calicut* one of the ports on the Malabar Coast of India.

3 The biblical notations in parentheses are included in the margins of the text.

4 *nor* than.

5 *effectuate* to bring to pass.

6 *propones* proposes.

7 *to joint* to divide into joints, to dismember.

8 *homelier* familiar; *sensyne* since then.

9 *pictures* images.

10 *poulders* powders.

11 *uncouth* unknown, strange.

as Christ by clay and spittle[1] wrought together "opened the eyes of the blind man" (John 9), suppose there was no virtue in that which he outwardly applied, so the Devil will have his outward means to be shows as it were of his doing, which hath no part of cooperation in his turns with him, how far that ever the ignorants be abused in the contrary. And as to the effects of these two former parts, to wit the consultations and the outward means, they are so wonderful as I dare not allege any of them without joining a sufficient reason of the possibility thereof. For leaving all the small trifles among wives, and to speak of the principal points of their craft, for the common trifles thereof they can do without converting well enough by themselves, these principal points I say are these: they can make men or women to love or hate other, which may be very possible to the Devil to effectuate, seeing he being a subtle spirit knows well enough how to persuade the corrupted affection of them whom God will permit him so to deal with; they can lay the sickness of one upon another, which likewise is very possible unto him, for since by God's permission he laid sickness upon Job, why may he not far easilier lay upon any other? For as an old practician,[2] he knows well enough what humour domines[3] most in any of us, and as a spirit he can subtly waken up the same, making it peccant,[4] or to abound as he thinks meet for troubling of us, when God will so permit him. And for the taking off of it, no doubt he will be glad to relieve such of present pain as he may think by these means to persuade to be caught in his everlasting snares and fetters. [...] They can raise storms and tempests in the air, either upon sea or land, though not universally, but in such a particular place and prescribed bounds as God will permit them so to trouble, which likewise is very easy to be discerned from any other natural tempests that are meteors, in respect of the sudden and violent raising thereof, together with the short enduring of the same. And this is likewise very possible to their master to do, he having such affinity with the air as being a spirit and having such power of the forming and moving thereof as ye have heard me already declare, for in the Scripture that style of "the prince of the air" (Ephesians 2) is given unto him. They can make folks to become frenetic or maniac, which likewise is very possible to their master to do since they are but natural sicknesses, and so he may lay on these kinds as well as any others. They can make spirits either to follow and trouble persons or haunt certain houses, and affray[5] oftentimes the inhabitants, as hath been known to be done by our witches at this time. And likewise they can make some to be possessed with spirits and so to become very demoniacs, and this last sort is very possible likewise to the Devil their master to do since he may easily send his own angels to trouble in what form he pleases any whom God will permit him so to use.

PHILOMATHES: But will God permit these wicked instruments, by the power of the Devil their master, to trouble by any of these means any that believes in him?

EPISTEMON: No doubt, for there are three kinds of folks whom God will permit so to be tempted or troubled: the wicked for their horrible sins, to punish them in the like measure; the godly that are sleeping in any great sins or infirmities and weakness in faith, to waken them up the faster by such an uncouth form; and even some of the best, that their patience may be tried before the world, as Job's was. For why may not God use any kind of extraordinary punishment when it pleases him, as well as the ordinary rods of sickness or other adversities?

PHILOMATHES: Who then may be free from these devilish practices?

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1 *spittle* spit.

2 *practician* practitioner.

3 *domines* dominates.

4 *peccant* corrupt, sinning.

5 *affray* frighten.

EPISTEMON: No man ought to presume so far as to promise any impunity to himself, for God hath before all beginnings preordinated,[1] as well the particular sorts of plagues as of benefits, for every man, which in the[ir] own time he ordains them to be visited with, and yet ought we not to be the more afraid for that of anything that the Devil and his wicked instruments can do against us, for we daily fight against the Devil in a hundred other ways. [...]

PHILOMATHES: Is it not lawful then by the help of some other witch to cure the disease that is casten on by that craft?

EPISTEMON: No ways lawful. [...]

PHILOMATHES: How then may these diseases be lawfully cured?

EPISTEMON: Only by earnest prayer to God, by amendment of their lives, and by sharp pursuing, every one according to his calling, of these instruments of Satan, whose punishment to the death will be a salutary[2] sacrifice for the patient. And this is not only the lawful way, but likewise the most sure, for by the Devil's means "can never the Devil be casten out" (Mark 3), as Christ sayeth. And when such a cure is used it may well serve for a short time, but at the last it will doubtlessly tend to the utter perdition of the patient both in body and soul.

—1597

JESTBOOKS

Collections of comic and witty tales and riddles were popular in the sixteenth century. The selection here includes *A Hundred Merry Tales* (1526), printed by John Rastell, a lawyer, playwright, and brother-in-law of Sir Thomas More. *Merry Tales, Witty Questions and Quick Answers* was first published in the 1530s; the selections printed here are from the expanded publication of 1567. *Merry Tales* (1567) was not, despite its claim, "newly imprinted and made by Master Skelton, Poet Laureat," although it focuses on Skelton as a main character. There may be some biographical bases for the jests, but they are mainly fictional. *The Mirror of Mirth* (1583) was a translation of a French jestbook by Bonaventure Des Periers; the translation, by T.D., has been attributed to Thomas Deloney.

EDITIONS: *A, C, mery talys [A Hundred Merry Tales].* London: [by J. Rastell for P. Treveris], 1526. STC 23664; *Mery tales, wittie questions, and quicke answeres.* London: H. Wykes, 1567. STC 23665.5; *Merie tales newly imprinted [and] made by Master Skelton, Poet Laureat.* London: Thomas Colwell, 1567. STC 22618; *The mirrour of mirth.* London: Printed by Roger Warde, 1583. STC 6784.5.

from *A Hundred Merry Tales*

3[3]

A wife there was which had appointed her 'prentice[4] to come to her bed in the night, which servant had long wooed her to have his pleasure, which according to the appointment came to her bedside in the night, her husband lying by her. And when she perceived him there, she caught him by the hand and held him fast, and incontinent[5] wakened her husband and said, "Sir, it is so ye have a false and an untrue servant to you which is William your 'prentice, and has long wooed me to have his pleasure, and because I could not avoid his importunate request, I have appointed him this night to meet me in the garden in the herber.[6] And if ye will array[7] yourself in mine array and go thither, ye shall see the proof thereof, and then ye may rebuke him as ye think best by your discretion."

[1] *preordinated* predestined.

[2] *salutary* conducive to well-being or salvation.

[3] The tales are not numbered in the original.

[4] *'prentice* apprentice, servant.

[5] *incontinent* immediately.

[6] *herber* arbour.

[7] *array* dress.

This husband thus advertised[1] by his wife put upon him his wife's raiment and went to the arbour, and when he was gone thither, the 'prentice came into bed to his mistress, where for a season they were both content and pleased each other by the space of an hour or two. But when she thought time convenient, she said to the 'prentice: "Now go thy way into the arbour and meet him, and take a good waster[2] in thy hand, and say thou didst it but to prove whether I would be a good woman or no, and reward him as thou thinks best."

This 'prentice, doing after his mistress' counsel, went to the arbour where he found his master in his mistress' apparel and said, "A, thou harlot! Art thou come hither? Now I see well, if I would be false to my master, thou wouldst be a strong whore. But I had lever[3] thou were hanged than I would do him so traitorous a deed. Therefore I shall give thee some punishment as thou, like a whore, hast deserved." And therewith lapped him well about the shoulders and back and gave him a dozen or two good stripes. The master, feeling himself somewhat to smart,[4] said, "Peace, William, mine own true good servant, for God's sake, hold thy hands, for I am thy master and not thy mistress!" "Nay, whore," quoth he, "thou liest. Thou art but an harlot, and I did but to prove[5] thee," and smote him again. "Alas, man," quoth the master, "I beseech thee, no more, for I am not she, for I am thy master. Feel, for I have a beard!" And therewith he spared his hand and felt his beard. "Alas, master," quoth the 'prentice, "I cry you mercy."

And then the master went unto his wife and she asked him how he had sped and he answered: "I wis,[6] wife, I have been shrewdly beaten. Howbeit, I have cause to be glad, for I thank God I have as true a wife and as true a servant as any man hath in England."

By this tale ye may see that it is not wisdom for a man to be ruled always after his wife's counsel.

17

A rich, covetous merchant there was that dwelled in London which ever[7] gathered money and could never find in his heart to spend nought upon himself nor upon no man else, which fell sore sick, and as he lay on his death bed had his purse lying at his bed's head, and had such a love to[8] his money that he put his hand in his purse and took out thereof ten or twelve pounds in nobles[9] and put them in his mouth. And because his wife and others perceived him very sick and like to die, they exhorted him to be confessed and brought the curate unto him, which, when they had caused him to say Benedicte,[10] the curate bad[11] him cry God mercy and show his sins. Then the sick man began to say, "I cry God mercy. I have offended in the Seven Deadly Sins and broken the Ten Commandments," and because of the gold in his mouth, he muffled so in his speech that the curate could not well understand him, wherefore[12] the curate asked him what he had in his mouth that letted[13] his speech.

"I wis, master parson," quoth the sick man muffling, "I have nothing in my mouth but a little money because I wot[14] not whether I shall go. I thought I would take some spending money with me, for I wot not what need I shall have thereof," and incontinent after that saying, died before he was confessed or repentant that any man could perceive, and so by likelihood went to the Devil.

By this tale ye may see that they that all their lives will never do charity to their neighbours, that God in time of their death will not suffer them to have grace of repentance.

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1 *advertised* informed, warned.
2 *waster* cudgel, club.
3 *lever* rather.
4 *to smart* to feel pain.
5 *to prove* to test.
6 *I wis* certainly.
7 *ever* always.
8 *to* of.
9 *nobles* gold coins.
10 *Benedicte* a blessing.
11 *bad* bid, requested.
12 *wherefore* for which reason.
13 *letted* hindered.
14 *wot* know.

19

In the old world when all things could speak,[1] the four elements[2] met together for many things which they had to do, because they must meddle always one with another and had communication together of all divers[3] matters. And because they could not conclude all their matters at that season, they appointed to break communication for that time and to meet again another time. Therefore, each one of them showed to [the] other where their most abiding[4] was and where their fellows should find them if need should require.

And first the earth said, "Brethren, ye know well, as for me I am permanent always and not removable. Therefore, ye may be sure to have me alway[s] when ye list."[5]

The water said, "If ye list to seek me, ye shall be sure ever to have me under a tuft of green rushes or else in a woman's eye."

The wind said, "If ye list to seek me, ye shall be sure ever to have me among aspen leaves or else in a woman's tongue."

Then quoth the fire, "If any of you list to seek me, ye shall ever be sure to find me in a flintstone or else in a woman's heart."

By this tale ye may learn as well the properties of the four elements as the properties of a woman.

27

A merchant's wife there was in Bow Parish[6] in London, somewhat steeped in age, to whom her maid came on a Sunday in Lent after dinner and said, "Mistress," quoth she, "they ring at Saint Thomas of Acres,[7] for there shall be a sermon preached anon."[8] To whom the mistress answered and said, "Marry,[9] God's blessing on thy heart for warning me thereof, and because I slept not well all this night, I pray thee bring my stole[10] with me, for I will go thither to look whether I can take a nap there while the priest is preaching."

By this ye may see that many one goes to church as much for other things as for devotion.

32

A young gentleman of the age of twenty years, somewhat disposed to mirth and game, on a time talked with a gentlewoman which was right wise and also merry. This gentlewoman, as she talked with him, happened to look upon his beard, which was but young and grown somewhat upon the overlip[11] and but little grown beneath, as all young men's beards commonly used to grow, said to him, thus "Sir, ye have a beard above and none beneath."

And he, hearing her say so, said in sport, "Mistress, ye have a beard beneath and none above."

"Marry," quoth she, "then set the one against the t'other." Which answer made the gentleman so abashed that he had not one word to answer.

41

It fortuned there was a great variance between the Bishop of Norwich and one Master Skelton, a poet laureate, insomuch that the Bishop commanded him that he should not come in at his gates. This Master Skelton did absent himself for a long season, but at the last he thought to do his duty to him and studied ways how he might obtain the Bishop's favour, and determined himself that he would come to him with some present and humble himself to the Bishop, and got a couple of

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1 *when all things could speak* The belief that before the fall of Adam and Eve, all animals—and here inanimate objects—could speak.

2 *four elements* In ancient and medieval philosophy, the simple substances of which all material bodies are compounded were believed to be earth, water, air, and fire.

3 *divers* diverse.

4 *most abiding* usual dwelling.

5 *list* please, wish.

6 *Bow Parish* the parish of Bow Church, in Cheapside, near the centre of London.

7 *Saint Thomas of Acres* the name of a church.

8 *anon* immediately, soon.

9 *Marry* a mild oath, referring to the Virgin Mary.

10 *stole* a garment worn over the shoulders, hanging down to the feet.

11 *overlip* upper lip.

pheasants and came to the Bishop's place[1] and required the porter[2] he might come in to speak with my lord. This porter, knowing his lord's pleasure, would not suffer him to come in at the gates, wherefore this Master Skelton went on the backside to seek some other way to come into the palace. But the palace was moated that he could see no way to come over, except in one place where there lay a long tree over the moat, in manner of a bridge, that was fallen down with wind. Wherefore this Master Skelton went along upon the tree to come over. And when he was almost over, his foot slipped for lack of sure footing and fell into the moat up to the middle. But at the last he recovered himself and, as well as he could, dried himself again and soddenly[3] came to the Bishop, being in his hall then lately risen from dinner, which, when he saw Skelton coming soddenly to him, said to him, "Why, thou caitiff,[4] I warned thee thou shouldst never come in at my gates, and charged my porter to keep thee out."

"Forsooth,[5] my lord," quoth Skelton, "though ye gave such charge and though your gates be never so surely kept, yet it is not more possible to keep me out of your doors than to keep out crows or pies,[6] for I came not in at your gates, but I came over the moat that I have been almost drowned for my labour," and showed his clothes, how evil[7] he was arrayed, which caused many that stood thereby to laugh apace.[8] Then quoth Skelton, "If it like your lordship, I have brought you a dish to your supper, a couple of pheasants."

"Nay," quoth the bishop, "I defy thee, and thy pheasants also. And, wretch as thou art, pick thee[9] out of my house, for I will none of thy gift."

Howbeit, with as humble words as he could, this Skelton desired the Bishop to be his good lord and to take his little gift of him. But the Bishop called him daw[10] and fool oftentimes, and in no wise[11] would receive that gift. This Skelton, then considering that the Bishop called him fool so oft, said to one of his familiars thereby that though it were evil to be christened a fool, yet it was much worse to be confirmed[12] a fool of such a Bishop, for the name of confirmation must needs abide. Therefore he imagined how he might avoid that confirmation, and mused a while, and at the last, he said to the Bishop thus: "If your lordship knew the names of these pheasants, ye would be content to take them."

"Why, caitiff?" quoth the Bishop hastily and angrily. "What be their names?"

"I wis, my lord," quoth Skelton, "this pheasant is called 'alpha,' viz.[13] primus, the first; and this is called 'o[mega],' viz. novissimus, the last. And for the more plain understanding of my mind, if it please your lordship to take them I promise you this 'alpha' is the first that ever I gave you, and this 'omega' is the last that ever I will give you while I live." At the which answer, all that were by made great laughter and all desired the Bishop to be good lord to him for his merry conceits, at whose request ere[14] they went the Bishop was content to take him unto his favour again.

By this ye may see that merry conceits do a man more good than to fret himself with anger and melancholy.

62

There was a man that married a woman which had great riches and beauty. Howbeit, she had such an impediment of nature that she was dumb and could not speak, which thing made him full oft to be right pensive and sad. Wherefore upon a day as he walked alone right heavy in heart, thinking

1 *place* could be "palace."
2 *porter* gate keeper.
3 *soddenly* looking sodden or wet.
4 *caitiff* wretch.
5 *Forsooth* truly.
6 *pies* magpies, a common bird of the crow family.
7 *evil* unfortunately, wretchedly.
8 *apace* quickly.
9 *pick thee* take yourself.
10 *daw* simpleton.
11 *in no wise* in no manner.
12 *confirmed* established, but playing with the idea of spiritual confirmation.
13 *viz.* Latin, *videlicet* ("namely)."
14 *ere* before.

upon his wife, there came one to him and asked him what was the cause of his heaviness, which answered that it was only because his wife was born dumb. To whom this other said, "I shall show ye soon a remedy and a medicine therefore that is thus: go take an aspen leaf and lay it under her tongue this night, she being asleep, and I warrant thee that she shall speak on the morrow." Which man, being glad of this medicine, prepared therefore and gathered aspen leaves, whereof he laid three of them under her tongue when she was asleep. And upon the morrow when he himself waked, he, desirous to know how his medicine wrought, being in bed with her, he demanded of her how she did. And suddenly she answered and said, "I beshrew[1] your heart for waking me so early!" And so by virtue of that medicine she was restored to her speech.

But in conclusion, her speech so increased day by day and she was so cursed of condition, that every day she brawled and chid with her husband so much that at the last he was more vexed, and had much more trouble and disease[2] with her shrewd words than he had before when she was dumb. Wherefore, as he walked another time alone, he happened to meet again with the same person that taught him the said medicine, and said to him this wise:[3]

"Sir, ye taught me a medicine but late[4] to make my dumb wife to speak, bidding me lay an aspen leaf under her tongue when she slept. And I laid three aspen leaves there, wherefore now she speaks. But yet she speaks so much and so shrewdly that I am more weary of her now than I was before when she was dumb. Wherefore I pray you teach me a medicine to modify her that she speak not so much."

This other answered and said thus: "Sir, I am a devil of hell, but I am one of them that have the least power there. Albeit yet I have power to make a woman speak, but yet if a woman begin once to speak, I nor all the devils in hell that have the most power be not able to make a woman to be still nor to cause her to leave her speaking."

By this tale ye may note that a man oftimes desires and covets too much that thing that oft turns to his displeasure.

67

A certain confessor in the holy time of Lent enjoined his penitent to say daily for his penance this prayer: "Agnus dei miserere mei," which was as much to say in English as "The Lamb of God have mercy upon me." This penitent, accepting his penance, departed and that time twelve-month after came again to be confessed of the same confessor, which demanded of him whether he had fulfilled his penance that he him enjoined the last year. And he said thus: "Yea, sir, I thank God, I have fulfilled it, for I have said thus today morning and so daily: 'The Sheep of God have mercy upon me.'" To whom the confessor said, "Nay, I bad ye say, 'Agnus dei miserere mei,' that is, 'The Lamb of God have mercy upon me'!" "Yea, sir," quoth the penitent, "ye say truth. That was the last year, but now it is at twelve month since, and it is a sheep by this time. Therefore I must needs say now, 'The Sheep of God have mercy upon me.'"

By this tale ye may perceive that if Holy Scripture be expounded to rude lay[5] people only in the literal sense, peradventure[6] it shall do but little good.

69

A rich franklin[7] in the country, having by his wife but one child and no more, for the great affection that he had to his said child, found[8] him at Oxford to school by the space of two or three years. This young scholar in a vacation time, for his disport,[9] came home to his father. It fortuned afterward in

1 *beshrew* curse.
2 *disease* i.e., dis-ease, or trouble.
3 *this wise* this manner of thing.
4 *but late* lately.
5 *rude lay* unlearned and unprofessional.
6 *peradventure* perhaps.
7 *franklin* a freeholder or landowner, ranking just below the gentry.
8 *found* established and maintained.
9 *disport* amusement.

a night, the father, the mother, and the said young scholar sitting at supper, having before them no more meat but only a couple of chickens, the father said this wise: "Son, so it is that I have spent much money upon thee to find thee to school, wherefore I have great desire to know what you have learned."

To whom the son answered and said, "Father, I have studied sophistry,[1] and by that science I can prove that these two chickens in the dish be three chickens."

"Marry," said the father, "that would I fain see."

The scholar took one of the chickens in his hand and said, "Lo, here is one chicken." And incontinent he took both the chickens in his hand jointly and said, "Here is two chickens, and one and two makes three. Ergo,[2] here is three chickens!"

Then the father took one of the chickens to himself and gave another to his wife, and said thus: "Lo, I will have one of the chickens to my part, and thy mother shall have another, and because of thy good argument, thou shalt have the third to thy supper, for thou gettest no more meat here at this time," which promise the father kept and so the scholar went without his supper.

By this tale men may see that it is great folly to put one to school to learn any subtle science which hath no natural wit.

—1526

from *Merry Tales, Witty Questions and Quick Answers*

Of Him that Rode Out of London and Had His Servant Following on Foot.

A man that on a[3] time that rode five miles out of London and had his servant following after him on foot, which came so near, that the horse struck him a great stroke upon the thigh. The servant, thinking to be revenged, took a great stone and threw [it] at the horse and hit his master on the rains[4] of the back, who thought it had been his horse. He within a while looked back and chid his servant because he came halting so far behind. The servant answered, "Sir, your horse hath given me such a stroke upon my thigh that I can go no faster."

"Truly," said the master, "the horse is a great kicker, for likewise with his heel right now he gave me a great stroke upon the rains of my back."

Of the Chaplain that Said Our Lady Matins Abed[5]

A chaplain boasted, sitting at his lord's table, that he said our Lady matins every morning besides all his other service and orisons.[6] The lord, to prove whether his chaplain did as he said, arose early a morning and went to his chaplain's chamber and called him, saying, "Where be ye, Sir William?"

"Here, and please your lordship," quoth he, "in my bed."

"Why," said the lord, "I thought ye had been up and saying of Our Lady matins."

"I am now saying it," quoth the chaplain.

"What, lying in your bed?" quoth the lord.

"Why, sir," said the chaplain, "where should women be served but abed?"

Of the Jealous Man

A man that was right jealous on[7] his wife dreamed on a night as he lay abed with her and slept that the Devil appeared unto him and said, "Wouldst thou not be glad that I should put thee in surety of thy wife?"[8]

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[1] *sophistry* the use of specious reasoning as an art or dialectic exercise; often employed with the intent to deceive, and so often a term of disparagement.

[2] *Ergo* therefore.

[3] *on a* one.

[4] *rains* kidneys.

[5] *Our Lady Matins Abed* prayers to the Virgin Mary, often recited in the morning (and here while still in bed).

[6] *orisons* prayers.

[7] *on* of.

[8] *put thee in surety of thy wife* i.e., assure you of your wife's fidelity or chastity.

"Yes," said he.

"Hold," said the Devil, "as long as thou hast this ring upon thy finger no man shall make thee cuckold."[1] The man was glad thereof, and when he awaked, he found his finger in his wife's tail.[2]

Of King Louis of France and the Husbandman[3]

What[4] time King Louis of France, the eleventh of that name, because of the trouble that was in the realm kept himself in Bourgoyne,[5] he chanced by occasion of hunting to come acquainted with one Conon, a homely husbandman and a plain-meaning fellow, in which manner of men the high princes greatly delight them. To this man's house the King oft resorted from hunting, and with great pleasure he would eat radish roots with him. Within a while after, when Louis was restored home and had the governance of France in his hand, this husbandman was counselled by his wife to take a goodly sort of radish roots and to go and give them to the King and put him in mind of the good cheer that he had made him at his house. Conon, unwilling so to do, answered, "What, foolish woman. Trowest[6] thou the great princes remember such small pleasures?" But for all that she would not rest till Conon chose out a great sight of the fairest roots and took his journey toward the court. But as he went by the way, he ate up all the radish-roots save one of the greatest.

Conon peaked[7] into the court and stood where the King should pass by. By and by, the King knew him and called him to him. Conon stepped to the King and presented his root with a glad cheer. And the King took it more gladly and bad one that stood nearest to him to lay it up among those jewels that he most loved, and then commanded Conon to dine with him. When dinner was done, he thanked Conon, and when the King saw that he would depart home, he commanded to give him a thousand crowns of gold for his radish root.

When this was known in the King's house, one of the court gave the King a proper minion[8] horse. The King, perceiving that he did it because of the liberality showed unto Conon, with very glad cheer he took the gift and counseled with his lords how and with what gift he might recompense the horse that was so goodly and fair. This meanwhile,[9] the pickthank[10] had a marvellous great hope and thought in his mind thus: "If he so well recompensed the radish root that was given of a rustical[11] man, how much more largely will he recompense such an horse that is given of me that am of the court?" When every man had said his mind, as though the King had counselled about a great weighty matter, and that they had long fed the pickthank with vain hope, at last the King said, "I remember now what we shall give him." And so he called one of his lords and bad him in his ear go fetch that that he found in his chamber (and told him the place where) featly[12] folded up in silk.

Anon, he came and brought the radish root and even as it was folded up, the King with his own hand gave it to the courtier, saying, "We suppose your horse is well recompensed with this jewel, for it hath cost us a thousand crowns." The courtier went his way never[13] so glad, and when he had unfolded it, he found none other treasure but the radish root almost withered.

Of Another Pickthank and the Same King

Upon a time, a servant of the forenamed King, seeing a louse creep upon the King's robe, kneeled down and put up his hand as though he would do somewhat, and as the King bowed himself a little, the man took the louse and conveyed her away

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1 *cuckold* a man whose wife is unfaithful.
2 Some editions have "arse" instead of "tail."
3 *husbandman* farmer.
4 *What* at the.
5 *Bourgoyne* Burgundy, a region in central France.
6 *Trowest* believe.
7 *peaked* slunk, stole, or crept into.
8 *minion* dainty, elegant.
9 *This meanwhile* during this time.
10 *pickthank* one who curries favour with another; a flatterer.
11 *rustical* country.
12 *featly* elegantly.
13 *never* ever.

privily. The King asked him what it was; he was ashamed to show. So much the King instanted[1] him that at last he confessed it was a louse. "Oh" (quoth the King), "it is good luck, for this declares me to be a man, for that kind of vermin principally grieves mankind, specially in youth." And so the King commanded to give him fifty crowns for his labour.

Not long after, another, seeing that the King gave so good a reward for so small a pleasure, came and kneeled down and put up his hand and made as though he took and conveyed somewhat privily away. And when the King constrained him to tell what it was, with much dissembling shamefastness,[2] he said it was a flea. The King, perceiving his dissimulation, said to him, "What, wouldst thou make me a dog?" And so, for his fifty crowns that he prowled for, the King commanded to give him fifty stripes.[3]

Whereby ye may note that there is great difference between one that doth a thing of good will and mind, and him that doth a thing by craft and dissimulation, which thing this noble and most prudent Prince well understood. And one ought to be well ware[4] how he has to do with high princes and their business. And if Ecclesiastes forbid that one shall mind none ill to a king,[5] how should any dare speak or do ill?

Of the Uplandish[6] Man that Saw the King

An uplandish man, nourished in the woods, came on a time to the city when all the streets were full of people and the common voice among them was, "The King cometh!" This rural man, moved with novelty of that voice, had great desire to see what that multitude hoved[7] to behold. Suddenly the King, with many nobles and 'states[8] before him, came riding royally. Then the people all about steadfastly beheld the King and cried aloud, "God save the King! God save the King!"

This villein[9] hearing them cry so said, "Oh, where is the King? Where is the King?"

Then one, showing him the King said, "Yonder is he that rides upon the goodly white horse."

"Is that the King?" quoth the villein. "What, thou mocks me, I ween,"[10] quoth he. "Methink that is a man in a painted garment."

By this tale ye may perceive (as Lycurgus proved by experience)[11] that nourishing, good bringing up and exercise be more apt to lead folk to humanity and the doing of honest things than nature herself. They for the most part are noble, free and virtuous which in their youth have been well brought up and virtuously endoctrined. And the book saith, "My son, receive doctrine from thy youth up; so shalt thou find wisdom."

—1567

from *Merry Tales Newly Imprinted and Made by Master Skelton, Poet Laureate*

How the Vintner's Wife Put Water into Skelton's Wine

Skelton did love well a cup of good wine. And on a day, he did make merry in a tavern in London. And the morrow after, he sent to the same place again for a quart of the same wine he drunk of before, the which was clean changed and brewed again.

Skelton, perceiving this, went to the tavern and did sit down in a chair and did sigh very sore and made great lamentation. The wife of the house,

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1 *instanted* urged.

2 *shamefastness* modesty, bashfulness.

3 *stripes* lashes with the whip.

4 *ware* cautious.

5 *if Ecclesiastes … ill to a king* Ecclesiastes 10:20; *mind none ill to* think no ill of.

6 *uplandish* rustic, uncultivated, boorish.

7 *hoved* heaved, swelled.

8 *'states* people of high estate or rank.

9 *villein* peasant.

10 *ween* think.

11 *as Lycurgus proved by experience* Lycurgus ruled Sparta (c. 800 BCE); this reference may be to Lycurgus's emphasis on the education and training of the people.

perceiving this, said to Master Skelton, "How is it with you, Master Skelton?"

He answered and said, "I did never so evil." And then he did reach another great sigh, saying, "I am afraid that I shall never be saved nor come to Heaven."

"Why," said the wife, "should you despair so much in God's mercy?"

"Nay," said he, "it is past all remedy."

Then said the wife, "I do pray you break your mind unto me."

"Oh," said Skelton, "I would gladly show you the cause of my dolour[1] if that I wist[2] that you would keep my counsel."

"Sir," said she, "I have been made of counsel of greater matters than you can show me."

"Nay, nay," said Skelton. "My matter passes all other matters, for I think I shall sink to Hell for my great offences. For I sent this day to you for wine to say mass withal, and we have a strong law that every priest is bound to put into his chalice, when he does sing or say mass, some wine and water, the which does signify the water and blood that did run out of Christ's side when Longeous the blind knight[3] did thrust a spear to Christ's heart. And this day I did put no water into my wine when that I did put wine into my chalice."

Then said the vintner's wife, "Be merry, Master Skelton, and keep my counsel, for by my faith, I did put into the vessel of wine that I did send you of today ten gallons of water. And therefore take no thought, Master Skelton, for I warrant you."

Then said Skelton, "Dame, I do beshrew[4] thee for thy labour, for I thought so much before."

For through such uses and brewing of wine may men be deceived and be hurt by drinking of such evil wine. For all wines must be strong and fair and well coloured. It must have a redolent savour. It must be cold and sprinkling in the piece or in the glass.

Thus endeth the merry tales of Master Skelton, very pleasant for the recreation of the mind.

—1567

from *The Mirror of Mirth*[5]

To the Courteous and Gentle Readers

It was the custom of a certain philosopher (right gentle and courteous readers) when he perceived the people to wax weary by his long and tedious orations, and to drop out of doors ere he had done, to take his harp in hand, which he so finely fingered that the sweet and pleasant sound thereof procured the people to come running in faster than before they went forth, whose dulled spirits being revived with that pleasant melody and their minds, before cloyed with over-many circumstances of gravity, being by this means marvellously delighted, did the better and with greater ease continue the time of his conclusion: whose excellent policy in this point has attained so great commendation that it is set forth for an example to all posterities. If then you find yourselves overladen, either by the means of worldly cares or with the intolerable burden of over-great studies (if the deeds of this philosopher were to be followed), I would wish you no greater or better pleasure than he showed to his people: considering that mirth and melody cuts off care, unburdens the mind of sorrow, heals the grieved heart, and fills both soul and body with inestimable comfort. And therefore many mighty and excellent princes, whose heads are troubled with divers and sundry enormities, do for this cause entertain and accept of such persons whose pleasant nature and disposition may move them to delight. Since, then, moderate pleasure is not only convenient but also profitable and necessary for us, I have presumed here upon your courtesy for the recreation of your minds to send unto your sight this simple and

[1] *dolour* suffering.

[2] *wist* knew.

[3] *Longeous the blind knight* Longinus is the name traditionally given to the Roman knight who thrust his spear into Christ's side (John 19:34). In some legends, his blindness is cured by the water and blood.

[4] *beshrew* curse.

[5] The early edition had no paragraphing.

rude work, the grace and beauty whereof, being stripped from his country guise, and now newly wrapped in this strange attire,[1] is not only blemished by means of the translator's unskillfulness, but, as it were, spoiled both of favour and fashion. Yet if it please you to pardon his imperfection and to accept his good will, he shall not only be encouraged to mend his amiss,[2] but also hereafter present you with such as may better countervail[3] your courtesy and save his own credit. Thus, loath to be over-tedious in so mean a matter, I commend you to the protection of the celestial powers, and this to your friendly consideration.

Yours in all humility, T.D.

Of the Three Sisters Newly Married that Did Each of Them Make a Good Answer to Their Husbands the First Night of Their Wedding

In the country of Anjou[4] there was in times past a gentleman that was rich and of a good stock,[5] but he was somewhat subject to his pleasure. This gentleman had three daughters that were fair and well nurtured, and of such age and years that the youngest might well enough resist the violence of a man. It happened so, that they were without a mother, and because their father was yet of lusty years, he used still his old customs, which were to keep a good house and to entertain and receive merry and pleasant company, where the order was to play, to dance, to revel, and to make good cheer. And for that he was negligent and not careful in the ordering of his house and overseeing of his household, his daughters had opportunity, leisure, and liberty enough to talk and laugh with young gentlemen, whose talk, I warrant you, was not how to make cheap corn,[6] neither concerning the government of the public wealth, as the sequel shows. Also their father on his part played the lover as well as others, which made the young gentlewomen the more bolder to love and to be beloved—for as the old cocks crow, the young ones learn. And they, having gentle hearts, knowing that they were gentlewomen of a good house, thought it a thing very ungrateful and full of reproach to be beloved and not to love again. These reasons therefore considered—being all three of them prayed, entertained, loved, and followed every day and hour—at length they suffered themselves to be taken and snared in love, taking such compassion on their paramours[7] that they spared not to pleasure them in whatsoever they did demand. At which play and sport they sped so well that the marks and signs began to appear. For the eldest daughter (being somewhat more forward than the rest) was greatly abashed because there was no way to keep it secret. For in a house where the mother is missing, there is small regard of the daughter's doings: or at the least, if there happen a mischance, they know ways and remedies to prevent it. But the maiden knowing no way to hide this from her father, determined to make him privy to her secret practices, which, when he understood, he was at the first very sorry and greatly displeased, but he despaired not, for that he was of that stamp of men that take not things to the heart. And to say the truth, what need a man torment and vex himself for a thing when it is done; it is but rather to make it worse.

Well, he sent his daughter into the country, three or four miles off, to an aunt that she had under colour of sickness, because that by the counsel of the physicians, the change of the air was very good for her, tarrying there until she was delivered with child. But as it is commonly seen, one misfortune falls upon another's neck, for as his eldest daughter had in a manner dispatched her business and emptied her belly, the second sister was also sped.[8] The father perceiving this said, "I see that my daughters would not that the

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1 *being stripped … strange attire* i.e., being translated from the original French into English.

2 *amiss* error.

3 *countervail* equal.

4 *Anjou* region in northwest France.

5 *stock* descent, family.

6 *corn* more generally, "grain."

7 *paramours* lovers.

8 *sped* successful (i.e., pregnant).

world should be left desolate." And upon this event[1] (doubting belike[2] the worst), he came to his youngest daughter, who was not yet with child, but she had done her good will in the matter to her power. "Well, daughter," said he, "how dost thou? Hast not thou followed thy elder sisters' steps?" The young damsel began to change colour and to blush, which the father took for open confession. "Very well," said he, "God send us good luck and keep us from evil." Yet nevertheless he thought it high time to provide for his affairs, and therefore he determined to marry his three daughters. But here was the mischief: he knew not to whom. For to offer them to his neighbours it was in vain, because their doings in his house was known, or at the least suspected. On the other side, to marry them to those that had abused his daughters was a thing that could not well be done, for it may be that each of them had more than one.[3] And if peradventure there was but one man that had done the deed, ye know few men will put their trust in one that will so willingly lay her legs open before she knows who shall be her husband. And for these considerations, the father thought it more expedient and necessary to seek his sons-in-law further from home. And as those men which of nature are pleasant and merry and love to frequent company are happy and fortunate in their doings, even so this gentleman failed not of his purpose to find out that which he sought for, which was in the country of Brittaine,[4] where he was well known, as well for the name of his house as for the lands and goods he had in that country, not far from the town of Nantes,[5] by means whereof he had good occasion to make his journey thither. To conclude, when he was in the said country, as well by friends that he made as through himself, he preferred the marriage of his three daughters, to which the Brittains gave some ear,[6] so that there was choice enough.

But amongst all the rest there was one gentleman of Brittaine who was rich and of a good stock, the which had three sons of good years and well made like men, good dancers, clean legged, well footed, and excellent at all games, whose like was not to be had in all the whole country, whereof this gentleman was very glad. And because the prolonging of the time was not best, he concluded the match with the father of these young men, that his three sons should marry his three daughters, and that one bridal should serve for all: that is, they should all three be married on one day. And to bring this to pass, the three brethren prepared themselves with all speed to depart into Anjou with the gentleman father of the three daughters. Now you must note that although they were Brittains, there was not one of the three but knew fashions, for they had played youthful pranks with the Brittainish maids, which are of a good inclination that way, as the talk goes. But to our matter.

When they were come to the gentleman's house, they beheld the countenances of the three gentlewomen, every one his, and found them all fresh, fair, and pleasant, and also wise and well spoken. Well, the marriage was concluded and all things prepared. But the night before the wedding should be, the father called his three daughters aside into a chamber and said unto them these words: "Ye know what fault you have all three committed and what pain you have put me unto. If I had been of the nature of these rigorous, cruel and hard-hearted fathers, I had cast you off, and you should never have enjoyed any of my goods. But for my part, you see, I had rather redress things that are amiss than to put you to shame and myself in perpetual trouble through your follies. I have here brought for each of you a husband. Therefore prepare yourselves to make much of them and cherish them, and pluck up good hearts; you shall have no harm. If they happen to perceive or spy

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1 *event* incident.

2 *doubting belike* fearing in all likelihood.

3 *that each … than one* that each daughter had had sex with more than one man.

4 *Brittaine* the duchy of Brittany or Bretagne in western France.

5 *Nantes* on the Loire in western France.

6 *gave some ear* listened to him.

anything by any of you, to your own peril be it. Nevertheless, you have as yet done them no offence. And therefore henceforth take heed to yourselves and govern yourselves so that there may be found no fault in your doings. And I promise you for my part that I will both forget and forgive all faults past. And besides all this, I assure you, she that can give unto her husband the best answer to please him the first night, being in bed together, should have for her part two hundred crowns more than the others. Now, therefore, go your ways and remember my words." After these wholesome admonitions he went to bed and his daughters also, being nothing oblivious in this matter.

The bridal day was the next morrow. They went to the church and were married early in the morning. There was great cheer, with dancing and leaping about the house, which being past, the beds were made wherein the brides were bravely[1] laid, unto whom their husbands shortly after came. What time,[2] the eldest, sporting with his new bedfellow and feeling her belly very lank,[3] merely put forth these speeches: "I doubt,[4] my beloved, the birds be fled and gone." Unto whom she presently replied, "Keep you then the nest."

The second sister's husband handling her, feeling her belly hard and round, began thus: "How now, wife. The barn is already full." "Beat then at the gate," quoth she.

The third sister's husband, in sporting himself in the like sort and finding his wife skillful in the game, presently spoke in this manner: "I perceive the way was beaten before." The damsel answered, "You may the better find the path."

The night being past and the day come, they came all three before their father and declared unto him what had chanced, and what was their answers. Now would I know to which of the three he ought to give the two hundred crowns. If therefore your skill be so good, declare the truth of this difficult matter.

[1] *bravely* finely dressed, splendidly.

[2] *What time* at which time.

[3] *lank* loose.

[4] *doubt* fear.

Of a Certain Student in the Law and of the 'Pothecary that Taught Him Physic[5]

There was upon a time a certain scholar that had dwelled at Toulouse[6] a certain time, passing by a little town not far from Cahors in Quercy named Saint Antony's,[7] therefore to practise his texts of law, not that he had greatly therein profited, for he had most studied humane letters,[8] wherein he had very good knowledge. But he thought, seeing he began to profess the law, not to stray or wander from the same until he could answer therein as well as another.

So soon as he was come to Saint Antony's (as in such little towns a man is quickly spied and marked), there came a 'pothecary to be acquainted with him, saying, "Sir, you are welcome to the town," and so began to fall in talk with him, who amongst other talk spoke certain words as touching physic. When the 'pothecary had heard him speak, he said unto him, "Sir, so far as I can perceive, you are a physician."

"No, that I am not," said he. "But I have read somewhat of physic."

"I know well enough, sir, that you will not declare what you are, because you mean not to tarry long in this town. But truly, sir, if you would, you should not find it least for your profit. We have at this present never a physician in these quarters. He that we had is lately dead, and died worth three or four thousand pound. If that you will remain and dwell here (for here is good being),[9] I will lodge you in my house and so you and I shall live well when ye are once known. Sir, (said the 'pothecary) I pray you take the pains to come and dine with me." The scholar, understanding the 'pothecary's words, that was no fool, for he had traveled into many places to see and

[5] *'Pothecary* apothecary, one who prepares and sells drugs; pharmacist; *physic* medicine.

[6] *Toulouse* in southern France.

[7] *Cahors in Quercy named Saint Antony's* Cahors is the capital of Quercy, near Toulouse.

[8] *humane letters* branches of study such as the ancient classics, rhetoric, poetry.

[9] *good being* a good life, a good income.

know fashions, was content to go with him to dinner and thought this to himself: "I will try the chance, and if this man will do as he says, I shall make good shift,[1] for this is a rude country and there is not one body that knows me. And therefore we will see what will come to pass." The 'pothecary brought him to his house to dinner. After dinner, having always this talk in their mouths, they agreed together to be cousins. And for to make our tale short, the 'pothecary made the scholar believe that he was a physician.

And then the scholar said unto him, "First of all, you shall understand that I never had great practice in our art as you do think. But my mind was to have gone to Paris, to have studied another year and then to have fallen to the practice at the town from whence I came. But seeing I have found you, and that I know you are a man that can show me pleasure, and I in like manner unto you, let us look about to do our business, for I am content at your request to tarry."

"Sir," said the 'pothecary, "take no care. I will teach you all the practice of physic in less than fifteen days. I have of a long time used[2] the company of physicians, both in France and in other places. I know their fashions and their receipts[3] all by heart. Moreover, in this country ye need but set a good countenance on it and go by guess and you shall be counted the best physician in all the world."

And then the 'pothecary began to teach him how he should write an ounce, half ounce, a quarter of an ounce, a dram, a handfull, a quantity. And another day he taught him the names of drugs that were most common, and to mix, to strain, to 'still,[4] to make compounds and simples[5] and such like things. This continued ten or twelve days, during the which time he kept his chamber, causing the 'pothecary to say that he was not well. The which 'pothecary blazed[6] abroad that this physician was the best learned man that ever came to that town, whereof they of the town were very glad and began to entertain him and to make much of him so soon as he came abroad, they striving who should make him the best cheer. And you would have said that already they longed to be sick to try this new physician and to set him a-work to the end he might have a better will and desire to tarry there. But M.[7] Doctor made himself to be sought for and entered not haunting[8] the company of many folks, but kept a great countenance and set a good face on the matter, and above other things he did not depart from the 'pothecary that had taught him his cunning.[9] In short time, there came urines to him from all parts. Now, in those places, they must judge by the urines whether the patient be a man or a woman, and in what part their pain and sickness lay, and of what age they were, but this physician could do more than that, for he could tell them who was their father and mother and whether they were married or no, and how many children they had. To conclude, he could tell all even from the old to the new, and all by the help of his M. the 'pothecary. For when he saw anybody [bring] a water,[10] the 'pothecary would question with them whilst the physician was above and would ask them from end to end all these former things. And then he caused them stay until he was gone up and declared to M. Doctor all that he had learned of them that brought the urines. The physician, taking[11] their waters, would hold them up and look on them, putting his hand between the urinal and the light, and would shake it and turn it with all the gestures in such cases required. Then he would say, "It is a woman's water." "Yea, truly, sir, it is so." "She had a great pain in her left side under the breast," or "Pain in the head" (as the 'pothecary

[1] *shift* manner of livelihood (often associated with subterfuge).
[2] *used* kept.
[3] *receipts* prescriptions, formulas.
[4] *to 'still* to distill.
[5] *compounds and simples* medical preparations: compounds have two or more ingredients, simples only one.
[6] *blazed* proclaimed.
[7] *M.* monsieur.
[8] *entered not haunting* did not begin keeping.
[9] *cunning* knowledge, here with a sense of craftiness.
[10] *a water* urine sample.
[11] *taking* taking account of.

had given him instructions). "It is not three months since she was delivered of a daughter." The bringer of this urine did begin greatly to marvel at his great knowledge and would go away and declare unto everybody what the physician had said. So that from mouth to mouth the report went that there to the town was come such an odd fellow that there was not his like to be found. And if by fortune his 'pothecary was not by or at hand, then would he draw the worm out of their nose[1] himself, in saying, "Very sick." To which the bringer of the urine would say "he" or "she," by the means whereof he would say after a little pausing, "Is not this a man's water?" "Yea, truly, sir, it is a man's water," would the bringer say. "I spied that," by-and-by would the physician say, but when he came to minister and give physic unto anyone, then would he have always his 'pothecary, who spoke one unto another physic Latin, which was in those days fine stuff. And under this Latin the 'pothecary would name him the whole receipt, making a show as though they spoke of other things. In the which, I leave you to consider whether it were not a good sight to see a physician write under a 'pothecary.

In effect, whether it was because of the good opinion the people had on[2] him or by any other chance, those that were sick felt themselves well by his ordinances and appointments, they thought not themselves well that came not to this physician, and they were persuaded that it was good being sick whilst he was there; for they thought if he went once his way, they should never recover again the like, and happy was he that could present him with the greatest gifts. So that in six or seven months, he had gotten a good store of crowns, and also his 'pothecary, by means one of another,[3] and therefore he prepared himself to depart from Saint Antony's, saying that he had received letters from his country by the which he heard news that he must needs depart for a time, but he would not fail to return again shortly.

It was to Paris that he came, where afterwards he fell to study physic. And it may be afterward, for all his further knowledge, he was not so good a physician as when he was 'prentice: I mean his doings came not so prosperously to pass, and many times fortune helps more those that are ignorant than those that have knowledge and skill. For a man of knowledge uses too much discretion in his doings; he thinks of the circumstance and has a fear and a doubt, which gives unto men a mistrust in themselves that does discourage them to deal in many things. And as it is commonly said, better it is to fall into the hands of a lucky physician than to him that is learned and has good skill.

The physician of Italy knew this well enough who, when he had nothing to do, did write two or three hundred kinds of receipts for divers sicknesses and diseases, of the which he took a great number and put them in the pocket of his coat or into his bosom, so that when anybody came unto him with urines he drew out one of the receipts by chance (as the lots are drawn at the lottery) and gave it to the bringer of the urine, saying unto him or her, "Dio te la daga buona,"[4] and if it sped well so it was, and if it sped ill—"Suo damno."[5] For thus goes the world.

—1583

[1] *draw the worm out of their nose* i.e., draw the information out of them.

[2] *on* of.

[3] *by means one of another* by each other's means.

[4] *Dio te la daga buona* "Let's hope for the best."

[5] *Suo damno* "damno" is a typo, but contains the understanding of "you're damned"; *Suo danno* means "that's the damage."

James VI, king of Scotland
1566-1625

James was the only child of Mary Stuart, queen of Scots and Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley. He succeeded as king of Scotland in 1567 following the forced abdication of Mary. Scotland was ruled by regents until James came of age, and one of his first statements of power was the publication of a collection of poetry, *The Essays of a Prentice in the Divine Art of Poesy*, in 1584. This collection marked the beginning of a new Court poetry in Scotland, and contained a treatise on Scottish poetry. The King was not simply a patron, but wished to represent himself as a poet, and published a further collection in 1591, *His Majesty's Poetical Exercises at Vacant Hours*. A third collection was prepared for publication, but was not printed during James's lifetime. The connection of poetry to political power was very much part of the King's Scottish rule. James also wrote two political treatises on kingcraft, selections from which are presented here; for his treatise *Daemonology*, see above, pp. 579-83. When James succeeded to the English throne after the death of Elizabeth I in 1603, he was joyously welcomed by many hopeful English poets. Ben Jonson hailed him with "How, best of kings, dost thou a sceptre bear! / How, best of poets, dost thou laurel wear!" James seldom wrote poetry during his English reign, but remained involved with the arts, and became the patron of Shakespeare's theatre company, the King's Men.

EDITIONS: "Sonnet 4," "Sonnet Deciphering the Perfect Poet," and "A Short Treatise, Containing Some Rules and Cautels to be Observed and Eschewed in Scottish Poetry" in *The essayes of a prentise, in the divine art of poesie*. Edinburgh: Printed By Thomas Vautroullier, 1584. STC 14373; *The true lawe of free monarchies: or The reciprock and mutuall dutie betwixt a free king and his naturall subjectes*. Edinburgh: Printed by Robert Waldegrave, printer to the King's Majesty, 1598. STC 14409; *Basilikon Doron, Devided into three bookes*. Edinburgh: Printed by Robert Waldegrave, printer to the King's Majesty, 1599. STC 14348; *Basilikon doron. Or His Majesties instructions to his dearest sonne, Henry the prince*. London: Imprinted by Felix Kingston, for John Norton, 1603. STC 14350 (see also STC 14354).

To the Queen[1]

As on the wings of your enchanting fame,
I was transported over the stormy seas,
Who could not quench that restless burning flame,
Which only you by sympathy did mease,[2]
So can I troubled be with no disease,
But you my only medicinar[3] remains,
And easily, whenever that you please,
May salve my sores and mitigate my pains.
Your smiling is an antidote agains[4]
The melancholy that oppresseth me,
And when a raging wrath into me reigns,[5]
Your loving looks may make me calm to be.
How oft you see me have an heavy heart,
Remember then, sweet doctor, on your art.

—composed, c. 1589

[1] from the unpublished collection (British Library Add. MS. 24195). This poem was composed shortly after James met Anne of Denmark, in 1589. James travelled to Norway (alluded to in the second line) to collect his bride after the fleet conveying her to Scotland was scattered by a storm.

[2] *mease* appease, quench.

[3] *medicinar* doctor.

[4] *agains* against.

[5] *reigns* flourishes, predominates.

from *The Essays of a Prentice*

Sonnet 4[1]

And grant I may so vively[2] put in verse
The summer, when I like thereof to treat,[3]
As when in writ I do thereof rehearse,
Let readers think they feel the burning heat,
And graithly see the earth, for lack of weit,[4]
With withering drouth and sun so gaigged[5] all,
As for the grass on field, the dust in streit[6]
Doth rise and flee aloft, long or[7] it fall.
Yea, let them think they hear the song and call
Which Flora's winged musicians[8] make to sound,
And that to taste and smell, believe they shall
Delicious fruits, which in that time abound.
And shortly all their senses so bereaved,
As eyes and ears and all may be deceived.

Sonnet Deciphering the Perfect Poet[9]

A ripe engine,[10] a quick and wakened wit,
With sommair reasons, suddenly applyit;[11]
For every purpose using reasons fit,
With skillfulness, where learning may be spyit;
With pithy words, for to express you by it
His full intention in his proper leed,[12]
The purity whereof, well has he tryit;
With memory to keep what he does read,
With skillfulness and figures,[13] which proceed
From rhetoric; with everlasting fame;
With others woundring,[14] pressing with all speed
For to attain to merit such a name.
All this into the perfect poet be.
God grant I may obtain the laurel tree.[15]

A Short Treatise, Containing Some Rules and Cautels to Be Observed and Eschewed in Scottish Poetry[16]

CHAPTER VII

But since invention is one of the chief virtues in a poet, it is best that you invent your own subject yourself, and not to compose of sene[17] subjects. Especially translating anything out of other languages, which doing, you not only assay[18] not your own engine of invention, but by the same means you are bound as to a stake to follow that book's phrases which you translate.

You must also beware of writing anything of matters of common weal,[19] or other such grave sene subjects (except metaphorically, of manifest truth openly known, yet notwithstanding using it very seldom) because not only you assay not your own invention, as I spoke before, but likewise they

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[1] This is the fourth of twelve sonnets which introduce James's first collection of poetry, *The Essays of a Prentice*. These sonnets are dedicated to the gods and reveal James's belief in the power of language to capture meaning and to shape his readers' vision through their senses.

[2] *vively* lively, vividly.

[3] *treat* discuss or handle.

[4] *graithly* really, carefully; *weit* wet.

[5] *drouth* drought; *gaigged* cracked, chapped.

[6] *streit* narrow. This might refer to the fields or the "streets."

[7] *or* before.

[8] *Flora's winged musicians* Flora is the goddess of flowers; her winged musicians are birds.

[9] from *The Essays of a Prentice*. The Scottish spellings have been anglicized.

[10] *engine* native or natural talent.

[11] *sommair* predominately a legal term meaning "summary," but in these two lines, James appears to be using the adjective to indicate that the words leap to the poet's mind, inspired by his previous study and preparation; *applyit* applied. This sonnet has interlocking rhyme between the quatrains, which demands keeping the old "it" endings rather than modernized "ed" endings.

[12] *leed* speech of a person or class of persons; manner of speaking.

[13] *figures* figures of speech; forms of expression adopted to give beauty, variety, and force to a composition.

[14] *woundring* wondering (with others wondering at you) or winding (winding or combining with other concerns).

[15] *laurel tree* The foliage of the laurel tree was a symbol of distinction in poetry (e.g., the poet "laureate").

[16] from *The Essays of a Prentice*. This is perhaps the only treatise ever written on Scottish poetry, and explains what James believed Court poetry should be. Chapter VII is interesting not only for its comments on invention—or the imagination—but for its warnings against writing about political matters; *cautels* stratagems. The Scottish spellings have been anglicized.

[17] *sene* obvious, easily seen.

[18] *assay* test.

[19] *matters of common weal* matters of [the] commonwealth, or matters pertaining to the public interest, be they political or religious.

are too grave matters for a poet to mell[1] in. But because you cannot have the invention except it comes of nature, I remit it thereunto as the chief cause not only of invention, but also of all the other parts of poesy. For art is only but an help and a remembrance to nature. [...]

—1584

from *The True Law of Free Monarchies: or the Reciprocal and Mutual Duty betwixt a Free King and His Natural Subjects*

An Advertisement to the Reader

Accept, I pray you (my dear countrymen), as thankfully this pamphlet that I offer unto you, as lovingly it is written for your weal.[2] I would be loath both to be factious and feckless,[3] and therefore, if it be not sententious,[4] at least it is short. It may be you miss many things that you look for in it, but for excuse thereof, consider rightly that I only lay down herein the true grounds to teach you the right way, without wasting time upon refuting the adversaries. And yet I trust, if you will take narrow tent,[5] you shall find most of their great guns paid home again,[6] either with contrary conclusions or tacit objections, suppose in a dairned[7] form and indirectly. For my intention is to instruct and not irritate, if I may eschew[8] it. The profit I would wish you to make of it is as well so to frame all your actions according to these grounds as may confirm you in the course of honest and obedient subjects to your king in all times coming, as also, when you shall fall in purpose with any that shall praise or excuse the by-past rebellions that broke forth, either in this country or in any other, you shall herewith be armed against their siren songs,[9] laying their particular examples to the square of these grounds.[10] Whereby you shall soundly keep the course of righteous judgement, discerning wisely of every action only according to the quality thereof, and not according to your prejudged conceits of the committers. So shall ye, by reaping profit to yourselves, turn my pain into pleasure. But lest the whole pamphlet run out at the gaping mouth of this preface, if it were any more enlarged, I end with committing you to God, and me to your charitable censures.

The True Law of Free Monarchies

[...] there is not a thing so necessary to be known by the people of any land, next the knowledge of their God, as the right knowledge of their allegiance according to the form of government established among them, especially in a monarchy (which form of government, as resembling the Divinity, approacheth nearest to perfection, as all the learned and wise men from the beginning have agreed upon, unity being the perfection of all things). [...]

Kings are called gods by the prophetical King David[11] because they sit upon God's throne in the earth, and have the count of their administration to give unto him. [...] And therefore in the coronation of our own kings, as well as of every Christian monarch, they give their oath: first to maintain the religion presently professed within their country, according to their laws whereby it is established, and to punish all those that should press to alter or disturb the profession thereof; and next to maintain all the lowable[12] and good laws made by their predecessors, to see them put

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1 *mell* interfere, meddle.

2 *weal* welfare, prosperity.

3 *factious* seditious; *feckless* ineffective, weak.

4 *sententious* full of meaning or wisdom.

5 *take narrow tent* pay close attention.

6 *great guns paid home again* i.e., their attacks answered.

7 *dairned* derned: secret or reserved.

8 *eschew* avoid.

9 *siren songs* In classical mythology, a siren was one of several fabulous monsters who were supposed to lure sailors to destruction by their enchanted singing. These monsters are often confused with mermaids.

10 *laying ... grounds* judging their examples by these standards; a "square" is a carpenter's tool used for measuring right angles.

11 *King David* the king of Israel and reputed author of the Psalms.

12 *lowable* permissible, desirable.

in execution, and the breakers and violators thereof to be punished according to the tenor of the same; and lastly, to maintain the whole country and every state therein in all their ancient privileges and liberties, as well against all foreign enemies as among themselves; and shortly, to procure the weal and flourishing of his people, not only in maintaining and putting to execution the old lowable laws of the country, and by establishing of new (as necessity and evil manners will require), but by all other means possible to foresee and prevent all dangers that are likely to fall upon them, and to maintain concord, wealth, and civility among them as a loving father and careful watchman, caring for them more than for himself, knowing himself to be ordained for them, and they not for him, and therefore countable[1] to that great God who placed him as his lieutenant over them upon the peril of his soul to procure the weal of both souls and bodies, as far as in him lieth, of all them that are committed to his charge. And this oath in the coronation is the clearest civil and fundamental law whereby the king's office is properly defined. [...]

Shortly then, to take up in two or three sentences grounded upon all these arguments out of the law of God, the duty and allegiance of the people to their lawful king: their obedience, I say, ought to be to him as to God's lieutenant in earth, obeying his commands in all things, except directly against God, as the commands of God's minister, acknowledging him as a judge set by God over them, having power to judge them, but to be judged only by God, whom to only he must give count of his judgement, fearing him as their judge, loving him as their father, praying for him as their protector, for his continuance if he be good, for his amendment if he be wicked, following and obeying his lawful commands, eschewing and flying his fury in his unlawful without resistance, but by sobs and tears to God. [...]

The king towards his people is rightly compared to a father of children and to a head of a body composed of diverse members. For as fathers the good princes and magistrates of the people of God acknowledged themselves to their subjects. And for all other well-ruled commonwealths, the style of *pater patriae*[2] was ever, and is commonly, used to kings. And the proper office of a king towards his subjects agrees very well with the office of the head towards the body and all members thereof, for from the head, being the seat of judgement, proceedeth the care and foresight of guiding, and preventing all evil that may come to the body or any part thereof. The head cares for the body; so does the king for his people. As the discourse and direction flow from the head, and the execution according thereunto belongs to the rest of the members, every one according to their office, so it is betwixt a wise prince and his people. As the judgement coming from the head may not only employ the members, every one in their own office, as long as they are able for it, but likewise, in case any of them be affected with any infirmity, must care and provide for their remedy, in case it be curable, and if otherwise, gar cut them off[3] for fear of infecting of the rest: even so is it betwixt the prince and his people.

[...]

And for the similitude of the head and the body, it may very well fall out that the head will be forced to gar cut off some rotten member [...] to keep the rest of the body in integrity, but what state the body can be in if the head, for any infirmity that can fall to it, be cut off, I leave it to the readers' judgement.

—1598

[1] *countable* accountable, answerable.

[2] *pater patriae* Latin, "father of the fatherland."

[3] *gar cut them off* must cause them to be cut off.

from *Basilikon Doron, or His Majesty's Instructions to His Dearest Son, Henry the Prince*[1]

God gives not kings the style of gods in vain,
For on His throne His sceptre do they sway,
And as their subjects ought them to obey,
So kings should fear and serve their God again.
If then ye would enjoy a happy reign,
Observe the statutes of your heavenly King,
And from His law, make all your laws to spring.
Since His lieutenant here ye should remain,
Reward the just, be steadfast, true, and plain,
Repress the proud, maintaining aye[2] the right,
Walk always so, as ever in His sight,
Who guards the godly, plaguing the profane:
And so ye shall in princely virtues shine,
Resembling right your mighty King divine.

To the Reader[3]

Charitable reader, it is one of the golden sentences which Christ our Saviour uttered to his apostles, that there is nothing so covered that shall not be revealed, neither so hid that shall not be known; and whatsoever they have spoken in darkness, should be heard in the light, and that which they had spoken in the ear in secret place, should be publicly preached on the tops of the houses.[4] And since he hath said it, most true must it be, since the author thereof is the fountain and very being of truth, which should move all godly and honest men to be very wary in all their secretest actions and whatsoever middesses[5] they use for attaining to their most wished ends; lest otherwise how avowable[6] soever the mark be whereat they aim, the middesses being discovered to be shameful whereby they climb, it may turn to the disgrace both of the good work itself and of the author thereof, since the deepest of our secrets cannot be hid from that all-seeing eye and penetrant[7] light, piercing through the bowels of very darkness itself.

But as this is generally true in the actions of all men, so is it more specially true in the affairs of kings. For kings, being public persons by reason of their office and authority, are, as it were, set (as it was said of old) upon a public stage in the sight of all the people, where all the beholders' eyes are attentively bent to look and pry in the least circumstance of their secretest drifts,[8] which should make kings the more careful not to harbour the secretest thought in their mind, but such as in the[ir] own time they shall not be ashamed openly to avouch, assuring themselves that time, the mother of verity, will in the due season bring her own daughter to perfection.

Of a King's Christian Duty towards God

[...] first of all things, learn to know and love that God, whom-to you[9] have a double obligation: first, for that he made you a man; and next, for that he made you a little God to sit on his throne and rule over other men. Remember that as in dignity he hath erected you above others, so ought you in thankfulness towards him go as far beyond all others. A mote in another's eye is a beam into yours; a blemish in another, is a leprous bile into you; and a venial sin (as the papists[10] call it) in another is a great crime into you. Think not, therefore, that the highness of your dignity diminisheth your faults (much less giveth you a license to sin), but, by the contrary, your fault shall be aggravated

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1 *Basilikon Doron*, or "The King's Gift," was written for James's first son Henry as a guide to kingcraft. Only seven copies were published in 1599, but in 1603 the text was republished for his English audience and became a best seller. Henry died at the age of 18 in 1612, leaving Charles in line for the throne.

2 *aye* ever, always.

3 The following sections are from the widely distributed 1603 edition.

4 Luke 12:2-3.

5 *middesses* "mids" (means).

6 *avowable* approved, sanctioned.

7 *penetrant* penetrating.

8 *drifts* purposes, meanings.

9 *you* Henry.

10 *venial sin* light as opposed to deadly or mortal sins; *papists* derogatory term for Roman Catholics.

according to the height of your dignity, any sin that you commit not being a single sin, procuring but the fall of one, but being an exemplar[1] sin, and therefore drawing with it the whole multitude to be guilty of the same. Remember then that this glistering[2] worldly glory of kings is given them by God to teach them to press so to glister and shine before their people in all works of sanctification and righteousness, that their persons as bright lamps of godliness and virtue may, going in and out before their people, give light to all their steps. Remember also that by the right knowledge and fear of God (which is the beginning of wisdom, as Solomon saith),[3] you shall know all the things necessary for the discharge of your duty, both as a Christian and as a king, seeing in him, as in a mirror, the course of all earthly things, whereof he is the spring and only mover.

Now, the only way to bring you to this knowledge is diligently to read his word and earnestly to pray for the right understanding thereof. [...] But above all, beware you wrest not the word to your own appetite, as over many do, making it like a bell to sound as you please to interpret, but by the contrary, frame all your affections to follow precisely the rule there set down. [...]

Of a King's Duty in His Office

[...] But it is not enough to a good king by the sceptre of good laws well executed to govern, and by force of arms to protect his people, if he join not therewith his virtuous life in his own person, and in the person of his Court and company, by good example alluring his subjects to the love of virtue and hatred of vice. And therefore (my son) since all people are naturally inclined to follow their prince's example [...] let it not be said that you command others to keep the contrary course to that which in your own person you practise, making so your words and deeds to fight together, but by the contrary, let your own life be a law-book and a mirror to your people, that therein they may read the practice of their own laws, and therein they may see, by your image, what life they should lead. [...]

Remember also that marriage is one of the greatest actions that a man does in all his time, especially in taking of his first wife, and if he marry first basely beneath his rank, he will ever be the less accounted of thereafter. And lastly, remember to choose your wife as I advised you to choose your servants: that she be of the whole and clean race, not subject to the hereditary sicknesses either of the soul or the body. For if a man will be careful to breed horses and dogs of good kinds, how much more careful should he be for the breed of his own loins? So shall you in your marriage have respect to your conscience, honour, and natural weal in your successors.

When you are married, keep inviolably your promise made to God in your marriage, which standeth all in doing of one thing and abstaining from another: to treat her in all things as your wife and the half of yourself, and to make your body (which then is no more yours, but properly hers) common with none other. I trust I need not to insist here to dissuade you from the filthy vice of adultery. Remember only what solemn promise you make to God at your marriage, and since it is only by the force of that promise that your children succeed to you, which otherwise they could not do, equity and reason would you should keep your part thereof. [...]

And for your behaviour to your wife, the Scripture can best give you counsel therein. Treat her as your own flesh, command her as her lord, cherish her as your helper, rule her as your pupil, and please her in all things reasonable, but teach her not to be curious in things that belong [to] her not. You are the head; she is your body. It is your office to command and hers to obey, but yet with such a sweet harmony as she should be as ready to obey as you to command, as willing to follow as you to go before, your love being wholly knit unto her and all her affections lovingly bent to follow your will. [...]

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1 *exemplar* likely to become an example.

2 *glistering* sparkling, brilliant.

3 Proverbs 9:10.

Of a King's Behaviour in Indifferent[1] Things

It is a true old saying that a king is as one set on a stage,[2] whose smallest actions and gestures all the people gazingly do behold, and therefore, although a king be never so precise in the discharging of his office, the people, who seeth but the outward part, will ever judge of the substance by the circumstances; and according to the outward appearance, if his behaviour be light or dissolute, will conceive preoccupied conceits of the king's inward intention, which although with time (the trier of all truth) it will evanish[3] by the evidence of the contrary effects, yet *interim patitur justus*,[4] and prejudged conceits will in the meantime breed contempt, the mother of rebellion and disorder. And besides that, it is certain that all indifferent actions and behaviour of a man have certain holding and dependence either upon virtue or vice according as they are used or ruled, for there is not a middes[5] betwixt them, no more than betwixt their rewards: Heaven and Hell.

Be careful then, my son, so to frame all your indifferent actions and outward behaviour as they may serve for the furtherance and forth-setting of your inward virtuous disposition. [...]

[...] In your language be plain, honest, natural, comely,[6] clean, short, and sententious, eschewing both the extremities, as well in not using any rustical corrupt leed,[7] as book language and pen and ink-horn[8] terms, and least of all migniard[9] and effeminate terms. But let the greatest part of your eloquence consist in a natural, clear, and sensible form of the delivery of your mind, built ever upon certain and good grounds, tempering it with gravity, and quickness, or merriness according to the subject and occasion of the time, not taunting in theology, nor alleging and profaning the Scripture in drinking purposes,[10] as over many do.

Use also the like form in your gesture, neither looking sillily, like a stupid pedant, nor unsettledly, with an uncouth morgue,[11] like a new-come-over cavalier,[12] but let your behaviour be natural, grave, and according to the fashion of the country. Be not over-sparing in your courtesies, for that will be imputed to incivility and arrogance, nor yet over prodigal in jouking[13] or nodding at every step, for that form of being popular becometh better aspiring Absaloms[14] than lawful kings, framing ever your gesture according to your present actions: looking gravely and with a majesty when you sit in judgement or give audience to ambassadors, homely when you are in private with your own servants, merrily when you are at any pastime or merry discourse, and let your countenance smell of courage and magnanimity when you are at the wars. [...]

Now as to your writing, which is nothing else but a form of enregistrate[15] speech, use a plain, short, but stately style, both in your proclamations and missives, especially to foreign princes. And if your engine spur you to write any works either in verse or prose, I cannot but allow you to practise it, but take no longsome works in hand, for distracting you from your calling. [...]

If you would write worthily, choose subjects worthy of you that be not full of vanity, but of virtue, eschewing obscurity and delighting ever to be plain and sensible. And if you write in verse, remember that it is not the principal part of a poem to rhyme right and flow well with many

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1 *Indifferent* non-essential, although James points out how important these matters can be; "indifferent" can also mean "different" or "various."

2 *stage* The 1599 version reads "scaffold."

3 *evanish* vanish or dissipate.

4 *interim patitur justus* Latin, "meanwhile the just man suffers."

5 *middes* middle.

6 *comely* pleasing.

7 *leed* speech of a person or class of persons; manner of speaking.

8 *pen and ink-horn* pedantic.

9 *migniard* dainty, mincing.

10 *alleging* quoting or diminishing; *profaning the Scripture in drinking purposes* profaning Scripture either by discussing it while being drunk, or citing it in drinking songs.

11 *morgue* haughty demeanour, pride.

12 *new-come-over cavalier* a newly arrived gentleman or courtier.

13 *jouking* cringing, fawning, bowing the head.

14 *Absalom* David's third son aspired to become king. See 2 Samuel 13-18.

15 *enregistrate* placed on permanent record.

pretty words, but the chief commendation of a poem is that when the verse shall be shaken sundry[1] in prose, it shall be found so rich in quick inventions and poetic flowers, and in fair and pertinent comparisons, as it shall retain the lustre of a poem, although in prose. And I would also advise you to write in your own language, for there is nothing left to be said in Greek and Latin already, and enough of poor scholars would match you in these languages, and besides that, it best becometh a king to purify and make famous his own tongue, wherein he may go before all his subjects, as it setteth him well to do in all honest and lawful things.

[...]

—1599, 1603

[1] *sundry* separately, asunder.

Anne Cecil de Vere, countess of Oxford
1556-1588

Daughter of Mildred Cooke and William Cecil, Lord Burghley, Anne Cecil was raised in her father's politically prominent and religiously conservative household. As Elizabeth I's chief minister, Burghley might have married Anne to any number of eligible young men; however, Anne's letters suggest that she herself was very much enamoured of Edward de Vere, the seventeenth earl of Oxford, from the time of her first entrance into the world of the Court. Nevertheless, both Burghley's reasons for allowing his daughter's match with Oxford and Oxford's reasons for agreeing to it remain matters of some speculation. Oxford may have hoped that an alliance with the increasingly influential Cecil family would mean the swift payment of his pressing debts and perhaps even a reprieve for his cousin, the duke of Norfolk, under sentence of death for his involvement in a plot to overthrow Elizabeth in favour of Mary, queen of Scots. When Cecil neither paid Oxford's debts nor saved Norfolk from the scaffold, Oxford is reported to have said that his subsequent desertion of Anne and his accusations that she was an adulteress were his revenge on his father-in-law. Claiming that their daughter, Elizabeth, born five years after their marriage in 1571, was not his child, Oxford retreated to the Continent. Here he converted secretly to Catholicism. Returning to court in 1578, Oxford proceeded to patronize a number of writers, some with Catholic sympathies. His support of John Lyly (see above, 458-85), for example, helped make euphuism an indispensable mark of the fashionable man or woman at court. However, Oxford's brief moment of political and social influence soon waned, especially when it came to light that he had seduced and impregnated one of Elizabeth's maids of honour, Ann Vavasour. Returning to her husband in 1582, Anne gave birth the next year to the son (Lord Bulbeck) for whom she wrote the following sonnets; he lived only two days.

Published in John Southern's Pandora, *The Music of the Beauty of his Mistress Diana* (1584), Anne Cecil de Vere's elegiac sonnets for her young son have been the subject of some debate concerning their actual authorship, even though Southern himself clearly attributes them to the Countess.

EDITION: "Four Epitaphs" and "Others of the Four Last Lines, of Other That She Made Also." Contained in John Southern's *Pandora, the musyque of the beautie, of his mistresse Diana*. London: [Printed by John Charlewood] for Thomas Hackett, 1584. STC 22928.

Four Epitaphs Made by the Countess of Oxenford after the Death of Her Young Son, the Lord Bulbeck.

1.

Had with morning[1] the gods left their wills undone,
They had not so soon 'herited[2] such a soul;
Or if the mouth, time, did not glutton up all,
Nor I, nor the world, were deprived of my son,
Whose breast Venus,[3] with a face doleful and mild,
Doth wash with golden tears, inveighing[4] the skies;
And when the water of the goddess's eyes,
Makes almost alive the marble of my child,[5]

[1] Some editors choose "mourning" here.

[2] *'herited* i.e., inherited.

[3] *Venus* Although Venus is most famous as the goddess of erotic love, de Vere refers here to her representation as *Venus Genetrix*, Venus as mother and generative principle.

[4] *inveighing* railing against.

[5] *Makes almost alive the marble of my child* referring to the white coldness of the dead child's body as well as to his funeral monument; de Vere also plays on Venus' pity for the sculptor, Pygmalion, who created the statue of a woman so lovely that he fell helplessly in love with it. The goddess caused the statue to come to life, and Pygmalion named her Galateia; they had a son together, named Paphus. See p. 606, note 2.

One bids her leave still her dolour[1] so extreme,
Telling her it is not her young son Papheme.[2]
To which she makes answer with a voice inflamed,
(Feeling therewith her venom, to be more bitter):
"As I was of Cupid, even so of it mother.
And a woman's last child is the most beloved."

2.

In doleful ways I spend the wealth of my time,
Feeding on my heart, that ever comes again,
Since the ordinance of the Destins[3] hath been
To end of the seasons of my years the prime.
With my son, my gold, my nightingale, and rose,[4]
Is gone: for t'was in him and no other where.[5]
And well though mine eyes run down like fountains here,
The stone will not speak yet, that doth it enclose.
And Destins and gods, you might rather have ta'en[6]
My twenty years than the two days of my son.
And of this world what shall I hope, since I know
That in his respect it can yield me but moss.[7]
Or what should I consume any more in woe,
When Destins, gods, and worlds, are all in my loss.

3.

The heavens, death, and life have conjured my ill:
For death hath ta'en away the breath of my son.
The heavens receive and consent that he hath done:[8]
And my life doth keep me here against my will.

[1] *dolour* sorrow, grief.

[2] *Papheme* Venus' son Cupid (after one of Venus' epithets).

[3] *Destins* the Destinies or Fates. See p. 607, note 8.

[4] *my gold, my nightingale, and rose* "Gold, the best of all metals. Nightingale, the sweetest of all birds. And Roses the fairest of all flowers" [*Pandora*'s note].

[5] *where* place.

[6] *ta'en* i.e., taken.

[7] *in his respect* with regard to him; *moss fig.*, rubbish, trash; unlike the rose, moss is a plant with no colour or vitality.

[8] *he hath done* The "he" refers back both to "death" in line 2 and to the "son" in the same line; "death has finished (i.e., done) with her son" and equally "her son has died."

But if our life be caused with moisture and heat,[9]
I care neither for the death, the life, nor skies:
For I'll sigh him warmth, and wet him with my eyes:
(And thus I shall be thought a second Promët)[10]
And as for life, let it do me all despite:
For if it leave me, I shall go to my child,
And it[11] in the heavens, there is all my delight.
And if I live, my virtue is immortal:
So that the heavens, death and life, when they do all
Their force, by sorrowful virtue th'are beguiled.

4.

Idall for Adon[12] nev'r shed so many tears,
Nor Thet' for Pelid, nor Phoebus for Hyacinthus,[13]
Nor for Attis, the mother of prophetesses,[14]
As for the death of Bulbeck, the gods have cares.

[9] *be caused with moisture and heat* Early modern physiology makes these two conditions prerequisites for conception.

[10] *Promët* According to Ovid, Prometheus created man by mixing earth with rainwater and then fashioning it in the image of the gods.

[11] *it* i.e., her son.

[12] *Idall for Adon* Venus (sometimes called Idalaea) loved the beautiful mortal youth, Adonis. While out hunting, he was gored to death by a boar. Venus, unable to save him, grieved terribly, and finally transformed him into the anemone. See p. 607, note 3.

[13] *Thet' for Pelid* The sea-goddess Thetis and her husband the mortal king, Peleus, together produced the Greek hero Achilles (often called after his surname, Pelides); Homer records her unassuagable grief over Achilles' death in the *Iliad*. Thetis failed in her attempt to cheat the Fates' decree of an early death for Achilles: she dipped her son into the river Styx in order to make him invulnerable; his heel, however, which was not touched by the water, proved his weak point, and he was slain after being wounded there; *Phoebus for Hyacinthus* Phoebus, or Apollo the sun-god, loved the beautiful boy, Hyacinthus, whom he accidentally killed with a discus, which had been diverted by the jealous Zephyrus, god of the winds, who also loved the boy; from Hyacinthus' blood sprang the flowers which still bear his name.

[14] *Nor for Attis, the mother of prophetesses* i.e., nor Cybele, the mother of prophetesses, for Attis. Cybele (Rhea), called the Great Mother or Mother of the Gods, loved the lovely young man Attis, and showered him with favours, including the honour of being guardian of her temple, on the condition (however) that he remain celibate throughout his life. Attis betrayed his vow with the nymph Sagaritis, and the enraged Cybele killed the nymph and drove Attis to castrate himself. Cybele later grieved for her actions and took Attis back. Cybele was an ancient fertility symbol, often depicted as heavily-pregnant (*Classical Dict.*, p. 209).

At the brute of it, the Aphroditan queen[1]
Caused more silver to distill fro[2] her eyes
Than when the drops of her cheeks raised daisies;[3]
And to die with him, mortal she[4] would have been.
The Charits[5] for it break their peruqs of gold:
The Muses, and the nymphs[6] of caves: I behold
All the gods under Olympus are constraint,[7]
On Laches, Clothon, and Atropos to plain:[8]
And yet beauty, for it doth make no complaint,
For it liv'd with him, and died with him again.

Others of the Four Last Lines, of Other That She Made Also.[9]

My son is gone, and with it death end my sorrow,
But Death makes me answer: "Madam, cease these moans.
My force is but on bodies of blood and bones,
And that of yours is no more now but a shadow."

An other.

Amphiôn's wife was turned to rock. Oh[10]
How well I had been, had I had such adventure,[11]
For then I might again have been the sepulchre,
Of him that I bare in me, so long ago.

—1584

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[1] *brute* report; *Aphroditan queen* Venus.

[2] *fro* i.e., from.

[3] *drops of her cheeks raised daisies* The pronoun "her" does not refer back to Idall (Venus) and her grief over the death of Adonis, but instead to classical mythology's exemplary wife, Alceste (or Alcestis); she offered to die in the place of her husband, Admetus, whom the Fates had condemned to an early death. In some accounts, Hercules descended into Hades and seized Alceste from Death, brought her back and restored her to her husband (Apollodorus, *Library of Greek Mythology* [Oxford, 1997], p. 48). According to F. Percival, Alceste's transformation into a daisy is not part of any classical version of the myth and is wholly an invention of Chaucer's (*The Legend of Good Women*, "Prologue," ll.510-19), although he is clearly adapting elements of Ovidian transformation narratives (such as that of Clytie in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, book 4). The story of Alceste was (at least in the Middle Ages) relatively unknown (*Chaucer's Legendary Good Women* [Cambridge, 1998], esp. pp.49-50).

[4] *she* i.e., Idall (Venus).

[5] *Charits* the Charites or three Graces, daughters and constant attendants of Venus; associated with kindness as well as the virtues of private and domestic life; usually represented as three beautiful young virgins. They are sometimes pictured with their hair tucked up under golden caps. A "peruq" is a "peruke," a natural head of hair or a wig; here, perhaps a "cap" or "hat" (*Classical Dict.*, p. 159).

[6] *Muses* those divine patrons of the arts and sciences, often figured as the inspiration of poets, artists, and scientists. While generally considered virgins, the Muses are sometimes described as the mothers of various famous mortals, including the famed singer Orpheus; *nymphs* an especially vague category of supernatural beings in Greek mythology; usually beautiful maidens, often attached to a particular natural place or element.

[7] *Olympus* the dwelling place of the gods; *constraint* i.e., constrained.

[8] *Laches, Clothon, and Atropos* the three Fates or Destinies, responsible for dictating the scope, length, and shape of each person's life; Lachesis presided over and assigned each person's lot in life; Clotho spun the thread of life; and Atropos cut it; *plain* i.e., complain, lament.

[9] The following fragments are numbered in the poem's only print edition (in John Southern's *Pandora*), but whether he or the printer inserted these lines numbers is unknown.

[10] *Amphiôn's wife* Niobe, daughter of King Tantalus of Lydia, boasted that her seven sons and seven daughters made her worthier of worship than Latona (Leto), goddess of childbirth and the mother of Apollo and Diana. In response, Apollo killed Niobe's sons, and Diana destroyed all the daughters, except Chloris. Transformed into a stone, Niobe was fated to weep eternally.

[11] *adventure* fortune, luck, chance.

Jane Anger
fl. 1588

Jane Anger is known for one work, *Jane Anger, Her Protection for Women*, a pamphlet in defence of women published in 1589. Anger was responding to the attacks against women in the non-extant *His Surfeit in Love*, a tract from which she occasionally quotes. Both works are part of the period's ongoing discussion on the nature of woman—about which (male) writers often argued philosophically on both sides of the question. Anger's pamphlet is more than a scholarly examination, however, and is enlivened by her anger and her humour. She berates men's approaches to writing about women, and provides alternative visions of women's roles in courtship and the domestic realm. Like other women writers in the period, Anger is careful in her self-presentation, and the two introductory letters reveal her awareness of her audience and her ability to suit her tone to the circumstance. *Her Protection for Women* also includes a number of poems, which further show Anger's flexibility and control, and provide yet another vision of the roles of men and women.

EDITION: *Jane Anger, her Protection for women*. London: Printed by Richard Jones and Thomas Orwin, 1589. STC 644.

from *Jane Anger, Her Protection for Women*

To Defend Them against the Scandalous Reports of a Late Surfeiting Lover, and All Other like Venerians[1] that Complain so to be Overcloyed with Women's Kindness.

Written by Ja. A. Gent.[2]

To the Gentlewomen of England, Health.

Gentlewomen, though it is to be feared that your settled wits will advisedly condemn that which my choleric vein hath rashly set down, and so perchance anger shall reap anger for not agreeing with diseased persons, yet (if with indifferency of censure you consider of the head of the quarrel) I hope you will rather show yourselves defendants of the defender's title than complainants of the plaintiff's wrong. I doubt[3] judgement before trial, which were injurious to the law, and I confess that my rashness deserveth no less, which was a fit of my extremity. I will not urge reasons, because your wits are sharp and will soon conceive my meaning; nor will I be tedious lest I prove too, too troublesome; nor overdark in my writing, for fear of the name of a riddler. But (in a word) for my presumption I crave pardon, because it was anger that did write it. Committing your protection and myself to the protection of yourselves, and the judgement of the cause to the censures of your just minds,

Yours ever at commandment,
Ja. A.

To All Women in General, and Gentle Reader Whatsoever.

Fie on the falsehood of men, whose minds go oft a-madding, and whose tongues cannot so soon be wagging but straight they fall a-railing![4] Was there ever any so abused, so slandered, so railed upon,

[1] *Venerians* those who are associated with sexual desire; can also refer to sexual diseases; a comic play on "venerable."

[2] *Gent.* Gentlewoman. "Anger" may be a pseudonym which fits with the tone of the work, but Anger was a documented family name in the period.

[3] *doubt* fear.

[4] *a-madding* mad; *a-railing* railing, yelling, or vilifying.

or so wickedly handled undeservedly as are we women? Will the gods permit it, the goddesses stay their punishing judgements, and we ourselves not pursue their undoings for such devilish practices? O Paul's steeple and Charing Cross![1] A halter hold all such persons! Let the streams of the channels in London streets run so swiftly as they may be able alone to carry them from that sanctuary. Let the stones be as ice, the soles of their shoes as glass, the ways steep like Aetna, and every blast a whirlwind puffed out of Boreas[2] his long throat, that these may hasten their passage to the Devil's haven. Shall surfeiters rail on our kindness, you stand still and say nought, and shall not Anger stretch the veins of her brains, the strings of her fingers, and the lists of her modesty to answer their surfeitings? Yes, truly. And herein I conjure all you to aid and assist me in defence of my willingness, which shall make me rest at your commands. Fare you well.

Your friend,
Ja. A.

A Protection for Women

The desire that every man hath to show his true vein in writing is unspeakable, and their minds are so carried away with the manner as no care at all is had of the matter. They run so into rhetoric as oftentimes they overrun the bounds of their own wits and go they know not whither. If they have stretched their invention so hard on a last as it is at a stand,[3] there remains but one help, which is to write of us women. If they may once encroach so far into our presence as they may but see the lining of our outermost garment, they straight think that Apollo[4] honours them in yielding so good a supply to refresh their sore overburdened heads, through studying for matters to indite of. And therefore, that the god may see how thankfully they receive his liberality (their wits whetted and their brains almost broken with botching his bounty), they fall straight to dispraising and slandering our silly[5] sex. But judge what the cause should be of this their so great malice towards simple women: doubtless the weakness of our wits and our honest bashfulness, by reason whereof they suppose that there is not one amongst us who can or dare reprove their slanders and false reproaches. Their slanderous tongues are so short, and the time wherein they have lavished out their words freely hath been so long, that they know we cannot catch hold of them to pull them out and they think we will not write to reprove their lying lips, which conceits have already made them cocks and would (should they not be cravened) make themselves among themselves be thought to be of the game.[6] They have been so daintily fed with our good natures, that, like jades[7] (their stomachs are grown so queasy), they surfeit of our kindness. If we will not suffer them to smell on our smocks, they will snatch at our petticoats, but if our honest natures cannot away with that uncivil kind of jesting, then we are coy. Yet if we bear with their rudeness and be somewhat modestly familiar with them, they will straight make matter of nothing, blazing abroad that they have surfeited with love, and then their wits must be shown in telling the manner how.

Among the innumerable number of books to that purpose, of late (unlooked-for) "The New Surfeit of an Old Lover" (sent abroad to warn those which are of his own kind from catching the

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1 *Paul's steeple and Charing Cross* St Paul's Cathedral, London; Charing Cross was a popular meeting place and the site of a pillory (which may connect with the "halter" or noose in the next sentence).

2 *Aetna* volcanic mountain in eastern Sicily; *Boreas* the north wind.

3 *stretched ... stand* A last was a wooden foot-mould used by cobblers or shoemakers to stretch the material for shoes and boots. This may also refer to the proverb "Let the cobbler stick to his last," meaning people should stick to what they know. The implication is that men have moved beyond what they know, and have stretched their imaginations to breaking point.

4 *Apollo* the sun-god and the patron of music and poetry.

5 *silly* helpless, deserving of compassion; it also includes the idea of "simple" in the succeeding sentence.

6 *cravened* vanquished, cowardly; *of the game* i.e., still in the game (of love). A "cock of the game" was a fighting game cock. The sense here is that amongst themselves men pretend to be ready and able for the game (either of love, or of the fight against women), even though they may be vanquished or cowardly.

7 *jades* worn-out, often ill-tempered, inferior breeds of horses.

like disease) came by chance to my hands, which, because as well women as men are desirous of novelties, I willingly read over. Neither did the ending thereof less please me than the beginning, for I was so carried away with the conceit of the gentleman as that I was quite out of the book before I thought I had been in the midst thereof: so pithy were his sentences, so pure his words, and so pleasing his style. The chief matters therein contained were of two sorts: the one in the dispraise of man's folly, and the other, invective against our sex. [...]

[...] yet, truly their sex are so like to bulls that it is no marvel though the gods do metamorphose some of them to give warning to the rest, if they could think so of it, for some of them will follow the smock as Tom Bull[1] will run after a town cow. But lest they should running slip and break their pates,[2] the gods, provident of their welfare, set a pair of tooters[3] on their foreheads to keep it from the ground. For doubtless so stood the case with Menelaus;[4] he, running abroad as a smellsmock,[5] got the habit of a cuckold, of whom thus shall go my verdict:

The gods most just do justly punish sin
With those same plagues which men do most forlorn.
If filthy lust in men to spring begin,
That monstrous sin he plagueth with the horn.
Their wisdom great whereby they men forewarn
To shun vild lust, lest they will wear the horn.

Deceitful men with guile must be repaid,
And blows for blows who renders not again?
The man that is of cuckold's lot afraid,
From lechery he ought for to refrain.
Else shall he have the plague he doth forlorn
And ought (perforce constrained) to wear the horn.

The Greek, Actaeon's badge did wear, they say,[6]
And worthy too, he loved the smock so well,
That every man may be a bull I pray
Which loves to follow lust (his game) so well.
For by that means poor women shall have peace
And want these jars.[7] Thus doth my censure cease.

The greatest fault that doth remain in us women is that we are too credulous, for could we flatter as they can dissemble, and use our wits well as they can their tongues ill, then never would any of them complain of surfeiting. But if we women be so perilous cattle as they term us, I marvel that the gods made not Fidelity[8] as well a man as they created her a woman, and all the moral virtues of their masculine sex as of the feminine kind, except their deities knew that there was some sovereignty in us women which could not be in them men. But lest some snatching fellow should catch me before I fall to the ground (and say they will adorn my head with a feather,[9] affirming that I roam beyond reason, seeing it is most manifest that the man is the head of the woman and that therefore we ought to be guided by them), I prevent them with this answer: the gods, knowing that the minds of mankind would be aspiring and having thoroughly viewed the wonderful virtues wherewith women are enriched, lest they should provoke us to pride and so confound us with Lucifer, they bestowed

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1 *Tom Bull* The addition of "Tom" to various animals was often used to indicate the male (which "bull" already does); it is also a comic deflation of the deity chasing the mortal in many myths of metamorphosis.

2 *pates* heads.

3 *tooters* something that projects outward; here, horns, the signs of a cuckold (a man whose wife commits adultery).

4 *Menelaus* husband of Helen, whom Paris carried off to Troy.

5 *smellsmock* a licentious man.

6 *Actaeon's badge* Actaeon was a hunter; after he watched Diana bathing, the goddess turned Actaeon into a stag, and he was torn apart by his own hounds. Actaeon's "badge" is his horns, the horns associated with the cuckold.

7 *want these jars* lack these discords, these arguments.

8 *Fidelity* virtues, such as Fidelity, were often personified as women.

9 *adorn my head with a feather* Although this could be a mark of honour, it was also the sign of a fool. This may refer to the proverb, "A fool and his feather."

the supremacy over us to man, that of that cockscomb[1] he might only boast, and therefore, for God's sake let them keep it. But we return to "The Surfeit.""

Having made a long discourse of the gods' censure concerning love, he leaves them (and I them with him) and comes to the principal object and general foundation of love, which he affirmeth to be grounded on women. And now beginning to search his scroll, wherein are taunts against us, he beginneth and saith that we allure their hearts to us, wherein he saith more truly than he is aware of, for we woo them with our virtues, and they wed us with vanities. And men, being of wit sufficient to consider of the virtues which are in us women, are ravished with the delight of those dainties which allure and draw the senses of them to serve us, whereby they become ravenous hawks, who do not only seize upon us, but devour us. Our good toward them is the destruction of ourselves: we, being well formed, are by them foully deformed; of our true meaning they make mocks, rewarding our loving follies with disdainful flouts; we are the grief of man, in that we take all the grief from man; we languish when they laugh; we lie sighing when they sit singing; and sit sobbing when they lie slugging[2] and sleeping. *Mulier est hominis confusio*[3] because her kind heart cannot so sharply reprove their frantic fits as those mad frenzies deserve. *Aut amat aut odit; non est in tertio*:[4] she loveth good things and hateth that which is evil; she loveth justice and hateth iniquity; she loveth truth and true dealing and hateth lies and falsehood; she loveth man for his virtues and hateth him for his vices. To be short, there is no medium between good and bad, and therefore she can be *in nullo tertio*.[5] Plato his answer to a vicar of fools[6] which asked the question, being that he knew not whether to place women among those creatures which were reasonable or unreasonable, did as much beautify his divine knowledge, as all the books he did write: for knowing that women are the greatest help that men have, without whose aid and assistance it is as possible for them to live as if they wanted[7] meat, drink, clothing, or any other necessary; and knowing also that even then in his age, much more in those ages which should after follow, men were grown to be so unreasonable, as he could not decide whether men or brute beasts were more reasonable. Their eyes are so curious, as be not all women equal with Venus for beauty,[8] they cannot abide the sight of them; their stomachs so queasy, as do they taste but twice of one dish they straight surfeit, and needs must a new diet be provided for them. We are contrary to men because they are contrary to that which is good. Because they are purblind,[9] they cannot see into our natures, and we too well (though we had but half an eye) into their conditions, because they are so bad. Our behaviours alter daily, because men's virtues decay hourly. If Hesiod[10] had with equity as well looked into the life of man as he did precisely search out the qualities of us women, he would have said that if a woman trust unto a man, it shall fare as well with her as if she had a weight of a thousand pounds tied about her neck and then cast into the bottomless seas, for by men are we confounded, though they by us are sometimes crossed. Our tongues are light because earnest in reproving men's filthy vices, and our good counsel is termed nipping injury in that it accords not with their foolish fancies; our boldness rash, for giving noddies[11] nipping answers; our dispositions naughty, for not agreeing with their vile minds; and our fury dangerous, because it will not bear

[1] *cockscomb* a cap worn by a professional fool, similar in shape to a cock's comb.

[2] *slugging* lazy.

[3] *Mulier est hominis confusio* Latin, "Woman is the consternation of man."

[4] *Aut amat aut odit; non est in tertio* Latin, "She either loves or hates; there is no third [or middle] course."

[5] *in nullo tertio* Latin, "in no third [or middle] course."

[6] *Plato his answer to a vicar of fools* Plato stated that women should be educated.

[7] *wanted* lacked.

[8] *Venus for beauty* Venus is the goddess of beauty and love.

[9] *purblind* half-blind or dim-sighted.

[10] *Hesiod* early Greek epic poet (8th century BCE) who wrote a *Catalogue of Women*.

[11] *noddies* fools; a "noddypoll" is a blockhead.

with their knavish behaviours. If our frowns be so terrible and our anger so deadly, men are too foolish in offering occasions of hatred which, shunned, a terrible death is prevented. There is a continual deadly hatred between the wild boar and tame hounds; I would there were the like betwixt women and men, unless they amend their manners, for so strength should predominate where now flattery and dissimulation hath the upper hand. The lion rageth when he is hungry, but man raileth when he is glutted. The tiger is robbed of her young ones when she is ranging abroad, but men rob women of their honour undeservedly under their noses. The viper stormeth when his tail is trodden on, and may not we fret when all our body is a footstool to their vild[1] lust? Their unreasonable minds, which know not what reason is, make them nothing better than brute beasts. [...]

Tibullus,[2] setting down a rule for women to follow, might have proportioned this platform for men to rest in, and might have said, "Every honest man ought to shun that which detracteth both health and safety from his own person, and strive to bridle his slanderous tongue." Then must he be modest, and show his modesty by his virtuous and civil behaviours, and not display his beastliness through his wicked and filthy words, for lying lips and deceitful tongues are abominable before God. It is an easy matter to entreat a cat to catch a mouse, and more easy to persuade a desperate man to kill himself. What nature hath made, art cannot mar (and as this surfeiting lover saith) that which is bred in the bone, will not be brought out of the flesh. If we clothe ourselves in sackcloth and truss up our hair in dishclouts,[3] Venerians will nevertheless pursue their pastime. If we hide our breasts, it must be with leather, for no cloth can keep their long nails out of our bosoms. [...]

Now while this greedy gazer is about his entreaty of love, which nothing belongeth to our matter, let us secretly, ourselves with ourselves, consider how and in what they that are our worst enemies are both inferior unto us and most beholden unto our kindness.

The creation of man and woman at the first, he being formed *in principio*[4] of dross and filthy clay, did so remain until God saw that in him His workmanship was good, and therefore by the transformation of the dust which was loathsome unto flesh, it became purified. Then lacking a help for him, God, making woman of man's flesh that she might be purer than he, doth evidently show how far we women are more excellent than men. Our bodies are fruitful, whereby the world increaseth, and our care wonderful, by which man is preserved. From woman sprang man's salvation.[5] A woman was the first that believed, and a woman likewise the first that repented of sin. In women is only true fidelity; except[6] in her there is constancy, and without her no housewifery. In the time of their sickness we cannot be wanted, and when they are in health we for them are most necessary. They are comforted by our means, they [are] nourished by the meats we dress, their bodies freed from diseases by our cleanliness, which otherwise would surfeit unreasonably through their own noisomeness.[7] Without our care they lie in their beds as dogs in litter and go like lousy mackerel swimming in the heat of summer. They love to go handsomely in their apparel and rejoice in the pride thereof, yet who is the cause of it but our carefulness, to see that everything about them be curious?[8] Our virginity makes us virtuous, our conditions courteous, and our chastity maketh our trueness of love manifest. They confess we are necessary, but they would have us likewise evil. That they cannot want[9] us, I grant, yet evil I deny, except only in the respect of man, who (hating all good things) is only desirous of that which is ill, through whose desire in estimation of conceit we

1 *vild* vile or wild.

2 *Tibullus* Roman elegiac poet (c. 55-c. 19 BCE)

3 *dishclouts* dishcloths.

4 *in principio* Latin, "in the beginning."

5 *man's salvation* Jesus sprang from Mary.

6 *except* only.

7 *noisomeness* unwholesomeness, noxiousness.

8 *curious* made with care or art.

9 *want* do without.

are made ill. But lest some should snarl on me, barking out this reason, "that none is good but God, and therefore women are ill," I must yield that in that respect we are ill, and affirm that men are no better, seeing we are so necessary unto them. It is most certain that if we be ill, they are worse, for *malum malo additum efficit malum peius*,[1] and they that use ill worse than it should be are worse than the ill. And therefore if they will correct Magnificat,[2] they must first learn the signification thereof. That we are liberal they will not deny, since that many of them have (*ex confessio*)[3] received more kindness in one day at our hands than they can repay in a whole year, and some have so glutted themselves with our liberality as they cry, "No more." But if they shall avow that women are fools, we may safely give them the lie. For myself have heard some of them confess that we have more wisdom than need is, and therefore no fools, and they less than they should have, and therefore fools. It hath been affirmed by some of their sex that to shun a shower of rain and to know the way to our husband's bed is wisdom sufficient for us women, but in this year of '88, men are grown so fantastical that unless we can make them fools, we are accounted unwise. And now (seeing I speak to none but to you which are of mine own sex), give me leave like a scholar to prove our wisdom more excellent than theirs, though I never knew what sophistry[4] meant. There is no wisdom but it comes by grace; this is a principle, and *contra principium non est disputandum*.[5] But grace was first given to a woman, because to our Lady,[6] which premises conclude that women are wise. Now *primum est optimum*,[7] and therefore women are wiser than men. That we are more witty, which comes by nature, it cannot better be proven than that by our answers men are often driven to nonplus.[8] And if their talk be of worldly affairs, with our resolutions they must either rest satisfied or prove themselves fools in the end. [...]

The smooth speeches of men are nothing unlike the vanishing clouds of the air, which glide by degrees from place to place, till they have filled themselves with rain, when breaking, they spit forth terrible showers; so men gloze[9] till they have their answers, which are the end of their travel,[10] and then they bid modesty adieu, and entertaining rage, fall a-railing on us which never hurt them. The rankness of grass causeth suspicion of the serpent's lurking, but his lying in the plain path at the time when woodcocks shoot, maketh the patient passionate through his sting, because no such ill was suspected. When men protest secrecy most solemnly, believe them least, for then surely there is a trick of knavery to be discarded, for in a friar's habit an old fornicator is always clothed.

It is a wonder to see how men can flatter themselves with their own conceits, for let us look, they will straight affirm that we love, and if then lust pricketh them, they will swear that love stingeth us, which imagination only is sufficient to make them assay[11] the scaling of half a dozen of us in one night, when they will not stick to swear that if they should be denied of their requests, death must needs follow. Is it any marvel, though, they surfeit when they are so greedy; but is it not pity that any of them should perish, which will be so soon killed with unkindness? Yes, truly. Well, the onset given, if we retire for a vantage, they will straight affirm that they have got the victory. Nay, some of them are so carried away with conceit that, shameless, they will blaze abroad among their companions that they have obtained the love of a woman unto whom they never spoke above once, if that. Are not these froward[12] fellows? You must

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1 *malum malo additum efficit malum peius* Latin, "evil added to evil makes the evil worse."

2 *correct Magnificat* To attempt to "correct Magnificat" is a byword for presumptuous faultfinding.

3 *ex confessio* admittedly.

4 *sophistry* the use of specious or pleasing but deceptive reasonings.

5 *contra principium non est disputandum* Latin, "there is no argument against a principle."

6 *our Lady* the Virgin Mary, the mother of Jesus.

7 *primum est optimum* Latin, "first is best."

8 *nonplus* a state of perplexity or embarrassment.

9 *gloze* discourse, expound.

10 *travel* travail or labour.

11 *assay* attempt.

12 *froward* contrary, perverse.

bear with them, because they dwell far from lying neighbours. They will say *Mentiri non est nostrum*, and yet you shall see true tales come from them as wild geese fly under London bridge.[1] Their fawning is but flattery; their faith, falsehood; their fair words, allurements to destruction; and their large promises, tokens of death or of evils worse than death. Their singing is a bait to catch us, and their playings, plagues to torment us, and therefore take heed of them, and take this as an axiom in logic and a maxim in the law: *Nulla fides hominibus*.[2] There are three accidents to men, which of all are most inseparable: lust, deceit and malice. Their glozing tongues [are] the preface to the execution of their vild[3] minds, and their pens, the bloody executioners of their barbarous manners. A little gall maketh a great deal of sweet sour, and a slanderous tongue poisoneth all the good parts in man. [...]

At the end of men's fair promises there is a labyrinth, and therefore ever hereafter stop your ears when they protest friendship, lest they come to an end before you are aware, whereby you fall without redemption. The path which leadeth thereunto is man's wit, and the miles' ends are marked with these trees: Folly, Vice, Mischief, Lust, Deceit, and Pride. These, to deceive you, shall be clothed in the raiments of Fancy, Virtue, Modesty, Love, True meaning, and Handsomeness. Folly will bid you welcome on your way and tell you his fancy concerning the profit which may come to you by this journey, and direct you to Vice, who is more crafty. He with a company of protestations will praise the virtues of women, showing how many ways men are beholden unto us, but our backs once turned, he falls a-railing. Then Mischief, he pries into every corner of us, seeing if he can espy a cranny that, getting in his finger into it, he may make it wide enough for his tongue to wag in. Now being come to Lust, he will fall a-railing on lascivious looks and will ban Lechery, and with the collier will say, "The Devil take him,"[4] though he never means it. Deceit will give you fair words and pick your pockets; nay, he will pluck out your hearts, if you be not wary. But when you hear one cry out against lawns, drawn-works,[5] periwigs, against the attire of courtesans, and generally of the pride of all women, then know him for a wolf clothed in sheep's raiment, and be sure[6] you are fast by the lake of destruction. Therefore take heed of it, which you shall do if you shun men's flattery, the forerunner of our undoing. If a jade be galled, will he not winch,[7] and can you find fault with a horse that springeth when he is spurred? The one will stand quietly when his back is healed, and the other go well when his smart ceaseth. You must bear with the old lover "His Surfeit," because he was diseased when he did write it, and peradventure hereafter, when he shall be well amended, he will repent himself of his slanderous speeches against our sex, and curse the dead man which was the cause of it, and make a public recantation. For the faltering in his speech at the latter end of his book affirmeth that already he half repenteth of his bargain. And why? Because his melody is past.[8] But believe him not, though he should outswear you, for although a jade may be still in a stable when his gall back is healed, yet he will show himself in his kind when he is travelling, and man's flattery bites secretly, from which I pray God keep you, and me too. Amen.

A Sovereign Salve to Cure the Late Surfeiting Lover

If once the heat did sore thee beat
of foolish love so blind,
Sometime to sweat, sometime to fret
as one bestraught[9] of mind;

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[1] *Mentiri non est nostrum* Latin, "it is not ours to lie"; *wild geese fly under London bridge* i.e., never, as wild geese fly over, not under, the bridge.

[2] *Nulla fides hominibus* Latin, "place no trust in men."

[3] *vild* See p. 612, note 1.

[4] Colliers were involved in the coal trade and were associated with blackness and fire, and thus the Devil. They were also reputedly evil for cheating.

[5] *lawns* fine linens; *drawn-works* a type of ornamental needlework.

[6] *be sure* i.e., you can be sure.

[7] *winch* "wince," but also "kick."

[8] *Because his melody is past* i.e., because his song is over, his time is up.

[9] *bestraught* distracted, distraught.

If wits were take in such a brake
that reason was exiled,
And woe did wake, but could not slake,
thus love had thee beguiled;

If any wight[1] unto thy sight
all other did excel,
Whose beauty bright, constrained right
thy heart with her to dwell;

If thus thy foe oppressed thee so
that back thou could not start,
But still with woe did surfeit though,
yet thankless was thy smart;

If naught but pain in love remain,
at length this counsel win:
That thou refrain[2] this dangerous pain,
and come no more therein.

And since the blast is overpassed,
it better were certain,
From flesh to fast, whilst life does last,
than surfeit so again.

[1] *wight* person.
[2] *refrain* refrain from.

Vivendo disce.[3]

Eiusdem ad Lectorem de Authore[4]

Though sharp the seed by Anger sowed,
we all (almost) confess,
And hard his hap we aye account,
who Anger doth possess,
Yet hapless shall thou (reader) reap
such fruit from anger's soil,
As may thee please, and anger ease
from long and weary toil;
Whose pains were took for thy behoof[5]
to till that cloddy ground,
Where scarce no place free from disgrace
of female sex was found.
If aught offend which she doth send,
impute it to her mood,
For anger's rage must that assuage,
as well is understood.
If to delight aught come in sight,
then deem it for the best,
So you your will may well fulfill,
and she have her request.

—1589

[3] *Vivendo disce* Latin, "learn from living."
[4] *Eiusdem ad Lectorem de Authore* Latin, "To the Reader of the Same, from the Author."
[5] *behoof* benefit.

Anne Dowriche

before July 1560-after 1613

Relatively little is known about Anne Dowriche. The daughter of Sir Richard and Elizabeth Edgcumbe, she was born into a prominent family in Devon and Cornwall, whose arms appear on the verso of the title page to her book. Her life appears to have been spent in the west of England, where she married Hugh Dowriche, from another well-to-do family, in 1580. They lived in Honiton, Devon, where he was rector, from 1587 to 1598 and had four or five children. Both husband and wife wrote poetry that displays deep biblical knowledge and appear to have been active in reformist circles.[1] Anne Dowriche's *The French History* was published first in London in 1589, but an edition was also published for Exeter bookseller William Russell.

The French History consists of a dedicatory epistle and poem addressed to Dowriche's brother, followed by an epistle and poem to the reader and by versified accounts of three episodes in the persecution of French Protestants (the Huguenots). This violence culminated in the St. Bartholomew's Day Massacre (1574), in which 30,000-50,000 people died. Dowriche's poem is adapted from a prose source, Thomas Tymme's 1574 *The Three Parts of Commentaries, Containing the Whole and Perfect Discourse of the Civil Wars in France*, which was in turn a translation and compilation of Jean de Serres's *Commentariorum de statu religionis & republicae in regno Galliae libri* and François Hotman's *De furoribus gallicis*.[2] Material from these sources appears directly in Dowriche's text as a series of marginal glosses that comment on both character and incident. In versifying her sources, however, Dowriche creates a much higher level of drama by, at key moments, inventing speeches for the main characters that translate broad issues into human terms.

In her preface, Dowriche addresses the function of poetry in ways that are strikingly similar to Sir Philip Sidney's *Defence of Poesy*, for she articulates her primary purpose as the education and motivation of her readers to virtuous (Christian) action. She also indicates keen awareness of her status as a woman writer. The 2400-line main text is written in poulter's measure (i.e., couplets of iambic hexameter and iambic heptameter popular in the mid-sixteenth century), and framed as a dialogue between "the Englishman the Author" and a French exile who recounts recent events. This split in the narration carries over into the ideological concerns of the text. Not only does Dowriche set up an opposition between Roman Catholic evil and Protestant godliness through her polarization of the Guise family and Admiral Coligny, but she also explores a dual understanding of history as both providential and political.[3] That is, she shows the St. Bartholomew's Day Massacre as an incident in a much wider heroic narrative of the persecution of God's chosen people as they seek to reach divine truth, while also exploring human motivation and action in the events she recounts.[4] These two threads are far from separate, however, as Dowriche has Satan address the French Council and explain the scheme for the eradication of the Huguenots. Her interest in the process of human political machination is most fully explored through the figure of Catherine de Medici, whom she portrays as a scheming Machiavel.[5] Dowriche's consciousness of political theory in her working out of this figure shows as she even cites Gentillet's popular *Contre Machiavel* (1576) during one of Catherine de Medici's speeches. Her use of this figure not only reflects topical interest in Machiavelli's political theory during the late 1580s but also appears to have influenced Christopher Marlowe's use of the stage Machiavel in *The Jew of Malta*.

EDITION: *The French Historie.* London: Thomas Orwin for Thomas Man, 1589. STC 7159.

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1 For biographical details, see E. Beilin, "Anne Dowriche," *DLB 172*, pp. 79-80.

2 Ibid., p. 80.

3 E. Beilin, "Writing Public Poetry: Humanism and the Woman Writer," *Modern Language Quarterly* 51 (1990): p. 258.

4 Ibid., pp. 261-62.

5 See R. Martin, "Anne Dowriche's *The French History*, Christopher Marlowe and Machiavellian Agency," *Studies in English Literature* 39 (1999): pp. 69-87.

from *The French History*

To the Right Worshipful Her Loving Brother, Master Pearse Edgecombe, of Mount Edgecombe in Devon, Esquire, Mercy and Peace from Jesus Christ.

Right worshipful, and my loving brother, I have heard it often and truly reported that laws may be broken, but nature cannot be forgotten. I find the force of this in myself. If I find not the like in you, I blame not your nature, but the contrary crossings of those politique[1] affections that hinder the working of it. When I had ended this present pamphlet, I saw that the simplicity of it required a patron and the often remembrance of your former courtesies enforced me to make bold with you. Consider not therefore the worthiness of the work, but rather the will of the worker, for though the one may justly be condemned, yet the other deserves to be accepted. This book which proceeds under your protection, if you consider the matter, I assure you it is most excellent and well worth the reading, but if you weigh the manner, I confess it is base and scarce worth the seeing. This is therefore my desire: that the simple attire of this outward form may not discourage you from seeking the comfortable taste of the inward substance. You shall find here many things for comfort worthy the considering, and for policy[2] the observing. This hath been my ordinary exercise for recreation at times of leisure for a long space together. If I were sure that you would but take half so much pleasure in reading it, as I have in collecting and disposing it, I should not need any farther to commend it. If you find anything that fits not your liking, remember I pray, that it is a woman's doing. The thing itself will sufficiently prove this to be true. Thus committing the patronage of this my recreation unto your protection, and you with my good sister-in-law your wife, and all your children to the Lord's tuition, I cease to trouble you. Honiton, the 25. day of July, 1589.

Your loving sister,
Anne Dowriche.

[1] *politique* judicious, expedient.

[2] *policy* craftiness, dissimulation.

To the Reader

Amongst many excellent precepts which Saint Paul gave unto the Church, this is to be considered: Let all things be done unto edifying.[3] If this had been of all men well considered, many things which now fly abroad might well have been spared. That my only purpose in collecting and framing this work was to edify, comfort, and stir up the godly minds unto care, watchfulness, zeal,[4] and ferventness[5] in the cause of God's truth, you shall easily perceive by the choosing and ordering of these singular examples which hereafter ensue. In which these special circumstances are to be considered. First, the great fury and rage of Satan likely to be displaced from his kingdom of error and blindness; the frantic madness of the ignorant, possessed people, delighting in darkness, and striving to uphold the kingdom of their master; and the prompt facility and readiness of Satan's ministers to put in execution any kind of wickedness, all which is to be seen both in the first example of The Winning of Saint James his Street,[6] and in all the rest of the book. Secondly, the power, majesty, and dignity of the Devil, possessing the chiefest states of the earth, and seeming to the outward appearance to wield the truth unto his obedience, in suppressing the strongest that dared openly to withstand him in the story of Annas Burgaeus.[7] Thirdly, the policy

[3] *Let … edifying* "What then, brethren? When you come together, each one has a hymn, a lesson, a revelation, a tongue, or an interpretation. Let all things be done for edification" (1 Corinthians 14:26).

[4] *zeal* intense ardour in the pursuit of some end.

[5] *ferventness* eagerness, vigour.

[6] *St. James his Street* a 1557 attack on a reformist prayer meeting in the Rue St. Jacques, in the Latin Quarter of Paris, where 135 Protestants were arrested, while others had their tongues cut out or were burned.

[7] *Annas Burgaeus* Anne Du Bourg (1521-59), jurist, councillor to Henry II, martyr to the Huguenot cause.

and craft of Satan and his members in devising by subtlety to circumvent the godly: under the shadow of trust to exercise tyranny; under the colour of courtesy to practice cruelty; and, under the veil of a sacred oath to cover most shameful villainy. This is to be seen in the third example of the miserable massacre at the bloody marriage.[1]

We had need therefore to be watchful, strong, and wise: watchful in prayer, that we be not taken sleeping; strong in faith, that we be not overthrown by Satan's might; wise as serpents, that we be not deceived by the Devil's allurements. We are to learn also what trust we ought to repose in the promises and oaths of professed papists, what show soever they make of love and friendship. Here, as in a glass, you shall plainly see the picture of all the moral virtues most lively described in the strange patience, the godly perseverance, the comfortable orations, sweet speeches, and the constant and famous endings of these sacred martyrs. Wheresoever thou shalt find the Devil brought in poetically to make any oration to the King and States[2] of France, as in many places he is, then understand that under those speeches are expressed all the subtleties, villainies, cruelties, and policies that were devised, and by devilish means put into practice against the godly, more lively to set them down in their colours, as if it came from the Devil's own mouth, as no doubt it came from his spirit. Again, in all orations of the martyrs, and of the King,[3] the Queen,[4] the Guise,[5] and all other that have speeches in this book, mark that of purpose the nature both of the person that speaks and also of the matter that is spoken are lively set down, so that here are not bare examples of virtue and vice, but also the nature and qualities of those virtues or villainies are manifestly depainted to them that will seek for it. The noble martyrs of England are known sufficiently almost to all. These excellent French histories were seen but of few, being in worthiness nothing inferior unto the other.

The causes why I have described it in verse are 3. First, for mine own exercise, being a learner in that faculty. Secondly, to restore again some credit if I can unto poetry, having been defaced of late so many ways by wanton vanities. Thirdly, for the more novelty of the thing, and apt facility in disposing the matter framed to the better liking of some men's fantasies, because the same story in effect is already translated into English prose. Many of these orations that are here fully and amply expressed were in the French commentaries but only in substance lightly touched, and the sum set down without amplifying the circumstance, and yet here is no more set down than there is signified. I have also, for the more terror unto the wicked, diligently collected the great plagues and just judgements of God showed against the persecutors in every several history, and have set them down so in order, and amplified them by the like judgements against sinners out of the word and other histories, that every proud persecutor may plainly see what punishment remaineth due unto their wicked tyranny. To speak truly without vainglory, I think assuredly, that there is not in this form anything extant which is more forcible to procure comfort to the afflicted, strength to the weak, courage to the faint-hearted, and patience unto them that are persecuted than this little work, if it be diligently read and well considered. So wishing that all the excellent and rare wits that now flourish in England, and show themselves many times in vain devices, would all learn to consecrate their singular gifts to the glory of God, the edifying of his Church, and the salvation of the souls of God's chosen. Then would the Lord still bless their labours, and give their names a perpetual memory.

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[1] *massacre at the bloody marriage* the St. Bartholomew's Day Massacre, which followed the marriage of Marguerite of Valois to Henri of Navarre.

[2] *States* Estates General, the Parliament of France.

[3] *the King* Charles IX of France (1550-74), Henri of Navarre (1553-1610).

[4] *the Queen* Catherine de Medici (1519-89). Her marriage to Henri II of France had been a political and economic move to cement French relations with both the papacy and the Medici wealth.

[5] *Guise* the pro-Roman Catholic faction at the court of Charles IX. This family functioned as agents for Philip II, king of Spain, with whom the French crown fought several wars in the years preceding these events.

So I commit thee to God's protection, and commend this my pleasant exercise to thy good liking, which, if I perceive to be accepted, thou shalt encourage me to proceed, to make thee acquainted with more excellent actions. Honiton in Devon. this xxv. of July. 1589.

A. Dowriche.

To the Reader that Is Friendly to Poetry.

What so thou be that readst my book,
Let wit so weigh my will;
That due regard may here supply
The want of learned skill.

A.D.

The Bloody Marriage, or Butcherly Murder of the Admiral of France,[1] and Diverse Other Noble and Excellent Men, at the Marriage of Margaret,[2] the King's Own Sister, unto Prince Henry, Son to the Queen of Navarre,[3] Committed the 24. of August[4] in the City of Paris, Anno 1572.

Now have you heard before, of faggot,[5] fire, and sword
Enhanced by Satan, for to quell God's truth and blessed word.
But now I must begin such treason to unfold,
As former times for cruelty, and ages new and old
Have never seen the like in Christendom, till now
When sacred faith by flattery, and oath of princely vow
By treason, did contrive to shed the guiltless blood
Of them[6] which now by peace did seek to do their country good.
For when the Lord did send his truth into the land,
He raised up some noble men to take this cause in hand.
Among the which, as chief and sovereign of the field,
There was Prince Henry of Navarre,[7] with such as would not yield
Unto the Guisian race, the Prince of Condé[8] next,
The Admiral, and D'Andelot,[9] with others that were vexed
By bloody Guise's band, who daily did invent
How to oppress the word of truth, which Christ had thither sent.
But when as Satan saw by words and dealings plain,
That many princes were in arms this truth for to maintain,
It galled him to the heart, that where he did devise
To choke the word that even there the more it did arise.
He summons all his mates these matters to debate,
How they might choke this springing seed before it were too late
Where all within around they come without delay,
To whom this bloody captain then these words began to say:

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1 *Admiral of France* Gaspard de Coligny (1517-72), Huguenot leader and counsellor to King Charles IX, was deprived of his offices in 1569 because of his reformist politics. He belonged to the Montmorency family, a faction loyal to the Crown but opposed to the Guises and split between loyalty to Roman Catholicism and Protestantism.

2 *Margaret* Marguerite de Valois (1553-1615), sister to Charles IX, betrothed to Henri of Navarre.

3 *Queen of Navarre* Jeanne D'Albret (1528-72), mother of Henri of Navarre and renowned leader of the Huguenot party.

4 *the 24. of August* St. Bartholomew's Day.

5 *faggot* a bundle of sticks, bound together for use as fuel, used to burn heretics alive.

6 *them* those on the side of the Huguenots.

7 *Prince Henry of Navarre* (1553-1610). Son of Antoine, the Bourbon king of Navarre, and Jeanne D'Albret, Henri became leader of Huguenots after the death of Admiral de Coligny.

8 *Prince of Condé* either Louis de Condé (1530-69), prince of the Bourbon line, staunch reformist and uncle of Henri of Navarre, or his son Henri (1551-88) who was also a Huguenot general.

9 *D'Andelot* François de Coligny (1521-69), brother of Admiral de Coligny and Odet, Cardinal Châtillon (1517-71).

"There is a subtle vein that feeds this cankered sore,
For now the deeper it is lanced it riseth still the more.
We see that fire and sword cannot at all prevail,
We see that all our bloody broils[1] their courage cannot quail.[2]
We see how noble men their forces daily bend
To counter cross our planted plots, this cause for to defend.
Two civil wars are past, the third is now in hand;
We see how stoutly they are bent our forces to withstand.
Therefore we must devise to play some other part,
Or else in vain we take in hand these princes to subvert.
Now lend your listening ears, and mark what I shall say.
A secret thing I have bethought which here I will bewray:[3]
You must make show, as though you loved to live at ease,
As weary of these broils, you must entreat to have a peace.
The King as chiefest man this play must first begin,
By loving letters, words, and cheer at first to bring them in.
And look what they mislike, the King must raze[4] it out,
And yield to all things they request, to put them out of doubt.
The King must show such face to them above the rest,
As though he did unfeignedly of all men love them best.
The worst of all their band the King must entertain
With such good will, that no mistrust in any may remain.
And he must make them know, as though of late he felt
Some prick in conscience for the cause against the which he dealt.
And that he will forgive all quarrels that are past,
In hope that this their new goodwill with love might ever last
And he must make complaint, as though he did of late
Mislike the dealings of the Guise, and such as they do hate.
And then the Guises must awhile from court retire,
For thus you shall entrap them all, and have your full desire.
The King must yield to all that they request or crave,
And he must grant for to confirm the thing that they would have.
The Mother Queen[5] in this must also play her part,
That no suspect of treason may remain within their heart.
And here you must give out as though you would employ
Their service in some foreign wars,[6] which doth your state annoy.
As if you would not trust the weight of such affairs
To any man, but them alone, whose faith and watchful cares
You have long tried, and so you may your plot prepare
By these and such like feigned things, to trap them in your snare.
If this prevail not, then I stand in fearful doubt,

[1] *broils* confused disturbance, quarrel.
[2] *quail* fail, give way, become faint or feeble.
[3] *bewray* expose.
[4] *raze* sweep away, efface, or destroy.
[5] *The Mother Queen* Catherine de Medici.
[6] *some foreign wars* France had been at war with Spain intermittently since the late 1550s. The most recent fighting had been in the Netherlands, where France was bound by treaty to support the Protestant William of Orange. Open war with Spain, which became a possibility in the early 1570s, was opposed by Henri, duke of Anjou, and Charles de Guise, cardinal of Lorraine, leaders of the Roman Catholic faction at Charles IX's court.

What practice next to put in ure[1] to have them rooted out.
Now therefore say your mind, if thus it be not best
To cut them off, that so again we all may live in rest."

The Council did agree, this was the only way,
And every man did give his word, this sentence to obey.
And that they would devise such things to put in ure,
As best might fit this cursed plot, and make the same most sure.
Which Satan hearing rose, and thanked them with his heart,
That they to him so willing were, and so they did depart.
Then presently the King in post a message sent
Unto the Admiral, to whom he showed his good intent,
Which was, that he was loath more civil wars to have,
And that he greatly did desire his subjects for to save.
"I will," said he, "forget, yea pardon and release
All former griefs, so that you will now yield to have a peace.
Which might be now to me a cause of passing joy,
For that I mean in foreign wars your service to employ;
And first we do require that we may join our band
Against the man that causeth all these troubles in our land.
Our armies being joined, we may the stronger go
Against the Duke of Alva,[2] whom we know to be our foe.
Great matters move our mind against the King of Spain,
For he hath taken Florida,[3] and late our sister slain."

With lies of like device the godly to betray,
Requesting him most earnestly that he would come away
And that he should obtain what safety he would crave,
Yea, for his surety there, that he his faith and oath should have.
The message being done, the Admiral as wise,
Within himself did half suspect the plot of this device.
And though that many things did some suspicion bring,
Yet all things else he doubted more than falsehood in the King.
He thought the promise sure, and firmly did believe,
No treason could be meant, whereas the King his word did give.
The Admiral as one that was devoid of fear,
And willing for to hear of peace, unto the King gave ear.
So now the civil broils which many did intend,
By this device were pacified and brought unto an end.
It cannot be expressed what shows of friendly mind,
Both in the King and courtiers all the Admiral doth find.
His friends likewise, which had the Gospel long professed,
As Count Rochefoucauld[4] and eke[5] Theligny[6] with the rest,
Like grace and favour found, which made them so rejoice,
That to consent unto the King they all did give their voice.

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[1] *in ure* in use or practice.

[2] *Duke of Alva* Fernando Alvarez de Toledo (1508-82), leader of Spanish forces in the Netherlands.

[3] *Florida* the Spanish had destroyed the Huguenot settlement at Fort Caroline in 1565.

[4] *Count Rochefoucauld* Antoine de la Rochefoucauld, nobleman killed by the Duke of Anjou's troops.

[5] *eke* also.

[6] *Theligny* Charles de Téligny was Coligny's son-in-law and gentleman of the bedchamber to Charles IX.

And if in former wars the Admiral had lost
Either castles, houses, towns or farms, whatever it should cost,
The King commanded straight for to restore them all,
And all things else which he of right of any man could call.
And those whom he perceived the Admiral to love,
He blinded them with great rewards, suspicion to remove.
Besides, he did command out of his purse to give
To him an hundred thousand pounds his losses to relieve.
And when as it did chance his brother for to die,
The Cardinal Chatillon,[1] the King then presently
The fruit and profits all of livings all one year
Unto the Admiral he gave his charges to forwear.[2]
Yet not content with this, one thing above the rest
The King most friendly did, the which the godly liked best.
He wrote to Philibert the Duke of Savoie[3] then,
That he should cease for to molest or grieve those godly men,
The which in former wars the Gospel did defend
And that to such he should leave off his rigour to extend.

[...]

But nothing did prevail to put them out of doubt
So much as one thing, which as now the King did go about.
Which was that he did wish his sister for to match
Unto Prince Henry of Navarre, by this in hope to catch
Them all within his snare. For this he did conclude,
Not for good will, but mere deceit the godly to delude.

[...]

The Admiral again was much confirmed besides
By other signs, not doubting now their falsehoods and their slides.
The godly did rejoice to see the King so bent,
Not thinking of the treachery and treason that they meant.
So, matters being past and parties all agreed,
In Paris town to have them joined by both it was decreed.
The Queen of Navarre now (a rare and virtuous dame)
With others to the Prince's court in full assurance came.
Where having stayed awhile, she took her leave to ride
To Paris, for this solemn feast the better to provide.
The King to like effect, by message did request
The Admiral that he would go to Paris there to rest.
And see that nothing want for that appointed day,
And that himself would after come, and make no long delay.
And that he might not fear the malice and the rage
That Paris men did bear to him, he said he would assuage
The same himself, and so he did presently did write
To Marcel,[4] provost of the town (perceiving well their spite),
That he should entertain and use in friendly wise
The Admiral and all his train, that nothing might arise

[1] *Cardinal Chatillon* Odet de Coligny, Cardinal of Châtillon.

[2] *forwear* wear out, exhaust.

[3] *the Duke of Savoie* Emanuel-Philibert (1528-80), whose duchy was allied with Spain and not under the control of the French Crown, was noted for his persecution of Huguenots in his domain.

[4] *Marcel* Claude Marcel, a goldsmith, and former Provost of Merchants (head of the city militia), who later marshalled the mob to attack the Huguenots.

Which might offend his mind or burst to any flame,
For if there did, he swore he would most fiercely plague the same.
The King and Queen also unto the like effect
Unto the Duke of Anjou[1] did their letters now direct.
So that the Admiral, not doubting any foe,
Resolved himself, and did provide to Paris for to go.
Where being come, he found the King and all the rest,
With friendly welcomes, so as more he could not well request.
But whilst that every man was busy to provide
Within the court, most suddenly the Queen of Navarre died,
Which afterward was known (as some have plainly said)
That by a pair of gloves[2] perfumed this treason was conveyed.
Which lewd and sinful deed was now no sooner done
But that the kingdom of Navarre descended to her son.
Here many did rejoice in hope of perfect rest,
Yet this unequal bloody match the Guises did detest.
That dismal day is come, the marriage must begin,
Where were assembled solemnly the chief of every kin.
And for because the Mass their minds might grieve no more,
The marriage was solemnized before the great church door[3]
Of Paris, with such words as both were well content.

[...]

Now from the wedding night, five days are come and past,
When as the King and Senate were contented at the last
In counsel for to sit such matters to decide,
As best might fit their feigned wars in Flanders[4] to provide.
Which ended, near about the middle of the day,
As every man unto his house did take his ready way,
The Admiral himself, with other nobles more
Along the streets (not doubting hurt) in pleasant talk do go,
A harquebus[5] was shot from other side the street,
Which charged was with bullets two the Admiral to greet.
Which cursed blow did wound and strike this noble man,
That through both his valiant arms the leaden pellets ran.
Which done, although the wound did touch him somewhat near,
Yet nothing daunted with the stroke, he said with wonted cheer,
"From yonder house it came, go look who is within,
What vile unworthy treachery is this they do begin?"
And therewithal he sent in haste unto the King,
Such as might show unto his Grace this bad and shameful thing.
The message being done (the King as then did play
At tennis with the Duke of Guise) he fiercely threw away
His racquet in a rage, as though it grieved his heart

[1] *Duke of Anjou* Henri (1551-89), brother to Charles IX, later King Henri III of France. He was one of the proposed suitors for Elizabeth I.

[2] *by a pair of gloves* While Jeanne D'Albret likely died of a lung infection, it was rumoured that she had been poisoned by an enemy by means of a pair of gloves.

[3] *church door* a civil, rather than religious, ceremony.

[4] *feigned wars in Flanders* In the summer of 1572, Admiral de Coligny proposed to Charles IX that France re-enter the conflict in the Low Countries to assist William of Orange against Philip II. Agreement to this by the King and Council appears to have been a means to draw Huguenot military leaders to Paris in order to eliminate them.

[5] *harquebus* early version of a large musket.

That thus the Admiral was hurt and straight he did depart
Unto his castle, where a while he did remain
Close with his brother of Navarre till he might hear again
More certain news, but now the matter was too plain,
That this assault was surely made by one of Guise's train.
Now whilst these grievous wounds the surgeons had in cure,
He[1] sent Theligny to the King (because he was not sure
Wheth'r he should live or die) for to desire his Grace,
That he would now vouchsafe to come unto that simple place
Where he did lie, for that he had a secret thing
To tell him, which did much concern the safety of the King.
Which was no sooner said, the King was well content,
And with the man the message came without delay he went.
They went likewise that sought the Admiral to kill,
The Mother Queen with all her mates, no doubt for great good will.
Which all no sooner did within the door appear,
But that the King saluted him with sweet and friendly cheer:

"Alas my dearest friend, how camest thou to this place,
Where wounded now I see thee lie methinks in heavy case.
What errant villain wrought this lewd and sinful act,
Would God I knew the wicked wretch that did commit the fact,
For though (my Admiral) the hurt be done to thee,
Yet the dishonour of the fact, and shame redounds to me.
Both which I will revenge by death, of God I swear,
As like in France was never seen, to make such wretches fear."
Such speeches had the King, and questions many more
Concerning judges, health and grief, and how he felt his sore.[2]
To which the Admiral with mild and quiet mind
Such answer gave, as moved them much, such patience for to find
In him that had received such cause of deadly ire,
Who did request, but only that the King would straight inquire
Upon the fact: "which was, I surely know," said he,
"Procured by the Duke of Guise, for great good will to me.
Which deed the Lord revenge as he shall think it best,
For if I die, I hope by faith with Christ to be in rest."
The rest he did desire a while to stand away,
For that he had some secret thing unto the King to say.
Which done, he thus began: "O King this life to save,
Is not the thing (I thank the Lord) that I do greatly crave.
For this I know is true, we all must pay a death
To God, our maker, which hath lent this use of lively breath.
But to your Majesty the great good will I bear
Is it which now above the rest doth most increase my care:
To see you now beset with such as wish no good
Unto your health, your crown and life, and such as seek the blood
Of you and of your friends, to spill your noble race
That so they may in future time your princely stock deface.

[1] *He* the Admiral.

[2] *how he felt his sore* how the Admiral's wounds felt.

And so at length ingraft[1] a strange Italian weed,[2]
Which may in France most surely choke the Prince's royal seed.
This is the only mark to which they do aspire;
This is the only wood, O King, that doth maintain the fire
Of these your civil wars, (although they do pretend
Religion, and some other thing); this is the chiefest end
Of all their drift. Therefore, O King, beware by time,
Mark this eclipse, whilst yet ye see the moon is in her prime.
I say the less, because I know your Grace is wise,
You shall in time most plainly see this plot of their device
Your wisdom doth perceive (I hope) whom I do mean,
For of the same with grief before I heard you oft complain.
For though that I do lie here wounded as you see,
The chiefest treason they intend is not alone to me.

[...]

God grant you see in time your friends from fleering[3] foe,
That still in safety you may reign devoid of grief and woe.
Now I can say no more, but God preserve your Grace,
And shield you from your feigned friends which bear a double face.
And this amidst your mirth I pray remember still,
That they that seek to have my life, do bear you no good will."
Which said, the King did give such speech as he thought best,
And then in loud and solemn words in hearing of the rest
He did with friendly cheer request the Admiral
Unto his court for to remove, whatever should befall.
And others spake likewise unto the same intent.
His simple meaning could not see the treason that was meant.
But yet upon advice, his friends did think it best,
Not knowing what may there betide, the King he should request,
That he would them assign some of his Grace's guard
Before his gates both night and day to keep their watch and ward.
The motion being made, the King was well content,
And said to this their good device[4] he gladly gave consent.
And that he would provide to have it surely known,
That of his life he made accompt[5] no less than of his own.
And that he would preserve with care more tenderly
The Admiral, than he would keep the apple of his eye.
For that he did admire the valour of his mind,
Who little thought in mortal man such courage for to find.
The Duke of Anjou then commanded out of hand
One Cossein,[6] captain of the guard, to ward with Prince's band
The gates and streets wherein the Admiral did lie,
Which was no sooner said, but was performed presently.
This Cossein that was set with watch to ward the gate,
Was one that did the Admiral in heart most deadly hate.
And farther, for to put the matter out of doubt,

[1] *ingraft* to implant.
[2] *strange Italian weed* Catherine de Medici.
[3] *fleering* mocking, jeering, sneering.
[4] *device* plan, scheme, trick.
[5] *accompt* account.
[6] *Cossein* Admiral de Coligny's traitorous guard, who killed Henri of Navarre's guard and attacked the house in which the men were staying.

They did consent that he should have his trusty friends about
The place where he did lie, which came of no good will,
But hoping rather all by this the easier for to kill.
And this among the rest a bloody practice was,
Which cloaked guile by Satan's art too soon was brought to pass.

But here the prologue ends, and here begins the play,
For bloody minds resolved quite to use no more delay.
The Mother Queen[1] appears now first upon the stage,
Where like a devilish sorceress with words demure and sage
The King she calls aside, with other trusty mates
Into a close and secret place, with whom she now debates
The great desire she had to quit them all from care
In planting long a bloody plot, which now she must declare.

"O happy light (quoth she) O thrice most happy day;
Which thus hath thrust into our hands our long desired prey,
We have them all in hold, we have the chiefest fast
And those for whom we waited long we have them all at last.
Why should we longer stay? What can we further crave?
What, are not all things come to pass which we do long to have?
Doth not our mightiest foe lie wounded in his bed,
Not able now to help himself, which others long hath led?
The Captains captive are, the King of Navarre sure;
The Prince of Condé, with the rest that mischief did procure,
Are close within our walls, we have them in a trap;
Good fortune (lo) hath brought them all, and laid them in our lap.
By force or flight to save their lives it is too late,
If we (to cut off future fear and cause of all debate)
Do take the proffered time, which time is only now,
And wisdom matched with policy our dealings doth allow.
We need not fear the spot of any cruel fame,
So long as we may feel some ease or profit by the same.
For wisdom doth allow the Prince to play the fox,
And lion-like to rage, but hates the plainness of an ox.
What though ye do forswear? What though ye break your faith?
What though ye promise life, and yet repay it with their death?
Is this so great a fault? Nay, nay, no fault at all,
For this we learn we ought to do, if such occasions fall.
Our masters do persuade a king to cog[2] and lie,
And never keep his faith, whereas his danger grows thereby.
Cut off therefore the head of this infectious sore,
So may you well assure yourselves this bile will rise no more.
The captains being slain, the soldiers will be faint,
So shall we quickly on the rest perform our whole intent.
Pluck up therefore your spirits, and play your manly parts,
Let neither fear nor faith prevail to daunt your warlike hearts.
What shame is this that I (a woman by my kind)
Need thus to speak, or pass you men in valour of the mind?

[1] *Mother Queen* Catherine de Medici.

[2] *cog* employ fraud or deceit, cheat.

For here I do protest, if I had been a man,
I had myself before this time this murder long began.
Why do you doubting stand, and wherefore do you stay?
If that you love your peace, or life, procure no more delay.
We have them in our hands, within our castle gates,
Within the walls of Paris town the masters and their mates.
This is the only time this matter to dispatch,
But being fled, these birds are not so easy for to catch.
The town of Paris will most gladly give consent,
And threescore thousand fighting men provide for this intent.
So shall we quickly see the end of all our strife,
And in a moment shall dispatch these rebels of their life.
But if we stand in fear, and let them scape[1] our hand,
They will procure in time to come great trouble in our land,
For if the Admiral his strength receive again,
Can any doubt but that he will be mindful of his pain?
It is a simple thing for princes to believe
That new goodwill an ancient hate from galled hearts can drive.
Therefore if we permit these rebels to retire,
We soon shall see by wars again our country set on fire.
This is a woman's mind, and thus I think it best.
Now let us likewise hear I pray the sentence[2] of the rest."

This counsel of them all was liked passing well
And in respect of present state, all others did excel.
Some, doubting, mused long which were the better way
The King of Navarre and the Prince of Condé for to slay;
Or else to save their lives in hope they would recant
Because the proof of perfect years they both as yet did want.
But here, they did prevail (as God, no doubt would have)
Who thought it best in this assault these princely youths to save.
Because they were in hope, that when those imps[3] should see
Their mates tormented thus, they would most willingly agree
To bow where they would bind, to go where they would call,
And to forswear their former faith would make no doubt at all.
But all the rest remain condemned for to die
Which cruel verdict must be put in practice presently
The night that should ensue then next without delay,
Beginning ere the same were spent long time before the day.
The Duke of Guise was thought the fittest of the train
To take in hand this bloody plot to have the godly slain.
Concluding thus, they go each one unto his place,
The godly doubting nothing less than this so heavy case.

Here is the first part played and here I do lament,
My slender skill wants fitted phrase the sequel to depaint.
The Duke in office put begins for to prepare,
So that in troops the armed men ran bustling here and there
With noise and threatening words, as though some tumult were

[1] *scape* escape.
[2] *sentence* opinion.
[3] *imps* boys, young men.

Preparing now in every street, which made the wisest fear
What would ensue. At length the Admiral did hear
This tumult, and not knowing how the truth for to inquire,
He sent unto the King to know the full intent,
Why in the night in riotwise these armed people went
Thus raging in the streets and wheth'r it were his will?
If so, he would not fear, but rest in hope of safety still.

The King returned word, and willed him not to fear,
For this was done by his advice, yet not in everywhere,
But in some certain ways these armed men were set,
The foolish rage of lewd attempts by this in hope to let.

O lewd and filthy lie! unseemly for a king.
What Turk or devil could devise a more unworthy thing?
For when the Duke of Guise had all in order set,
And nothing rested which might seem their purpose for to let,
He Marcel calls in haste, and wills him have a care
That all the masters of the streets ere midnight did repair[1]
Unto the Council hall, where they should hear at large
Great matters from the King himself of strange and special charge.
The message being done, they all without delay
Assembled were, to know the thing the Guises had to say.
Where Provost Carron[2] rose with stomach stout and bold,
And guarded with a Guisian troop, this bloody message told:

"My friends (quoth he) give ear, and mark what I shall say,
The King's intent is presently this night, without delay,
Those rebels to destroy, which now these latter years
Bore arms against his Grace, which though they be his peers,
Yet will he quite pull up, and root the lawless race
Of them, that long have sought by force his dealings to disgrace.
And what a happy time (I pray) my mates, is this,
When fast within our city walls the captain closed is
That fiercely brued[3] the broil of this our doubtful strife,
And many times hath put us all in danger of our life?

[...]

And when we have dispatched the rebels we have here,
We'll likewise ransack all the land of like that shall appear.
This is the King's intent, this is his Grace's mind,
To do this feat, let him in us a willing courage find.
And for a token when this murder shall begin,
The warlike trumpet shall not sound, nor banner shall be seen,
But tocsin[4] shall be heard this bloody news to bring,
For then begin, when as you hear this palace bell to ring.
The badge which you shall bear by which you shall be known,
Shall be a linen cloth of white, made fast about the brawn[5]
Of left side arm, and eke a cross upon your cap,
Of white likewise; and these keep fast whatever chance may hap.

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1 *repair* go.

2 *Carron* Le Charron, Provost of Merchants.

3 *brued* imbrued, stained, dyed with blood or slaughter.

4 *tocsin* alarm bell.

5 *brawn* muscle.

And this is all (my friends) that I have now to say,
Come follow me, and let's begin and use no more delay."

This while the Duke of Guise did show his whole intent
Unto the captains of the guard, and bade them give consent
With courage to perform so great and famous act,
Which service as the case did stand, they might not long protract.
Now shortly after this, the Duke with many more
(Accompanied with the Chevalier and armed men great store)[1]
Came posting to the gate which Cossein took to keep,
Woe worth the time when they did trust the wolf to guard the sheep!
The Admiral knew well the tumult of this rout,
Yet this, nor any thing could make his valiant heart to doubt.
For though he had but few, scarce ten, within the place,
Yet nothing could at all prevail to make him doubt his case.

For oft he would repeat the King's assured love,
Approved by so many signs as you have heard above.
"What though the commons rise? what though the tumult rage?
When they shall see the Prince's guard, their malice will assuage.
I know the King will not by treason false his faith,
Though for the same there might ensue the hazard of his death.
The oath that he hath sworn so oft to keep the peace,
No Christian conscience can assent at all for to release.
His mother gave her faith, his brothers swore likewise,
The public records of the land do witness this device.
What band may surer be? What more may you desire?
What can we farther wish? And yet if more you do require
The Queen of England is a witness of the same,
The Prince of Orange,[2] and the states that from the Germans came."

[...]

Thus, whilst among the rest the case he did debate,
His trusty keeper Cossein came and knocked at his gate.
Who was no sooner come within the outward door,
But that there came in after him of armed men great store.
Then after went the lords, the nobles, and the rest,
For to dispatch this noble man, whom they did most detest.
And those whom Cossein found within to lie or stand,
He slew them with a partisan[3] which he had in his hand.
Which woeful news when as the Admiral perceived,

"Woe worth the time (quoth he) that I by trust have been deceived.
Well, now the time is come, I may no longer doubt.
Come lend your help, my friends (I pray) from bed to lift me out.
To Christ my only hope my soul I do betake,
And in this place from off my couch this life I will forsake."
Then standing on his feet his nightgown on his back:

[1] *great store* large number.

[2] *Prince of Orange* William of Orange (1533-84), leader of Protestant forces in the Low Countries.

[3] *partisan* a long-handled spear with one or more lateral cutting projections.

"Shift for yourselves my friends (quoth he) that you go not to wrack.[1]
And have no care for me, for I am well content
This life to yield unto the Lord, which he to me hath lent.
It grieves me not to die, God's will is alway best.
From future fears I know with Christ my soul shall be in rest.
This plot is not prepared alone to murder me,
But for the razing of that truth, which they are loath to see.
The godly for to spoil which have received the Word,
These tyrants seek with cruel hate by falsehood and by sword.
Which Word unto my power I always did defend,
The malice of which godly course hath brought me to my end.
Which doth rejoice my heart and soul exceedingly,
That for his truth the Lord hath thought me worthy for to die.
For though our sins do cause these troubles in our land,
Yet shall these tyrants not escape the Lord's revenging hand.
And though our God do seem from us to hide his face,
And arms our foes with cruel death his people to disgrace,
Yet if we be content, his mercy will retire.

[...]

And whereas I despair no more to see the day,
Instead of that, thy loving face show me (my God) I pray.
Lo then, a blessed chance, and happy change for me,
That from this vale of wretched life with Christ in joy shall be.
Now let these traitors come. The fear of death is past
And fainting flesh that did rebel hath yielded at the last.
Now doth my soul rejoice, my heart most gladly say
Thou Son of God, my Saviour come, my Christ now come thy way!
For here again to thee my soul I do commend,
And to thy poor afflicted Church, O Lord, thy mercy send.
So shall they be at rest, so shall they praise thy name,
Let not these tyrants longer Lord thy servants put to shame.
Lest they do proudly brag and say within their heart
Where is the God whom they do serve, that now should take their part.[2]
Come quickly Lord therefore, and make no more delay
To end these fierce and bloody broils. Amen, Amen, I say."

By this came up the stair ere ended were his words,
One Benvise[3] and two other mates with targets[4] and with swords.
The chamber broken up, this Benvise swearing came,
With sword drawn to the Admiral, and asking for his name:
"Art thou the Admiral?" The man, not much appalled,
With quiet mind gave answer thus: "Indeed so am I called."[5]
Then seeing Benvise bend his naked sword to slay,
"My friend (quoth he) that bloody blade I pray thee for to stay,
And have respect unto my age, and weak estate
To which by treason wrought by trust I have been drawn of late."

[1] *wrack* disaster, ruin.

[2] Psalm 79:10.

[3] <*> *Benvise* a German [Dowriche's note].

[4] *targets* light round shields.

[5] *Indeed so am I called* allusion to Christ's response to the high priest's demand that he state whether he was the Son of God just prior to the crucifixion (Matthew 26:63-64; Mark 22:70).

But beastly Benvise would to this no answer give,
But swearing, to this noble man his pointed sword let drive,
And thrust him to the heart, but yet not fully dead,
With force he laid a mighty blow and strake[1] him on the head.
With that came Attin[2] in with pistol in his hand,
And shot him in the wounded breast, yet did he stoutly stand
Till Benvise came again with third repeated wound
And slashed him on the thigh, which done, he fell unto the ground
Where he gave up the ghost. The bloody Guise that stayed
This while within the lower court, with lifted voice now said
"Ho Benvise, hast thou done?" Who straightway did reply,
"Yea sir this happy deed is done, and that most perfectly."
Then said the Duke of Guise, "Come throw him down to me,
That whether it be the same, or not, we here may quickly see.
For now our Chevalier will think it but a lie,
Except at window thrown out he see him with his eye."
Then Benvise with his mates to put them out of doubt,
Took up this bloody corpse and so from window cast him out.
Where from his wounded head sprang out so fresh a flood,
That vizard-like his face was all imbrued with gory blood.
Whereby they could not well at first discern his face
Till that the Duke of Guise himself first kneeling in the place
Had with his napkin wiped the clotted blood away,
And searching viewed every part. He rose without delay,
And crying to his crew, devoid of fear and shame:
"It's he (my friends) I know him well, trust me it is the same."
The Duke descending then from out the stately gates,
With bloody heart and cursed mouth he cried unto his mates:

"O happy luck that we so good beginnings have,
Lo Fortune frames her willing hand to give that we do crave.
And sith[3] it pleased the Fates at first such hap[4] to send,
It gives me cause of future hope to see some happy end.
Come on my valiant hearts, so place your warlike bands,
That marching forward to the rest, not one may scape[5] our hands.
This is the King's decree, this hath he given out.
We do no more than he commands, to put you out of doubt.
Let pity take no place till rebels all be rid,
Thus saith the King, fear not therefore to do what he doth bid."

[...]

Which said, he bade in haste the tocsin for to ring,
Which sounding bell appointed was the fatal news to bring
When as this raging rout this murder should begin,
Which they performed, as though they had no men, but monsters been.
And therewithal devise alarum for to raise,
Pretending with some solemn lie the people for to please.

---

1 *strake* struck.

2 <*> *Attin* a Picard [Dowriche's note].

3 *sith* since.

4 *hap* event, happenstance.

5 *scape* escape.

So now the trumpets sound this lie and shameful thing,
That certain traitors were in arms about to kill the King.
Here, one among the rest from Rome that lately came,
(Desirous by some valiant act perhaps to get a name)
Cut off the bleeding head (imbrued with reeking blood)
Of that most worthy Admiral in hope to do some good
And sent it straight to Rome as Lorraine had required,
A present welcome to the Pope, which he had long desired.
His hands cut off by some, by some his secret parts,
Declares what hate to shining light lies hid in blinded hearts.
His hacked and mangled corpse by space of certain days
Was dragged by rascals all along the streets and filthy ways.
At length this rustic rage, as fury thought it meet,
At common gallows of the town did hang him by the feet.
Thus came this noble man to this unworthy death,
Thus do the Papists learn to break the vow of plighted faith.

The Admiral being slain, they likewise murdered most cruelly not only all such friends, physicians, preachers, and all others that were found hidden in the Admiral's lodging, but also as many as were suspected to be of that religion within the town or anywhere else were lamentably put to the sword, as here following we may plainly see.

These furies frying[1] thus, yet thus were not content:
But in the house, from place to place, like greedy hounds they went.
To search the chambers all and corners of receipt,[2]
That from the wolf the sheep might save his throat by no deceit.
And such as sleeping were found naked in their bed,
Or gone to hide or save themselves they first cut off their head,
And after fiercely pierced with wounds both great and deep,
Which being done, like cruel curs they throw them on a heap.
Among which woeful troop two noble youths there were
And pages of most worthy birth which likewise died there.
With these, among the rest a man of noble fame,
The Count Rochefoucauld, was forced at length to taste the same.
Whom for his pleasant wit the King did seem to love,
Yet in this fury nothing might the King to mercy move.
But now in haste must be to death untimely sent,
To yield again unto the Lord the life that he had lent.
So him at first De Nance[3] commanded was to kill,
But he most stoutly did refuse this guiltless blood to spill.

"Shall I," said he, "consent to do this fearful thing,
To shed this blood, because I am commanded by the King?
No, God forbid, I know I have a soul to save,
So bloody spot, to save my life my name shall never have.
I know there is a day, a day that saints desire,
When of our deeds the King above a reckoning will require.

[1] *frying* burning with strong passion or emotion.

[2] *corners of receipt* places of refuge.

[3] *De Nance* De Nancé, captain of the royal guard who saved several Huguenot nobles by refusing to allow soldiers to enter the room in which they had taken refuge.

Obey the King; that's true, in things that honest be.
When I obey in wicked hests,[1] woe worth the time to me.
For Joab did not well King David[2] to obey,
When wickedly the King him bade Uriah for to slay.
Those Elders did offend which showed themselves too prone,
Those wicked letters to obey poor Naboth[3] for to stone.
And cursed Doeg[4] which obeyed a wicked will,
Shall cursed stand for that he did the Lord's anointed kill.
A murder to be done the King doth now request.
My God commands the contrary. Now which to choose were best?
The King doth threaten death, and God doth threaten Hell,
If for the King I should forsake my God, should I do well?

[...]

In matters that be good if that you list[5] to use
My service, you shall see that I no peril will refuse.
Therefore I pray your Grace this answer for to take,
Which unto Saul his soldiers[6] once were not afraid to make:
De Nance to kill his friend no wight[7] shall ever see,
Though for refusal he were sure beheaded for to be.
Take heed (O noble King) what sprite[8] you follow now.
Let no man force you do the thing that God doth disallow.
While good King David was by whoredom brought asleep,
He did the thing, which being waked did force his heart to weep.
While Saul in malice was against good David[9] bent,
He ran to that which afterward with tears he did lament.
And whilst that Jezebel[10] great mischief did intend
Against poor Naboth, she at last came to a fearful end.
Look well therefore (O King) before you leap too far,
Lest in the end this testy scab do breed a lasting scar.
Well I can say no more, but God preserve your Grace,
And grant your soul when breath is gone with him a resting place."

---

[1] *hests* bidding, command.

[2] *Joab ... King David* Joab was David's nephew and second in command. When David fell in love with Bathsheba, the wife of Uriah, David asked Joab to place Uriah in the front lines of a battle with the Ammonites in order to kill him. Joab placed him with strong fighters instead, but Uriah was ultimately killed (2 Samuel 11:14-17).

[3] *Naboth* Jezebel, wife of King Ahab, persecuted the prophets of Yahweh and when Ahab wanted Naboth's vineyard, brought a false charge against Naboth so that he was stoned to death. She then presented the vineyard to Ahab in triumph (1 Kings 21:1-23).

[4] *Doeg* When David fled the insane wrath of King Saul, he was harboured by a high priest of Yahweh. Doeg reported this news to Saul, who then ordered the execution of all of the priests. When the guard refused the task, Saul transferred it to Doeg, who performed it eagerly and slaughtered anywhere from 85 to 305 priests (1 Samuel 21-22).

[5] *list* wish, desire.

[6] *Saul his soldiers* They refused to kill the priests who harboured the fugitive David (1 Samuel 22:17).

[7] *wight* person.

[8] *sprite* spirit.

[9] *Saul ... David* Saul, first king of Israel, was a man of courage and strength who depended on his own judgement, rather than on the power and wisdom of Yahweh. Late in his life, after ignoring and disobeying God, Saul became insanely jealous of rivals for his position. Because David had been anointed by the prophet Samuel as Saul's successor, he sought to kill him but was himself finally killed, along with his sons, in a battle with the Philistines (1 Samuel 10-31).

[10] *Jezebel* after her crime against Naboth, Samuel prophesied that she would be eaten by dogs. When Jehu came to the throne, she was tossed to her death from the palace tower, run over by Jehu's chariot and eaten by dogs before she could be buried (2 Kings 9:30-37).

But this could not prevail this noble man to save,
For bloody Doeg did attend his office for to have.
For which, an Avernois, a man of cused[1] fame
Made offer there, before the King that he would do the same.
The King was well content this office for to give
To him, so that this noble man of life he would bereave.
We see how Satan doth by glory mixed with gain,
Work to procure this worthy wight the sooner to be slain.
There fell in this assault (for malice to the truth)
Theligny famous for his wit, a rare and passing youth,
Who for his manly heart and courage did excel,
For which, the King in outward show did seem to love him well.
Now when the time was come that martyred he should be
With courage bold, he smiling said, "O welcome death to me.
It grieves me for to live since faith from princely seat
Abandoned is, and in her place reigns falsehood and deceit.
It grieves me for to see this sad and irksome day,
Wherein so great and famous King, a traitor's part should play.
It grieves me for to hear poor souls deceived cry
Too late, for that they did too much on prince's oath rely.
Woe worth my harmless heart too soon that did believe,
And to the King's dissembling words too soon did credit give.
Woe worth the wicked time when first I did begin
To work the means, for to persuade my father to come in.
Woe worth my lying tongue which first assayed[2] to bring
My fearful father in the mind, that he should trust the King.

How oft did I commend the King's assured love?
How did I think that nothing might us from the same remove?
How oft did I recount the King's repeated oath?
How many friendly signs were seen of force to bind us both?
How often did I urge there was no cause of fear,
Because for this we saw the King most willing for to swear?
But sith it is too late this error to lament,
My trusting hath deserved death and therefore am content.
Sith I am not the first whom trust hath thus betrayed,
To suffer death for no offence I am the less dismayed.
And since my greatest hope hath wrought me most despite,[3]
What shall I say? I say no more, but Lord receive my sprite."

Thus came this noble imp untimely to his grave,
For that he to a papist's oath too great affiance[4] gave
And thus fell many more of nobles here and there,
Whose names and valiant acts were now too long for to declare.
Thus did those lawless bands[5] go raging up and down
From house to house, they sought to spoil the wealthiest of the town.
So they that beggars were when first this stir began,
At last with rich and flowing wealth the chiefest credit won.
This while the Duke of Guise these words repeated still,

[1] *cused* accused.
[2] *assayed* tried, attempted.
[3] *despite* indignation, anger.
[4] *affiance* faith, trust.
[5] *lawless bands* As the massacre gathered momentum, violence against Huguenots became an excuse for acts of revenge and stealing of property so that it became, to some degree, a class war as well as a religious one.

With crying voice, "Kill, kill the knaves, this is
the Prince's will."
And lest the soldiers should wax faint with bloody
toil,
"Now rid them all my friends (quoth he) and you
shall have the spoil."
Thus did they all a day from morning unto night
With bloody swords run up and down, no doubt
a heavy sight.
They spared none they knew, no sex could pity
find,
The rueful cry of tender babes could not assuage
their mind.
In great triumphing joy of this their warlike feat,
The bodies slain from windows high they throw
into the street.
So that there was no way, no lane or passage by;
Where murdered men you might not see in heaps
together lie.

Now whilst within the town these things a-doing
were,
The King of Navarre and the Prince of Condé
did appear
Before the King. For so before it was agreed
To save these youths to farther hope the Council
had decreed.
For they their lodging had within the castle wall,
Which for defence is always thought the surest
place of all.
These princes being gone, and only had away,
The rest were left unto the sword to die without
delay.
Their servants and their friends, their tutors with
the rest
Could not prevail to save their lives by suit ne yet
request,
But thrust without the doors, and kneeling in the
place,
The guard of Switzers[1] slew them all before the
Prince's face.
And still between the strokes they cried all amain[2]
Upon the King's fidelity, but faith was called in
vain.
Yet none amongst them all so much lamented was
As Monsieur de Pilles,[3] that he should come unto
so hard a pass.
Because among the rest he passed them all so far
For godly zeal in truth, and eke[4] for prowess in
the war.
Who lying in his bed somewhat before the day,
And hearing noise of armed men leapt out to see
the fray,
And marking well the voice in place and time of
truce,
Of cries and killings everywhere, it made him
much to muse.
Which dump[5] De Nance did break, who did this
message bring,
That straight to void the place he was commanded
by the King
And that he should depart (his weapons left
behind)
From out the court and castle gate full sore[6]
against his mind.
Which was no sooner said but Pilles was forced
out
Among the blood weapons of that rude unruly
rout.[7]
To hope for longer life he saw it was but vain.
He saw such cruel rage, and eke the bodies that
were slain,
Where lifting up his voice, so that the King
might hear,
These words he spake before them all, devoid of
fainting fear:

"O false unworthy King, O whelp of savage
kind!
O traitorous heart in kingly breast! O base
polluted mind!
Is this a princely part, by treason to procure

[1] *guard of Switzers* Swiss mercenaries were used as palace guards, as well as soldiers for both sides of the conflict.
[2] *amain* vehemently, violently.
[3] *Monsieur de Pilles* a Huguenot captain.
[4] *eke* also.
[5] *dump* fit of abstraction or musing, a reverie.
[6] *full sore* most painfully or severely.
[7] *rout* company or band of people.

The murder of thy chiefest friends? Is this thy popish lure,
To train us in[1] by trust, to thrust us thus to death?
Is this thy solemn kingly oath? is this a prince's faith?
Is this thy friendly cheer? Is this thy fawning face?
Is this the fruit of Romish faith? O false dissembling race!
And dost thou honour so thy sister's spousal day?
And couldst thou find no other time thy treasons to bewray?[2]
Is this the trust that is in mother, son, and kin?
Let France then curse the man that did first bring this kindred in.

[...]

How darest thou to behold the creatures of the Lord,
When for thy false and bloody fact this place shall be abhorred?
What answer canst thou make to this unhappy town,
Which for thy traitorous act shall lose his glory and renown?
What answer canst thou give to many a weeping child?
To many matrons husbandless what reason canst thou yield?
And deemst thou not that God will plague this sinful land
For this our blood? and fearest thou not God's just revenging hand?
Yes, though at this our grief thou proudly now do jest,
Yet God will not forget the blood of them that be oppressed.
Did Joab die in peace that had by treason slain
Two noble men? Did not his blood requite the same again?
Did Absalom[3] likewise that wrought his brother's death
By treason, under friendly show, and falsing plighted[4] faith,
Thus prosper long? No, no, for God did quickly send
To this rebellious wicked wretch a swift and fearful end.
Be sure therefore of this, and mark what Pilles hath said,
That this our blood by shedding of thy blood shall be repaid."
Which said, from off his back he put a costly cloak,
And to a friend among the press,[5] the same thus saying took:
"Take this, and let the same a token still remain,
That Pilles thy friend by treason was here most unjustly slain."
With that he did commend his soul unto the Lord,
Upon his knees with lifted eyes still waiting for the sword.
Then one of Prince's guard, to end this bitter strife,
Thrust through Pilles with partisan, who yielded there his life.
This was the cruel end of that most famous man.
To read the same without remorse, I think no creature can.

This rout in Paris streets which posted up and down,
Four hundred houses sacked have within that wicked town.
The King therewith directs his letters out in post,
To cities all his message flies in haste to every coast,
That they (as Paris had) with murder should oppress
As many in their towns, as did the Gospel there profess.
Which lewd and bloody charge, a wonder is to see,
How glad and willing to obey most town and cities be.

[1] *train us in* allure, entice, deceive, take in.

[2] *bewray* betray.

[3] *Absalom* King David's third son, who had Amnon, the eldest, killed in an effort to gain the throne (2 Samuel 13:1-38).

[4] *plighted* pledged.

[5] *press* crowd.

But one among the rest, a place of ancient fame,
Did lion-like behave herself, as Lyons[1] was her name.
For though in other towns by murder many fell,
Yet Lyons for her cruel heart, all others did excel.
Where then, unhappy then, a lion as the chief,
One Mandelot was governor, a black and bloody thief,
Who having once received these letters from the King,
With greedy mind, he sets abroach[2] this vile unworthy thing.

[Under the pretext of protecting them from the mob, François de Mandelot, governor of Lyons, imprisons the Huguenots.]

Then Mandelot commands the hangman for to call,
Whom he enjoins to enter in with axe to kill them all.
But this so fearful fact the hangman did refuse,
And bad him for so wicked act some fitter man to choose.
"For I will not defile my hands with guiltless blood,
Nor give consent (said he) to do the thing that is not good.
On such as are condemned by justice and by law,
I only am in public place my deadly blade to draw."

The man repelled thus invents another way;
He wills the soldiers of the town these prisoners for to slay,
But they likewise replied that they would not distain
The glory of their martial feats with fame that they had slain
Poor simple naked men bound prostrate at their feet,
"It is a service, sir," say they, "for soldiers far unmeet,
And therefore if you have this murder thus decreed,
Choose out some other men that list perform so hard a deed."

[...]

Again refused thus, the man with fury bent,
For all the butchers of the town, he straight his message sent,
To whom in savage sort his mind he did unfold
And had them go and kill them all whom he had laid in hold.
These beastly butchers then no conscience made at all,
But with their bloody butchering knives like tigers they do fall
Upon these silly[3] souls, in murder fiercely bent,
Not like to men, but rather as some furies had been sent
From Hell to stop the course of God's afflicted word,
So quickly did these hellhounds put these people to the sword.
Here some that prostrate were, and did for mercy cry,
And other some unto the Lord that lift their voices high,
They killed not, but did their hands cut off at first,
And after chopped in savage sort with blood to quench their thirst.
Such shrieks and wailing cries from prisons did rebound,
That every corner of the town might hear their woeful sound.

[...]

Of these captived souls such was the piteous plight,
That very papists did lament to see this cruel sight.

[1] *Lyons* one of the centres with a strong Huguenot minority to which Charles IX sent extermination orders.

[2] *sets abroach* pierces and leaves running.

[3] *silly* deserving of pity, compassion, or sympathy.

And some that loved the Pope, these dealings did detest,
Who for their credit did not think this rigour to be best.
And many women of the town devoid of crime,
With horror of this sudden fear, had child before their time.
For from the common gaol[1] in sight of shining sun,
The smoking blood from street to street with grief was seen to run.
But one amongst the rest, an old and aged man
Called Francis Collute,[2] for his faith a lasting credit won.
To whom with bloody axe when butchers did resort,
Upon his sons with tears he fell, and did them thus exhort,

"You know (quoth he) my sons, what pain and tender care
Your loving father from your youth hath had for to prepare
Your hearts to know the Lord, his truth to entertain,
Which far surmounteth fading wealth, and hope of worldly gain.
Now is our harvest in, now must our fruit appear,
Now will the Lord require accompt how we have lived here.
The final axe is laid to root of falling tree
And how we have the truth embraced, the world forthwith must see.
Be strong therefore my sons, refuse not proffered death,
Which from the Lord is sent to be a trial of our faith.
But how should we be strong, when flesh doth daily fall?
O Lord increase our faith, that we may come when thou dost call.
And from the Lord I know this butchering axe is sent,
Who Satan's sword hath loosed now no doubt for some intent.
This is no new device which Satan puts in ure,[3]
For they that will embrace the truth of this shall still be sure.
For unto Truth belongs both fire, sword, and rack,
And naked Truth hath always tied a whip unto her back.
The ages that are past do yet declare the same,
Whose constant death for Christ, depaints the glory of their name.

[...]

Come, let us gladly give our throat unto the knife
And for our Christ let us rejoice to leave this wretched life.
And say you all with me, 'O Lord from these our bands,
Receive (we pray) our sinful souls into thy blessed hands.
And lend us Lord thy grace and mercy to the end,
Thy blessed help to come to thee, O Lord of mercy send.'"

And this repeating oft, the butchers with their blade,
Their bodies then with deadly wounds a bloody present made.
Then joining on the ground they clasped all in one,
Where grovelling lay in folded arms the father with the son
Which sudden heavy chance such woeful sight did give,
That just remorse of causeless death a flinty heart would grieve.
Thus hath this blessed man received a happy place.
The Lord grant us that be behind like portion of his grace.
Amen.

—1589

[1] *gaol* jail.
[2] *Francis Collute* a merchant in Lyons.
[3] *in ure* in use or practice.

Richard Hakluyt
?1552-1616

As the dedication to *Principal Navigations* (1589) indicates, Richard Hakluyt was interested in far distant lands from an early age. Born the second of five children, he was only five years old when he lost his father, and was subsequently placed under the guardianship of his cousin, also named Richard Hakluyt. The elder Richard, although trained and active as a lawyer, was fascinated by the new geography and voyages of discovery, cultivating a large acquaintance of merchants, sea captains, cartographers, and explorers, all of whom were engaged in the new economic and national possibilities of exploration. A scholar, compiler of travellers' accounts and an editor, the elder Richard set an example for the younger. Having taken his BA in 1574 and his MA in 1577 from Christ Church College, Oxford, Hakluyt began focusing entirely on his geographic studies, although he was ordained to the priesthood in 1580. His geographic knowledge was extensive and seems to have been drawn upon by the government, since in 1580 he wrote a memo for Frances Walsingham, Elizabeth I's secretary of state, concerning the Strait of Magellan. Hakluyt supported Sir Humphrey Gilbert's voyage to the New World, but was unable to persuade Walsingham to help finance a further expedition after its dramatic failure.[1]

Hakluyt's sojourn in Paris (1583-88) fired his imagination concerning the New World and his determination that the English should overcome their Continental reputation for sloth in exploration. In a letter to Walsingham he encouraged a revolution in English attitudes towards exploration, urging the establishment of formal education in mathematics and navigation at Oxford, since these topics were crucial to "the service of wars ... and for our new discoveries and longer voyages by sea."[2] His memorandum to the queen concerning the economic possibilities of colonies in Virginia, *A Discourse of Western Planting* (published, 1877) won him ecclesiastical preferment. In 1590 he also became rector of Wetheringsett, Suffolk, and in response to his dedication of *Principal Navigations* to Cecil and Howard, he gained further advancement in the church.[3] Married twice, he had one child, Edmond.[4]

Hakluyt's most famous works, *Divers Voyages Touching the Discovery of America* (1582) and *The Principal Navigations, Voyages, Traffiques and Discoveries of the English Nation* (1589; revised and expanded into three volumes, 1599-1600), are compilations of narratives of discovery, often eyewitness accounts, sometimes accounts which Hakluyt commissioned and sometimes accounts which others spontaneously provided him. Taking inspiration from Giovanni Battista Ramusio's *Delle navigationi et viaggi* (1550-56), *Principal Navigations* is organized chronologically by region. As Fuller has pointed out, all the texts in *Principal Navigations* work together to educate Englishmen about the New World, and to ground their right to dominate this world by linking contemporary English voyages of discovery to earlier ones; these earlier voyages, stretching back as far as the legendary Brute, the traditional founder of Britain, authorize and legitimize English imperial ambitions. For all its over-arching intentions, however, *Principal Navigations* contains a wildly diverse group of narratives: some are sensational accounts of captivity and escape; others are travel diaries, recording monuments visited and sights seen; others are accounts of exploration; while still others bear the marks of early ethnographic and anthropological interests.

EDITION: *The principal navigations, voyages, traffiques and discoveries of the English nation made by sea or over-land, to the remote and farthest distant quarters of the earth, at any time within the compasse of these 1600. yeres: devided into three severall volumes, according to the positions of the regions, whereunto they were directed.* London: George Bishop, Ralph Newbery, and Robert Barker, Anno 1599 [-1600]. STC 12626a.

[1] M.C. Fuller, "Richard Hakluyt," *DLB 136*, pp. 178-79.
[2] Quoted in Fuller, "Richard Hakluyt," p. 181.
[3] Ibid., p. 183.
[4] Ibid., p. 182.

from *The Second Volume of the Principal Navigations, Voyages, Traffiques and Discoveries of the English Nation,*

made by Sea or over-land, to the South and South-east parts of the World, at any time within the compass of these 1600 years: Divided into two several parts:

Whereof the first containeth the personal travels, etc., of the English through and within the strait of Gibraltar, to Alger, Tunis and Tripolis in Barbary,[1] to Alexandria and Cairo in Egypt, to the isles of Sicilia, Zante,[2] Candia, Rhodus,[3] Cyprus, and Chio,[4] to the city of Constantinople, to divers parts of Asia Minor, to Syria and Armenia, to Jerusalem and other places in Judea; as also to Arabia, down the river of Euphrates, to Babylon and Balsara,[5] and so through the Persian Gulf to Ormuz, Chaul, Goa,[6] and to many islands adjoining upon the south parts of Asia; and likewise from Goa to Cambaia,[7] and to all the dominions of Zelabdim Echebar, the great Mogor,[8] to the mighty river of Ganges, to Bengala, Aracan, Bacola, and Chonderi,[9] to Pegu,[10] to Iamahai in the kingdom of Siam,[11] and almost to the very frontiers of China.

The second comprehendeth the voyages, traffics, etc., of the English nation, made without the strait of Gibraltar, to the islands of the Açores,[12] of Porto Santo, Madera,[13] and the Canaries, to the kingdoms of Barbary, to the isles of Capo Verde,[14] to the rivers of Senega,[15] Gambra, Madrabumba, and Sierra Leona,[16] to the coast of Guinea and Benin, to the isles of San Thomé and Santa Helena,[17] to the parts about the Cape of Buona Esperanza,[18] to Quitangone[19] near Mozambique, to the isles of Comoro and Zanzibar,[20] to the city of Goa, beyond Cape Comori,[21] to the isles of Nicubar, Gomes Polo, and Pulo Pinaom,[22] to the main land of Malacca,[23] and to the kingdom of Iunsalaon.[24]

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[1] *Barbary* North Africa, along the Mediterranean (*Topographical Dict.*, pp. 45-46).

[2] *Zante* Greek island, off the NW coast of the Peloponnesus (*Topographical Dict.*, p. 577).

[3] *Candia* Candy, the isle of Crete; *Rhodus* Rhodes, an island off the SW corner of Asia Minor (*Topographical Dict.*, p. 96; p. 431).

[4] *Chio* the isle of Chios, just off the W coast of Turkey.

[5] *Babylon* ancient city on the Euphrates River, in present-day Iraq; *Balsara* chief port at the head of the Persian Gulf, on the Euphrates, previously an important trading centre (present-day Basra, Iraq) (*Topographical Dict.*, p. 43).

[6] *Ormuz* Hormuz, ancient city on the N shore of the Straits of Ormuz (at entrance to the Persian Gulf), in present-day Iran (*Topographical Dict.*, pp. 379-80); *Chaul* Portuguese settlement (established 1521), about 350 kilometres N of Goa, at the mouth of the Kundalika River; *Goa* now a territory on the W coast of India.

[7] *Cambaia* Cambay, a territory on the NW coast of India, on the bay of Cambay, N of Goa.

[8] *Zelabdim Echebar, the great Mogor* Akbar ("Yeladin el Kubar"); although called simply the king of Cambay by the English, Akbar was the Great Mogul of a huge territory in northern India, with Cambay being only one of his many possessions. See M.F. Strachan, "India," *The Hakluyt Handbook*, 2 vols., ed., D.B. Quinn (London, 1974), vol.1., pp. 208-09.

[9] *Bengala* Bengal; *Aracan* Arakan, a territory on the coast of Burma; *Bacola* unidentified; *Chonderi* unidentified.

[10] *Pegu* a city in Burma (Myanmar), near Rangoon.

[11] *kingdom of Siam* present-day Thailand.

[12] *Açores* the Azores.

[13] *Madera* Madeira, an island in the Atlantic, off the coast of Morocco.

[14] *the isles of Capo Verde* the Cape de Verd Islands, in the North Atlantic, 320 miles W of Cape Verde in Africa (*Topographical Dict.*, p. 98).

[15] *Senega* the Senegal River which flows through what is now Senegambia and Guinea, N. Africa.

[16] *Madrabumba, and Sierra Leona* rivers in Guinea.

[17] *San Thomé* St. Thomas, an island off the W coast of Africa, formerly a colony of Portugal; *Santa Helena* St. Helen, another island off the W coast of Africa.

[18] *Cape of Buona Esperanza* the Cape of Good Hope, South Africa.

[19] *Quitangone* perhaps the port of Quelimane in Mozambique.

[20] *isles of Comoro* in the Indian Ocean, between what is now Mozambique and the island of Madagascar; *Zanzibar* an island off the coast of what is now Tanzania.

[21] *Comori* i.e., Cape Comorin, at the southern-most tip of India.

[22] *Nicubar* i.e., the Nicobar Islands, Indian Ocean: near the northern tip of Indonesia (Sumatra); *Gomes Polo* not identified; *Pulo Pinaom* Peninsular Malaysia.

[23] *Malacca* perhaps a group of islands W of New Guinea called the Moluccas (Maluku); or perhaps Malaysia itself.

[24] *Iunsalaon* unidentified.

By Richard Hakluyt Preacher, and sometime student of Christ-Church in Oxford. Imprinted at London by George Bishop, Ralph Newbery, and Robert Barker.[1] anno 1599.

[...]

The Voyage Made to Tripoli in Barbary,[2] in the Year 1583, with a Ship Called the *Jesus*, Wherein the Adventures and Distresses of Some Englishmen Are Truly Reported, and Other Necessary Circumstances Observed. Written by Thomas Sanders.[3]

[...]

And when our merchants came ashore, the King[4] commanded presently[5] that they with the rest of our company that were with them should be chained four and four to a hundred weight of iron, and when we came in with the ship, there came presently above a hundred Turks aboard of us, and they searched us, and stripped our very clothes from our backs, and broke open our chests, and made a spoil of[6] all that we had. And the Christian caitiffs[7] likewise that came aboard of us made spoil of our goods, and used us as ill as the Turks did. And our master's mate having a Geneva Bible[8] in his hand, there came the King's chief gunner and took it out from him, who showed me of it, and I having the language went presently to the King's treasurer, and told him of it, saying that sith[9] it was the will of God that we should fall into their hands, yet that they should grant us to use our consciences to our own discretion, as they suffered[10] the Spaniards and other nations to use theirs, and he granted us. Then I told him that the master gunner had taken away a

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1 *George Bishop* London stationer; *Ralph Newbery* also Rafe (fl. 1590), London printer and publisher, responsible for many important volumes, including *Holinshed's Chronicles* (1584) and Stow's *Annals* (1592; 1601); *Robert Barker* (d. 1645), king's printer, and freeman of the Stationers' Company (1589); he published the first edition of the King James Bible in 1611.

2 *Barbary* North Africa along the Mediterranean, from Egypt to the Atlantic, and from the sea to the Sahara Desert, encompassing Tripoli, Tunis, Algiers, and Morocco (now Morocco, Algeria, Tunisia, and Libya). Barbary was an important centre of trade for the English, prompting the formation of the Company of the Barbary Merchants in 1588 (*Topographical Dict.*, p. 45). Saunders' account places Tripoli "in the East part of Africa" (p. 184). Tripoli is now Tarabulus, Libya.

3 This account was first published in 1587 under the title *A true description and brief discourse of a most lamentable voyage, made lately to Tripoli in Barbary in a ship named the* Jesus by Thomas Saunders. Apart from altering the spelling of "Saunders," Hakluyt's changes are mostly in aid of tightening and clarifying the narrative. He omits the pamphlet's preface and its dedication to Julius Caesar (a retelling of the tale of Androcles and the Lion), and he changes the spelling of some place names for clarification. See C.F. Beckingham, "The Near East: North and North-East Africa," *The Hakluyt Handbook*, vol. 1, p. 183. The selection here is from *Principal Navigations*, vol. 2, part 1, pp. 184-91.

Saunders was part of a merchant expedition backed by the Turkish Company. When the *Jesus* was preparing to leave Tripoli, Romane Sonnings, a French mercantile agent, brought onboard a fellow agent, Patrone Norado, who was being held in Tripoli for an unpaid debt to a local Turk. Unaware of Patrone's legal status as a pledge to repay this debt, the *Jesus* set sail. Attacked and threatened with sinking by Turkish gunners, the *Jesus* returned to harbour, where the entire ship's company was arrested and enslaved. After converting to Islam in a vain attempt to save his life, Romane Sonnings was executed. See *Principal Navigations*, vol. 2, pp. 184-87.

The documents appended to the narrative proper include: "The Queen's Letters to the Turk 1584 for the Restitution of the Ship Called the *Jesus*, and the English Captives Detained in Tripoli in Barbary, and for Certain Other Prisoners in Argier" (in Latin, pp. 191-92; in English, p. 192); "The Turk's Letter to the King of Tripoli in Barbary, Commanding the Restitution of an English Ship, Called the *Jesus*, with the Men, and Goods, Sent from Constantinople, by Mahomet Beg, a Justice of the Great Turk's, and an English Gentleman, called Master Edward Barton. Anno 1584" (in English, pp. 192-93); "A Letter of Master William Hareborne, the English Ambassador, Ligier in Constantinople, to the Bassa Romadan, the Beglerbeg of Tripoli in Barbary, for the Restoring of an English Ship Called the *Jesus*, with the Goods, and Men, Detained as Slaves. Anno 1585" (in Italian, pp. 193-94; in English, p. 194).

4 *the King* Bassa Romadan Beglerbeg, the pasha of West Tripoli (according to the Great Turk's letter to him commanding the release of the surviving Englishmen of the *Jesus*). "Bassa" is an obsolete form of "bashaw" or "pasha," here denoting a governor under the general authority of the "Great or Grand Turk," the Sultan (absolute ruler) of the Ottoman Empire.

5 *presently* immediately, at once.

6 *made a spoil of* to pillage or plunder.

7 *caitiffs* base, wicked wretches; villains.

8 *Geneva Bible* the English translation of the Bible first published in Geneva in 1560.

9 *sith* since, seeing that.

10 *suffered* allowed, permitted.

Bible from one of our men. The treasurer went presently and commanded him to deliver up the Bible again, which he did.

And within a little after, he took it from the man again, and I showed the treasurer of it, and presently he commanded him to deliver it again, saying, "Thou villain, wilt thou turn to Christianity again?"—for he was a *renegado*, which is one that first was a Christian and afterwards becometh a Turk—and so he delivered me the Bible the second time.

And then I having it in my hand, the gunner came to me and spoke these words, saying, "Thou dog, I will have the book in despite of thee," and took it from me, saying, "If thou tell the King's treasurer of it any more, by Mahomet, I will be revenged of thee."

Notwithstanding, I went the third time unto the King's treasurer and told him of it, and he came with me, saying thus unto the gunner: "By the head of the Great Turk, if thou take it from him again, thou shalt have a hundred bastinados."[1]

And forthwith he delivered me the book, saying he had not the value of a pin of the spoil of the ship, which was the better for him, as hereafter you shall hear: for there was none, neither Christian nor Turk, that took the value of a pennyworth of our goods from us, but perished both body and goods within seventeenth months following, as hereafter shall plainly appear.

[...]

This King had a son which was a ruler in an island called Gerbi, whereunto arrived an English ship called the *Green Dragon*, of the which was master one Master Blonket,[2] who having a very unhappy boy in that ship, and understanding that whosoever would turn Turk should be well entertained of the King's son, this boy did run ashore and voluntarily turned Turk. Shortly after the King's son came to Tripoli to visit his father and seeing our company, he greatly fancied Richard Burgess, our purser, and James Smith. They were both young men; therefore, he was very desirous to have them to turn Turks, but they would not yield to his desire, saying: "We are your father's slaves, and as slaves we will serve him."

Then his father, the King, sent for them, and asked them if they would turn Turks.

And they said: "If it please your Highness, Christians we were born, and so we will remain," and beseeched the King that they might not be enforced thereunto.

The King had there before in his house a son of a yeoman of our Queen's guard, whom the King's son had enforced to turn Turk: his name was John Nelson. Him the King caused to be brought to these young men, and then said unto them: "Will not you bear this your countryman company, and be Turk as he is?"[3]

And they said that they would not yield thereunto during life.

But it fell out that, within a month after, the King's son went home to Gerbi again, being six score miles[4] from Tripoli, and carried our two foresaid young men with him, which were Richard Burgess and James Smith. And after their departure from us, they sent us a letter signifying that there was no violence showed unto them as yet, but within three days after they were violently used for that the King's son demanded of them again 'if that they would turn Turk?'

Then answered Richard Burgess, "A Christian I am, and so I will remain."

The King's son very angrily said unto him, "By Mahomet, thou shalt presently be made Turk."

Then called he for his men, and commanded them to make him Turk, and they did so, and circumcised him, and would have had him speak the words that thereunto belonged, but he answered them stoutly that he would not. And although they had put on him the habit of a Turk, yet said he, "A

[1] *bastinados* blows administered with a stick to the soles of a person's feet; an Eastern method of corporal punishment.

[2] <*> The Green Dragon [*Principal Navigations*' note].

[3] <*> The King's son had a captive that was son to one of the Queen's Majesty's guard that was forced to turn Turk [*Principal Navigations*' note].

[4] *six score miles* 120 miles.

Christian I was born, and so I will remain, though you force me to do otherwise."

And then he called for the other, and commanded him to be made Turk perforce[1] also, but he was very strong, for it was so much as eight of the King's son's men could do to hold him. So in the end they circumcised him, and made him Turk.

Now to pass over a little, and to show the manner of our deliverance out of that miserable captivity. In May aforesaid, shortly after our apprehension,[2] I wrote a letter into England unto my father, dwelling in Eavistoke in Devonshire, signifying unto him the whole estate of our calamities, and I wrote also to Constantinople to the English ambassador; both which letters were faithfully delivered. But when my father had received my letter, and understood the truth of our mishap, and the occasion thereof, and what had happened to the offenders, he certified[3] the right honourable, the Earl of Bedford thereof, who in short space acquainted her Highness with the whole cause thereof, and her Majesty, like a most merciful princess tendering her subjects, presently took order for our deliverance. Whereupon the right worshipful Sir Edward Osborne,[4] knight, directed his letters with all speed to the English ambassador in Constantinople to procure our delivery. And he obtained the Great Turk's[5] commission, and sent it forthwith to Tripoli by one Master Edward Barton,[6] together with a justice of the Great Turk's, and one soldier, and another Turk, and a Greek which was his interpreter, which could speak (besides Greek) Turkish, Italian, Spanish, and English. And when they came to Tripoli, they were well entertained.

[...]

[A]nd so did the justices deliver unto the King the Great Turk's commission to the effect that aforesaid,[7] which commission the King with all obedience received. And after the perusing of the same,[8] he forthwith commanded all the English captives to be brought before him, and then willed the keeper to strike off all our irons, which done, the King said:

"You Englishmen, for that you did offend the laws of this place,[9] by the same laws therefore some of your company were condemned to die as you know, and you to be perpetual captives during your lives. Notwithstanding, seeing it hath pleased my sovereign lord, the Great Turk, to pardon your said offences, and to give you your freedom and liberty, behold: here I make delivery of you to this English gentleman."

So he delivered us all that were there, being thirteen in number, to Master Barton, who required also those two young men which the King's son had taken with him. Then the King answered that it was against their law to deliver them, for that they were turned Turks; and touching the ship and goods, the King said that he had

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1 *perforce* forcibly.

2 <*> The first motion for those Englishmen's delivery [*Principal Navigations*' note].

3 *certified* informed authoritatively.

4 *Sir Edward Osborne* (?1530-91), member of the Clothworkers' Company, London, and merchant-trader with Spain and Turkey. Governor of the Turkey Company, founded in 1579, he was instrumental in the company's gaining of a charter and its final incorporation as the "Merchants of the Levant trading to Turkey and Venice." He was a zealous proponent of the Company's interests, and often intervened with the English Crown when the Company's people, trading routes, and ships were threatened (*DNB*, p. 1178). He was made lord mayor of London and knighted in 1583. Because of his wealth, experience, and prominent position in the Clothworkers' Company and "Turkey Company," the government often called upon him for help in resolving commercial disputes.

5 *the Great Turk* also known as the Grand Turk, the Sultan (or absolute ruler) of the Ottoman Empire. Here, Amurath III, also known as Murad III (reigned 1574-95).

6 *Edward Barton* (?1562-97), second English ambassador at Constantinople. He took up his post in 1590, before which he was the secretary to William Harborne, Elizabeth's first ambassador to the area. Although his responsibilities were generally to safeguard the interests of the Turkey Company (*DNB*, p. 1262), he was also an agent of the Crown, delivering a gift from Elizabeth I to Sultan Murad III in 1594 (*Principal Navigations*, vol. 2, p. 303). Remembered favourably by the Turks, for whom he fought in their campaigns in Hungary, he died of the plague on the island of Halke, near Constantinople (*DNB*, p. 1263).

7 The Great Turk's commission included the freeing of all the English captives and the restoration of the seized goods and ship.

8 <*> The Englishmen released [*Principal Navigations*' note].

9 See p. 641, note 3.

sold her, but would make restitution of the value, and as much of the goods as came unto his hands; and so the King arose and went to dinner, and commanded a Jew to go with Master Barton and the other commissioners to show them their lodging, which was a house provided and appointed them by the said King. And because I had the Italian and Spanish tongues, by which their most traffic in that country is, Master Barton made me his cater[1] to buy his victuals for him and his company, and delivered me money needful for the same. Thus were we set at liberty the 28th day of April, 1585.

Now to return to the King's plagues and punishments, which almighty God at his will and pleasure sendeth upon men in the sight of the world, and likewise of the plagues that befell his children and other aforesaid.[2] First, when we were made bondmen, being the 2nd day of May 1584, the King had three hundred captives, and before the month was expired there died of them of the plague one hundred and fifty. And whereas there were twenty-six men of our company, of whom two were hanged, and one died that same day that we were made bondslaves,[3] that present month there died nine more of our company of the plague, and other two were forced to turn Turks, as before is rehearsed. And on the 4th day of June next following the King lost one hundred and fifty camels, which were taken from him by the wild Moors.[4]

[...]

And about three months after our delivery, Master Barton with all the residue of his company departed from Tripoli to Zante,[5] in a vessel called a settee,[6] of one Marcus Segoorus, who dwelt in Zante, and after our arrival at Zante we remained fifteen days there aboard our vessel before we could have *platego* (that is, leave to come ashore) because the plague was in that place from whence we came. And about three days after we came ashore, thither came another settee of Marseilles bound for Constantinople. Then did Master Barton and his company, with two more of our company, ship themselves as passengers in the same settee, and went to Constantinople.[7] But the other nine of us that remained in Zante, about three months after, shipped ourselves in a ship of the said Marcus Segoorus, which came to Zante and was bound for England. In which three months, the soldiers of Tripoli killed the said king.[8] And then the King's son, according to the custom there, went to Constantinople to surrender up all his father's treasure, goods, captives, and concubines unto the Great Turk, and took with him our said purser Richard Burgess and James Smith, and also the other two Englishmen which he, the said king's son, had enforced to become Turks, as is aforesaid. And they, the said Englishmen, finding now some opportunity, concluded with the Christian captives which were going with them unto Constantinople, being in number about one hundred and fifty, to kill the King's son and all the Turks which were aboard of the galley; and privily[9] the said Englishmen conveyed unto the said Christian captives weapons for that purpose. And when they came into the main sea toward Constantinople (upon the faithful promise of the said Christian captives), these four Englishmen leapt suddenly into the crossia (that is, into the midst of the galley, where the cannon lieth) and with their swords drawn did fight against all the foresaid Turks; and for want of help of the said Christian captives, who falsely broke their promises, the said Master Blonket's boy was killed, and the said James Smith, and our purser Richard Burgess, and the other

[1] *cater* buyer of provisions.

[2] <*> The plagues and punishments that happened to the King and his people [*Principal Navigations*' note].

[3] *bondslaves* a more emphatic term for slave or bondman.

[4] <*> The king lost 150 camels, taken by the wild Moors [*Principal Navigations*' note].

[5] *Zante* i.e., Zacynthos, one of the Ionian Islands off the NW coast of the Peloponnesus; occupied by Venice from the fifteenth century until 1797 (*Topographical Dict.*, p. 577).

[6] *settee* a fairly large merchant vessel, much used in the Mediterranean.

[7] <*> Two Englishmen shipped to Constantinople with Master Barton [*Principal Navigations*' note].

[8] <*> The soldiers of Tripoli kill the King [*Principal Navigations*' note].

[9] *privily* secretly.

Englishmen were taken and bound into chains to be hanged at their arrival in Constantinople. And as the Lord's will was, about two days after, passing through the gulf of Venice, at an island called Cephalonia,[1] they met with two of the Duke of Venice his galleys, which took that galley and killed the King's son, and his mother, and all the Turks that were there, in number one hundred and fifty, and they saved the Christian captives,[2] and would have killed the two Englishmen because they were circumcised and become Turks had not the other Christian captives excused them, saying that they were enforced to be Turks by the King's son, and showed the Venetians also how they did enterprise at sea to fight against all the Turks, and that their two fellows were slain in that fight. Then the Venetians saved them, and they, with all the residue of the said captives, had their liberty, which were in number one hundred and fifty or thereabouts; and the said galley and all the Turk's treasure was confiscated to the use of the state of Venice.

[...]

[A]nd so we came home; and within two months after our arrival at London, our said purser Richard Burgess and his fellow came home also, for the which we are bound to praise almighty God during our lives, and, as duty bindeth us, to pray for the preservation of our most gracious Queen, for the great care her Majesty had over us, her poor subjects, in seeking and procuring of our deliverance aforesaid; and also for her honourable Privy Council, and I especial for the prosperity and good estate of the house of the late deceased, the right honourable, the Earl of Bedford, whose honour I must confess most diligently, at the suit of my father now departed, travailed[3] herein; for the which I rest continually bounden to him, whose soul I doubt not but is already in the heavens in joy with the Almighty; unto which place he vouchsafe to bring us all, that for our sins suffered most vile and shameful death upon the cross, there to live perpetually, world without end, Amen.

—1599

from *The Third and Last Volume of the Voyages, Navigations, Traffiques, and Discoveries of the English Nation,*

and in some few places, where they have not been, of strangers, performed within and before the time of these hundred years, to all parts of the Newfound world of America, or the West Indies, from 73 degrees of Northerly to 57 of Southerly latitude:

As namely to Engronland, Meta Incognita, Estotiland, Tierra de Labrador,[4] Newfoundland, up The grand bay, the gulf of St. Lawrence, and the River of Canada to Hochelaga and Saguenay,[5] along the coast of Arambec,[6] to the shores and mains of Virginia and Florida, and on the West or backside of them both, to the rich and pleasant countries of Nueva Biscaya, Cibola, Tiguex, Cicuic, Quivira,[7] to the 15 provinces of

[1] *Cephalonia* the largest of the Ionian islands.

[2] <*> The galleys of Venice took the King of Tripoli his galley, and killed the King's son, and all the Turks in it, and released all the Christians being in number 150 [*Principal Navigations*' note].

[3] *travailed* laboured.

[4] *Engronland* also known as Groynland and Groeland (present-day, Greenland); *Meta Incognita* Latin, "the unknown shore"; here, the E Canadian Arctic, including present-day Resolution Island and Baffin Island; *Estotiland* mythical part of North America, first "mapped" by the Zeno brothers (Nicolo and Antonio) in the late-fifteenth century; *Tierra de Labrador* the land of Labrador.

[5] *the River of Canada to Hochelaga and Saguenay* the St. Lawrence River to Hochelaga (present-day Montreal) and Saguenay (at the time, a country further north of Hochelaga, believed to be an El Dorado).

[6] *Arambec* Norumbega (Norumbegua), sometimes defined as the North American coast between Maine and Nova Scotia, sometimes between Newfoundland and Florida. See C. Nicholl, *The Creature in the Map: Sir Walter Ralegh's Quest for El Dorado* (London, 1996), p. 25.

[7] *Nueva Biscaya* i.e., Nueva Vizcaya, first province of N Mexico that was colonized by the Spanish, encompassing most of present-day Chihuahua and Durango; *Cibola* territory in N New Spain (Colonial Mexico), what is now the SW United States, famous for its legendary seven cities of gold; *Tiguex* territory along the Rio Grande near Bernalillo, New Mexico; *Cicuic* Cicúique, Pecos pueblo, now Rowe, New Mexico; *Quivira* fabled Indian province, E of the New Mexico pueblos, like Cibola, a legendary repository of gold and silver. See *The Handbook of Texas Online* <http://www.tsha.utexas.edu/handbook/online>.

the kingdom of New Mexico, to the bottom of the gulf of California, and up the River of Buena Guia[1]

And likewise to all the isles both small and great lying before the cape of Florida, the bay of Mexico, and Tierra firma,[2] to the coasts and Inlands of New Spain, Tierra firma, and Guiana, up the mighty Rivers of Orenoque, Dessekibe, and Maramon,[3] to every part of the coast of Brazil, to the River of Plate,[4] through the Straits of Magellan forward and backward, and to the South of the said Straits as far as 57 degrees:

And from thence on the backside of America, along the coasts, harbours, and capes of Chile, Peru, Nicaragua, Nueva Espanna, Nueva Galicia, Culiacan,[5] California, Nova Albion,[6] and more Northerly as far as 43 degrees:

Together with two renowned, and prosperous voyages of Sir Francis Drake, and Master Thomas Candish round about the circumference of the whole earth, and divers other voyages intended and set forth for that course.

Collected by RICHARD HAKLUYT Preacher, and sometimes student of Christ-Church in Oxford.

Imprinted at London by George Bishop, Ralph Newbery and Robert Barker. ANNO DOMINI 1600.

The Second Voyage of Master Martin Frobisher,[7] Made to the West and Northwest Regions in the Year 1577. With a Description of the Country and People. Written by Master Dionyse Settle.[8]

[...]

[W]ith a merry wind, the 7th of June we arrived at the islands called Orcades, or vulgarly Orkney,[9] being in number thirty, subject and adjacent to Scotland, where we made provision of fresh water. In the doing whereof, our general licensed the gentlemen and soldiers for their recreation to go on shore. At our landing, the people fled from their poor cottages with shrieks and alarms to warn their neighbours of enemies,[10] but by gentle persuasions we reclaimed them to their houses. It seemeth they are often frighted with pirates or some other enemies that move them to such sudden fear. Their houses are very simply builded with pebble-stone, without any chimneys, the fire

[1] *Buena Guia* Spanish, "River of Good Guidance": the Colorado River.

[2] *Tierra firma* Spanish, "solid ground" (unidentified).

[3] *Orenoque* the Orinoco River, Guiana; *Dessekibe* unidentified; *Maramon* perhaps, the Marañon River, Peru.

[4] *the River of Plate* i.e., Rio de la Plata (in present-day Argentina and Uruguay).

[5] *Nueva Espanna* New Spain. This colonial possession included all of present-day Mexico and Central America, down to the S border of Costa Rica and portions of the United States (California, Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas); *Nueva Galicia* Mexican province with four principal villages: Guadalajara, Compostela, Purificación, and Culiacán; *Culiacan* a Spanish outpost in NW Mexico (*Handbook of Texas Online*).

[6] *Nova Albion* the W coast of North America (present-day N California?), claimed by Francis Drake in 1579 for the English Crown, occasionally defined as the coastal area N of New Spain and New Mexico.

[7] See vol. 3, pp. 32-39. Sir Martin Frobisher (?1535-94), explorer and navigator, first went to sea in 1554 and spent the next ten years voyaging to the N shores of Africa or the Levant. Most famous for his three voyages in search of the North-West Passage, Frobisher's first voyage (1576) into what is now Frobisher Bay netted him pyrite which was declared to be gold, and which led to the enthusiastic outfitting of his second voyage, the Queen herself providing one of her own ships for the expedition.

[8] *Dionyse Settle* He wrote an earlier account of this voyage, *A true report of Captain Frobisher his last voyage into the West and Northwest regions this present year 1577* (London, 1577). Within three years, it was translated into French, German, and Italian. See D.B. Quinn, *New American World: A Documentary History of North America to 1612*, vol. IV (New York, 1979), p. 182; the first widely disseminated account of the exploration of America, it was translated into a number of European languages (ibid., p. 207). Settle's account makes clear that he was both a gentleman and one of those who made the voyage with Frobisher.

[9] <*> The Islands Orcades, or Orkney [*Principal Navigations*' note].

[10] <*> The Orcadians upon small occasion flee their home [*Principal Navigations*' note].

being made in the midst thereof. The goodman, wife, children, and other of their family eat and sleep on the one side of the house and the cattle on the other, very beastly and rudely in respect of civility. They are destitute of wood;[1] their fire is turfs and cow-shards.[2] They have corn, bigg,[3] and oats with which they pay their king's rent to the maintenance of his house. They take great quantity of fish, which they dry in the wind and sun. They dress[4] their meat very filthily and eat it without salt. Their apparel is after the rudest sort of Scotland. Their money is all base. Their Church and religion is reformed according to the Scots. The fishermen of England can better declare the dispositions of those people than I.[5]

[...]

[C]oasting along the west shore not far from whence the ship rode, they perceived a fair harbour, and, willing to sound the same, at the entrance thereof they espied two tents of seal-skins, unto which the captain, our said master, and the other company resorted. At the sight of our men the people fled into the mountains.[6] Nevertheless, they went to their tents, where leaving certain trifles of ours—as glasses, bells, knives, and such like things—they departed, not taking anything of theirs except one dog. They did in like manner leave behind them a letter, pen, ink, and paper, whereby our men whom the captain lost the year before, and in that people's custody, might (if any of them were alive) be advertised of our pretence[7] and being there.

[...]

At our coming back again to the place where their tents were before, they had removed their tents further into the said bay or sound, where they might, if they were driven from the land, flee with their boats into the sea. We parting ourselves into two companies and compassing a mountain came suddenly upon them by land, who espying us without any tarrying fled to their boats, leaving the most part of their oars behind them for haste, and rowed down the bay where our two pinnaces[8] met them and drove them to shore. But if they had had all their oars, so swift are they in rowing, it had been lost time to have chased them.

When they were landed they fiercely assaulted our men with their bows and arrows,[9] who wounded three of them with our arrows. And perceiving themselves thus hurt, they desperately leapt off the rocks into the sea and drowned themselves. Which if they had not done but had submitted themselves, or if by any means we could have taken them alive (being their enemies as they judged), we would both have saved them and also have sought remedy to cure their wounds received at our hands. But they, altogether void of humanity and ignorant what mercy meaneth, in extremities look for no other than death. And perceiving they should fall into our hands, thus miserably by drowning rather desired death than otherwise to be saved by us. The rest perceiving their fellows in this distress fled into the high mountains. Two women not being so apt to escape as the men were, the one for her age and the other being encumbered with a young child, we took. The old wretch, whom divers of our sailors supposed to be either a devil or a witch, had her buskins[10] plucked off to see if she were cloven-footed, and for her ugly hue and deformity we let her go. The young woman and the child we brought away. We named the place where they were slain "Bloody Point" and the bay or harbour

---

1 <*> No wood in Orkney [*Principal Navigations*' note].

2 *turfs* peat; *cow-shards* cow dung.

3 *bigg* a type of barley grown in northern climates.

4 *dress* prepare.

5 <*> Fishermen of England have daily traffic to Orkney [*Principal Navigations*' note].

6 <*> The people fled at the sight of our men [*Principal Navigations*' note].

7 *pretence* intention, purpose, design.

8 *pinnace* a small light vessel, generally two-masted, and schooner-rigged; often in attendance on a larger vessel.

9 <*> A fierce assault of a few [*Principal Navigations*' note].

10 *buskins* a covering for the foot and leg, reaching to the calf, or to the knee; a half-boot.

"York's Sound," after the name of one of the captains of the two barks.

Having this knowledge both of their fierceness and cruelty, and perceiving that fair means as yet is not able to allure them to familiarity,[1] we disposed ourselves, contrary to our inclination, something to be cruel, returned to their tents and made a spoil of the same, where we found an old shirt, a doublet, a girdle,[2] and also shoes of our men whom we lost the year before.[3] On nothing else unto them belonging could we set our eyes.

Their riches are not gold, silver, or precious drapery,[4] but their said tents and boats made of the skins of red deer and seal skins, also dogs like unto wolves but for the most part black, with other trifles, more to be wondered at for their strangeness than for any other commodity needful for our use.

[...]

The men and women wear their hose[5] close to their legs from the waist to the knee, without any open before, as well the one kind as the other. Upon their legs they wear hose of leather with the fur side inward, two or three pair on at once and especially the women. In those hose they put their knives, needles, and other things needful to bear about. They put a bone within their hose which reacheth from the foot to the knee, whereupon they draw their said hose, and so in place of garters they are holden from falling down about their feet.

They dress their skins very soft and supple with the hair on. In cold weather or winter, they wear the fur side inward, and in summer outward. Other apparel they have none but the said skins.

Those beasts, fishes, and fowls which they kill are their meat, drink, apparel, houses, bedding, hose, shoes, thread, and sails for their boats, with many other necessaries whereof they stand in need, and almost all their riches.

[...]

Those houses, or rather dens which stand there, have no sign of footway or anything else trodden, which is one of the chiefest tokens of habitation. And those tents which they bring with them, when they have sufficiently hunted and fished, they remove to other places. And when they have sufficiently stored them of such victuals as the country yieldeth or bringeth forth, they return to their winter stations or habitations. This conjecture do I make for the infertility which I conjecture to be in that country.

They have some iron, whereof they make arrowheads, knives, and other little instruments to work their boats, bows, arrows, and darts withal, which are very unapt to do anything withal but with great labour.[6]

It seemeth that they have conversation[7] with some other people, of whom for exchange they should receive the same. They are greatly delighted with anything that is bright or giveth a sound.

What knowledge they have of God or what idol they adore we have no perfect intelligence. I think them rather anthropophagi or devourers of man's flesh than otherwise,[8] for that there is no flesh or fish which they find dead (smell it never so filthily) but they will eat it as they find it,

[1] <*> Fair means not able to allure them to familiarity [*Principal Navigations*' note].

[2] *doublet* a close-fitting body-garment, with or without sleeves, worn by men from the fourteenth to the eighteenth century; *girdle* a belt worn round the waist to secure or confine the garments; also for carrying light articles, esp. a weapon or purse (wallet).

[3] *whom we lost the year before* During Frobisher's first expedition in 1576, five of his men accompanied ashore an Inuit man who had agreed to serve as their guide in their journey westward. They were never seen again, and Frobisher believed they had been detained by force. See A. Savours, "A Narrative of Frobisher's Arctic Voyages" in *Meta Incognita—A Discourse of Discovery: Martin Frobisher's Arctic Expeditions, 1576-1578*, vol. 1, ed. T.H.B. Symons (Hull, 1999), pp. 19-54.

[4] <*> Boats of skins [*Principal Navigations*' note].

[5] *hose* an article of clothing for the leg; sometimes reaching down only to the ankle as a legging, sometimes also covering the foot like a long stocking.

[6] <*> Their use of iron [*Principal Navigations*' note].

[7] *conversation* dealings, relations.

[8] <*> Anthropophagi [*Principal Navigations*' note].

without any other dressing:[1] a loathsome thing either to the beholders or hearers.

There is no manner of creeping beast hurtful, except some spiders (which, as many affirm, are signs of great store of gold),[2] and also certain stinging gnats, which bite so fiercely that the place where they bite shortly after swelleth and itcheth very sore.

They make signs of certain people that wear bright plates of gold in their foreheads and other places of their bodies.[3]

The countries on both sides the straits lie very high with rough, stony mountains and great quantity of snow thereon.[4] There is very little plain ground and no grass, except a little which is much like unto moss that groweth on soft ground, such as we get turfs in. There is no wood at all. To be brief, there is nothing fit or profitable for the use of man which that country with root yieldeth or bringeth forth. Howbeit, there is great quantity of deer, whose skins are like unto asses, their heads or horns do far exceed as well in length as also in breadth any in these our parts or countries. Their feet likewise are as great as our oxen's, which we measured to be seven or eight inches in breadth. There are also hares, wolves, fishing bears, and sea fowl of sundry sorts.

As the country is barren and infertile, so are they rude and of no capacity to culture[5] the same to any perfection, but are contented by their hunting, fishing, and fowling, with raw flesh and warm blood to satisfy their greedy paunches,[6] which is their only glory.

[...]

1 *dressing* preparation.

2 <*> Signs of gold ore [*Principal Navigations*' note].

3 <*> Signs of gold from other people [*Principal Navigations*' note].

4 <*> Description of the countries [*Principal Navigations*' note].

5 *culture* cultivate.

6 *paunches* bellies, stomachs.

The Voyage of Master Hore and Divers Other Gentlemen to Newfoundland and Cape Breton, in the Year 1536 and in the Twenty-eighth Year of King Henry VIII.[7]

One Master Hore of London,[8] a man of goodly stature and of great courage and given to the study of cosmography, in the 28th year of King Henry VIII and in the year of our Lord 1536, encouraged divers gentlemen and others, being assisted by the King's favour and good countenance, to accompany him in a voyage of discovery upon the northwest parts of America. Wherein his persuasions took such effect that within short space many gentlemen of the Inns of Court and of the Chancery[9] and divers others of good worship, desirous to see the strange things of the world, very willingly entered into the action with him. [...] [These gentlemen included] Thomas Butts,[10] the

7 This is the second narrative in the section dealing with voyages to the north-eastern parts of North America (such as Newfoundland, Labrador, etc.).

8 Master Richard Hore (or Hoore) (fl. 1535-38), London citizen, leather-seller, and skilled naval captain. In February 1536, he hired the ships the *William* and the *Trinity* for a trip to Newfoundland. The explicit purpose of the journey remains somewhat obscure, although line-fishing of cod was clearly part of it (D.B. Quinn, *England and the Discovery of America, 1481-1620* [New York, 1974], pp. 182-83). However, Hore's voyage combined fishing and sightseeing, a combination which characterized many later English voyages to the New World. His ships were the first English vessels to enter the Strait of Belle Isle, and the second to see the southern shore of Labrador (after their discovery by Cartier, these shores had been largely forgotten). Quinn concludes that Hore's journey up the St. Lawrence likely was the result of curiosity rather than a well-planned exploratory expedition (*England*, p. 189). See J. McDermott, "Richard Hore," *DNB online*, 2005.

9 *Inns of Court* the four sets of buildings in London (the Inner Temple, the Middle Temple, Lincoln's Inn, and Gray's Inn) belonging to the four legal societies, responsible for educating legal professionals and admitting them to the bar; *[Inns] of the Chancery* certain houses or sets of buildings in London, originally places of residence and study for students and apprentices of law; also the societies by which they were occupied. Those who would belong to either institution would generally be of the rank of gentleman or higher.

10 Thomas Butts (d. 1593). His estate was at Great Ryburgh (Ryburgh Magna), Norfolk. See D.B. and A.M. Quinn, "A Hakluyt Chronology," *Hakluyt Handbook*, vol. 2, p. 302.

son of Sir William Butts, knight, of Norfolk, which was lately living and from whose mouth I wrote most of this relation.

[After a journey of some eight weeks, the expedition arrived at "Cape Breton, shaping their course thence northeastwards until they came to the island of Penguin" (off the S coast of Newfoundland)]

Master Oliver Dawbeny, which (as it is before mentioned) was in this voyage, and in the *Minion*, told Master Richard Hakluyt of the Middle Temple[1] these things following: to wit, that after their arrival in Newfoundland, and having been there certain days at anchor and not having yet seen any of the natural people of the country, the same Dawbeny walking one day on the hatches spied a boat with savages of those parts rowing down the bay toward them to gaze upon the ship and our people; and taking view of the coming aloof,[2] he called to such as were under the hatches and willed them to come up if they would see the natural people of the country, that they had so long and so much desired to see.[3] Whereupon, they came up and took view of the savages rowing toward them and their ship, and upon the view they manned out a ship-boat to meet them and to take them. But they spying our ship-boat making towards them returned with main force and fled into an island that lay up in the bay or river there, and our men pursued them into the island, and the savages fled and escaped. But our men found a fire and the side of a bear on a wooden spit left at the same by the savages that were fled.

There in the same place they found a boot of leather garnished on the outward side of the calf with certain brave trails,[4] as it were of raw silk, and also found a certain great, warm mitten; and these carried with them, they returned to their ship, not finding the savages nor seeing anything else besides the soil and the things growing in the same, which chiefly were store of fir and pine trees.

And further, the said Master Dawbeny told him that lying there they grew into great want of victuals, and that there they found small relief, more than that they had from the nest of an osprey that brought hourly to her young great plenty of divers sorts of fishes.[5] But such was the famine that increased amongst them from day to day that they were forced to seek to relieve themselves of raw herbs and roots that they sought on the main. But the famine increasing and the relief of herbs being to little purpose to satisfy their insatiable hunger, in the fields and deserts here and there the fellow killed his mate while he stooped to take up a root for his relief, and cutting out pieces of his body whom he had murdered, broiled the same on the coals and greedily devoured them.

By this mean[6] the company decreased, and the officers knew not what was become of them. And it fortuned that one of the company,[7] driven with hunger to seek abroad for relief, found out in the fields the savour of broiled flesh and fell out with one for that he would suffer him and his fellows to starve, enjoying plenty as he thought.

And this matter growing to cruel speeches, he that had the broiled meat burst out into these words, "If thou wouldst needs know, the broiled meat that I had was a piece of such a man's buttock."

The report of this brought to the ship, the captain found what became of those that were missing, and was persuaded that some of them were neither devoured with wild beasts nor yet destroyed with savages. And hereupon he stood up and made a notable oration,[8] containing how much these dealings offended the Almighty and vouched the Scriptures from first to last, what God had in cases of distress done for them that called upon

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1 <*> Master Dawbeny's report to Master Richard Hakluyt of the Temple [*Principal Navigations*' note]. On the elder Richard Hakluyt, see above, p. 639.

2 *the coming aloof* i.e., of those coming at a distance.

3 <*> They beheld the savages of Newfoundland [*Principal Navigations*' note].

4 *trails* slender pieces of cloth, hanging or trailing as a decoration.

5 <*> Extreme famine [*Principal Navigations*' note].

6 *mean* means, method.

7 <*> Our men eat one another for famine [*Principal Navigations*' note].

8 <*> The captain's oration [*Principal Navigations*' note].

him and told them that the power of the Almighty was then no less than in all former time it had been. And added that if it had not pleased God to have holpen[1] them in that distress that it had been better to have perished in body and to have lived everlastingly than to have relieved for a poor time their mortal bodies and to be condemned everlastingly both body and soul to the unquenchable fire of Hell. And thus having ended to that effect, he began to exhort to repentance and besought all the company to pray that it might please God to look upon their miserable present state and for his own mercy to relieve the same. The famine increasing and the inconvenience of the men that were missing being found, they agreed amongst themselves rather than all should perish to cast lots who should be killed. And such was the mercy of God that the same night there arrived a French ship in that port well-furnished with victual, and such was the policy of the English that they became masters of the same,[2] and changing ships and victualing them they set sail to come into England.

[...]

They arrived at Saint Ives in Cornwall about the end of October. From thence they departed unto a certain castle belonging to Sir John Luttrell, where Master Thomas Butts and Master Rastall[3] and other gentlemen of the voyage were very friendly entertained. After that they came to the Earl of Bath at Bath and thence to Bristol, so to London. Master Butts was so changed in the voyage with hunger and misery that Sir William, his father, and my lady, his mother, knew him not to be their son until they found a secret mark which was a wart upon one of his knees, as he told me, Richard Hakluyt of Oxford, himself, to whom I rode two hundred miles only[4] to learn the whole truth of this voyage from his own mouth, as being the only man now alive that was in this discovery.

Certain months after, those Frenchmen came into England and made complaint to King Henry VIII. The King, causing the matter to be examined and finding the great distress of his subjects and the causes of the dealing so with the French, was so moved with pity that he punished not his subjects, but of his own purse made full and royal recompense unto the French.[5]

In this distress of famine, the English did somewhat relieve their vital spirits by drinking at the springs the fresh water out of certain wooden cups, out of which they had drunk their aqua composita[6] before.

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[1] *holpen* obsolete form of "helped."

[2] <*> The English surprise a French ship, wherein they returned home [*Principal Navigations*' note]; *such was the policy of the English that they became masters of the same* i.e., they used cunning to steal the French ship.

[3] *Master Rastell* here, apparently, John Rastell, the younger, (c. 1497), the son of the much more famous John Rastell (c. 1475-1536). The senior Rastell was a lawyer, printer, and writer, whose abortive colonizing voyage to the New World in 1517 was sponsored by Henry VIII. When this expedition made landfall in Ireland instead of the Americas, he held his sailors responsible, calling them "Caitiffs [who] would take no pain to sail further" (J. Youings, *Sixteenth-Century England*, The Penguin Social History of Britain [London, 1984], p. 233). Although he never travelled further west than Ireland, he enthusiastically recommended New World exploration in *A new interlude and a merry of the nature of the four elements* (1519), a treatise which reveals the extent of very early English knowledge about North America. See Quinn, "North America," *Hakluyt Handbook*, vol. 1, p. 245.

[4] *only* solely.

[5] <*> The French royally compensated by King Henry VIII [*Principal Navigations*' note]. There is no independent corroboration of this part of Hakluyt's narrative. The entire expedition, however, seriously undermined the English appetite for North American exploration. It was the last such expedition in Henry VIII's reign. See Quinn, *England*, p. 189.

[6] *aqua composita* Latin, "compounded water"; according to Hugh Plat's *Delights for Ladies* (1602), a mixture of wine, ginger, and a variety of spices, used as a tonic and to ward off various ailments, from heartburn and indigestion to melancholy and memory loss.

A Report of the Voyage and Success Thereof, Attempted in the Year of Our Lord 1583 by Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Knight,[1] with Other Gentlemen Assisting Him in That Action, Intended to Discover and to Plant Christian Inhabitants in Place Convenient, upon Those Large and Ample Countries Extended Northward from the Cape of Florida, Lying under Very Temperate Climes, Esteemed Fertile and Rich in Minerals, yet Not in the Actual Possession of Any Christian Prince.

Written by Master Edward Hayes, Gentleman[2] and Principal Actor in the Same Voyage, Who Alone Continued unto the End, and by God's Special Assistance Returned Home with His Retinue Safe and Entire.

Many voyages have been pretended,[3] yet hitherto never any thoroughly accomplished, by our nation of exact discovery into the bowels of those main,[4] ample and vast countries extended infinitely into the north from 30 degrees, or rather from 25 degrees of septentrional[5] latitude; neither hath a right way been taken of planting a Christian habitation and regiment upon the same, as well may appear both by the little we yet do actually possess therein, and by our ignorance of the riches and secrets within those lands which unto this day we know chiefly by the travel and report of other nations, and most of the French: who albeit they cannot challenge[6] such right and interest unto the said countries as we; neither these many years have had opportunity nor means so great to discover and to plant[7] (being vexed with the calamities of intestine[8] wars) as we have had by the inestimable benefit of our long and happy peace; yet have they both ways performed more, and had long since attained a sure possession and settled government of many provinces in those northerly parts of America, if their many attempts into those foreign and remote lands had not been impeached by their garboils[9] at home.

The first discovery of these coasts[10] (never heard of before) was well begun by John Cabot the father, and Sebastian his son, an Englishman born, who were the first finders-out of all that great tract of land stretching from the cape of Florida unto those islands which we now call the New-found-land, all which they brought and annexed unto the crown of England.[11] Since

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[1] Sir Humphrey Gilbert (1537-83), explorer, navigator, and soldier, as well as step-brother of Sir Walter Ralegh. Gilbert devoted much of his life to war: he fought in Normandy, Ireland, and the Netherlands. He had from his earliest years, however, been interested in exploration, petitioning the Queen in 1566 for "privileges" concerning the discovery of the North-West Passage to Cathay. While the license for this exploration went to Martin Frobisher, Gilbert finally received in 1578 a charter from the Queen, including the right to be named governor of the new territories and to colonize them. Between 1579 and 1583, Gilbert raised enough money to sail for the New World on 11 June 1583. There were five ships in the company: The *Delight* (the fleet's admiral), the *Ralegh* (a barque, the largest of the vessels, provided by Walter Ralegh), the *Golden Hind* (commanded by Edward Hayes, see below), the *Swallow*, and the *Squirrel*. On 30 July he reached the N shores of Newfoundland, near the Straits of Belle Isle, and on 3 August entered St. John's Harbour (*DNB*, p. 1208).

[2] Edward Hayes (c. 1550-c.1613), seaman and promoter of colonization. His father was a merchant and erstwhile landowner. Hayes attended King's College, Cambridge, and was a long-time servant of William Cecil, Lord Burghley. Investor and participant in Gilbert's 1583 voyage to Newfoundland, he was an eyewitness to the events recorded here. His ship, the *Golden Hind*, was the only one to return from Gilbert's ill-fated voyage. Later, Hayes took up privateering during the Spanish war, but much of the rest of his life was given to promoting projects ranging from New World colonization to the development of a copper coinage for England. Almost all his projects came to nothing (*DNB*, *Missing Persons*, p. 297). For Edward Hayes's colonizing plans for Newfoundland, see Quinn's edition of some of his manuscripts in "Edward Hayes's Plans for English Control of Newfoundland, 1586" in *New American World*, vol. 3, pp. 124-38.

[3] *pretended* attempted.

[4] *main* said of a considerable, uninterrupted stretch of land.

[5] *septentrional* northern.

[6] *challenge* assert (their) title to, lay claim to.

[7] *plant* colonize.

[8] *intestine* internal, civil.

[9] *garboils* disturbances, tumults.

[10] <*> The coasts from Florida northward first discovered by the English nation [*Principal Navigations*' note].

[11] *The first discovery … England* John Cabot (Giovanni Caboto) (c. 1450-?99), an Italian explorer, whose journeys were sponsored by Henry VII and the Bristol merchant community in the late fifteenth century, undertook three voyages, which took him to Nova Scotia and later down the coast of North America as far as Chesapeake

when, if with like diligence the search of inland countries had been followed as the discovery upon the coast and out-parts thereof was performed by those two men, no doubt her Majesty's territories and revenue had been mightily enlarged and advanced by this day. And which is more, the seed of Christian religion had been sowed amongst those pagans, which by this time might have brought forth a most plentiful harvest and copious congregation of Christians; which must be the chief intent of such as shall make any attempt that way, or else whatsoever is builded upon other foundation shall never obtain happy success nor continuance.

And although we cannot precisely judge (which only belongeth to God) what have been the humours[1] of men stirred up to great attempts of discovering and planting in those remote countries, yet the events[2] do show that either God's cause hath not been chiefly preferred by them, or else God hath not permitted so abundant grace as the light of his word and knowledge of him to be yet revealed unto those infidels before the appointed time.

But most assuredly, the only cause of religion[3] hitherto hath kept back and will also bring forward at the time assigned by God an effectual and complete discovery and possession by Christians both of those ample countries and the riches within them hitherto concealed; whereof, notwithstanding, God in his wisdom hath permitted to be revealed from time to time a certain obscure and misty knowledge, by little and little to allure the minds of men that way (which else will be dull enough in the zeal of his cause) and thereby to prepare us unto a readiness for the execution of his will against[4] the due time ordained, of calling those pagans unto Christianity.

In the meanwhile, it behooveth every man of great calling,[5] in whom is any instinct of inclination unto this attempt, to examine his own motions; which if the same proceed of ambition or avarice, he may assure himself it cometh not of God, and therefore cannot have confidence of God's protection and assistance against the violence (else irresistible) both of sea, and infinite perils upon the land; whom God yet may use an instrument[6] to further his cause and glory some way, but not to build upon so bad a foundation.

Otherwise, if his motives be derived from a virtuous and heroical mind, preferring chiefly the honour of God; compassion of poor infidels captived by the Devil, tyrannizing in most wonderful[7] and dreadful manner over their bodies and souls; advancement of his honest and well-disposed countrymen, willing to accompany him in such honourable actions; relief of sundry people within this realm distressed: all these be honourable purposes, imitating the nature of the munificent God, wherewith he is well pleased, who will assist such an actor beyond expectation of man. And the same, who feeleth this inclination in himself, by all likelihood may hope, or rather confidently repose in the pre-ordinance of God,[8] that in this last age of the world[9] (or likely never) the time is complete of receiving also these gentiles into his mercy, and that God will raise him an instrument to effect the same: it seeming probable by event[10] of precedent

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Bay. His son Sebastian (c. 1470-?1557) by some accounts was born in Bristol, although Venice is also suggested. His voyages involved the search for the North-West passage through the Americas to the East, and took him (it appears) to what is now Hudson's Strait and Hudson's Bay, and perhaps as far south as Delaware Bay. With Henry VIII's relative lack of interest in exploration, Sebastian Cabot turned to other European patrons, serving the Spanish king, Charles I. He returned to England only after Henry's death to become the first governor of the Merchant Adventurers of England (1551) and himself the sponsor of expeditions to Russia in search of a NE passage to the East. See *Dict. History 1485-1789*, pp. 47-48.

1 *humours* mental qualities or tendencies.

2 *events* outcomes (of these actions of discovery and colonization).

3 *the only cause of religion* i.e., it is only the cause of religion.

4 *against* in preparation for.

5 <*> A fit consideration [*Principal Navigations*' note].

6 *use an instrument* i.e, use as an instrument.

7 *wonderful* such as to excite wonder or astonishment.

8 <*> Probable conjectures of these lands North of Florida, are reserved for the English nation to possess [*Principal Navigations*' note].

9 *last age of the world* the widely accepted notion that the world was fast-approaching the apocalypse (the end of the world) foretold in the Christian Scriptures, especially in the Book of Revelation and the Book of Daniel.

10 *event* [the] outcome.

attempts made by the Spaniards and French sundry times that the countries lying north of Florida God hath reserved the same to be reduced unto Christian civility by the English nation. For not long after that Christopher Columbus had discovered the islands and continent of the West Indies for Spain,[1] John and Sebastian Cabot made discovery also of the rest from Florida northwards to the behoof[2] of England.[3]

And whensoever afterwards the Spaniards[4] (very prosperous in all their southern discoveries) did attempt anything into Florida and those regions inclining towards the north, they proved most unhappy, and were at length discouraged utterly by the hard and lamentable success[5] of many, both religious and valiant in arms, endeavouring to bring those northerly regions also under the Spanish jurisdiction; as if God had prescribed limits unto the Spanish nation which they might not exceed, as by their own gests[6] recorded may be aptly gathered.

The French, as they can pretend less title unto these northern parts than the Spaniard,[7] by how much the Spaniard made the first discovery of the same continent so far northward as unto Florida, and the French did but review that before discovered by the English nation, usurping upon our right and imposing names upon countries, rivers, bays, capes, or headlands, as if they had been the first finders of those coasts (which injury we offered not unto the Spaniards, but left off to discover when we approached the Spanish limits); even so God hath not hitherto permitted them to establish a possession permanent upon another's right,[8] notwithstanding their manifold attempts in which the issue hath been no less tragical than that of the Spaniards, as by their own reports is extant.

Then seeing the English nation only hath right unto these countries of America from the cape of Florida northward by the privilege of first discovery,[9] unto which Cabot was authorised by regal authority and set forth by the expense of our late famous King Henry VII,[10] which right also seemeth strongly defended on our behalf by the powerful hand of almighty God withstanding the enterprises of other nations: it may greatly encourage us upon so just ground, as is our right, and upon so sacred an intent, as to plant religion (our right and intent being mete[11] foundations for the same) to prosecute effectually the full possession of those so ample and pleasant countries appertaining unto the crown of England; the same (as is to be conjectured by infallible arguments of the world's end approaching) being now arrived unto the time by God prescribed of their vocation,[12] if ever their calling unto the knowledge of God may be expected. Which also is very probable by the revolution and course of God's word and religion, which from the beginning hath moved from the East towards and, at last, unto the West, where it is like to end unless the same begin again where it did in the East, which were to expect a like world again.[13] But we are assured of the contrary by the prophecy of Christ, whereby we gather that after his word preached throughout the world shall be the end. And as the Gospel when it descended westward began in the south and afterward spread into the north of Europe,

[1] Between 1492 and 1502, Columbus (Cristóbal Colón) (c. 1451-1506) discovered Cuba, Haiti, Guadalupe, Puerto Rico, and other islands, as well as Jamaica, Trinidad, and the mainland of S. America, exploring the coast of Honduras, Nicaragua, and Panama. See *Dict. History 1485-1789*, pp. 101-02.

[2] *behoof* profit, advantage.

[3] See pp. 652-53, note 11. There does not seem to be any evidence that either of the Cabots sailed as far south down the coast of North America as Florida.

[4] <*> The Spaniards prosperous in the Southern discoveries, yet unhappy in these Northern [*Principal Navigations*' note].

[5] *success* fortune.

[6] *gests* notable deeds, exploits.

[7] <*> The French are but usurpers upon our right [*Principal Navigations*' note].

[8] <*> The French also unfortunate in those North parts of America [*Principal Navigations*' note].

[9] <*> A good encouragement for the English nation, to proceed in the conquests of the North of America [*Principal Navigations*' note].

[10] See above, pp. 652-53, note 11.

[11] *mete* proper, fit, appropriate.

[12] <*> The due time approacheth by all likelihood of calling these heathens unto Christianity [*Principal Navigations*' note].

[13] <*> The word of God moveth circularly [*Principal Navigations*' note].

even so as the same hath begun in the south countries of America, no less hope may be gathered that it will also spread into the north.

These considerations may help to suppress all dreads rising of hard events[1] in attempts made this way by other nations, as also of the heavy success and issue[2] in the late enterprise made by a worthy gentleman, our countryman Sir Humphrey Gilbert, knight, who was the first of our nation that carried people to erect a habitation and government in those northerly countries of America. About which, albeit he had consumed much substance and lost his life at last, his people also perishing for the most part, yet the mystery thereof we must leave unto God, and judge charitably both of the cause (which was just in all pretence[3]) and of the person, who was very zealous in prosecuting the same, deserving honourable remembrance for his good mind and expense of life in so virtuous an enterprise. Whereby, nevertheless, lest any man should be dismayed by example of other folk's calamity, and misdeem[4] that God doth resist all attempts intended that way, I thought good, so far as myself was an eyewitness, to deliver the circumstance and manner of our proceedings in that action: in which the gentleman was so unfortunately encumbered with wants, and worse matched with many ill-disposed people, that his rare judgement and regiment[5] premeditated for those affairs was subjected to tolerate abuses, and in sundry extremities to hold on a course more to uphold credit than likely in his own conceit happily to succeed.

The issue[6] of such actions, being always miserable not guided by God who abhoreth confusion and disorder, hath left this for admonition (being the first attempt by our nation to plant) unto such as shall take the same cause in hand hereafter not to be discouraged from it, but to make men well-advised how they handle his so high and excellent matters, as the carriage[7] is of his word into those very mighty and vast countries.[8] An action doubtless not to be intermedled with base purposes, as many have made the same but a colour to shadow actions otherwise scarce justifiable; which doth excite God's heavy judgements in the end,[9] to the terrifying of weak minds from the cause without pondering his just proceedings; and doth also incense foreign princes against our attempts how just soever, who cannot but deem the sequel very dangerous unto their state (if in those parts we should grow to strength), seeing the very beginnings are entered with spoil.[10]

And with this admonition denounced upon zeal towards God's cause, also towards those in whom appeareth disposition honourable unto this action of planting Christian people and religion in those remote and barbarous nations of America (unto whom I wish all happiness), I will now proceed to make relation briefly yet particularly[11] of our voyage undertaken with Sir Humphrey Gilbert, begun, continued, and ended adversely.

When first Sir Humphrey Gilbert undertook the western discovery of America, and had procured from her Majesty a very large commission to inhabit and possess at his choice all remote and heathen lands not in the actual possession of any Christian prince[12]—the same commission exemplified with many privileges such as in his discretion he might demand—very many gentlemen of good estimation drew unto him to associate him in so commendable an enterprise, so that the preparation was expected to grow unto a puissant[13] fleet able to encounter a king's power by

1 *hard events* unfortunate outcomes.

2 *heavy success and issue* distressing or grievous fortune and outcome.

3 *pretence* intention, purpose.

4 *misdeem* suppose mistakenly.

5 *regiment* here, ability to govern or rule.

6 *issue* outcome, result.

7 *carriage* carrying, conveyance.

8 <*> The planting of God's word must be handled with reverence [*Principal Navigations*' note].

9 <*> All actions coloured by pretence of planting upon remote lands [*Principal Navigations*' note].

10 *the very beginnings are entered with spoil* i.e., the initial stages of colonization are marked by the desire for material profit.

11 *particularly* in detail.

12 <*> The first and great preparation of Sir Humphrey Gilbert [*Principal Navigations*' note].

13 *puissant* mighty, powerful.

sea. Nevertheless, amongst a multitude of voluntary men, their dispositions were diverse, which bred a jar[1] and made a division in the end, to the confusion of that attempt even before the same was begun. And when the shipping was in a manner prepared and men ready upon the coast to go aboard, at that time some broke consort and followed courses degenerating from the voyage before pretended; others failed of their promises contracted; and the greater number were dispersed, leaving the general with few of his assured friends, with whom he adventured to sea. Where, having tasted of no less misfortune, he was shortly driven to retire home with the loss of a tall ship, and (more to his grief) of a valiant gentleman, Miles Morgan.[2]

Having buried only in a preparation a great mass of substance,[3] whereby his estate was impaired, his mind yet not dismayed, he continued his former designment and purpose to revive this enterprise, good occasion serving.[4] Upon which determination standing long, without means to satisfy his desire, at last he granted certain assignments out of his commission to sundry persons of mean[5] ability, desiring the privilege of his grant to plant and fortify in the north parts of America about the river of Canada,[6] to whom if God gave good success in the north parts (where then no matter of moment was expected) the same (he thought) would greatly advance the hope of the south, and be a furtherance unto his determination that way. And the worst that might happen in that course might be excused without prejudice unto him by the former supposition: that those north regions were of no regard; but chiefly a possession taken in any parcel of those heathen countries, by virtue of his grant, did invest him of territories extending every way two hundred leagues. Which induced Sir Humphrey Gilbert to make those assignments, desiring greatly their expedition, because his commission did expire after six years if in that space he had not gotten actual possession.[7]

[...] Monday following,[8] the general had his tent set up, who being accompanied with his own followers summoned the merchants and masters, both English and strangers, to be present at his taking possession of those countries.[9] Before whom openly was read and interpreted unto the strangers his commission. By virtue whereof he took possession in the same harbour of St. John and two hundred leagues every way; invested the Queen's Majesty with the title and dignity thereof; had delivered unto him (after the custom of England) a rod and a turf of the same soil, entering possession also for him, his heirs and assignees forever; and signified unto all men that from that time forward they should take the same land as a territory appertaining to the Queen of England; and himself authorised under her Majesty to possess and enjoy it, and to ordain laws for the government thereof agreeable (so near as conveniently might be) unto the laws of England, under which all people coming thither hereafter, either to inhabit or by way of traffic, should be subjected and governed. And especially, at the same time for a beginning, he pro-

[1] *jar* dispute, quarrel.

[2] Gilbert's first expedition in 1578 was a complete failure. He returned to Plymouth after less than two months at sea, his plans undermined by quarrelling and disagreements among the participants. Leaving again on 18 November 1578, the fleet returned in May 1579, after a fateful encounter with the Spanish at Cape Verde (*DNB*, p. 1207). Miles Morgan remains unidentified.

[3] <*> A constant resolution of Sir Humphrey Gilbert [*Principal Navigations*' note].

[4] For Gilbert, the outcome of his first failed expedition was poverty and debt, since he had sunk a great deal of his own money into it (*DNB*, p. 1207).

[5] *mean* poor, inferior.

[6] I.e., the St. Lawrence River (Quinn, *New American World*, vol. 3, p. 341).

[7] The only way Gilbert could raise sufficient funds for another Newfoundland expedition was to sell off some of the rights he had received to possess, colonize, and exploit this New World territory from the Crown (granted under his royal charter of 1584). He maintained control, however, by requiring purchasers to submit their planned enterprises to his ultimate authority (*DNB*, p. 1207).

[8] <*> August 5 [*Principal Navigations*' note]. Arriving in St. John's Harbour on Saturday 3 August, Gilbert surveyed the area the next day, and quickly named the harbour as the site of the colony's chief settlement (*DNB*, p. 1208).

[9] <*> Possession taken [*Principal Navigations*' note].

posed and delivered three laws to be in force immediately.[1] That is to say: the first for religion, which in public exercise should be according to the Church of England; the second for maintenance of her Majesty's right and possession of those territories, against which if anything were attempted prejudicial, the party or parties offending should be adjudged and executed as in case of high treason, according to the laws of England; the third, if any person should utter words sounding to the dishonour of her Majesty, he should lose his ears, and have his ship and goods confiscate.

These contents published, obedience was promised by general voice and consent of the multitude, as well of Englishmen as strangers, praying for continuance of this possession and government begun. After this, the assembly was dismissed. And afterward were erected not far from that place the arms of England engraven in lead and infixed upon a pillar of wood.[2] Yet further and actually to establish this possession taken in the right of her Majesty and to the behoof[3] of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, knight, his heirs and assignees forever, the general granted in fee farm[4] divers parcels of land lying by the water side, both in this harbour of St. John and elsewhere, which was to the owners a great commodity, being thereby assured (by their proper inheritance) of grounds convenient to dress and to dry their fish, whereof many times before they did fail, being prevented by them that came first into the harbour. For which grounds they did covenant to pay a certain rent and service unto Sir Humphrey Gilbert, his heirs or assignees forever, and yearly to maintain possession of the same by themselves or their assignees.

[...]

While the better sort of us were seriously occupied in repairing our wants and contriving of matters for the commodity of our voyage, others of another sort and disposition were plotting of mischief.[5] Some casting to steal away our shipping by night, watching opportunity by the generals and captains lying on the shore, whose conspiracies discovered, they were prevented. Others drew together in company and carried away out of the harbours adjoining a ship laden with fish, setting the poor men on shore. A great many more of our people stole into the woods to hide themselves, attending time and means to return home by such shipping as daily departed from the coast. Some were sick of fluxes[6] and many dead; and, in brief, by one means or other our company was diminished, and many by the general licensed to return home. Insomuch as after we had reviewed our people resolved to see an end of our voyage, we grew scant of men to furnish all our shipping.[7]

[...]

So upon Saturday in the afternoon the 31st of August,[8] we changed our course and returned back for England, at which very instant, even in winding about, there passed along between us and towards the land which we now forsook a very lion to our seeming,[9] in shape, hair and colour, not swimming after the manner of a beast by moving of his feet, but rather sliding upon the water with his whole body (excepting the legs) in sight, neither yet diving under and again rising above the water, as the manner is of whales, dolphins,

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1 <*> Three laws [*Principal Navigations*' note].

2 <*> Actual possession maintained in New-found-land [*Principal Navigations*' note].

3 *behoof* advantage, benefit, profit.

4 *fee farm* The owner of such a farm would hold it in fee-simple from Gilbert (i.e., the owner and his heirs would possess this land forever, without limitation to any particular class of heirs); in return, Gilbert would receive some kind of perpetual fixed rent, but he would not be entitled to any other services from the owner or his heirs.

5 <*> Misdemeanor in our company [*Principal Navigations*' note].

6 *flux* dysentery.

7 The first English colony had obvious problems from the outset: it was peopled by individuals unsuited to the project, including prisoners from English jails (*DNB*, p. 1208).

8 <*> August 31 [*Principal Navigations*' note]. Gilbert departed Newfoundland with the *Delight*, the *Squirrel*, and the *Golden Hind*—leaving behind the *Swallow* to ferry the sick and injured directly back to England—to explore the coast towards the south (*DNB*, p. 1208).

9 <*> A monster of the sea [*Principal Navigations*' note].

tunise,[1] porpoises and all other fish, but confidently showing himself above the water without hiding. Notwithstanding, we presented ourselves in open view and gesture to amaze him, as all creatures will be commonly at a sudden gaze and sight of men. Thus he passed along, turning his head to and fro, yawning and gaping wide with ugly demonstration of long teeth, and glaring eyes, and to bid us a farewell (coming right against the *Hind*) he sent forth a horrible voice, roaring or bellowing as doth a lion, which spectacle we all beheld so far as we were able to discern the same, as men prone to wonder at every strange thing, as this doubtless was, to see a lion in the ocean sea or fish in shape of a lion. What opinion others had thereof, and chiefly the general himself, I forbear to deliver. But he took it for *bonum omen*,[2] rejoicing that he was to war against such an enemy, if it were the Devil.

[...]

The weather fair, the general came aboard the *Hind* again,[3] to make merry together with the captain, master, and company, which was the last meeting, and continued there from morning until night.[4] During which time there passed sundry discourses touching affairs past and to come, lamenting greatly the loss of his great ship,[5] more of the men, but most of all of his books and notes, and what else I know not, for which he was out of measure grieved, the same doubtless being some matter of more importance than his books, which I could not draw from him.[6] Yet, by circumstance I gathered the same to be the ore which Daniel the Saxon had brought unto him in the New-found-land.[7] Whatsoever it was, the remembrance touched him so deep as, not able to contain himself, he beat his boy in great rage, even at the same time, so long after the miscarrying of the great ship, because upon a fair day, when we were becalmed upon the coast of Newfoundland, near unto Cape Race,[8] he sent his boy aboard the admiral[9] to fetch certain things, amongst which, this being chief, was yet forgotten and left behind. After which time he could never conveniently send again aboard the great ship, much less he doubted[10] her ruin so near at hand.

Herein my opinion was better confirmed diversely and by sundry conjectures, which maketh me have the greater hope of this rich mine. For whereas the general had never before good conceit[11] of these north parts of the world, now his mind was wholly fixed upon the New-found-land; and as before he refused not to grant assignments[12] liberally to them that required the same into these north parts, now he became contrarily affected, refusing to make any so large grants, especially of St. John's, which certain English merchants made suit for, offering to employ their money and travail[13] upon the same. Yet neither by their own suit nor of others of his own company,

[1] *tunise* Found in the Mediterranean and Atlantic, the tunny (tunise) it is one of the largest of food fishes, often reaching a length of ten feet.

[2] Latin, "good omen."

[3] <*> Our last conference with our general [*Principal Navigations*' note].

[4] On 2 September.

[5] On 29 August, the *Delight* (the admiral or chief ship of the fleet) ran aground and was destroyed on the "flats and shoals between Cape Breton Island and the edge of the bank of Newfoundland" (*DNB*, p. 1208); Quinn says, more specifically, that the ship struck aground on Sable Island (*England*, p. 238). Some few survivors made it to Newfoundland and from there were rescued by French sailors (*Principal Navigations*, vol. 3, pp. 156-57).

[6] <*> Circumstances to be well observed in our general, importing the ore to be of a silver mine [*Principal Navigations*' note]. See p. 658, note 7.

[7] *the ore which Daniel the Saxon had brought unto him in the New-found-land* Daniel remains unidentified. However, earlier in the narrative Gilbert's men have brought back mineral samples from Newfoundland which they believe contain silver. Gilbert's confident assertion that he expected Elizabeth I would lend him £10,000 for his next expedition suggests he believed that Newfoundland would prove an El Dorado. See below, p. 659, ll.765-85.

[8] *Cape Race* at the southern tip of Newfoundland, about 75 nautical miles from St. John's (Quinn, *England*, p. 177).

[9] See p. 652, note 1.

[10] *doubted* suspected.

[11] *conceit* opinion.

[12] *assignments* legal transference of a right or property; the document that effects or authorizes the transference.

[13] *travail* labour.

whom he seemed willing to pleasure, it could be obtained.

Also, laying down his determination in the spring following for disposing of his voyage then to be reattempted, he assigned the captain and master of the *Golden Hind* unto the south discovery, and reserved unto himself the north, affirming that this voyage had won his heart from the south, and that he was now become a northern man altogether. Last, being demanded what means he had at his arrival in England to compass the charges of so great preparation as he intended to make the next spring—having determined upon two fleets, one for the south, another for the north:

"Leave that to me," he replied. "I will ask a penny of no man. I will bring good tidings unto her Majesty, who will be so gracious to lend me £10,000," willing us therefore to be of good cheer. For he did thank God (he said) with all his heart for that he had seen, the same being enough for us all, and that we needed not to seek any further. And these last words he would often repeat, with demonstration of great fervency of mind, being himself very confident and settled in belief of inestimable good by this voyage; which the greater number of his followers nevertheless mistrusted altogether, not being made partakers of those secrets which the general kept unto himself. Yet all of them that are living may be witnesses of his words and protestations, which sparingly I have delivered.

Leaving the issue of this good hope unto God, who knoweth the truth only and can at his good pleasure bring the same to light, I will hasten to the end of this tragedy, which must be knit up in the person of our general.[1] And as it was God's ordinance upon him, even so the vehement persuasion and entreaty of his friends could nothing avail to divert him from a wilful resolution of going through in his frigate, which was overcharged upon their decks with fights,[2] netting, and small artillery, too cumbersome for so small a boat that was to pass through the ocean sea at that season of the year, when by course we might expect much storm of foul weather, whereof indeed we had enough.

But when he was entreated by the captain, master, and other his well-willers of the *Hind* not to venture in the frigate, this was his answer:[3]

"I will not forsake my little company going homeward with whom I have passed so many storms and perils."

And in very truth, he was urged to be so overhard by hard reports given of him, that he was afraid of the sea, albeit this was rather rashness than advised resolution to prefer the wind of a vain report to the weight of his own life.

[...]

Monday the 9th of September, in the afternoon, the frigate was near cast away, oppressed by waves, yet at that time recovered. And giving forth signs of joy, the general, sitting abaft[4] with a book in his hand, cried out unto us in the *Hind* (so oft as we did approach within hearing): "We are as near to Heaven by sea as by land!"[5] Reiterating the same speech, well-beseeming a soldier resolute in Jesus Christ, as I can testify he was.

The same Monday night, about twelve of the clock or not long after, the frigate being ahead of us in the *Golden Hind* suddenly her lights were out, whereof as it were in a moment we lost the sight; and withal our watch cried, "the general was cast away,"[6] which was too true. For in that moment the frigate was devoured and swallowed up of the sea. Yet still we looked out all that night and ever after, until we arrived upon the coast of England; omitting no small sail at sea, unto which we gave not the token between us agreed upon, to have perfect knowledge of each other, if we should at any time be separated.

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1 <*> Wilfulness in the general [*Principal Navigations*' note].

2 *fights* a kind of screen used during a naval engagement to conceal and protect the crew of the vessel. Usually in plural.

3 <*> A token of a good mind [*Principal Navigations*' note].

4 *abaft* in the after part or stern half of the ship.

5 <*> A resolute and Christianlike saying in a distress [*Principal Navigations*' note].

6 <*> Sir Humphrey Gilbert drowned [*Principal Navigations*' note].

In great torment of weather and peril of drowning, it pleased God to send safe home the *Golden Hind*,[1] which arrived at Falmouth, the 22nd day of September, being Sunday, not without as great danger escaped in a flaw[2]—coming from the southeast with such thick mist that we could not discern land—to put in right with the Haven.

[...]

All the men tired with the tediousness of so unprofitable a voyage (to their seeming),[3] in which their long expense of time, much toil and labour, hard diet and continual hazard of life was unrecompensed; their captain nevertheless by his great charges impaired greatly thereby, yet comforted in the goodness of God, and his undoubted providence following him in all that voyage, as it doth always those at other times, whosoever have confidence in him alone. Yet have we more near feeling and perseverance of his powerful hand and protection when God doth bring us together with others into one same peril, in which he leaveth them and delivereth us, making us thereby the beholders but not partakers of their ruin.

Even so, amongst very many difficulties, discontentments, mutinies, conspiracies, sicknesses, mortality, spoilings, and wracks by sea—which were afflictions more than in so small a fleet or so short a time may be supposed, albeit true in every particularity, as partly by the former relation may be collected, and some I suppressed with silence for their sakes living—it pleased God to support this company: of which only one man died of a malady inveterate and long infested, the rest kept together in reasonable contentment and concord, beginning, continuing, and ending the voyage; which none else did accomplish, either not pleased with the action or impatient of wants,[4] or prevented by death.

Thus have I delivered the contents of the enterprise and last action of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, knight, faithfully, for so much as I thought mete[5] to be published; wherein may always appear (though he be extinguished) some sparks of his virtues,[6] he remaining firm and resolute in a purpose by all pretence[7] honest and godly, as was this: to discover, possess, and to reduce unto the service of God and Christian piety those remote and heathen countries of America, not actually possessed by Christians, and most rightly appertaining unto the crown of England. Unto the which, as his zeal deserveth high commendation, even so he may justly be taxed of temerity and presumption (rather) in two respects.

First,[8] when yet there was only probability, not a certain and determinate place of habitation selected, neither any demonstration of commodity there in esse,[9] to induce his followers, nevertheless he both was too prodigal of his own patrimony and too careless of other men's expenses to employ both his and their substance upon a ground imagined good. The which falling, very like his associates were promised, and made it their best reckoning to be salved some other way, which pleased not God to prosper in his first and great preparation.

Secondly, when by his former preparation he was enfeebled of ability and credit to perform his designments (as it were, impatient to abide in expectation better opportunity and means which God might raise), he thrust himself again into the action for which he was not fit, presuming the cause pretended on God's behalf would carry him to the desired end. Into which, having thus made reentry he could not yield again to withdraw, though he saw no encouragement to proceed, lest his credit soiled in his first attempt in a second should utterly be disgraced. Between extremities

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1 <*> Arrival in England of the *Golden Hind* [*Principal Navigations*' note].

2 *flaw* a sudden burst or squall of wind.

3 <*> An ill recompense [*Principal Navigations*' note].

4 *wants* those things lacking.

5 *mete* appropriate, fit proper.

6 <*> Constancy in Sir Humphrey Gilbert [*Principal Navigations*' note].

7 *pretence* intention.

8 <*> His temerity and presumption [*Principal Navigations*' note].

9 *in esse* (medieval Latin phrase) in actual existence; as opposed to *in posse*, in potentiality.

he made a right aventure, putting all to God and good fortune, and (which was worst) refused not to entertain every person and means whatsoever to furnish out this expedition, the success whereof hath been declared.

But such is the infinite bounty of God, who from every evil deriveth good.[1] For besides that fruit may grow in time of our travelling into those northwest lands, the crosses, turmoils, and afflictions, both in the preparation and execution of this voyage, did correct the intemperate humours which before we noted to be in this gentleman, and made unsavoury and less delightful his other manifold virtues.

Then as he was refined, and made nearer drawing unto the image of God, so it pleased the divine will to resume him unto himself, whither both his and every other high and noble mind have always aspired.

[...]

The First Voyage Made to the Coasts of America,[2] with Two Barks, wherein Were Captains Master Philip Amadas and Master Arthur Barlowe,[3] Who Discovered Part of the Country Now Called Virginia, Anno 1584. Written by One of the Said Captains[4] and Sent to Sir Walter Ralegh, Knight, at Whose Charge and Direction the Said Voyage Was Set Forth.[5]

[...]

The 2nd of July we found shoal water,[6] where we smelt so sweet and so strong a smell[7] as if we had been in the midst of some delicate garden abounding with all kind of odoriferous flowers, by which we were assured that the land could not be far distant. And keeping good watch, and bearing

[1] <*> Afflictions needful in the children of God [*Principal Navigations*' note].

[2] This is the first narrative in the section dealing with voyages to Virginia.

[3] Little is known of Philip Amadas (sometimes, "Amadis") and Arthur Barlowe. Both were in Ralegh's service prior to their undertaking this voyage (Quinn, *New American World*, vol. 3, p. 282) and both were from Devonshire (C. Nicholl, *The Creature in the Map*, p. 25). Employing the ship's log, this account gives a very partial and highly-biased picture of Virginia as an earthly paradise; it was thus very useful for Ralegh in his New World lobbying efforts (Quinn, *New American World*, vol. 3, p. 276). Quinn conjectures that Amadas captained the *Bark Ralegh*, the ship that had fortunately been forced to abandon Gilbert's tragic 1583 voyage to Newfoundland, while Barlowe captained the *Dorothy*; both ships were Ralegh's (*New American World*, vol. 3, p. 276).

[4] *by One of the Said Captains* Barlowe (G.B. Parks, "Tudor Travel Literature: A Brief History," *Hakluyt Handbook*, vol. 1, pp. 111-12).

[5] *Sir Walter Ralegh … Forth* Ralegh received his letters patent from Elizabeth for the "free liberty and license ... to discover, search, find out and view such remote, heathen and barbarous lands, countries and territories not actually possessed by any Christian prince nor inhabited by Christian people; the same to have, hold, occupy and enjoy to him, his heirs and assigns forever" (qtd. in C. Nicholl, *The Creature in the Map*, p. 25). Soon after receiving his patent, Ralegh sent two ships to that part of the American coast between the settlements of northern Newfoundland and southern Florida. Previously known as Norumbega, Ralegh renamed this area "Virginia," in honour of his queen (ibid., p. 25).

[6] Amadas and Barlowe departed England on 27 April, setting sail first for Puerto Rico, before ultimately entering the Florida Channel—now, the Straits of Florida (Quinn, *England*, p. 255).

[7] <*> A sweet smell from the land [*Principal Navigations*' note].

but slack sail, the 4th of the same month we arrived upon the coast, which we supposed to be a continent and firm land,[1] and we sailed along the same a hundred and twenty English miles before we could find any entrance or river issuing into the sea.[2] The first that appeared unto us we entered, though not without some difficulty, and cast anchor about three harquebus[3] shot within the haven's mouth, on the left hand of the same. And after thanks given to God for our safe arrival thither, we manned our boats, and went to view the land next adjoining, and[4] to take possession of the same in the right of the Queen's most excellent majesty, as rightful queen and princess of the same, and after delivered the same over to your use, according to her Majesty's grant and letters patent, under her Highness's great seal.

Which being performed according to the ceremonies used in such enterprises, we viewed the land about us, being, whereas we first landed, very sandy and low towards the water's side,[5] but so full of grapes as the very beating and surge of the sea overflowed them, of which we found such plenty—as well there as in all places else, both on the sand and on the green soil on the hills, as in the plains, as well on every little shrub, as also climbing towards the tops of high cedars—that I think in all the world the like abundance is not to be found. And myself having seen those parts of Europe that most abound find such difference as were incredible to be written.

We passed from the seaside towards the tops of those hills next adjoining, being but of mean height,[6] and from thence we beheld the sea on both sides to the north and to the south, finding no end any of both ways. This land lay stretching itself to the west, which after we found to be but an island of twenty miles long and not above six miles broad. Under the bank or hill whereon we stood, we beheld the valleys replenished with goodly cedar trees; and having discharged our harquebus shot, such a flock of cranes (the most part white) arose under us, with such a cry redoubled by many echoes as if an army of men had shouted all together.

[...]

The next day there came unto us divers boats, and in one of them the King's brother,[7] accompanied with forty or fifty men, very handsome and goodly people, and in their behaviour as mannerly and civil as any of Europe. His name was Granganimeo, and the king is called Wingina, the country Wingandacoa, and now, by her Majesty, Virginia. The manner of his coming was in this sort: he left his boats altogether as the first man did a little from the ships by the shore, and came along to the place over against the ships, followed with forty men. When he came to the place, his servants spread a long mat upon the ground, on which he sat down, and at the other end of the mat four others of his company did the like; the rest of his men stood round about him, somewhat afar off. When we came to the shore to him with our weapons, he never moved from his place, nor any of the other four, nor never mistrusted any harm to be offered from us, but sitting still he beckoned us to come and sit by him, which we performed. And being set[8] he made all signs of joy and welcome, striking on his head and his breast and afterwards on ours to show we were all one, smiling and making show the best he could of all love and familiarity. After he had made a long speech unto us, we presented him with divers

[1] *firm land* the mainland as opposed to an island.

[2] <*> The first river [*Principal Navigations*' note]. On the difficulties in determining exactly which of the North Carolina islands Amadas and Barlowe initially made landfall on, see Quinn, *England*, pp. 254-57.

[3] *harquebus* an early type of portable gun, varying in size from a small cannon to a musket, which on account of its weight was, when used in the field, supported upon a tripod.

[4] <*> July 13 possession taken [*Principal Navigations*' note].

[5] <*> Abundance of grapes [*Principal Navigations*' note].

[6] <*> The Isle of Wokokon [*Principal Navigations*' note].

[7] <*> The arrival of the king's brother [*Principal Navigations*' note]. The English never met the King himself; as Barlowe notes elsewhere, at this time King Wingina was recuperating from a gunshot wound he had received from the king of a neighbouring country.

[8] I.e., and once we had sat down.

things, which he received very joyfully and thankfully. None of the company durst speak one word all the time. Only the four which were at the other end spoke one in the other's ear very softly.

[...]

After we had presented this his brother with such things as we thought he liked, we likewise gave somewhat to the others that sat with him on the mat. But presently he arose and took all from them and put it into his own basket, making signs and tokens that all things ought to be delivered unto him, and the rest were but his servants and followers. A day or two after this, we fell to trading with them, exchanging some things that we had for chamois, buff,[1] and deer skins.[2] When we showed him all our packet of merchandise, of all things that he saw a bright tin dish most pleased him, which he presently took up and clapped it before his breast, and after made a hole in the brim thereof and hung it about his neck,[3] making signs that it would defend him against his enemies' arrows; for those people maintain a deadly and terrible war with the people and king adjoining. We exchanged our tin dish for twenty skins, worth twenty crowns or twenty nobles, and a copper kettle for fifty skins, worth fifty crowns. They offered us good exchange for our hatchets and axes and for knives, and would have given anything for swords, but we would not depart with any.

After two or three days the King's brother came aboard the ships and drank wine, and ate of our meat and of our bread, and liked exceedingly thereof. And after a few days overpassed, he brought his wife with him to the ships, his daughter and two or three children. His wife was very well-favoured, of mean stature[4] and very bashful. She had on her back a long cloak of leather, with the fur side next to her body, and before her a piece of the same. About her forehead she had a band of white coral,[5] and so had her husband many times. In her ears she had bracelets of pearls hanging down to her middle (whereof we delivered your Worship a little bracelet), and those were of the bigness of good peas. The rest of her women of the better sort had pendants of copper hanging in either ear, and some of the children of the King's brother and other noblemen have five or six in either ear. He himself had upon his head a broad plate of gold or copper, for being unpolished we knew not what metal it should be, neither would he by any means suffer us to take it off his head, but feeling it, it would bow very easily.[6] His apparel was as his wife's, only the women wear their hair long on both sides and the men but on one. They are of colour yellowish and their hair black for the most part, and yet we saw children that had very fine auburn and chestnut-coloured hair.

After that these women had been there, there came down from all parts great store of people, bringing with them leather, coral, divers kinds of dyes very excellent, and exchanged with us. But when Granganimeo, the King's brother, was present, none durst trade but himself, except such as wear red pieces of copper on their heads like himself, for that is the difference between the noblemen and the governors of countries, and the meaner sort. And we both noted there, and you have understood since by these men which we brought home, that no people in the world carry more respect to their king, nobility, and governors than these do. The King's brother's wife, when she came to us (as she did many times), was followed with forty or fifty women always. And when she came into the ship, she left them all on land, saving her two daughters, her nurse, and one or two more. The King's brother always kept this order: as many boats as he would come withal to the ships, so many fires would he make on the shore afar off, to the end we might understand with what strength and company he approached.

[1] *chamois* antelope skins; *buff* buffalo.

[2] <*> Traffic with the Savages [*Principal Navigations*' note].

[3] <*> Tin much esteemed [*Principal Navigations*' note].

[4] *of mean stature* short.

[5] <*> White coral Pearls [*Principal Navigations*' note].

[6] Its malleability made it more likely to be gold than copper.

[...]

And the evening following, we came to an island which they call Roanoke,[1] distant from the harbour by which we entered seven leagues. And at the north end thereof was a village of nine houses, built of cedar and fortified round about with sharp trees to keep out their enemies, and the entrance into it made like a turnpike[2] very artificially.[3] When we came towards it, standing near unto the water's side, the wife of Granganimeo, the King's brother, came running out to meet us very cheerfully and friendly; her husband was not then in the village. Some of her people she commanded to draw our boat on shore for the beating of the billow. Others she appointed to carry us on their backs to the dry ground, and others to bring our oars into the house for fear of stealing. When we were come into the outer room,[4] having five rooms in her house, she caused us to sit down by a great fire, and after took off our clothes and washed them, and dried them again. Some of the women plucked off our stockings and washed them, some washed our feet in warm water, and she herself took great pains to see all things ordered in the best manner she could, making great haste to dress some meat for us to eat.

After we had thus dried ourselves, she brought us into the inner room,[5] where she set on the board standing along the house some wheat like frumenty;[6] sodden[7] venison and roasted; fish sodden, boiled, and roasted; melons raw and sodden; roots of divers kinds, and divers fruits. Their drink is commonly water, but while the grape lasteth they drink wine, and for want of casks to keep it, all the year after they drink water, but it is sodden with ginger in it and black cinnamon, and sometimes sassafras and divers other wholesome and medicinable herbs and trees. We were entertained with all love and kindness, and with as much bounty (after their manner) as they could possibly devise. We found the people most gentle, loving, and faithful, void of all guile and treason, and such as live after the manner of the golden age.[8] The people only care how to defend themselves from the cold in their short winter, and to feed themselves with such meat as the soil affordeth. Their meat is very well sodden and they make broth very sweet and savoury. Their vessels are earthen pots, very large, white, and sweet; their dishes are wooden platters of sweet timber. Within the place where they feed was their lodging, and within that their idol, which they worship,[9] of whom they speak incredible things.

While we were at meat, there came in at the gates two or three men with their bows and arrows from hunting, whom when we espied we began to look one towards another, and offered to reach our weapons. But as soon as she espied our mistrust, she was very much moved, and caused some of her men to run out, and take away their bows and arrows and break them, and withal beat the poor fellows out of the gate again. When we departed in the evening and would not tarry all night, she was very sorry, and gave us into our boat our supper half dressed, pots and all, and brought us to our boat side, in which we lay all night, removing the same a pretty distance from the shore. She, perceiving our jealousy,[10] was much grieved, and sent

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[1] <*> Roanoke Island [*Principal Navigations*' note]. Roanoke Island, off the coast of North Carolina, was the site of the first serious English attempt to colonize the eastern coast of North America. Three expeditions (1585, 1586, and 1587) landed colonists on Roanoke; however, none of the colonies survived. For contemporary accounts of these ill-fated and tragic attempts at colonization, see Quinn, *New American World: A Documentary History of North America to 1612—English Plans for North America. The Roanoake Voyages*, New England Ventures, vol. 3 (New York, 1979). See also Quinn, *Set Fair for Roanoke: Voyages and Colonies, 1584-1606* (Chapel Hill, 1985).

[2] *turnpike* a spiked barrier fixed in or across a road or passage, as a defence against sudden attack.

[3] *artificially* skilfully.

[4] <*> The great kindness of the King's brother's wife [*Principal Navigations*' note].

[5] <*> A solemn banquet [*Principal Navigations*' note].

[6] *frumenty* a wheat or spelt which could be used to make a coarse meal, like oatmeal.

[7] *sodden* boiled.

[8] *golden age* In classical literature, the golden age was the age of original human and natural perfection.

[9] <*> Their Idol [*Principal Navigations*' note].

[10] *jealousy* suspicion, mistrust.

divers men and thirty women to sit all night on the bank side by us, and sent us into our boats fine mats to cover us from the rain, using very many words to entreat us to rest in their houses. But because we were few men, and if we had miscarried the voyage had been in very great danger, we durst not adventure anything, though there was no cause of doubt,[1] for a more kind and loving people there cannot be found in the world, as far as we have hitherto had trial.

[...]

—1600

[1] *doubt* suspicion.

Lady Elizabeth Cooke Hoby Russell
1528-1609

As the third of the five daughters of Sir Anthony Cooke—reformist tutor to Edward VI, and Lady Anne Fitzwilliam Cooke—Elizabeth Russell was born into a family at the nexus of intellectual and political power throughout Elizabeth I's reign. The accomplishments of the Cooke sisters earned the household at Gidea Hall a reputation as a "female university."[1] As well as developing fluency in Latin, Greek, French, and Italian, the Cooke daughters became acquainted with a network of politically active young humanists who became highly influential in the latter half of the century. Mildred, the eldest, married William Cecil, Elizabeth I's chief secretary; Anne married Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal; and Katherine married Sir Henry Killigrew, one of Elizabeth I's diplomats. The youngest Cooke sister, Margaret, died young. Elizabeth married Sir Thomas Hoby and, after his death, John, Lord Russell. Both of these men were active in literary and political circles. Hoby was a diplomat and scholar whose highly influential translation of Castiglione's *The Courtier*, a set of dialogues discussing the ethical, intellectual, military, and athletic qualifications of the ideal courtier, was published in 1561. Through the 1550s and 1560s, the sisters moved in a circle of international reformists, which included figures like Barnardino Ochino, John Ponet, and Theodore Beza. By 1572, the sisters' focus grew local as they acted in defence of Anne Locke's second husband. Edward Dering, a young and radical preacher, had insulted the Queen in a sermon when he argued that her tolerance of poorly educated clergy and corrupt leadership in the English Church was sinful. A volume, channelled to the Queen through Robert Dudley, earl of Leicester and one of Elizabeth's favourites, was compiled with the goal of restoring royal toleration of Dering. In it, a learned work by Bartolo Sylva was prefaced by dedicatory poems in Greek and Latin composed by the Cooke sisters.[2]

Russell's own work reflects a mingling of political concerns with the personal and familial. Her translation of John Ponet's *A Way of Reconciliation of a Good and Learned Man, Touching the Truth, Nature and Substance of the Body and Blood of Christ in the Sacrament* entered a hot debate within the English Church over Eucharistic doctrine. After the Elizabethan Settlement of 1559, which re-established the English Church independent of Rome, there was a perception, both internally and abroad, that the Church was splintering into a collection of schismatic sects. An early effort to produce unity came with Bishop John Jewel's *Apologia Ecclesiae Anglicanae* (1562), translated as *An Apology of the Church of England* (1564) by Russell's sister, Anne Cooke Bacon. One of the matters under dispute was the degree to which Christ was present in the bread and wine of the Eucharist, with the more Catholic factions arguing that Christ was carnally present and the more reformist for the idea that Christ's presence was purely symbolic. Russell's husband, Thomas Hoby, translated a work by Martin Bucer, whose views on transubstantiation appear to have strongly influenced the writers of the *Apologia*.[3] Ponet's conciliatory text argues that historical scholarship shows the participants in the debate to have shared beliefs about the Sacrament as, to some degree, symbolic, and transubstantiation as a spiritual rather than material process. Russell's preface represents her, too, as a peacemaker seeking to ameliorate division over the issue of Communion. Ponet's work was originally published by Anthony Cooke in 1557, while he was in exile on the Continent during Mary's reign,[4] and the comment in her dedicatory epistle that Ponet "in his life approved my translation with his own allowance" indicates Russell likely did the work around that time. Her translation was not printed until 1605, when the issue of the orientation and unity of the English Church arose again with the arrival of the new king, James I.

The other body of work for which Russell is known is funerary verse in Latin, Greek, and English, a genre that reflects the reality of mortality as both intensely private and very public. Outliving two husbands and four of her seven

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[1] L. Schleiner, *Tudor and Stuart Women Writers* (Indiana, 1994), p. 34.

[2] For an account of this incident, see ibid., pp. 39-40.

[3] M.E. Lamb, "The Cooke Sisters: Attitudes toward Learned Women of the Renaissance," *Silent But For the Word: Tudor Women as Patrons, Translators, and Writers of Religious Works*, ed. M. Hannay (Kent, 1985), p. 112.

[4] E. Beilin, ed., *Protestant Translators: Anne Lock Prowse and Elizabeth Russell, The Early Modern Englishwoman*, ed. B. Travitsky and A. Lake Prescott (Aldershot, 2001), p. xi.

children,[1] Russell experienced a set of losses not unusual for women in this period, but for her they became the basis for literary production. On one hand, her mortuary verse is highly personal, mourning as it does the loss of family members; yet both language and location frequently render it more authoritative and public. In the selections below, Latin, Greek, and English are used to celebrate the lives of Russell's sister, brother-in-law, and husband. While the poem for Philip and Thomas Hoby that adorns their tomb in the Bisham church indicates Russell's personal grief, its details emphasize the successful political lives of both men. Even more public is the monument on which her cycle of Greek and Latin verses for her second husband, John Russell, appears. This combination of personal grief and panegyric is located in Westminster Abbey, the meeting place for the nation's politics and its religion.

EDITIONS: *A way of reconciliation of a good and learned man.* London: R. Barker, 1605. STC 21456; "Verse on the Hoby Tombs at Bisham" and "Elizabethae in Obitum Katharinae Sororis Epicaedia" in Louise Schleiner, *Tudor and Stuart Women Writers.* Bloomington: Indiana UP, 1994, pp. 205-06 and 210; and "A Lamentation for the Death of Mrs K. Killigrew" in George Ballard, *Memoirs of Several Ladies of Great Britain.* Oxford: W. Jackson, 1752, p. 206.

Selected Mortuary Verse

Verse on the Hoby Tombs at Bisham

Two worthy knights, and Hobys both by name
Inclosed within this marble stone doth rest;
Philip,[2] the first, in Caesar's court[3] hath fame,
Such as tofore[4] few legates like possessed.
A deep discovering head, a noble breast,
A courtier passing, and a courteous knight,
Zealous to God, whose gospel he professed
When greatest storms gan dim the sacred light.
A happy man, whom death hath now redeemed
From care to joy, that cannot be esteemed.
Thomas[5] in France possessed the legate's place,
And with such wisdom grew to guide the same
As had encreased great honour to his race,
If sudden Fate had not envied his fame.
Firm in God's truth, gentle and faithful friend,
Well learned and languaged, Nature beside
Gave comely shape, which made rueful his end,
Since in his flower in Paris town he died,
Leaving with child behind his woeful wife,
In foreign land oppressed with heaps of grief,
From part of which, when she discharged was
By fall of tears, that faithful wives do shed,
The corpse, with honour, brought she to this place,
Performing here all due unto the dead.
That done, this noble tomb she caused to make,
And both these brethren closed within the same,
A memory left here for virtue's sake,
In spite of death to honour them with fame.
Thus live they dead, and we learn well thereby,
That ye, and we, and all the world must die.

—composed, c. 1566

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1 Schleiner, *Tudor and Stuart Women Writers*, p. 46.

2 *Philip* Philip Hoby (1505-58), Russell's brother-in-law and a diplomat.

3 *Caesar's court* the court of Charles V, Holy Roman Emperor, to which Philip Hoby was posted in 1548 and 1553.

4 *tofore* previously, before.

5 *Thomas* Thomas Hoby (1530-66), Russell's first husband, diplomat, and translator.

Elizabethae in Obitum Katharinae Sororis Epicaedia.

Εὐσεβίης, διδαχῆς, χομψείας, σεμνὸν ἄγαλμα,
Μειλιχιοῦ τε τρόπου, νήλεϊ πίπτε μορῷ.
Ἧς Καθαρίνα γλυχέια διχοτμηθεῖσα άδελφῆς,
Ἁρμονιὴν αύλῇ νῦν ποθέουσα πόλου.

Chara in valeto soror, in coelo morte triumphas,
Mors tua vita tibi, mors tamen illa tuis.
Mens tua labe carens, pietas, doctrina, modesta
Vita, lepos suavis digna fuere Deo.
Ut junxit sanguis, nos jungat in aethere Christus:
Interea taceo mortua morte tua.

A Lamentation for the Death of Mrs K. Killigrew[1]

By rig'rous fate, tho' learned, pious, fair,
She fell; no eloquence persuaded there.
Untimely snatch'd, sweet Katherine farewell,
'Tis thine in heav'nly harmony to dwell!

Farewell, dear sister, you shall Heav'n enjoy,
Crown'd by that death which does thy friends destroy.
Free was thy mind from ev'ry vicious stain,
Wit, learning, grace, did in thy bosom reign.
Thy blameless life well merited that Heav'n,
Which to thy hopes, (alas!) was early giv'n.
As blood on earth our friendly bosoms join'd,
Our souls, above, shall be in Christ combin'd.
Meantime in silence I thy death deplore,
Death by that fatal stroke, I can no more!

—composed, c. 1583

[1] *Mrs. K. Killigrew* Russell's sister, Katherine (?1530-83). The verses that follow translate the Greek and Latin texts above.

from *A Way of Reconciliation of a Good and Learned Man, Touching the Truth, Nature and Substance of the Body and Blood of Christ in the Sacrament.*

Translated out of Latin into English by the Right Honourable Lady Elizabeth Russell, Dowager.[2]

To the Right Honourable the Lord John Russell, Baron and Son and Heir to Francis, Earl of Bedford.

The Author to the Reader.

To seek the atonement[3] of men is to be commended and it hath a sure promise of God: blessed be the peace-makers.[4] But I fear me, lest in greedily following the same, it happen to me which chanceth to them that part frays,[5] while they seek others' safety, they bear the blows themselves. And I, while I study to make enemies friends, perhaps shall have small thanks of them. Which if it happen, the example of him shall comfort me, which said, "If I should please men, I should not be the servant of Christ."[6] Farewell, and endeavour thyself to please Christ.

To the Right Honourable My Most Entirely Beloved and Only Daughter, the Lady Anne Herbert,[7] Wife to the Lord Henry Herbert, Son and Heir Apparent to Edward the Most Noble Earl of Worcester.

Most virtuous and worthily beloved daughter, even as from your first birth and cradle I ever was most careful, above any worldly thing, to have you suck the perfect milk of sincere religion, so willing

[2] *Dowager* widow.

[3] *atonement* reconciliation, harmony.

[4] *blessed be the peace-makers* one of the petitions from the Sermon on the Mount (Matthew 5:3-11).

[5] *frays* skirmishes, conflicts

[6] *If I should please men … servant of Christ* See St. Paul in Galatians 1:10.

[7] *Lady Anne Herbert* Elizabeth Russell's only surviving daughter.

to end as I began, I have left to you, as my last legacy, this book. A most precious jewel to the comfort of your soul, being the work of a most good, learned, and worthy man, made above fifty years since in Germany, after by travail[1] a French creature, now naturalized by me into English like to his learned author, to whom from my part most honour and service is due. Surely at the first I meant not to have set it abroad in print, but myself only to have some certainty to lean unto, in a matter so full of controversy,[2] and to yield a reason of my opinion. But since by my lending the copy of mine own hand to a friend, I am bereft thereof by some, and fearing lest after my death it should be printed according to the humours of other and wrong of the dead, who in his life approved my translation with his own allowance, therefore dreading, I say, wrong to him above any other respect, I have by anticipation prevented the worst. I meant this to you, good daughter, for a New Year's gift, but altered by grief for your brother's broken arm. Farewell, my good sweet Nanne.[3] God bless thee with the continuance of the comfort of his Holy Spirit, that it may ever work in you, and persevere with you to the end, and in the end.

—1605

[1] *travail* labour.

[2] *matter so full of controversy* the question of transubstantiation (see above, p. 666).

[3] *Nanne* diminutive of Anne.

Fulke Greville, first Baron Brooke of Beauchamps Court
1554-1628

Most famous now as the intimate friend and biographer of Sir Philip Sidney, Fulke Greville came from a wealthy and well-connected Warwickshire family. Educated at Shrewsbury School and Jesus College (Cambridge), Greville impressed the young Sir Philip Sidney, who wrote in his childhood primer, "Fulke Greville is a good boy." As early as 1576, Sidney's father, Sir Henry Sidney, used his influence to gain the young man several offices, including clerk of the Council and clerk of the Signet (1577), as well as secretary to the Council of the Marches (1583). However, like Philip Sidney, Greville had his eye on the greater honours associated with a court career. Like Sidney, Greville became a favourite with Elizabeth I, but unlike Sidney he managed to retain her favour, although his desire to travel (against her wishes) led to some conflict. In the summer of 1585, both Greville and Sidney were preparing to join Drake on his expedition to the Spanish West Indies, but Elizabeth forbade their participation; later in 1597, the earl of Essex offered Greville the opportunity to travel to the Azores, but the Queen again refused permission. Greville's desire to participate in the military service so prized by Elizabethan gentlemen was also frustrated by Elizabeth's desire to keep her favourite close. Greville's desire to join Leicester's army in its 1586 expedition to the Low Countries met with the Queen's implacable opposition, although she allowed Sidney to go, leading to his tragic death at Zutphen on the 17th of October. After the Queen's refusal to allow him to travel to the Azores, Greville threw himself into civil service, holding a number of important offices and exercising his influence with Elizabeth in support of Francis Bacon's successful bid to become solicitor-general. Between 1603 and 1614, Greville's career stalled somewhat, and during this period he penned "A Treatise of Monarchy" and "A Dedication to Sir Philip Sidney," more commonly known as *Life of Sidney*, composed between 1610 and 1612.[1] Later under James I, however, Greville did achieve truly high office (chancellor and under-treasurer of the Exchequer [1614]; commissioner of the Treasury), and was made Baron Brooke in January 1620-21. His successful and lengthy career came to an unexpectedly violent end: he died of wounds inflicted by a long-time servant, disgruntled that he had been over-looked in Greville's will.

Although Greville was a friend to Edmund Spenser and a generous patron to a wide variety of writers (from the historian William Camden to the poets Daniel and Davies to the dramatist William d'Avenant), his earliest verse, particularly many of the early "Caelica" poems, seems to have arisen largely from emulating the examples of Sidney and Edward Dyer. Sidney's death was a serious blow to Greville, and his love and admiration for his friend are evident in Greville's continued attempts to protect Sidney's memory and literary reputation. He edited the first edition of Sidney's *Arcadia* before it was finally printed in 1590. However, Greville's actions as the self-appointed protector of Sidney's personal and literary legacy seem to have been contested by Sidney's sister, Mary, countess of Pembroke: she had her own version of the *Arcadia* published three years later.[2] The works Greville produced before 1603 show an increasing commitment to the political, religious, and philosophical issues which some of the later "Caelica" poems had begun to explore. During this time, Greville wrote his Senecan closet dramas (*Mustapha*, *Alaham*, and *Antony and Cleopatra*), which explore the spiritual, personal, and political dilemma of an individual in an absolute monarchy; a "Letter to an Honourable Lady" advocates a Stoic approach to these and other problems. Of these works, only *Mustapha* was published in Greville's lifetime (in 1609), and Greville himself understood all too well the politically-charged and thus personally-dangerous nature of his dramas in particular. Fearing that his *Antony and Cleopatra* might be seen as a commentary on Essex's attempted coup d'etat, he destroyed all his copies.[3] After 1621, when he lost his treasury office, Greville produced his other major works, "A Treatise of Humane Learning," "A Treatise of Wars," and "A Treatise of Religion." Even when his works were finally printed in 1633,[4] the more controversial were omitted, including "A Treatise on

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1 J. Gouws, "Fulke Greville," *DNB online*, 2005

2 Ibid.

3 Ibid.

4 *Certain Learned and Elegant Works of the Right Honourable Fulke, Lord Brooke, Written in his Youth and Familiar Exercise with Sir Philip Sidney* (London).

Monarchy" (which was highly critical of the institution), "A Treatise on Religion," and indeed the "Dedication." The latter, certainly the best-known and arguably the most influential of Greville's works, was published finally in 1652, a time when the English public would be more sympathetic towards its critical attitude to the Stuarts and its promotion of a uncompromisingly hostile anti-Catholic foreign policy.

EDITION: "Caelica, containing CIX Sonnets" contained in *Certaine learned and elegant workes of the Right Honourable Fulke Lord Brooke written in his youth, and familiar exercise with Sir Philip Sidney*. London: Printed by E[lizabeth] P[urslowe] for Henry Seyle, 1633.

from *Caelica, Containing CIX Sonnets*[1]

XXII (22)

I with whose colours Myra dressed her head,
I, that wore posies of her own hand-making,
I, that mine own name in the chimneys read
By Myra finely wrought ere I was waking:
Must I look on, in hope time coming may
With change bring back my turn again to play?

I, that on Sunday at the church-stile[2] found,
A garland sweet, with true-love knots in flowers,
Which I to wear about mine arm was bound,
That each of us might know that all was ours:
Must I now lead an idle life in wishes?
And follow Cupid for his loaves and fishes?[3]

I, that did wear the ring her mother left,
I, for whose love she gloried to be blamed,
I, with whose eyes her eyes committed theft,
I, who did make her blush when I was named:
Must I lose ring, flowers, blush, theft and go naked,
Watching with sighs, till dead love be awaked?

I, that when drowsy Argus[4] fell asleep,
Like jealousy o'erwatched with desire,
Was even warned modesty to keep,
While her breath speaking kindled Nature's fire:
Must I look on a-cold, while others warm them?
Do Vulcan's brothers in such fine nets arm them?[5]

Was it for this that I might Myra see,
Washing the water with her beauties, white?
Yet would she never write her love to me;
Thinks wit of change while thoughts are in delight?
Mad girls must safely love, as they may leave,
No man can print a kiss, lines may deceive.

[1] The "Caelica poems" were composed over many years, although most were probably "begun between 1577 and 1580," with critics disagreeing on when they were completed (J. Rees, *Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, 1554-1628: A Critical Biography* [London, 1971], pp. 78-79).

[2] *church-stile* the stile (an entrance through a fence or hedge which allows people through, but serves as a barrier to sheep or cattle) giving entrance to the churchyard.

[3] *And follow Cupid for his loaves and fishes* a reference to the miracle whereby Christ made five loaves of bread and two fish feed 5,000. Even when each person had eaten all he or she wanted, there was enough bread left over to fill twelve baskets (John 6:8-14, Matthew 14:13-21, Mark 6:32-44, Luke 9:10-17).

[4] *Argus* a mythical creature with a hundred eyes; since only two were ever closed at once, he was appointed by Juno to guard Io, a beautiful maiden whom Jupiter had transformed into a heifer in an attempt to hide her from his wife.

[5] a reference to Vulcan, the god of the forge, who trapped his brother, Mars, the god of war, and Vulcan's wife, Venus, under a net while they were making love. See ll. 24-28.

LVI (56)[1]

All my senses, like beacons' flame,
Gave alarum to desire
To take arms in Cynthia's name,
And set all my thoughts on fire:
Fury's wit persuaded me,
Happy love was hazard's heir,
Cupid did best shoot and see
In the night where smooth is fair;
Up I start believing well
To see if Cynthia were awake;
Wonders I saw, who can tell?
And thus unto myself I spake:
"Sweet god Cupid where am I,
That by pale Diana's[2] light,
Such rich beauties do espy,
As harm our senses with delight?
Am I borne up to the skies?
See where Jove and Venus[3] shine,
Showing in her heavenly eyes
That desire is divine;
Look where lies the Milken Way,
Way unto that dainty throne,
Where while all the gods would play,
Vulcan thinks to dwell alone,
Shadowing it with curious art,
Nets of sullen golden hair,
Mars am I, and may not part,
Till that I be taken there."
Therewithal I heard a sound,
Made of all the parts of love,
Which did sense delight and wound;
Planets with such music move.[4]
Those joys drew desires near.
The heavens blushed, the white showed red,
Such red as in skies appear
When Sol parts from Thetis'[5] bed.
Then unto myself I said,
"Surely I Apollo am,
Yonder is the glorious maid
Which men do Aurora[6] name,
Who for pride she hath in me
Blushing forth desire and fear,
While she would have no man see,
Makes the world know I am there.
I resolve to play my son,[7]
And misguide my chariot fire:
All the sky is overcome,
And inflame with my desire."
I gave reins to this conceit,
Hope went on the wheel of lust:
Fancy's scales are false of weight,[8]
Thoughts take thought that go of trust.[9]
I stepped forth to touch the sky,
I a god by Cupid dreams,
Cynthia who did naked lie,
Runs away like silver streams;
Leaving hollow banks behind,
Who can neither forward move,
Nor if rivers be unkind,
Turn away or leave to love.
There stand I, like the Arctic Pole,
Where Sol passeth o'er the line,[10]
Mourning my benighted soul,
Which so loseth light divine.
There stand I like men that preach
From the execution place,
At their death content to teach

[1] LV (55) in *Certain Learned and Elegant Works* (1633). Lines 25-48 are included in the Greville MSS. in the British Library, but are missing from the 1633 and subsequent editions. I have followed N. Powell in restoring these lines here. See Fulke Greville, *Selected Poems*, ed. N. Powell (Manchester, 1990), p. 122.

[2] *Diana* the moon, after the classical goddess of the moon, the hunt, and virginity. One of Diana's alternate names was "Cynthia"; both were popular epithets for Elizabeth I.

[3] *Jove and Venus* as planets beheld from Earth, Venus is still called "the evening star," while Jove refers to Jupiter.

[4] a reference to the divine music produced by the motion of the planetary spheres.

[5] *Thetis* the sea, after one of the Nereids, daughters of an ancient sea-god.

[6] *Apollo* god of the sun and music; *Aurora* goddess of the dawn.

[7] *my son* i.e., Apollo's son, Phaethon. He persuaded his father to let him drive the chariot of the sun across the sky, but the young boy was unable to control the fiery horses. Zeus was forced to strike him down with a thunderbolt to stop the careening chariot from immolating heaven and earth.

[8] *false of weight* incorrectly balanced in order to cheat the customer.

[9] i.e., thoughts are anxious that rely entirely on trust.

[10] *the line* the equator.

All the world with their disgrace:[1]
He that lets his Cynthia lie,
Naked on a bed of play,
To say prayers ere she die,[2]
Teacheth time to run away:
Let no love-desiring heart,
In the stars go seek his fate,
Love is only Nature's art,
Wonder hinders love and hate.
None can well behold with eyes,
But what underneath him lies.

LXXXVIII (88)

Man, dream no more of curious[3] mysteries,
As what was here before the world was made,
The first man's life, the state of paradise,
Where Heaven is, or Hell's eternal shade,
For God's works are like him, all infinite;
And curious[4] search, but crafty sin's delight.

The flood that did, and dreadful fire that shall,
Drown, and burn up the malice of the earth,[5]
The divers tongues, and Babylon's downfall,[6]
Are nothing to the man's renewed birth;
First, let the law[7] plough up thy wicked heart,
That Christ may come, and all these types[8] depart.

When thou hast swept the house that all is clear,[9]
When thou the dust hast shaken from thy feet,[10]
When God's all-might doth in thy flesh appear,
Then seas with streams above the sky do meet;[11]
For goodness only doth God comprehend,
Knows what was first, and what shall be the end.

XC (90)

The Turkish government allows no law,
Men's lives and states depend on his behest;
We think subjection there a servile awe,
Where nature finds both honour, wealth and rest.
Our Christian freedom is, we have a law,
Which even the heathen think no power should wrest;[12]
Yet proves it crooked as power lists to draw,[13]
The rage or grace that lurks in princes' breasts.
Opinion bodies may to shadows give,[14]
But no burnt zone[15] it is, where people live.

C (100)

In night when colours all to black are cast,
Distinction lost, or gone down with the light;
The eye a watch to inward senses placed,
Not seeing, yet still having power of sight,

Gives vain alarums to the inward sense,
Where fear stirred up with witty tyranny,
Confounds all powers, and thorough self-offence,
Doth forge and raise impossibility:

---

[1] It was common practice for those condemned to death to make a speech from the scaffold, one which usually (but not always) spoke of the individual's guilt and repentance and urged the spectators to avoid the like fate.

[2] *die* with a pun on "have sexual orgasm."

[3] *curious* abstruse, recondite.

[4] *curious* too minute, unduly inquisitive.

[5] a reference to the flood in Genesis 7 and to the final fiery destruction of the world in Revelation 8.

[6] *divers* diverse; *Babylon's downfall* When the Babylonians determined to build a tower that would reach to heaven, God disrupted their plans by introducing different languages among them creating chaos and dissension (Genesis 11:1-9). Babylon's downfall is also related in Revelation 18:1-24.

[7] *law* i.e., the law of God, contained in the Scriptures.

[8] *type* a person, object, or event in the Old Testament thought to prefigure a person, object, or event in the New Testament. In Christ, it was believed, all of these Old Testament types (like Moses and Joseph) were fulfilled and supersceded.

[9] See Luke 15:8.

[10] See Luke 10:11 and Acts 13:51.

[11] "*Then seas … do meet*" perhaps a reference to Psalm 104:6.

[12] *wrest* pervert.

[13] *lists to draw* pleases or wishes to draw out.

[14] I.e., opinion may tend to make what is illusory seem real or solid.

[15] *burnt zone* the torrid zone, the region of the earth between the tropics.

Such as in thick depriving darkness,
Proper reflections of the error be,
And images of self-confusedness,
Which hurt imaginations only see;
And from this nothing seen, tells news of devils,
Which but expressions be of inward evils.

CVIII (108)

What is the cause, why states, that war and win,
Have honour, and breed men of better fame,
Than states in peace, since war and conquest sin
In blood, wrong liberty, all trades of shame?
Force-framing instruments, which it must use,
Proud in excess, and glory to abuse.

The reason is: peace is a quiet nurse
Of idleness, and idleness the field
Where wit and power change all seeds to the worse,
By narrow self-will upon which they build,
And thence bring forth captived inconstant ends,
Neither to princes, nor to people friends.

Besides, the sins of peace on subjects feed,
And thence would power, which for it all things can,
With wrong to one despairs in many breed,
For while laws' oaths, power's creditors to man,
Make humble subjects dream of native right,
Man's faith abused adds courage to despite.

Where conquest works by strength, and stirs up fame,
A glorious echo, pleasing doom of pain,
Which in the sleep of death yet keeps a name,
And makes detracting loss speak ill in vain.

For to great actions time so friendly is,
As o'er the means (albeit the means be ill)
It casts forgetfulness; veils things amiss,
With power and honour to encourage will.

Besides things hard a reputation bear,
To die resolved though guilty wonder breeds,
Yet what strength those be which can blot out fear,
And to self-ruin joyfully proceeds,
Ask them that from the ashes of this fire,
With new lives still to such new flames aspire.[1]

CIX (109)[2]

Sion[3] lies waste, and thy Jerusalem,
O Lord, is fall'n to utter desolation,
Against thy prophets, and thy holy men,
The sin hath wrought a fatal combination,
Profaned thy name, thy worship over-thrown,
And made thee living Lord, a God unknown.

Thy powerful laws, thy wonders of creation,
Thy word incarnate,[4] glorious Heaven, dark Hell,
Lie shadowed under man's degeneration,
Thy Christ still crucified for doing well,
Impiety, O Lord, sits on thy throne,
Which makes thee living light, a God unknown.

---

[1] *Yet … aspire* Greville's image here depends on the myth of the Phoenix, that fabled bird that every 500 years builds its own pyre, immolates itself, and then arises renewed and reborn from its own ashes; a common symbol of Christ and the resurrection.

[2] This poem echoes Isaiah 64:10.

[3] *Sion* In the Old Testament, Sion or Zion refers to the Temple Mount in Jerusalem and thus the Temple itself. In the New Testament, "the heavenly Jerusalem" or "Zion" refers metaphorically to the Christian Church.

[4] *Thy word incarnate* Although Christ is often referred to as "the word incarnate," here the reference is more generally to God's creation of the universe through his word, and thus creation's status as the word (of God) made material.

Man's superstition hath thy truths entombed,
His atheism again her pomps defaceth,
That sensual unsatiable vast womb
Of thy seen Church, thy unseen Church disgraceth;[1]
There lives no truth with them that seem thine own,
Which makes thee living Lord, a God unknown.

Yet unto thee, Lord (mirror of transgression),
We, who for earthly idols have forsaken
Thy heavenly image (sinless pure impression),
And so in nets of vanity lie taken,
All desolate implore that to thine own,
Lord, thou no longer live a God unknown.

Yet Lord let Israel's plagues not be eternal,
Nor sin forever cloud thy sacred mountains,
Nor with false flames spiritual but infernal,
Dry up thy mercies' ever-springing fountains,
Rather, sweet Jesus, fill up time and come,[2]
To yield the sin her everlasting doom.

—composed, c. 1577/80-1600?; published, 1633

[1] *Of thy seen Church, thy unseen Church disgraceth* The Visible Church, the church as consisting of its professed members upon earth, is contrasted with the Church Invisible or Mystical, the church as consisting of those elected or chosen by God (including those elect who have died and those still living). Greville's Calvinist sympathies led him to perceive the Church of England in its ceremonies, symbols, and sacraments as a corrupt Visible Church.

[2] *Rather, sweet Jesus, fill up time and come* cf. John's prayer at the end of Revelation (22:20).

Sir Philip Sidney
1554-1586

Katherine Duncan-Jones has argued that "Sidney is the earliest English writer of whom something approximating to a 'literary biography' can be written," given the extent of his literary production and the memorializing of his life in contemporary eulogies, biographies, memoirs, and elegies.[1] His life, however, is as much caught up in personal and cultural myth as is that of Sir Walter Ralegh. A member of an illustrious family, Sidney excelled in many of the occupations and interests thought fitting for a gentleman: learning, piety, military action, and public service. He became—through the eulogies and biographies published after his death—the exemplar of the Protestant soldier and Christian gentleman. When he was lying wounded at the battle of Zutphen in Flanders (a battle which often appears in eulogies for Sidney as evidence of his commitment to international Protestantism), he is said to have given a cup of water offered him to a dying soldier, saying "Thy need is greater than mine." Sidney died of gangrene soon after.

Born the son of Sir Henry Sidney, lord deputy of Ireland from 1565, and his wife Mary, sister of Queen Elizabeth I's favourite, Robert Dudley, the earl of Leicester, Sidney proved from childhood to have exceptional promise as a student, excelling in his studies at Shrewsbury School and at Christ Church, Oxford, although he left the latter without taking his degree. During his European tour, he made friends with prominent Protestant intellectuals, and learned a great deal about the Continent's political and religious situation. His experiences abroad included being in or near Paris at the time of the infamous slaughter of Protestants at the St. Bartholomew's Day Massacre (24 August 1572). This particular experience shaped the views for which he later died: that the Protestant powers of Europe needed to unite politically against the powerful Catholic countries of Italy, Spain, and France, and that England had a responsibility to aid its Protestant brethren who were attacked, as in the Low Countries, by these Catholic powers. Returning to England, Sidney went to court, where he became a member of the so-called "Areopagus," a circle of poets, philosophers, and scholars that included the humanist writer Gabriel Harvey. This circle aimed at increasing the social status and the technical and thematic scope of English poetry. While spending time with his father in Ireland, Sidney met and fell in love with Penelope Devereux, daughter of the commander of the army in Ireland, Walter Devereux, earl of Essex. Sadly, while her father approved of the match, he died in 1576, before the matter could be finalized, and Penelope was instead married to Lord Rich in 1581. In the meantime, Sidney was becoming increasingly and publicly associated with the cause of Protestantism on the Continent; however, Elizabeth I was herself always less enamoured with this notion than many of her courtiers and counsellors. Sidney subsequently wrote a most undiplomatic letter criticizing Elizabeth for her contemplated marriage with the Duke of Alençon and a subsequent alliance with Catholic France.

Having angered Elizabeth and quarrelled with the earl of Oxford, one of the supporters of this French alliance, Sidney withdrew from court from 1580 to 1581, living mostly at Wilton, the estate of his sister Lady Mary Sidney Herbert, countess of Pembroke. Here he wrote his two major works: the sonnet sequence *Astrophil and Stella* is based upon his courtship and eventual loss of Penelope Devereux; the prose romance, *The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia*, written for his sister and published four years after his death, was one of the most popular and influential works of prose fiction in English literature, subjected to endless reprints and imitations. However, while Sidney's literary career soared—at least in the coterie market in which his manuscripts were circulated and reproduced—his political career stalled. Although the Queen forgave him in 1582, he found advancement hard to achieve. His marriage to Frances Walsingham in 1583 also displeased the Queen, but she did eventually authorize his journey to Flushing in the Netherlands to serve under Leicester. And it was in the Netherlands, at Zutphen, that he died. His state funeral in 1587 occasioned an outpouring of grief and more than 200 eulogies were written in his memory, although it is well to keep in mind that

[1] *Sir Philip Sidney: Courtier Poet* (New Haven, 1990), p. ix.

many of these eulogies had the dual aim of grieving for this exemplary Christian soldier and furthering the cause of international Protestantism, for which Sidney himself had given his life.

EDITIONS: *Astrophil and Stella* in *Sir Philip Sidney: Selected Poems*. Ed. Katherine Duncan-Jones. Oxford: Clarendon P, 1973 (excerpts from the texts and notes to *Sir Philip Sidney: Selected Poems*. Ed. Katherine Duncan-Jones [Oxford, 1982] are reproduced by permission of the Clarendon Press, Oxford); *The Countesse of Pembrokes Arcadia*. London: Printed [by John Windet] for William Ponsonby, 1593. STC 22540; *The defence of poesie*. London: Printed [by Thomas Creede] for William Ponsonby, 1595. STC 22535; The Sidney Family Correspondence. *Letters and Memorials of State*. Ed. A. Collins. 2 vols., London, 1746. Vol.1, pp. 271-72, 293-96.

from *Astrophil and Stella*

1

Loving in truth, and fain[1] in verse my love to show,
That she (dear she)[2] might take some pleasure of my pain;
Pleasure might cause her read, reading might make her know;
Knowledge might pity win, and pity grace obtain;
I sought fit words to paint the blackest face of woe,
Studying inventions fine, her wits to entertain;
Oft turning others' leaves,[3] to see if thence would flow
Some fresh and fruitful showers upon my sunburnt brain.
But words came halting forth, wanting invention's stay;[4]
Invention, nature's child, fled step-dame study's blows;
And others' feet still seemed but strangers in my way.
Thus great with child[5] to speak, and helpless in my throes,
Biting my truant pen, beating myself for spite,
"Fool," said my muse to me; "look in thy heart, and write."[6]

5

It is most true, that eyes are formed to serve
The inward light;[7] and that the heavenly part
Ought to be king, from whose rules who do swerve,
Rebels to nature, strive for their own smart.
It is most true, what we call Cupid's dart,
An image is, which for ourselves we carve;
And, fools, adore in temple of our heart,
Till that good god make Church and churchmen starve.
True, that true beauty virtue is indeed,
Whereof this beauty can be but a shade,[8]
Which elements with mortal mixture breed;[9]

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1 *fain* desirous.

2 *That she (dear she)* in Ringler's edition (following quartos and manuscript copies), "the dear she." Duncan-Jones's reading is from the 1598 folio.

3 *leaves* i.e., leaves of books.

4 *stay* prop, support.

5 *great with child* heavily pregnant.

6 As many critics have pointed out (among them C.S. Lewis, M. Doran, and K. Duncan-Jones), such protestations of sincerity are conventional in Renaissance writing.

7 *inward light* reason, understanding.

8 *shade* shadow.

9 *Which elements with mortal mixture breed* "a reference to the Platonic theory that mortal beauty, clothed in the physical elements, is only a shadow of absolute virtue; the elements combine in a perishable way (e.g., *Republic*, ch. x.)" (Duncan-Jones, *Sir Philip Sidney: Selected Poems*, p. 215, note 5.11).

True, that on earth we are but pilgrims made,
And should in soul up to our country move;
True; and yet true, that I must Stella love.

9

Queen Virtue's court, which some call Stella's face,
Prepared by nature's chiefest furniture,[1]
Hath his front built of alablaster[2] pure;
Gold is the covering of that stately place.
The door, by which sometimes comes forth her grace,
Red porphyr[3] is, which lock of pearl makes sure;
Whose porches rich (which name of "cheeks" endure)
Marble, mixed red and white, do interlace.
The windows now through which this heavenly guest
Looks o'er the world, and can find nothing such
Which dare claim from those lights the name of "best,"
Of touch they are that without touch doth touch,
Which Cupid's self from beauty's mine did draw:
Of touch they are, and poor I am their straw.[4]

21

Your words, my friend, right healthful caustics,[5] blame
My young mind marred, whom love doth windlass so
That mine own writings like bad servants show,
My wits, quick in vain thoughts, in virtue lame;
That Plato I read for nought, but if[6] he tame
Such coltish gyres;[7] that to my birth I owe
Nobler desires, lest else that friendly foe,
Great expectation, wear a train of shame.
For since mad March great promise made of me,[8]
If now the May of my years much decline,
What can be hoped my harvest time will be?[9]
Sure you say well; your wisdom's golden mine
Dig deep with learning's spade; now tell me this,
Hath this world aught so fair as Stella is?

23

The curious wits, seeing dull pensiveness
Bewray[10] itself in my long settled eyes,

[1] *furniture* i.e., her best materials.

[2] *front* forehead; *alablaster* a smooth, fine white stone, often used for constructing public buildings.

[3] *porphyr* i.e., porphyry, a decorative red or purple stone.

[4] Lines 12-14: "This elaborate punning metaphor ... plays on three or four senses of 'touch': Stella's eyes are of touch-stone (black marble) [lignite or jet is a glossy black stone which can attract other lighter objects, like straw, through the use of static electricity] which without physical contact has an emotive effect. The last line either sustains the 'touch-stone' metaphor, or introduces yet another reference, to 'touch-paper' or 'touch-wood,' which sets the straw alight. The new image in the last line would be typical of the many sonnets in which Sidney introduces a surprise or twist in the last line" (Duncan-Jones, *Sir Philip Sidney: Selected Poems*, p. 216, note 9.12-14).

[5] *caustics* in medicine, a substance that burns and destroys diseased tissue.

[6] *but if* unless.

[7] *coltish gyres* youthful capers, like the wild circles that a young horse makes; probably Sidney is referring here to Plato's image of reason as a charioteer reigning in and controlling the horses of passion (*Phaedrus* 254); see the similar image at the opening of Sidney's *Defence of Poesy*.

[8] *mad March great promise made of me* "a reference to the extraordinary success of Sidney's three years of foreign travel, in which he impressed scholars and politicians with his wit, charm, learning, and promise as a possible leader of Protestant Europe against Spain. His youth at the time—nineteen to twenty-two—might have led his friends to expect something more of the sowing of wild oats suggested by 'mad March'" (Duncan-Jones, *Sir Philip Sidney: Selected Poems*, p. 217, note 21.9).

[9] In lines 5-11, the speaker repeats back to his friend the objections that this friend has made to the speaker's love for Stella.

[10] *Bewray* reveal.

Whence these same fumes[1] of melancholy rise
With idle pains, and missing aim, do guess.
Some, that know how my spring I did address,[2]
Deem that my Muse some fruit of knowledge plies;
Others, because the prince[3] my service tries,
Think that I think state errors to redress.
But harder judges judge ambition's rage,
Scourge of itself, still climbing slippery place,
Holds my young brain captived in golden cage.
O fools, or over-wise: alas, the race
Of all my thoughts hath neither stop nor start
But only Stella's eyes and Stella's heart.

27

Because I oft, in dark abstracted guise,
Seem most alone in greatest company,
With dearth of words, or answers quite awry,
To them that would make speech of speech arise,
They deem, and of that doom[4] the rumour flies,[5]
That poison foul of bubbling pride doth lie
So in my swelling breast, that only I
Fawn on myself, and others do despise.[6]
Yet pride, I think, doth not my soul possess,
Which looks too oft in his unflatt'ring glass;
But one worse fault, ambition, I confess,
That makes me oft my best friends overpass,
Unseen, unheard, while thought to highest place
Bends all his powers, even unto Stella's grace.

47

What, have I thus betrayed my liberty?
Can those black beams such burning marks[7] engrave
In my free side? or am I born a slave,
Whose neck becomes[8] such yoke of tyranny?
Or want[9] I sense to feel my misery?
Or sprite,[10] disdain of such disdain to have,
Who for long faith, though daily help I crave,
May get no alms, but scorn of beggary?
Virtue, awake: beauty but beauty is;
I may, I must, I can, I will, I do,
Leave following that, which it is gain to miss.
Let her go. Soft, but here she comes. Go to,[11]
Unkind, I love you not—: O me, that eye
Doth make my heart give to my tongue the lie.

53

In martial sports I had my cunning tried,[12]
And yet to break more staves did me address,[13]
While with the people's shouts, I must confess,
Youth, luck and praise even filled my veins with pride;
When Cupid, having me, his slave, descried[14]
In Mars's livery, prancing in the press:[15]

---

1 *these same fumes* in Ringler, "those same fumes."
2 *how my spring I did address* i.e., how I spent my youthful years.
3 *the prince* the queen.
4 *that doom* in Ringler, "their doom."
5 I.e., they judge, and of that judgement.
6 *do despise* in Ringler, "to despise."
7 *burning marks* literally, the marks of ownership branded onto a slave's body.
8 *becomes* is suited to.
9 *want* lack.
10 *sprite* spirit.
11 *Go to* exclusively used in this case to express disapprobation, disapproval.
12 *cunning tried* skill proven.
13 *staves* long poles used in jousting or tilting contests; lances; *did me address* i.e., I readied myself to accomplish.
14 *descried* discerned, noticed.
15 *livery* the colours and often the cut of clothing which identified a person as belonging to the household of a particular nobleman or aristocratic family; here, Sidney represents Astrophil as a liveried servant in the household of Mars, Roman god of war; *press* crowd, throng.

"What now, sir fool," said he; "I would no less,
Look here, I say." I looked, and Stella spied,
Who hard by[1] made a window send forth light.
My heart then quaked, then dazzled were mine eyes,
One hand forgot to rule, th'other to fight;
Nor trumpet's[2] sound I heard, nor friendly cries;
My foe came on, and beat the air[3] for me,
Till that her blush taught me my shame to see.

63

O grammar rules, O now your virtues show:
So children still read you with awful[4] eyes,
As my young dove may in your precepts wise,
Her grant to me, by her own virtue, know.
For late, with heart most high, with eyes most low,
I craved the thing, which ever she denies:
She, lightning love, displaying Venus' skies,
Lest once should not be heard, twice said, "No, no."
Sing then, my Muse, now Io Paean[5] sing;
Heavens, envy not at my high triumphing,
But grammar's force with sweet success confirm.
For grammar says (Oh this, dear Stella, weigh),
For grammar says (to grammar who says nay?)
That in one speech two negatives affirm.

71

Who will in fairest book of nature know
How virtue may best lodged in beauty be,
Let him but learn of love to read in thee,
Stella, those fair lines which true goodness show.
There shall he find all vices' overthrow,
Not by rude force, but sweetest sovereignty
Of reason, from whose light those night-birds fly,
That inward sun in thine eyes shineth so.
And not content to be perfection's heir
Thy self, dost strive all minds that way to move,
Who mark[6] in thee what is in thee most fair;
So while thy beauty draws the heart to love,
As fast thy virtue bends that love to good.
But ah, desire still cries: "Give me some food."

81

O kiss, which dost those ruddy gems impart,
Or[7] gems, or fruits of new-found paradise,
Breathing all bliss, and sweetening to the heart,
Teaching dumb lips a nobler exercise;[8]
O kiss, which souls, even souls together ties
By links of love, and only nature's art;
How fain[9] would I paint thee to all men's eyes,
Or of thy gifts at least shade out[10] some part.
But she forbids; with blushing words, she says
She builds her fame on higher seated praise;
But my heart burns, I cannot silent be.

---

1 *hard by* close by.
2 *trumpet's* the conventional signal to begin a combat.
3 *to beat the air* to fight to no purpose or against no opposition.
4 *awful* full of awe or respect.
5 *Io Paean* a Greek shout of victory.
6 *mark* perceive, make note of.
7 *Or* either.
8 I.e., kissing is a nobler activity for lips than speaking.
9 *fain* happily.
10 *shade out* roughly sketch.

Then since (dear life) you fain would have me peace,[1]
And I, mad with delight, want wit[2] to cease,
Stop you my mouth with still still kissing me.

82

Nymph of the garden where all beauties be;
Beauties, which do in excellency pass
His[3] who till death looked in a watery glass,
Or hers[4] whom naked the Trojan boy did see:
Sweet garden nymph, which keeps the cherry tree,
Whose fruit doth far th'Hesperian taste[5] surpass;
Most sweet-fair, most fair-sweet, do not, alas,
From coming near those cherries banish me.
For though, full of desire, empty of wit,
Admitted late by your best-graced grace,
I caught at one of them a hungry bit;
Pardon that fault, once more grant me the place,
And I do swear, even by the same delight,
I will but kiss, I never more will bite.

83

Good brother Philip,[6] I have borne you long;
I was content you should in favour creep,
While craftily you seemed your cut to keep,[7]
As though that fair soft hand did you great wrong.
I bare (with envy) yet I bare your song,
When in her neck you did love-ditties peep;
Nay, more fool I, oft suffered you to sleep
In lilies' nest, where love's self lies along.
What, doth high place ambitious thoughts augment?
Is sauciness reward of courtesy?
Cannot such grace your silly self content,
But you must needs with those lips billing[8] be,
And through those lips drink nectar from that tongue?
Leave that, sir Phip, lest off your neck be wrung.

85

I see the house; my heart, thy self contain;
Beware full sails drown not thy tottering barge,
Lest joy, by nature apt sprites to enlarge,
Thee to thy wrack beyond thy limits strain;
Nor do like lords, whose weak confused brain,
Not pointing to fit folks each undercharge,[9]
While every office themselves will discharge,
With doing all, leave nothing done but pain.
But give apt servants their due place; let eyes
See beauty's total sum summed in her face;
Let ears hear speech, which wit to wonder ties;
Let breath suck up those sweets; let arms embrace
The globe of weal; lips love's indentures[10] make;
Thou but of all the kingly tribute take.

---

1 *peace* be quiet.

2 *want wit* lack the necessary intelligence or discretion.

3 *His* Narcissus.

4 *hers* Venus, seen by Paris.

5 *th'Hesperian taste* The Hesperides, the daughters of Atlas, were the keepers of the golden apples that Juno gave to Jupiter as a wedding present.

6 *Good brother Philip* The beloved's pet as a surrogate for and rival of the pining lover is a common trope in Renaissance love poetry; the pet is often envied for its physical closeness to the beloved. The trope derives ultimately from Catullus, *Poems*, 2 and 3. Cf. A. Finch's "The White Mouse's Petition." See *Anne Finch and Her Poetry*, ed. B. McGovern (Athens, GA, 1992), pp. 209-10.

7 *cut to keep* "to keep one's cut, to keep cut": to keep one's distance; to be coy or reserved.

8 *billing* kissing.

9 I.e., not appointing to the appropriate persons each delegated duty.

10 *weal* wealth, riches; *indenture* a deed or contract.

Fourth Song

Only joy, now here you are,
Fit to hear and ease my care;
Let my whispering voice obtain
Sweet reward for sharpest pain:
Take me to thee and thee to me.
"No, no, no, no, my dear, let be."

Night hath closed all in her cloak,
Twinkling stars love-thoughts provoke;
Danger hence good care doth keep;
Jealousy itself doth sleep:
Take me to thee and thee to me.
"No, no, no, no, my dear, let be."

Better place can no man find[1]
Cupid's yoke to loose or bind;
These sweet flowers on fine bed too[2]
Us in their best language woo:
Take me to thee and thee to me.
"No, no, no, no, my dear, let be."

This small light the moon bestows
Serves thy beams but to disclose,
So to raise my hap more high;
Fear not else, none can us spy:
Take me to thee and thee to me.
"No, no, no, no, my dear, let be."

That you heard was but a mouse;
Dumb sleep holdeth all the house;
Yet asleep, methinks, they say,
"Young folks, take time while you may":
Take me to thee and thee to me.
"No, no, no, no, my dear, let be."

Niggard[3] time threats, if we miss
This large offer of our bliss
Long stay ere he grant the same;
Sweet then, while each thing doth frame:
Take me to thee and thee to me.
"No, no, no, no, my dear, let be."

Your fair mother is abed,
Candles out, and curtains spread;
She thinks you do letters write;
Write, but first let me endite:
Take me to thee and thee to me.
"No, no, no, no, my dear, let be."

Sweet, alas, why strive you thus?
Concord better fitteth us.
Leave to Mars the force of hands,
Your power in your beauty stands:
Take me to thee and thee to me.
"No, no, no, no, my dear, let be."

Woe to me, and do you swear
Me to hate, but I forbear?[4]
Cursed be my destinies all,
That brought me so high, to fall;
Soon with my death I will please thee.
"No, no, no, no, my dear, let be."

Eighth Song[5]

In a grove most rich of shade,[6]
Where birds wanton music made,
May then young his pied weeds showing,
New perfumed with flowers fresh growing,

Astrophil with Stella sweet
Did for mutual comfort meet;

---

[1] *Better place can no man find* in Ringler, "Better place can no wit find."

[2] Since the scene takes place in Stella's bedchamber, these flowers are probably those embroidered on the bed's coverlet (Duncan-Jones, *Sir Philip Sidney: Selected Poems*, p. 162, note 4.15).

[3] *Niggard* miserly.

[4] *but I forbear* unless I cease, refrain from pressing you.

[5] "This song, the only one to employ a third person narrative, is by far the most explicit account of the relationship of the lovers in the whole sequence. It is distanced, however, by being set in the traditional form of the *reverdie*, or encounter of lovers in spring. Stella's reply, lines 69-100, was omitted in the 1591 editions" (Duncan-Jones, *Sir Philip Sidney: Selected Poems*, p. 222).

[6] *most rich of shade* perhaps a reference to Lady Rich, but Duncan-Jones warns against too literal a biographical reading here: "The suggestion may be that the shade is made rich by Lady Rich's presence, and not necessarily that the meeting occurs in the garden of one of Lord Rich's houses" (ibid., p. 222, note 8.1).

Both within themselves oppressed,
But each in the other blessed.

Him great harms had taught much care:
Her fair neck a foul yoke bare:
But her sight his cares did banish,
In his sight her yoke did vanish.

Wept they had, alas the while;
But now tears themselves did smile,
While their eyes, by love directed,
Interchangeably reflected.

Sigh they did; but now betwixt
Sighs of woes were glad sighs mixed,
With arms crossed, yet testifying[1]
Restless rest, and living dying.

Their ears hungry of each word,
Which the dear tongue would afford,
But their tongues restrained from walking,
Till their hearts had ended talking.

But when their tongues could not speak
Love itself did silence break;
Love did set his lips asunder,
Thus to speak in love and wonder:

"Stella, sovereign of my joy,
Fair triumpher of annoy,
Stella, star of heavenly fire,
Stella, lodestar[2] of desire;

Stella, in whose shining eyes
Are the lights of Cupid's skies;
Whose beams, where they once are darted,
Love therewith is straight imparted;

Stella, whose voice when it speaks
Senses all asunder breaks;

Stella, whose voice when it singeth
Angels to acquaintance bringeth;

Stella, in whose body is
Writ each character of bliss;
Whose face all, all beauty passeth,
Save thy mind, which yet surpasseth:

Grant, Oh grant—but speech, alas,
Fails me, fearing on to pass;
Grant—Oh me, what am I saying?
But no fault there is in praying:

Grant, O dear, on knees I pray"—
(Knees on ground he then did stay)
"That not I, but since I love you,
Time and place for me may move you.

Never season was more fit,
Never room more apt for it;
Smiling air allows my reason;
These birds sing, 'Now use the season';

This small wind, which so sweet is,
See how it the leaves doth kiss,
Each tree in his best attiring
Sense of love to love inspiring.

Love makes earth the water drink,
Love to earth makes water sink;
And if dumb[3] things be so witty,
Shall a heavenly grace want pity?"

There his hands in their speech fain
Would have made tongue's language plain:
But her hands, his hands repelling,
Gave repulse, all grace excelling.

Then she spake; her speech was such
As not ears, but heart did touch;
While such wise[4] she love denied,
As yet love she signified.

---

[1] The figure of the young man with crossed arms is a popular emblem of love melancholy.

[2] *lodestar* a star that guides one's way, especially the pole star; *fig.*, a guiding star, or that on which one's attentions or hopes are fixed.

[3] *dumb* mute, inanimate.

[4] *such wise* in such ways.

"Astrophil," said she, "my love
Cease in these effects to prove:
Now be still; yet still believe me,
Thy grief more than death would grieve me.

If that any thought in me
Can taste comfort but of thee,
Let me, fed with hopeless anguish,[1]
Joyless, hopeless, endless languish.

If those eyes you praised be
Half so dear as you to me,
Let me home return, stark blinded
Of those eyes, and blinder minded.

If to secret of my heart
I do any wish impart
Where thou art not foremost placed,
Be both wish and I defaced.

If more may be said, I say:
All my bliss in thee I lay;
If thou love, my love content thee,
For all love, all faith is meant thee.

Trust me, while I thee deny,
In myself the smart I try:[2]
Tyrant honour thus doth use thee;[3]
Stella's self might not refuse thee.

Therefore, dear, this no more move,
Lest, though I leave not thy love,
Which too deep in me is framed,
I should blush when thou art named."

Therewithal away she went,
Leaving him so passion-rent
With what she had done and spoken,
That therewith my song is broken.[4]

Ninth Song

Go, my flock, go get you hence,
Seek a better place of feeding,
Where you may have some defence
From the storms in my breast breeding,
And showers from my eyes proceeding.[5]

Leave a wretch, in whom all woe
Can abide to keep no measure;
Merry flock, such one forego,
Unto whom mirth is displeasure,
Only rich in mischief's treasure.

Yet, alas, before you go,
Hear your woeful master's story,
Which to stones I else would show:
Sorrow only then hath glory,
When 'tis excellently sorry.

Stella, fiercest shepherdess,
Fiercest, but yet fairest ever;
Stella, whom, O heavens, still bless,
Though against me she persever,
Though I bliss inherit never;

Stella hath refused me,
Stella, who more love hath proved
In this caitiff[6] heart to be
Than can in good ewes be moved
Toward lambkins best beloved.

Stella hath refused me;
Astrophil, that so well served,
In this pleasant spring must see,
While in pride flowers be preserved,
Himself only winter-starved.

---

[1] *Let me, fed with hopeless anguish* in Ringler, "Let me, fed with hellish anguish."

[2] *try* experience.

[3] *Tyrant honour thus doth use thee* in Ringler, "doth thus."

[4] *That therewith my song is broken* "The shift from third to first person in the last line suggests vividly that Astrophil has attempted in this poem to give an objective account of a crisis in his relationship with Stella, which breaks down at the end so that he forgets to mask his identity" (Duncan-Jones, *Sir Philip Sidney: Selected Poems*, p. 222, note 8.104).

[5] *my eyes proceeding* in Ringler, "mine eyes proceeding."

[6] *caitiff* miserable.

Why, alas, doth she then swear
That she loveth me so dearly,
Seeing me so long to bear
Coals of love, that burn so clearly,
And yet leave me helpless merely?

Is that love? Forsooth, I trow,[1]
If I saw my good dog grieved,
And a help for him did know,
My love should not be believed
But he were by me relieved.

No, she hates me, wellaway,[2]
Faining[3] love somewhat, to please me;
For she knows, if she display
All her hate, death soon would seize me,
And of hideous torments ease me.

Then adieu, dear flock, adieu:
But alas, if in your straying
Heavenly Stella meet with you,
Tell her, in your piteous blaying,
Her poor slave's unjust decaying.

87

When I was forced from Stella, ever dear,
Stella, food of my thoughts, heart of my heart,
Stella, whose eyes make all my tempests clear,
By iron laws of duty to depart;[4]
Alas, I found that she with me did smart,
I saw that tears did in her eyes appear;
I saw that sighs her sweetest lips did part,
And her sad words my sadded sense did hear.
For me, I wept, to see pearls scattered so;
I sighed her sighs, and wailed for her woe;
Yet swam in joy, such love in her was seen.
Thus while th'effect most bitter was to me,
And nothing than the cause more sweet could be,
I had been vexed, if vexed I had not been.

93

O fate, O fault, O curse, child of my bliss;
What sobs can give words grace my grief to show?
What ink is black enough to paint my woe?
Through me, wretch me, even Stella vexed is.
Yet truth—if caitiff's breath might call thee—this
Witness with me, that my foul stumbling so
From carelessness did in no manner grow;
But wit, confused with too much care, did miss.[5]
And do I then myself this vain 'scuse give?
I have (live I, and know this?) harmed thee;
Though worlds quite[6] me, shall I myself forgive?
Only with pains my pains thus eased be,
That all my hurts in my heart's wrack I read;[7]
I cry thy sighs; my dear, thy tears I bleed.

98

Ah bed, the field[8] where joy's peace some do see,
The field where all my thoughts to war be trained,[9]
How is thy grace by my strange fortune stained!

---

1 *trow* think, believe.

2 *wellaway* an exclamation of sorrow and lamentation.

3 *Faining* i.e., feigning, pretending.

4 "This, the first of the 'absence' sonnets, makes it clear that the lovers' physical separation is brought about by Astrophil's responsibilities elsewhere—'iron laws of duty'—and not by Stella's wish. It is thus consistent with the early sonnets in the sequence which show Astrophil amid the pressures and demands of court life" (Duncan-Jones, *Sir Philip Sidney: Selected Poems*, p. 222, note 87.4).

5 *miss* go wrong, made a mistake.

6 *quite* acquit, absolve.

7 *That all my hurts … I read* in Ringler, "That all thy hurts in my heart's wrack I read."

8 *field* battlefield.

9 *trained* drawn.

How thy lee shores[1] by my sighs stormed be!
With sweet soft shades thou oft invitest me
To steal some rest; but, wretch, I am constrained
(Spurred with love's spur, though galled and shortly reined
With care's hard hand) to turn and toss in thee,
While the black horrors of the silent night
Paint woe's black face so lively to my sight
That tedious leisure marks each wrinkled line.
But when Aurora leads out Phoebus' dance,[2]
Mine eyes then only wink,[3] for spite, perchance,
That worms should have their sun, and I want mine.

107

Stella, since thou so right a princess art
Of all the powers which life bestows on me,
That ere by them aught undertaken be
They first resort unto that sovereign part;
Sweet, for a while give respite to my heart,
Which pants as though it still should leap to thee;
And on my thoughts give thy lieutenancy
To this great cause,[4] which needs both use and art;
And as a queen, who from her presence sends
Whom she employs, dismiss from thee my wit,
Till it have wrought what thy own will attends.
On servants' shame oft master's blame doth sit;
O, let not fools in me thy works reprove,
And scorning say, "See, what it is to love!"

108[5]

When sorrow, using mine own fire's might,
Melts down his lead into my boiling breast,
Through that dark furnace to my heart oppressed
There shines a joy from thee, my only light;
But soon as thought of thee breeds my delight,
And my young soul flutters to thee, his nest;
Most rude despair, my daily unbidden guest,
Clips straight my wings, straight wraps me in his night,
And makes me then bow down my head, and say:
"Ah, what doth Phoebus' gold[6] that wretch avail
Whom iron doors do keep from use of day?"
So strangely, alas, thy works in me prevail,
That in my woes for thee thou art my joy,
And in my joys for thee my only annoy.

—1591, 1598

[1] *lee shores* a shore sheltered from the wind.

[2] Aurora, goddess of the dawn, heralds the arrival of Phoebus, god of the sun.

[3] *wink* close.

[4] *this great cause* "... either some public duty—though there is no major one that suits the date of *Astrophil and Stella*—or the composition of the *Arcadia*" (Duncan-Jones, *Sir Philip Sidney: Selected Poems*, p. 224, note 107.8).

[5] This is the sequence's last poem.

[6] *Phoebus' gold* i.e., sunlight.

from *The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia*

Written by Sir Philip Sidney, Knight.
Now Since the First Edition Augmented and Ended.[1]

London. Printed for William Ponsonby,[2]
Anno Domini. 1593.

To My Dear Lady and Sister, the Countess of Pembroke[3]

Here now have you (most dear, and most worthy to be most dear, lady) this idle work of mine, which, I fear, like the spider's web, will be thought fitter to be swept away than worn to any other purpose. For my part, in very truth (as the cruel fathers among the Greeks were wont to do to the babes they would not foster) I could well find in my heart to cast out in some desert of forgetfulness this child which I am loath to father. But you desired me to do it, and your desire to my heart is an absolute commandment. Now it is done only for you, only to you: if you keep it to yourself or to such friends who will weigh errors in the balance of goodwill, I hope, for the father's sake, it will be pardoned, perchance made much of, though in itself it have deformities. For indeed, for severer eyes it is not, being but a trifle, and that triflingly handled. Your dear self can best witness the manner, being done in loose sheets of paper, most of it in your presence, the rest by sheets sent unto you as fast as they were done. In sum, a young head, not so well staid as I would it were (and shall be when God will) having many, many fancies begotten in it, if it had not been in some way delivered, would have grown a monster, and more sorry might I be that they came in than that they got out. But his chief safety shall be the not walking abroad; and his chief protection, the bearing the livery of your name, which (if much much goodwill do not deceive me) is worthy to be a sanctuary for a greater offender. This say I, because I know the virtue so; and this say I, because it may be ever so, or, to say better, because it will be ever so. Read it, then, at your idle times, and the follies your good judgement will find in it blame not, but laugh at. And so, looking for no better stuff than, as in a haberdasher's shop, glasses or feathers, you will continue to love the writer who doth exceedingly love you, and most, most heartily prays you may long live to be a principal ornament to the family of the Sidneys.

Your loving brother,
PHILIP SIDNEY.

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[1] Sidney's first version of what was to finally become *The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia* was probably completed around 1580. Called by modern critics "The Old Arcadia," this first version circulated in manuscript during Sidney's lifetime but was not published until the early twentieth century. Between 1582 and 1584, Sidney began revising and expanding this version of his romance, and had completed the first two books and part of the third before his untimely death in 1586. Sidney's revision (called by modern critics "The New Arcadia") was published in 1590, but being unfinished breaks off abruptly (in the middle of a sentence and a battle). Clearly dissatisfied with the 1590 version, prepared under the guidance of Philip's close friend, Fulke Greville (see pp. 670-671), Sidney's sister, Mary Sidney Herbert, countess of Pembroke, brought out a version in 1593 which took Sidney's revision and added material from "The Old Arcadia" to create a complete narrative. There was still a gap between the two parts, however, and in the 1621 edition this gap was filled in by Sir William Alexander.

Most famously, perhaps, "The New Arcadia" deletes two episodes which reflect rather badly on the romance's major male characters, Pyrocles and Musidorus: Pyrocles and Philoclea's physical consummation of their love (replaced by a scene of physical chastity and self-restraint) and Musidorus' attempted rape of his beloved, Pamela. For an account of Philip Sidney's revisions, see K. Duncan-Jones, *Sir Philip Sidney: Courtier Poet* (New Haven, 1991), pp. 260-66. For an account of the differences between the "Old" and "New Arcadia," see R.W. Zandvoort, *Sidney's Arcadia: A Comparison between the Two Versions* (New York, rept. 1968).

[2] *William Ponsonby* (?1546-1604), bookseller and printer; he published a number of significant literary works: 10 volumes of Spenser's works alone, including *The Faerie Queene* (1590; 1596) as well as *Amoretti* and *Colin Clout's Come Home Again* (1595); and Robert Greene's romances *Mamillia* (Part 1, 1582) and *Gwydonius* (1584). He seems to have had particularly close relations with the Sidney family; apart from publishing the 1590 and 1593 *Arcadia*, he also brought out Sidney's *Defence of Poesy* (1595) and Mary's translations of de Mornay's *Life and Death* and of Garnier's *Antonius* (1592). See S. Lee, rev. A. McConnell, "William Ponsonby (1546?-1604)," *DNB online*, 2005.

[3] Mary Sidney Herbert, countess of Pembroke (1561-1621), poet, translator, dramatist, and literary patron. See pp. 743-58. This dedication appeared in "The New Arcadia," (1590; 1593) and in subsequent editions, but it does not appear in ms. copies of "The Old Arcadia."

To the Reader[1]

The disfigured face, gentle reader, wherewith this work not long since appeared to the common view, moved that noble lady to whose honour consecrated, to whose protection it was committed, to take in hand the wiping away those spots wherewith the beauties thereof were unworthily blemished. But as often in repairing a ruinous house the mending of some old part occasioneth the making of some new, so here her honourable labour, begun in correcting the faults, ended in supplying the defects, by the view of what was ill done guided to the consideration of what was not done. Which part with what advice entered into, with what success it hath been passed through—most by her doing, all by her directing—if they may be entreated not to define which are unfurnished of means to discern, the rest (it is hoped) will favourably censure. But this they shall for their better satisfaction understand, that though they find not here what might be expected, they may find nevertheless as much as was intended, the conclusion, not the perfection of *Arcadia*, and that no further than the author's own writings or known determinations could direct. Whereof who sees not the reason must consider there may be reason which he sees not. Albeit I dare affirm he either sees or, from wiser judgements than his own, may hear that Sir Philip Sidney's writings can no more be perfected without Sir Philip Sidney than Apelles' pictures without Apelles.[2] There are that think contrary, and no wonder. Never was Arcadia free from the cumber[3] of such cattle. "To us," say they, "the pastures are not pleasant; and as for the flowers—such as we light on we take no delight in, but the greater part grow not within our reach." Poor souls! What talk they of flowers? They are roses not flowers must do them good,[4] which, if they find not here, they shall do well to go feed elsewhere: any place will better like them; for without Arcadia nothing grows in more plenty than lettuce suitable to their lips.[5] If it be true that likeness is a great cause of liking and that contraries infer contrary consequences, then is it true that the worthless reader can never worthily esteem of so worthy a writing; and as true that the noble, the wise, the virtuous, the courteous, as many as have had any acquaintance with true learning and knowledge, will with all love and dearness entertain it, as well for affinity with themselves as being child to such a father. Whom albeit it do not exactly and in every lineament represent, yet considering the father's untimely death prevented the timely birth of the child, it may happily seem a thank-worthy labour that the defects being so few, so small, and in no principal part, yet the greatest unlikeness is rather in defect than in deformity. But howsoever it is, it is now by more than one interest *The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia*—done, as it was, for her; as it is, by her. Neither shall these pains be the last (if no unexpected accident cut off her determination) which the everlasting love of her excellent brother will make her consecrate to his memory.

H.S.[6]

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[1] first appeared after the dedication to Mary Sidney Herbert in "The New Arcadia" (1593).

[2] Apelles (fl. c. late 4th century BCE), Greek painter, famed in antiquity and later ages, who painted portraits of Philip II and Alexander the Great.

[3] *cumber* encumbrance; trouble, annoyance.

[4] *They are roses … good* In Apuleius's second-century romance, *Metamorphoses* (popularly known as *The Golden Ass*), the central character Lucius, transformed into an ass, is only restored to his human shape by eating a garland of roses. See *The Golden Ass of Apuleius*, trans. W. Adlington (1566; London, rept. 1946), pp. 227-28.

[5] *for without … lips* Proverb, "Like (Such) lips, like (such) lettuce" (*Tilley*, L326; *Erasmus, Adages*, 386D). Meaning "like has met its like," it is an alleged saying of Marcus Crassus, when he saw an ass eating thistles; *without* i.e., outside of.

[6] *H.S.* Hugh Sanford, secretary to Mary's husband, the earl of Pembroke, and tutor to their son, William, was Mary's editor for the 1593 *Arcadia*.

Book 1[1]

[...]

[...] he[2] himself went to repose himself in a little wood he saw thereby; where lying under the protection of a shady tree, with intention to make forgetting sleep comfort a sorrowful memory, he saw a sight which persuaded and obtained of his eyes that they would abide yet a while open. It was the appearing of a lady who, because she walked with her side toward him, he could not perfectly see her face, but so much he might see of her that was a surety for the rest that all was excellent.

Well might he perceive the hanging of her hair in fairest quantity in locks, some curled and some as it were forgotten, with such a careless care and an art so hiding art that she seemed she would lay them for a pattern whether nature simply or nature helped by cunning[3] be the more excellent: the rest whereof was drawn into a coronet of gold richly set with pearl, and so joined all over with gold wires and covered with feathers of divers colours that it was not unlike to a helmet, such a glittering show it bore, and so bravely it was held up from the head. Upon her body she wore a doublet of sky-colour satin, covered with plates of gold and, as it were, nailed with precious stones that in it she might seem armed. The nether part of her garment was so full of stuff and cut after such a fashion, that though the length of it reached to the ankles, yet in her going one might sometimes discern the small of her leg, which with the foot was dressed in a short pair of crimson velvet buskins,[4] in some places open (as the ancient manner was) to show the fairness of the skin. Over all this she wore a certain mantle made in such manner, that coming under her right arm and covering most of that side, it had no fastening of the left side but only upon the top of the shoulder, where the two ends met and were closed together with a very rich jewel: the device[5] whereof, as he after saw, was this: a Hercules made in little form, but set with a distaff in his hand, as he once was by Omphale's commandment, with a word in Greek but thus to be interpreted, "Never more valiant." On the same side, on her thigh she wore a sword which, as it witnessed her to be an Amazon[6] or one following that profession, so it seemed but a needless weapon, since her other forces were without withstanding.[7]

But this lady walked out-right[8] till he might see her enter into a fine close arbour. It was of trees, whose branches so lovingly interlaced one the other that it could resist the strongest violence of eyesight; but she went into it by a door she opened, which moved him, as warily as he could, to follow her; and by and by he might hear her sing this song with a voice no less beautiful to his ears than her goodliness was full of harmony to his eyes:

Transform'd in show, but more transform'd in mind,
I cease to strive, with double conquest foil'd:

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[1] After receiving several terrible prophecies involving himself, his wife Gynecia, and their two beautiful daughters, Pamela and Philoclea, King Basilius of Arcadia takes his family to his isolated country estate. The princes Musidorus and Pyrocles, however, fall in love with the princesses: Pyrocles with Philoclea, and Musidorus with Pamela. In order to get close to their beloveds, Pyrocles disguises himself as the Amazon Zelmane, and Musidorus as the shepherd Dorus. Romantic complications ensue: Basilius falls in love with Zelmane thinking her the woman she appears to be; Gynecia falls in love with Zelmane strongly suspecting her to be a man; Philoclea also falls in love with Zelmane, believing her a woman, and thus suffering much uneasiness at her passion for someone of the same sex. Both Zelmane and Dorus finally reveal their true identities to their beloveds, and are loved by them in return.

[2] *he* Musidorus. Greek, *muse* + *dore* (gift); thus, gift of the muse.

[3] *cunning* art, artifice.

[4] *buskins* a covering for the foot and leg reaching to the calf, or to the knee; a half-boot.

[5] *device* an emblematic figure or design, especially one borne or adopted by a particular person, family, etc., usually accompanied by a motto.

[6] *Amazon* Herodotus is the classical source for the existence of this race of female warriors. See *Histories*, trans. R. Waterfield (Oxford, 1998), 4.110-17. See also Justin's *Epitome of the Philippic History of Pompeius Trogus* (2nd-4th c. CE), 2.4.

[7] *her other forces were without withstanding* i.e., her other forces (her beauty and personal charms) could not be resisted.

[8] *out-right* directly onward, straight ahead.

For (woe is me) my powers all I find
With outward force and inward treason spoil'd.

For from without came to mine eyes the blow,
Whereto mine inward thoughts did faintly yield:
Both these conspir'd poor reason's overthrow;
False in myself, thus have I lost the field.

Thus are my eyes still captive to one sight;
Thus all my thoughts are slaves to one thought still:
Thus reason to his servants yields his right;
Thus is my power transformed to your will.

What marvel then I take a woman's hue,
Since what I see, think, know, is all but you?

This ditty gave him some suspicion, but the voice gave him almost assurance who the singer was; and therefore boldly thrusting open the door and entering into the arbour, he perceived indeed that it was Pyrocles[1] thus disguised: wherewith not receiving so much joy to have found him as grief so to have found him, amazedly looking upon him (as Apollo is painted when he saw Daphne suddenly turned into a laurel[2]) he was not able to bring forth a word; so that Pyrocles (who had as much shame as Musidorus had sorrow) rising to him, would have formed a substantial excuse, but his insinuation being of blushing and his division of sighs, his whole oration stood upon a short narration what was the causer of this metamorphosis.[3] But by that time Musidorus had gathered his spirits together, and yet casting a ghastful[4] countenance upon him as if he would conjure some strange spirit, he thus spoke unto him:

"And is it possible that this is Pyrocles, the only young prince in the world formed by nature and framed by education to the true exercise of virtue? Or is it indeed some Amazon that hath counterfeited the face of my friend in this sort to vex me? For likelier sure I would have thought it that any outward face might have been disguised than that the face of so excellent a mind could have been thus blemished. O sweet Pyrocles, separate yourself a little (if it be possible) from yourself, and let your own mind look upon your own proceedings; so shall my words be needless and you best instructed. See with yourself how fit it will be for you in this your tender youth, born so great a prince, and of so rare not only expectation but proof, desired of your old father, and wanted[5] of your native country, now so near your home to divert your thoughts from the way of goodness to lose, nay, to abuse your time. Lastly to overthrow all the excellent things you have done, which have filled the world with your fame; as if you should drown your ship in the long desired haven, or, like an ill player should mar the last act of his tragedy. Remember (for I know you know it) that if we will be men, the reasonable part of our soul is to have absolute commandment, against which, if any sensual weakness arise, we are to yield all our sound forces to the overthrowing of so unnatural a rebellion; wherein how can we want courage, since we are to deal against so weak an adversary that in itself is nothing but weakness? Nay, we are to resolve that if reason direct it, we must do it; and if we must do it, we will do it; for, to say 'I cannot,' is childish, and 'I will not,' womanish.

"And see how extremely every way you endanger your mind: for to take this womanish habit, without you frame your behaviour accordingly, is wholly vain; your behaviour can never come kindly[6] from you but as the mind is proportioned unto it: so that you must resolve, if you will play your part to any purpose, whatsoever peevish

[1] *Pyrocles* Greek, *pyr* (fire) + *ochle* (to move, trouble, or disturb by tumult). See J. Webster and R. Isomaki, "Pyrochles, Cymochles," *Spenser Encycl.*, p. 574.

[2] The nymph Daphne, pursued by the god Apollo, begged for rescue from her father, the river god Peneus; in response, Peneus turned her into a laurel tree.

[3] In rhetoric, an "insinuation" is a kind of introduction to a speech designed artfully to win over the hearers, while the "division" is the subsequent classification and thus organization of one's material.

[4] *ghastful* horrified.

[5] *wanted* lacked.

[6] *kindly* i.e., as nature dictates.

imperfections are in that sex, to soften your heart to receive them—the very first down-step to all wickedness. For do not deceive yourself, my dear cousin, there is no man suddenly either excellently good or extremely evil, but grows either as he holds himself up in virtue or lets himself slide to viciousness.

"And let us see what power is the author of all these troubles: forsooth love, love, a passion, and the basest and fruitlessest of all passions. Fear breedeth wit; anger is the cradle of courage; joy openeth and enableth the heart; sorrow, as it closeth, so it draweth it inward to look to the correcting of itself; and so all of them generally have power towards some good by the direction of reason. But this bastard love (for indeed the name of love is most unworthily applied to so hateful a humour[1]) as it is engendered betwixt lust and idleness; as the matter it works upon is nothing but a certain base weakness which some gentle fools call a gentle heart; as his adjoined companions be unquietness, longings, fond comforts, faint discomforts, hopes, jealousies, ungrounded rages, causeless yieldings; so is the highest end it aspires unto a little pleasure with much pain before and great repentance after. But that end, how endless it runs to infinite evils, were fit enough for the matter we speak of; but not for your ears, in whom, indeed, there is so much true disposition to virtue.

"Yet thus much of his worthy effects in yourself is to be seen, that (besides your breaking laws of hospitality with Kalander[2] and of friendship with me) it utterly subverts the course of nature in making reason give place to sense, and man to woman. And truly I think hereupon it first got the name of love: for indeed the true love hath that excellent nature in it, that it doth transform the very essence of the lover into the thing loved, uniting and, as it were, incorporating it with a secret and inward working. And herein do these kinds of love imitate the excellent; for as the love of heaven makes one heavenly, the love of virtue, virtuous, so doth the love of the world make one become worldly: and this effeminate love of a woman doth so womanize a man that, if he yield to it, it will not only make him an Amazon, but a launder, a distaff-spinner[3] or whatsoever other vile occupation their idle heads can imagine and their weak hands perform.

"Therefore (to trouble you no longer with my tedious but loving words) if either you remember what you are, what you have been, or what you must be; if you consider what it is that moved you, or by what kind of creature you are moved, you shall find the cause so small, the effect so dangerous, yourself so unworthy to run into the one or to be driven by the other, that I doubt not I shall quickly have occasion rather to praise you for having conquered it than to give you further counsel how to do it."

But in Pyrocles this speech wrought no more but that he who before he was espied was afraid, after being perceived was ashamed, now being hardly rubbed upon left both fear and shame and was moved to anger. But the exceeding good will he bore to Musidorus striving with it, he thus (partly to satisfy him, but principally to loose the reins to his own motions[4]) made him answer:

"Cousin, whatsoever good disposition nature hath bestowed upon me, or howsoever that disposition hath been by bringing up confirmed, this must I confess, that I am not yet come to that degree of wisdom to think light of the sex of whom I have my life, since if I be anything (which your friendship rather finds than I acknowledge) I was, to come to it, born of a woman and nursed of a woman. And certainly (for this point of your speech doth nearest touch me) it is strange to see the unmanlike cruelty of mankind, who, not content with their tyrannous ambition to have brought the other's virtuous patience under them,

[1] *humour* emotional and/or psychological state.

[2] *Kalandar* Greek, "worthy man."

[3] *launder* a person of either sex who washes linen; *distaff-spinner* someone who uses a distaff (a long cleft staff) to spin the thread that then would be used to weave cloth; these occupations were traditionally and proverbially "woman's work."

[4] *loose the reins to his own motions* i.e., allow him to remove any restraints on the expression of his emotions, desires.

like childish masters think their masterhood nothing without doing injury to them who (if we will argue by reason) are framed of nature with the same parts of the mind for the exercise of virtue as we are. And for example, even this estate of Amazons (which I now for my greatest honour do seek to counterfeit) doth well witness that if generally the sweetness of their disposition did not make them see the vainness of these things which we accompt[1] glorious, they neither want valour of mind, nor yet doth their fairness take away their force. And truly we men and praisers of men should remember that if we have such excellencies, it is reason to think them excellent creatures of whom we are, since a kite never brought forth a good flying hawk.[2] But to tell you true, as I think it superfluous to use any words of such a subject which is so praised in itself as it needs no praises, so withal, I fear lest my conceit[3] (not able to reach unto them) bring forth words which for their unworthiness may be a disgrace to them I so inwardly honour. Let this suffice: that they are capable of virtue; and virtue, you yoursel[f] say, is to be loved, and I too, truly. But this I willingly confess, that it likes me much better when I find virtue in a fair lodging than when I am bound to seek it in an ill-favoured creature, like a pearl in a dung-hill. As for my fault of being an uncivil guest to Kalander, if you could feel what an inward guest myself am host unto, ye would think it very excusable, in that I rather perform the duties of a host than the ceremonies of a guest. And for my breaking the laws of friendship with you (which I would rather die than effectually do) truly I could find in my heart to ask you pardon for it but that your now handling of me gives me reason to my former dealing."

And here Pyrocles stayed as to breathe himself, having been transported with a little vehemency, because it seemed him Musidorus had over-bitterly glanced against the reputation of womankind; but then quieting his countenance (as well as out of an unquiet mind it might be), he thus proceeded on:

"And poor love," said he, "dear cousin, is little beholding unto you, since you are not contented to spoil[4] it of the honour of the highest power of the mind, which notable men have attributed unto it; but ye deject it below all other passions, in truth somewhat strangely, since, if love receive any disgrace, it is by the company of these passions you prefer before it. For those kinds of bitter objections (as that lust, idleness, and a weak heart should be, as it were, the matter and form of love) rather touch me, dear Musidorus, than love; but I am good witness of mine own imperfections, and therefore will not defend myself. But herein I must say you deal contrary to yourself: for if I be so weak, then can you not with reason stir me up as you did by remembrance of my own virtue; or if indeed I be virtuous, then must ye confess that love hath his working in a virtuous heart; and so no doubt hath it, whatsoever I be: for, if we love virtue, in whom shall we love it but in a virtuous creature?—without[5] your meaning be, I should love this word 'Virtue' where I see it written in a book! Those troublesome effects you say it breeds be not the faults of love but of him that loves, as an unable vessel to bear such a liquor; like evil eyes not able to look on the sun, or like a weak brain soonest overthrown with the best wine. Even that heavenly love you speak of is accompanied in some hearts with hopes, griefs, longings and despairs. And in that heavenly love, since there are two parts—the one the love itself, the other the excellency of the thing loved—I, not able at the first leap to frame both in me, do now, like a diligent workman, make ready the chief instrument and first part of that great work, which is love itself; which when I have a while practised in this sort, then you shall see me turn it to greater matters. And thus gently you may, if it please you, think of me. Neither doubt ye because I wear a woman's apparel I will be the more womanish,

[1] *accompt* account.

[2] *kite ... flying hawk* Proverb, "A carrion kite (bittern) will never be a good hawk" (*Tilley* K114).

[3] *conceit* understanding, ability to conceive.

[4] *spoil* rob.

[5] *without* except.

since I assure you, for all my apparel, there is nothing I desire more than fully to prove myself a man in this enterprise. Much might be said in my defence, much more for love, and most of all for that divine creature which hath joined me and love together. But these disputations are fitter for quiet schools than my troubled brains, which are bent rather in deeds to perform than in words to defend the noble desire that possesseth me."

[...]

But Musidorus was so grieved to see his well-beloved friend obstinate (as he thought) to his own destruction, that it forced him with more than accustomed vehemency to speak these words:

"Well, well," said he, "you list[1] to abuse yourself. It was a very white and red virtue which you could pick out of a painterly gloss of a visage.[2] Confess the truth, and ye shall find the utmost was but beauty, a thing, which though it be in as great excellency in yourself as may be in any, yet I am sure you make no further reckoning of it than of an outward fading benefit nature bestowed upon you. And yet such is your want of a true grounded virtue, which must be like itself in all points, that what you wisely account a trifle in yourself, you fondly become a slave unto in another. For my part I now protest I have left nothing unsaid which my wit could make me know, or my most entire friendship to you requires of me. I do now beseech you even for the love betwixt us (if this other love have left any in you towards me) and for the remembrance of your old, careful[3] father (if you can remember him that forget yourself) lastly, for Pyrocles' own sake (who is now upon the point of falling or rising) to purge yourself of this vile infection. Otherwise give me leave to leave off this name of friendship as an idle title of a thing which cannot be where virtue is abolished."

The length of these speeches before had not so much cloyed Pyrocles, though he were very impatient of long deliberations, as this last farewell of him he loved as his own life did wound his soul. For, thinking himself afflicted, he was the apter to conceive unkindness deeply; insomuch that shaking his head, and delivering some show of tears, he thus uttered his griefs:

"Alas," said he, "Prince Musidorus, how cruelly you deal with me. If you seek the victory, take it, and, if ye list, the triumph. Have you all the reason of the world, and with me remain all the imperfections, yet such as I can no more lay from me than the crow can be persuaded by the swan to cast off all his black feathers. But truly you deal with me like a physician that, seeing his patient in a pestilent fever, should chide him instead of ministering help, and bid him be sick no more; or rather like such a friend that, visiting his friend condemned to perpetual prison and laden with grievous fetters, should will him to shake off his fetters or he would leave him. I am sick, and sick to the death. I am prisoner, neither is there any redress but by her to whom I am [a] slave. Now, if you list, leave him that loves you in the highest degree, but remember ever to carry this with you—that you abandon your friend in his greatest extremity."

And herewith the deep wound of his love, being rubbed afresh with this new unkindness, began, as it were, to bleed again in such sort that he was unable to bear it any longer, but gushing out abundance of tears, and crossing his arms over his woeful heart,[4] he sunk down to the ground. Which sudden trance[5] went so to the heart of Musidorus that, falling down by him and kissing the weeping eyes of his friend, he

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[1] *list* desire, wish.

[2] *It was a very white and red virtue … visage* Musidorus accuses Pyrocles of falling in love with the artistic, superficial lustre of the beauty of Philoclea's face; Pyrocles has thus reduced true virtue to an appreciation of and desire for the "red" and "white" which comprise the traditional colours of the Petrarchan mistress' complexion. See below, pp. 694-95, ll.559-604, for Pyrocles' description of how he first fell in love with Philoclea through her portrait.

[3] *careful* i.e., full of care, anxious.

[4] at this point, the Penguin edition contains the clauses: "as if his tears had been out-flowing blood, his arms an over-pressing burden."

[5] *trance* a state of extreme apprehension or dread.

besought him not to make account of his speech which, if it had been over-vehement, yet was it to be borne withal, because it came out of a love much more vehement; that he had not thought fancy could have received so deep a wound, but now finding in him the force of it, he would no further contrary it but employ all his service to medicine it in such sort as the nature of it required. But even this kindness made Pyrocles the more melt in the former unkindness, which his manlike tears well showed, with a silent look upon Musidorus, as who should say: "And is it possible that Musidorus should threaten to leave me?"; and this struck Musidorus' mind and senses so dumb, too, that for grief being not able to say anything, they rested with their eyes placed one upon another, in such sort as might well paint out the true passion of unkindness to be never aright but betwixt them that most dearly love.

And thus remained they a time, till at length Musidorus, embracing him, said, "And will you thus shake off your friend?"

"It is you that shake me off," said Pyrocles, "being for my unperfectness unworthy of your friendship."

"But this," said Musidorus, "shows you more unperfect, to be cruel to him that submits himself unto you. But since you are imperfect (said he, smiling), it is reason you be governed by us wise and perfect men. And that authority will I begin to take upon me with three absolute commandments: the first, that you increase not your evil with further griefs; the second, that you love her with all the powers of your mind; and the last commandment shall be, ye command me to do what service I can towards the attaining of your desires."

Pyrocles' heart was not so oppressed with the two mighty passions of love and unkindness but that it yielded to some mirth at [t]his commandment of Musidorus that he should love; so that something clearing his face from his former shows of grief: "Well," said he, "dear cousin, I see by the well-choosing of your commandments that you are far fitter to be a prince than a counsellor, and therefore I am resolved to employ all my endeavour to obey you, with this condition, that the commandments ye command me to lay upon you shall only be, that you continue to love me, and look upon my imperfections with more affection than judgement."

"Love you?" said he. "Alas, how can my heart be separated from the true embracing of it without it burst by being too full of it? But (said he) let us leave off these flowers of new-begun friendship; and now I pray you again tell me, but tell it me fully, omitting no circumstance, the story of your affections, both beginning and proceeding, assuring yourself that there is nothing so great which I will fear to do for you, nor nothing so small which I will disdain to do for you. Let me, therefore, receive a clear understanding, which many times we miss while those things we account small, as a speech or a look, are omitted, like as a whole sentence may fail of his congruity by wanting one particle. Therefore between friends all must be laid open, nothing being superfluous nor tedious."

"You shall be obeyed," said Pyrocles, "and here are we in as fit a place for it as may be; for this arbour nobody offers to come into but myself, I using it as my melancholy retiring place, and therefore that respect is borne unto it. Yet if by chance any should come, say that you are a servant sent from the Queen of the Amazons to seek me, and then let me alone for the rest." So sat they down, and Pyrocles thus said:

"Cousin," said he, "then began the fatal overthrow of all my liberty when, walking among the pictures in Kalander's house, you yourself delivered unto me what you had understood of Philoclea;[1] who much resembling (though I must say much surpassing) the lady Zelmane whom so well I loved,[2] there were mine eyes infected, and at

[1] *Philoclea* Greek, *philo* (lover, friend) + *kleia* (renown); thus, lover of renown.

[2] In Book 2, Pyrocles and Musidorus find themselves imprisoned by Andromana, queen of Iberia, when they refuse to satisfy her sexual desires. Their dear friend Palladius, son of Andromana and the king of Iberia, and the lady Zelmane, daughter of Plexirtus, are also at the court. Palladius is in love with Zelmane, but sadly she is in love with

your mouth did I drink my poison. Yet alas, so sweet was it unto me, that I could not be contented till Kalander had made it more and more strong with his declaration. Which the more I questioned, the more pity I conceived of her unworthy fortune;[1] and when with pity once my heart was made tender, according to the aptness of the humour, it received quickly a cruel impression of that wonderful passion which to be defined is impossible, because no words reach to the strange nature of it. They only know it which inwardly feel it: it is called love. Yet did I not, poor wretch, at first know my disease, thinking it only such a wonted kind of desire to see rare sights, and my pity to be no other but the fruits of a gentle nature. But even this arguing with myself came of further thoughts, and the more I argued the more my thoughts increased. Desirous I was to see the place where she remained, as though the architecture of the lodges would have been much for my learning; but more desirous to see herself, to be judge, forsooth, of the painter's cunning—for thus at the first did I flatter myself, as though my wound had been no deeper. But when within short time I came to the degree of uncertain wishes and that those wishes grew to unquiet longings; when I could fix my thoughts upon nothing but that within little varying they should end with Philoclea; when each thing I saw seemed to figure out some part of my passions; when even Parthenia's[2] fair face became a lecture to me of Philoclea's imagined beauty; when I heard no word spoken but that methought it carried the sound of Philoclea's name; then, indeed, then I did yield to the burden, finding myself prisoner before I had leisure to arm myself, and that I might well, like the spaniel, gnaw upon the chain that ties him, but I should sooner mar my teeth than procure liberty.

"Yet I take to witness the eternal spring of virtue that I had never read, heard, nor seen anything, I had never any taste of philosophy nor inward feeling in myself which for a while I did not call to my succour. But, alas, what resistance was there, when ere long my very reason was, you will say, corrupted—I must confess, conquered—and that methought even reason did assure me that all eyes did degenerate from their creation which did not honour such beauty? Nothing in truth could hold any plea with it but the reverent friendship I bear unto you. For as it went against my heart to break any way from you, so did I fear, more than any assault, to break it to you; finding (as it is indeed) that to a heart fully resolute, counsel is tedious but reprehension is loathsome, and that there is nothing more terrible to a guilty heart than the eye of a respected friend. This made me determine with myself (thinking it a less fault in friendship to do a thing without your knowledge than against your will) to take this secret course, which conceit[3] was most builded up in me the last day of my parting and speaking with you, when upon your speech with me and my but naming love, when else perchance I would have gone further, I saw your voice and countenance so change as it assured me my revealing it should but purchase your grief with my cumber;[4] and therefore, dear Musidorus, even ran away from thy well-known chiding. For having written a letter, which I know not whether you found or no, and taken my chief jewels with me, while you were in the midst of your sport I got a time, as I think, unmarked by any, to steal away I cared not whither so I might 'scape you.

"And so came I to Ithonia in the province of Messenia, where, lying secret, I put this in practice which before I had devised. For remembering by Philanax[5] his letter and Kalander's speech how

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Pyrocles. Palladius helps free the two princes but in the subsequent conflict with his mother and her men, who pursue them, he is killed. Zelmane, disguised as a boy takes up service as Pyrocles' page. She dies of an illness, but not before first revealing her identity and asking the princes to aid her father.

1 *her unworthy fortune* referring to Philoclea's isolation in the country, along with her father and mother, King Basilius and his queen, Gynecia, and her sister Pamela; in the country, Pamela is separated from her family and placed under the guardianship of the boorish rustic Dametas, while Philoclea remains with Basilius and Gynecia.

2 *Parthenia* Greek (*parthenos*), "virgin."

3 *conceit* idea, plan.

4 *cumber* distress.

5 *Philanax* Greek, "lover of the sovereign."

obstinately Basilius was determined not to marry his daughters, and therefore fearing lest any public dealing should rather increase her captivity than further my love, love (the refiner of invention) had put in my head thus to disguise myself, that under that mask I might, if it were possible, get access; and what access could bring forth commit to fortune and industry, determining to bear the countenance of an Amazon. Therefore in the closest[1] manner I could, naming myself Zelmane, for that dear lady's sake to whose memory I am so much bound, I caused this apparel to be made, and bringing it near the lodges which are hard at hand, by night thus dressed myself, resting till occasion might make me to be found by them whom I sought; which the next morning happened as well as my own plot could have laid it.

[...]

"[...] within awhile he[2] came unto me, bearing indeed shows in his countenance of an honest and well-minded gentleman, and with as much courtesy as Dametas[3] with rudeness saluting me:

"'Fair lady,' said he, 'it is nothing strange that such a solitary place as this should receive solitary persons, but much do I marvel how such a beauty as yours is should be suffered to be thus alone.'

"I (that now knew it was my part to play) looking with a grave majesty upon him, as if I found in myself cause to be reverenced, 'They are never alone,' said I, 'that are accompanied with noble thoughts.'

"'But those thoughts,' replied Basilius, 'cannot in this your loneliness neither warrant[4] you from suspicion in others nor defend you from melancholy in yourself.'

"I then showing a mislike that he pressed me so far, 'I seek no better warrant,' said I, 'than my own conscience, nor no greater pleasure than my own contentation.'[5]

"'Yet virtue seeks to satisfy others,' said Basilius.

"'Those that be good,' said I, 'and they will be satisfied as long as they see no evil.'

"'Yet will the best in this country,' said Basilius, 'suspect[6] so excellent beauty being so weakly guarded.'

"'Then are the best but stark naught,'[7] answered I, 'for open suspecting others comes of secret condemning themselves. But in my country (whose manners I am in all places to maintain and reverence) the general goodness which is nourished in our hearts makes everyone think the strength of virtue in another whereof they find the assured foundation in themselves.'

"'Excellent lady,' said he, 'you praise so greatly, and yet so wisely, your country that I must needs desire to know what the nest is out of which such birds do fly.'

"'You must first deserve it,' said I, 'before you may obtain it.'

"'And by what means,' said Basilius, 'shall I deserve to know your estate?'

"'By letting me first know yours,' answered I.

"'To obey you,' said he, 'I will do it; although it were so much more reason yours should be known first, as you do deserve in all points to be preferred. Know you, fair lady, that my name is Basilius, unworthily lord of this country. The rest, either fame hath already brought to your ears or (if it please you to make this place happy by your presence) at more leisure you shall understand of me.'

"I that from the beginning assured myself it was he, but would not seem I did so, to keep my gravity the better, making a piece of reverence

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1 *closest* most secret or concealed.

2 Pyrocles is still speaking here; *he* i.e., King Basilius; see p. 689, note 1. Basilius is Greek for "king."

3 *Dametas* Named after a rural character in Virgil's *Eclogues*, the foolish and cowardly shepherd Dametas is the guardian of the princess Pamela. He has just attempted to drive Zelmane/Pyrocles away from Basilius' estate with blows and insults; when Zelmane/Pyrocles draws her/his sword; Dametas flees.

4 *warrant* protect.

5 *contentation* contentment.

6 I.e., perhaps, they will suspect her of being unchaste, given that she is wandering about with no escort.

7 *stark naught* utterly worthless, completely bad.

unto him,[1] 'Mighty Prince,' said I, 'let my not knowing you serve for the excuse of my boldness, and the little reverence I do you, impute it to the manner of my country, which is the invincible land of the Amazons, myself niece to Senicia, queen thereof, lineally descended of the famous Penthesilea slain by the bloody hand of Pyrrhus.[2] I, having in this my youth determined to make the world see the Amazons' excellencies as well in private as in public virtue, have passed some dangerous adventures in divers countries till the unmerciful sea deprived me of my company; so that shipwreck casting me not far hence, uncertain wandering brought me to this place.'

"But Basilius (who now began to taste of that, which since he hath swallowed up, as I will tell you) fell to more cunning entreating my abode than any greedy host would use to well-paying passengers.[3] I thought nothing could shoot righter at the mark of my desires; yet had I learned already so much: that it was against my womanhood to be forward in my own wishes. And therefore he (to prove whether intercessions in fitter mouths might better prevail) commanded Dametas to bring forthwith his wife and daughters thither: three ladies, although of diverse yet all of excellent beauty.

"His wife in grave matron-like attire, with countenance and gesture suitable and of such fairness (being in the strength of her age) as if her daughters had not been by might with just price have purchased admiration; but they being there, it was enough that the most dainty eye would think her a worthy mother of such children. The fair Pamela,[4] whose noble heart I find doth greatly disdain that the trust of her virtue is reposed in such a lout's lands as Dametas, had yet, to show an obedience, taken on shepherdish apparel, which was but of russet-cloth cut after their fashion, with a straight body, open-breasted,[5] the nether part full of pleats, with long and wide sleeves. But believe me she did apparel her apparel, and with the preciousness of her body made it most sumptuous. Her hair at the full length wound about with gold lace, only by the comparison to show how far her hair doth excel in colour; betwixt her breasts, which sweetly rose up like two fair mountainets in the pleasant vale of Tempe,[6] there hung a very rich diamond set but in a black horn; the word I have since read is this: "Yet still myself." And thus particularly have I described them, because you may know that mine eyes are not so partial but that I marked them too.

"But when the ornament of the earth, the model of heaven, the triumph of nature, the life of beauty, the queen of love, young Philoclea appeared in her nymph-like apparel, so near nakedness as one might well discern part of her perfections, and yet so apparelled as did show she kept best store of her beauty to herself: her hair (alas, too poor a word! why should I not rather call them her beams?[7]) drawn up into a net, able to have caught Jupiter when he was in the form of an eagle;[8] her body (O sweet body!) covered with a light taffeta garment, so cut as the wrought smock[9] came through it in many places, enough to have made your restrained imagination have thought what was under it; with the cast of her black eyes—black indeed, whether nature so made them that we might be the more able to behold and bear their wonderful shining, or that she, goddess-like, would work this miracle with herself

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1 *making a piece of reverence unto him* i.e., bowing or offering to him some other token of respect.

2 Although most classical writers say that it was Achilles who killed Penthesilea, the deed is attributed to Achilles' son, Pyrrhus, in Dares Phyrgius' *De Excidio Troiae Historia*. See *The Iliad of Dares Phrygius*, trans. G. Roberts (Cape Town, 1970), p. 79. Senicia seems to be Sidney's own invention.

3 *passengers* travellers.

4 *Pamela* Greek, *pan* ("all") + *meli* ("honey"); thus, "all honey" or "all sweetness."

5 *open-breasted* i.e, not covering the breast or bosom.

6 *vale of Tempe* an actual valley in Thessaly, used by ancient Roman writers as a general name for a beautiful valley.

7 *beams* In Petrarchan discourse, the lady's golden hair is often likened to sunbeams.

8 *able to have caught Jupiter … eagle* Most famously, Jove transforms himself into an eagle in order to seize the beautiful shepherd, Ganymede, whom he desired. He carried Ganymede off to Olympus to be his cupbearer (*Metamorphoses*, 10.149-75).

9 *wrought smock* embroidered undergarment, shift, or chemise.

in giving blackness the price above all beauty—then, I say, indeed methought the lilies grew pale for envy; the roses methought blushed to see sweeter roses in her cheeks, and the apples methought fell down from the trees to do homage to the apples of her breast. Then the clouds gave place that the heavens might more freely smile upon her—at the least the clouds of my thoughts quite vanished, and my sight, then more clear and forcible than ever, was so fixed there that, I imagine, I stood like a well-wrought image with some life in show but none in practice. And so had I been like enough to have stayed long time but that Gynecia[1] stepping between my sight and the only Philoclea, the change of object made me recover my senses so that I could with reasonable good manner receive the salutation of her and of the Princess Pamela, doing them yet no further reverence than one princess useth to another. But when I came to the never-enough-praised Philoclea, I could not but fall down on my knees, and taking by force her hand and kissing it, I must confess, with more than womanly ardency,[2] 'Divine lady,' said I, 'let not the world nor these great princesses marvel to see me, contrary to my manner, do this especial honour unto you, since all, both men and women, do owe this to the perfection of your beauty.'

"But she, blushing like a fair morning in May at this my singularity, and causing me to rise, 'Noble lady,' said she, 'it is no marvel to see your judgement much mistaken in my beauty, since you begin with so great an error as to do more honour unto me than to them to whom I myself owe all service.'

"'Rather,' answered I with a bowed down countenance, 'that shows the power of your beauty which forced me to do such an error, if it were an error.'

"'You are so well-acquainted,' said she sweetly, most sweetly smiling, 'with your own beauty that it makes you easily fall into the discourse of beauty.'

"'Beauty in me?' said I, truly sighing, 'Alas, if there be any it is in my eyes, which your blessed presence hath imparted unto them.'

"But then, as I think, Basilius willing her so to do, 'Well,' said she, 'I must needs confess I have heard that it is a great happiness to be praised of them that are most praiseworthy; and well I find that you are an invincible Amazon since you will overcome, though in a wrong matter. But if my beauty be anything, then let it obtain thus much of you, that you will remain some while in this company to ease your own travail[3] and our solitariness.'

"'First let me die,' said I, 'before any word spoken by such a mouth should come in vain.'

"And thus with some other words of entertaining was my staying concluded, and I led among them to the lodge, truly a place for pleasantness, not unfit to flatter solitariness; for it being set upon such an insensible rising of the ground as you are come to a pretty height before almost you perceive that you ascend, it gives the eye lordship over a good large circuit,[4] which according to the nature of the country, being diversified between hills and dales, woods and plains, one place more clear, another more darksome, it seems a pleasant picture of nature, with lovely lightsomeness and artificial shadows. The lodge is of a yellow stone, built in the form of a star, having round about a garden framed into like points; and beyond the garden, ridings[5] cut out, each answering the angles of the lodge. At the end of one of them is the other smaller lodge, but of like fashion, where the gracious Pamela liveth, so that the lodge seemeth not unlike a fair comet, whose tail stretcheth itself to a star of less greatness."

[...]

"Now thus I[6] had, as methought, well played my first act, assuring myself that under that disguisement I should find opportunity to reveal myself to

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1 *Gynecia* Greek, "womanly."

2 *ardency* intense zeal, fervency, or ardour.

3 *travail* hardship.

4 *circuit* area.

5 *ridings* riding trails.

6 Pyrocles continues his narration to Musidorus.

the owner of my heart. But who would think it possible (though I feel it true) that in almost eight weeks' space I have lived here (having no more company but her parents, and I being familiar as being a woman, and watchful as being a lover) yet could never find opportunity to have one minute's leisure of private conference, the cause whereof is as strange as the effects are to me miserable. And, alas, this it is:

"At the first sight that Basilius had of me (I think Cupid having headed his arrows with my misfortune) he was stricken (taking me to be such as I profess) with great affection towards me, which since is grown to such a doting love that till I was fain to get this place sometimes to retire unto freely, I was even choked with his tediousness. You never saw fourscore[1] years dance up and down more lively in a young lover, now as fine in his apparel as if he would make me in love with a cloak, and verse for verse with the sharpest-witted lover in Arcadia. Do you not think that this is a salad of wormwood[2] while mine eyes feed upon the ambrosia[3] of Philoclea's beauty?

"But this is not all; no, this is not the worst: for he, good man, were easy enough to be dealt with, but (as I think) love and mischief, having made a wager which should have most power in me, have set Gynecia also on such a fire towards me as will never, I fear, be quenched but with my destruction. For she, being a woman of excellent wit and of strong-working thoughts, whether she suspected me by my over-vehement shows of affection to Philoclea (which love forced me unwisely to utter, while hope of my mask foolishly encouraged me) or that she hath taken some other mark of me that I am not a woman, or what devil it is hath revealed it unto her, I know not; but so it is, that all her countenances, words, and gestures are even miserable portraitures of a desperate affection. Whereby a man may learn that these avoidings of company do but make the passions more violent when they meet with fit subjects. Truly it were a notable dumb show[4] of Cupid's kingdom to see my eyes, languishing with over-vehement longing, direct themselves to Philoclea; and Basilius, as busy about me as a bee and indeed as cumbersome,[5] making such vehement suits to me, who neither could if I would nor would if I could, help him; while the terrible wit of Gynecia, carried with the beer[6] of violent love, runs through us all. And so jealous is she of my love to her daughter that I could never yet begin to open my mouth to the inevitable[7] Philoclea but that her unwished presence gave my tale a conclusion before it had a beginning.

"And surely, if I be not deceived, I see such shows of liking and, if I be acquainted with passions, of almost a passionate liking in the heavenly Philoclea towards me, that I may hope her ears would not abhor my discourse. And for good Basilius, he thought it best to have lodged us together, but that the eternal hatefulness of my destiny made Gynecia's jealousy stop that and all other my blessings. Yet must I confess that one way her love doth me pleasure, for since it was my foolish fortune or unfortunate folly to be known by her, that keeps her from bewraying[8] me to Basilius. And thus, my Musidorus, you have my tragedy played unto you by myself, which I pray the gods may not indeed prove a tragedy." And therewith he ended, making a full point[9] of a hearty sigh.

[...]

1 *fourscore* eighty.

2 *wormwood* a plant proverbial for its bitter taste.

3 *ambrosia* the divinely sweet food of the classical gods.

4 *dumb show* in early drama, part of a play represented by action without speech.

5 *cumbersome* troublesome, wearisome, oppressive.

6 *beer* obsolete form of "birr": force, impetus.

7 *inevitable* that which cannot be avoided or escaped; irresistible.

8 *bewraying* revealing; betraying.

9 *full point* the punctuation mark, "the period" or "full stop."

Book 3[1]

[...]

As for Amphialus,[2] he was received with triumph into the castle, although one might see by his eyes (humbly lifted up to the window where Philoclea stood) that he was rather suppliant than victorious; which occasion Cecropia[3] taking, who as then stood by Philoclea, and had lately left Pamela in another room whence also she might see the combat, "Sweet lady," said she, "now you may see whether you have cause to love my son, who then lies under your feet when he stands upon the neck of his bravest enemies."

"Alas," said Philoclea, "a simple[4] service to me, methinks it is, to have those who come to succour me destroyed. If it be my duty to call it love, be it so; but the effects it brings forth, I confess I account hateful."

Cecropia grew so angry with this unkind answer that she could not abstain from telling her that she was like them that could not sleep when they were softly laid; but that if her son would follow her counsel, he should take another course with her; and so flung away from her.

Yet, knowing the desperate melancholy of Amphialus in like cases, framed to him a very thankful message, powdering[5] it with some hope-giving phrases, which were of such joy to Amphialus that he (though against public respect and importunity of dissuaders) presently caused it to be made known to the camp that whatsoever knight would try the like fortune as Phalantus did, he should in like sort be answered. So as divers[6] of the valiantest, partly of themselves, partly at the instigation of Basilius, attempted the combat with him; and according to every one's humour,[7] so were the causes of the challenge grounded: one laying treason to his charge; another preferring himself in the worthiness to serve Philoclea; a third exalting some lady's beauty beyond either of the sisters; a fourth laying disgraces to love itself, naming it the bewitcher of the wit, the rebel to reason, the betrayer of resolution, the defiler of thoughts, the underminer of magnanimity, the flatterer of vice, the slave to weakness, the infection of youth, the madness of age, the curse of life and reproach of death; a fifth, disdaining to cast[8] at less than at all, would make the cause of his quarrel the causers of love, and proclaim his blasphemies against womankind—that namely that sex[9] was the oversight of nature, the disgrace of reasonableness, the obstinate cowards, the slave-born tyrants, the shops of vanities, the gilded weathercocks; in whom conscience is but peevishness, chastity waywardness, and gratefulness a miracle. But all these challenges (how well soever indited[10]) were so well answered, that some by death taught others, though past learning themselves; and some by yielding gave themselves the lie for having blasphemed; to the great grief of Basilius so to see his rebel prevail and, in his own sight, to crown himself with deserved honour.

Whereupon thirsting for revenge, and else not hoping to prevail, the best of his camp being already overthrown, he sent a messenger to Argalus, in whose approved courage and force he had (and had cause) to have great confidence, with a letter requiring him to take this quarrel in hand,

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1 The story so far: at the beginning of Book 3 Philoclea, Pamela, and Zelmane are kidnapped by armed men and taken to the castle of Amphialus and his mother Cecropia. Cecropia is Basilius' sister-in-law, and thus Amphialus is his nephew. Back in Book 2 we learn of Amphialus' love for Philoclea, when Zelmane (the disguised Pyrocles) catches him spying on the two sisters while they are bathing; she/he wounds Amphialus in a fight. The kidnapping is Cecropia's idea, and she orders it while her son is recovering from this injury. Basilius pursues his daughters with an army, but when he fails in his attempt to take the castle, his knights begin to challenge Amphialus, and much of Book 3 recounts these combats.

2 *Amphialus* Greek, "between two seas."

3 *Cecropia* Greek, Athenian, after the founder of Athens, Cecrops (*Classical Dict.*, p. 150).

4 *simple* valueless.

5 *powdering* sprinkling over (it).

6 *divers* various, sundry, several.

7 *humour* dominant psychological and/or emotional tendency; habitual cast of mind.

8 *cast* aim.

9 *that sex* the female sex; woman.

10 *indited* written, composed.

from which he had hitherto spared him in respect of his late marriage. But now his honour and (as he esteemed it) felicity standing upon it, he could no longer forbear to challenge of him his faithful service.

The messenger made speed, and found Argalus at a castle of his own, sitting in a parlour with the fair Parthenia, he reading in a book the stories of Hercules, she by him, as to hear him read; but while his eyes looked on the book, she looked on his eyes, and sometimes staying him with some pretty question, not so much to be resolved of the doubt as to give him occasion to look upon her. A happy couple: he joying in her, she joying in herself, but in herself, because she enjoyed him; both increasing their riches by giving to each other, each making one life double, because they made a double life one; where desire never wanted satisfaction, nor satisfaction ever bred satiety; he ruling, because she would obey, or rather because she would obey, she therein ruling.

But when the messenger came in with letters in his hand and haste in his countenance, though she knew not what to fear, yet she feared because she knew not; but she rose and went aside while he delivered his letters and message; yet afar off she looked, now at the messenger, and then at her husband: the same fear, which made her loath to have cause of fear, yet making her seek cause to nourish her fear. And well she found there was some serious matter, for her husband's countenance figured some resolution between loathness and necessity; and once his eye cast upon her, and finding hers upon him, he blushed, and she blushed because he blushed, and yet straight grew pale because she knew not why he had blushed. But when he had read, and heard, and dispatched away the messenger (like a man in whom honour could not be rocked asleep by affection) with promise quickly to follow, he came to Parthenia, and as sorry as might be for parting, and yet more sorry for her sorrow, he gave her the letter to read.

She with fearful slowness took it, and with fearful quickness read it; and having read it, "Ah, my Argalus," said she, "and have you made such haste to answer? And are you so soon resolved to leave me?"

But he discoursing unto her how much it imported[1] his honour (which, since it was dear to him, he knew it would be dear unto her) her reason, overclouded with sorrow, suffered her not presently to reply, but left the charge thereof to tears and sighs, which he, not able to bear, left her alone and went to give order for his present departure.

But by that time he was armed and ready to go, she had recovered a little strength of spirit again, and coming out, and seeing him armed and wanting[2] nothing for his departure but her farewell, she ran to him, took him by the arm, and kneeling down without regard who either heard her speech or saw her demeanour,

"My Argalus, my Argalus," said she, "do not thus forsake me. Remember, alas, remember that I have interest in you, which I will never yield shall be thus adventured. Your valour is already sufficiently known. Sufficiently have you already done for your country. Enow,[3] enow there are beside you to lose less worthy lives. Woe is me, what shall become of me if you thus abandon me? Then was it time for you to follow these adventures when you adventured nobody but yourself, and were nobody's but your own. But now pardon me, that now, or never, I claim mine own. Mine you are, and without me you can undertake no danger, and will you endanger Parthenia? Parthenia shall be in the battle[4] of your fight. Parthenia shall smart in your pain, and your blood must be bled by Parthenia."

"Dear Parthenia," said he, "this is the first time that ever you resisted my will. I thank you for it, but persevere not in it; and let not the tears of those most beloved eyes be a presage unto me of that which you would not should happen. I shall live, doubt not, for so great a blessing as you are was not given unto me so soon to be deprived of it. Look for me, therefore, shortly, and victorious;

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1 *imported* concerned, related to.
2 *wanting* lacking.
3 *Enow* enough.
4 *in the battle* perhaps, in the midst or at the forefront.

and prepare a joyful welcome, and I will wish for no other triumph."

She answered not, but stood as it were thunder-stricken with amazement; for true love made obedience stand up against all other passions. But when he took her in his arms and sought to print his heart in her sweet lips, she fell in a sound,[1] so as he was fain[2] to leave her to her gentlewomen; and carried away by the tyranny of honour, though with many a back-cast look and hearty groan, went to the camp.

[...]

But he[3] had scarcely viewed the ground of the island and considered the advantages (if any were) thereof, before the castle boat had delivered Amphialus, in all points provided to give a hard entertainment. And then sending each to other their squires in honourable manner to know whether they should attend any further ceremony, the trumpets sounding, the horses with smooth running, the staves[4] with unshaked motion, obediently performed their choleric[5] commandments. But when they drew near, Argalus' horse being hot, pressed in with his head, which Amphialus perceiving, knowing if he gave him his side it should be to his disadvantage, pressed in also with him, so as both the horses and men met shoulder to shoulder, so as the horses (hurt as much with the striking as being stricken) tumbled down to the earth, dangerously to their masters but that they, by strength nimble and by use skillful, in the falling shunned the harm of the fall, and without more respite drew out their swords with a gallant bravery, each striving to show himself the less endamaged, and to make known that they were glad they had now nothing else to trust to but their own virtue.

True it is that Amphialus was the sooner up, but Argalus had his sword out the sooner; and then fell they to the cruellest combat that any present eye had seen. Their swords first, like cannons, battering down the walls of their armour, making breaches almost in every place for troops of wounds to enter. Among the rest, Argalus gave a great wound to Amphialus' disarmed face, though part of the force of it Amphialus warded upon his shield, and withal, first casting his eye up to Philoclea's window, as if he had fetched his courage thence, feigning to intend the same sort of blow, turned his sword and, with a mighty reverse, gave a cruel wound to the right arm of Argalus, the unfaithful armour yielding to the sword's strong-guided sharpness. But though the blood accused the hurt of Argalus, yet would he in no action of his confess it; but keeping himself in a lower ward,[6] stood watching with timely thrusts to repair his loss, which quickly he did. For Amphialus, following his fawning fortune, laid on so thick upon Argalus that his shield had almost fallen piece-meal to the earth, when Argalus, coming in with his right foot, and something stooping to come under his armour, thrust him into the belly dangerously; and mortally it would have been, but that with the blow before, Amphialus had over-stricken himself so as he fell sideward down, and with falling saved himself from ruin, the sword by that means slipping aside and not piercing more deeply.

Argalus seeing him fall, threatening with voice and sword, bade him yield. But he striving without answer to rise, Argalus struck him with all his might upon his head. But his hurt arm, not able to master so sound a force, let the sword fall so as Amphialus, though astonished with the blow, could arise; which Argalus considering, ran in to grasp with him, and so closed together, falling so to the ground, now one getting above, and then the other. At length both, weary of so unlovely embracements, with a dissenting consent got up and went to their swords, but happened each of

[1] *sound* faint; swoon.
[2] *fain* forced, obliged.
[3] *he* i.e., Argalus.
[4] *staves* lances.
[5] *choleric* hot-tempered, wrathful.
[6] *ward* in fencing, a defensive posture or movement; a mode of parrying.

his enemy's; where Argalus finding his foe's sword garnished in his blood, his heart rose with the same sword to revenge it, and on that blade to ally their bloods together. But his mind was evil waited-on by his lamed force, so as he received still more and more wounds, which made all his armour seem to blush that it had defended his master no better. But Amphialus perceiving it, and weighing the small hatefulness of their quarrel with the worthiness of the knight, desired him to take pity of himself. But Argalus, the more repining[1] the more he found himself in disadvantage, filling his veins with spite instead of blood, and making courage arise against faintness (like a candle, which a little before it goes out gives then the greatest blaze) so did he unite all his force, that casting away the little remnant of his shield, and taking his sword in both hands, he struck such a notable blow that he cleft his shield, armour, and arm almost to the bone.

But then Amphialus forgot all ceremonies, and with cruel blows made more of his best blood succeed the rest: till his hand being stayed by his ear, his ear filled with a pitiful cry, the cry guided his sight to an excellent fair lady who came running as fast as she could, and yet because she could not as fast as she would, she sent her lamentable voice before her: and being come, and being known to them both to be the beautiful Parthenia (who had that night dreamed she saw her husband in such estate as she then found him, which made her make such haste thither) they both marvelled. But Parthenia ran between them, fear of love making her forget the fear of nature, and then fell down at their feet, determining so to part them till she could get breath to sigh out her doleful speeches: and when her breath (which running had spent, and dismayedness made slow to return) had by sobs gotten into her sorrow-closed breast, for a while she could say nothing, but, "O wretched eyes of mine, O wailful sight, O day of darkness!"

At length turning her eyes, wherein sorrow swam, to Amphialus, "My lord," said she, "it is said you love. In the power of that love, I beseech you to leave off this combat. As ever your heart may find comfort in his affection, even for her sake I crave it: or if you be mortally determined, be so pitiful unto me as first to kill me, that I may not see the death of Argalus."

Amphialus was about to have answered, when Argalus, vexed with his fortune, but most vexed that she should see him in that fortune, "Ah Parthenia," said he, "never till now unwelcome unto me, do you come to get my life by request? And cannot Argalus live but by request? Is that a life?"

With that he went aside for fear of hurting her, and would have begun the combat afresh. But Amphialus not only conjured[2] by that which held the monarchy of his mind, but even in his noble heart melting with compassion at so passionate a sight, desired him to withhold his hands, for that he should strike one who sought his favour, and would not make resistance—a notable example of the wonderful effects of virtue, where the conqueror sought for friendship of the conquered, and the conquered would not pardon the conqueror, both indeed being of that mind to love each other for accepting, but not for giving mercy, and neither affected to over-live a dishonour: so that Argalus, not so much striving with Amphialus (for if he had had him in the like sort, in like sort he would have dealt with him) as labouring against his own power (which he chiefly despised) set himself forward, stretching his strength to the uttermost. But the fire of that strife, blown with his inward rage, boiled out his blood in such abundance that he was driven to rest him upon the pommel of his sword; and then each thing beginning to turn round in the dance of death before his eyes, his sight both dazzled and dimmed, till, thinking to sit down, he fell in a swoon. Parthenia and Amphialus both hastily went unto him. Amphialus took off his helmet, and Parthenia laid his head in her lap, tearing off her linen sleeves and partlet[3] to serve about his wounds; to bind

[1] *repining* discontented, dissatisfied.

[2] *conjured* entreated.

[3] *partlet* a linen neckerchief.

which she took off her hair-lace[1] and would have cut off her fair hair herself, but that the squires and judges came in with fitter things for the purpose, while she bewailed herself with so lamentable sweetness as was enough to have taught sorrow to the gladdest thoughts, and have engraved it in the minds of hardest metal.

"O Parthenia, no more Parthenia," said she, "what art thou? What seest thou? How is thy bliss in a moment fallen! How wert[2] thou even now before all ladies the example of perfect happiness, and now the gazing-stock of endless misery! O God, what hath been my desert to be thus punished? Or if such have been my desert, why was I not in myself punished? O wandering life, to what wilderness wouldst thou lead me? But sorrow, I hope thou art sharp enough to save my labour from other remedies. Argalus, Argalus, I will follow thee, I will follow thee."

But with that Argalus came out of his swoon, and lifting up his languishing eyes (which a painful rest and iron sleep did seek to lock up) seeing her in whom, even dying, he lived, and himself seated in so beloved a place, it seemed a little cheerful blood came up to his cheeks, like a burning coal, almost dead, if some breath a little revive it; and forcing up, the best he could, his feeble voice:

"My dear, my better half," said he, "I find I must now leave thee. And by that sweet hand and fair eyes of thine I swear that death brings nothing with it to grieve me but that I must leave thee, and cannot remain to answer part of thy infinite deserts with being some comfort unto thee. But since so it pleaseth him, whose wisdom and goodness guideth all, put thy confidence in him, and one day we shall blessedly meet again, never to depart. Meanwhile live happily, dear Parthenia, and I persuade myself it will increase the blessedness of my soul so to see thee. Love well the remembrance of thy loving, and truly loving Argalus, and let not," (with that word he sighed) "this disgrace of mine make thee one day think thou hadst an unworthy husband."

They could scarcely understand the last words, for death began to seize himself of his heart; neither could Parthenia make answer, so full was her breast of anguish. But while the others sought to staunch his remediless wounds, she with her kisses made him happy, for his last breath was delivered into her mouth.

But when indeed she found his ghost was gone, then sorrow lost the wit of utterance and grew rageful and mad, so that she tore her beautiful face and rent her hair, as though they could serve for nothing since Argalus was gone, till Amphialus (so moved with pity of that sight as that he honoured his adversary's death with tears) caused her, with the help of her women that came with her, partly by force to be conveyed into the boat, with the dead body of Argalus, from which she would not depart. And being come of the other side, there she was received by Basilius himself with all the funeral pomp of military discipline, trailing all their ensigns[3] upon the ground, making their warlike instruments sound doleful notes; and Basilius (with comfort in his mouth and woe in his face) sought to persuade some ease into Parthenia's mind. But all was as easeful to her as the handling of sore wounds; all the honour done being to her but the triumph of her ruin, she finding no comfort but in desperate yielding to sorrow, and rather determined to hate herself if ever she should find ease thereof. And well might she hear as she passed through the camp the great praises spoken of her husband, which all were records of her loss. But the more excellent he was (being indeed counted second to none in all Greece) the more did the breath of those praises bear up the wings of Amphialus his fame; to whom yet (such was his case) that trophy upon trophy still did but build up the monument of his thraldom, he ever finding himself in such favour of Philoclea that she was most absent when he was present with her, and ever sorriest when he had best success, which would have made him renounce all comfort but that his mother, with a diversity of devices, kept up his heart.

[1] *hair-lace* string or tie for binding the hair.

[2] *wert* "art" in the 1593 edition, although the past tense is clearly needed here.

[3] *ensigns* military banners or flags.

[...]

This Knight of the Tomb (for so the soldiers termed him) sent to Basilius to demand leave to send in a damsel into the town to call out Amphialus, according as before time some others had done. Which being granted (as glad any would undertake the charge, which nobody else in that camp was known willing to do) the damsel went in, and having with tears sobbed out a brave challenge to Amphialus from the Knight of the Tomb, Amphialus, honourably entertaining the gentlewoman, and desiring to know the knight's name (which the doleful gentlewoman would not discover) accepted the challenge, only desiring the gentlewoman to say thus much to the strange knight from him, that if his mind were like to his title, there were more cause of affinity than enmity between them. And therefore presently, according as he was wont, as soon as he perceived the Knight of the Tomb with his damsels and judge was come into the island, he also went over in accustomed manner; and yet, for the courtesy of his nature, desired to speak with him.

But the Knight of the Tomb, with silence and drawing his horse back, showed no will to hear nor speak; but with lance on thigh made him know it was fit for him to go to the other end of the career;[1] whence waiting the start of the unknown knight, he likewise made his spurs claim haste of his horse. But when his staff was in his rest,[2] coming down to meet with the knight, now very near him, he perceived the knight had missed his rest; wherefore the courteous Amphialus would not let his lance descend, but with a gallant grace ran over the head of his therein-friended enemy. And having stopped his horse, and with the turning of him blessed his sight with the window where he thought Philoclea might stand, he perceived the knight had lighted from his horse and thrown away his staff (angry with his misfortune as of having missed his rest) and drawn his sword, to make that supply his fellow's fault. He also lighted and drew his sword, esteeming victory by advantage rather robbed than purchased; and so the other coming eagerly toward him, he with his shield out and sword aloft, with more bravery than anger drew unto him, and straight made their swords speak for them a pretty while with equal fierceness.

But Amphialus, to whom the earth brought forth few matches, having both much more skill to choose the places and more force to work upon the chosen, had already made many windows in his armour for death to come in at, when in the nobleness of his nature abhorring to make the punishment overgo the offence, he stepped a little back, and withal, "Sir knight," said he, "you may easily see that it pleaseth God to favour my cause. Employ your valour against them that wish you hurt; for my part I have not deserved hate of you."

"Thou liest, false traitor," said the other, with an angry, but weak voice.

But Amphialus, in whom abused kindness became spiteful rage, "Ah barbarous wretch," said he, "only courageous in discourtesy, thou shalt soon see whether thy tongue hath betrayed thy heart, or no"; and with that, redoubling his blows, gave him a great wound upon his neck, and closing with him, overthrew him, and in the fall thrust him mortally into the body; and with that went to pull off his helmet, with intention to make him give himself the lie for having so said, or to cut off his head.

But the headpiece was no sooner off but that there fell about the shoulders of the overcome knight the treasure of fair golden hair which, with the face (soon known by the badge of excellency) witnessed that it was Parthenia, the unfortunately virtuous wife of Argalus; her beauty then, even in the despite of the past sorrow or coming death, assuring all beholders that it was nothing short of perfection. For her exceeding fair eyes having with continual weeping gotten a little redness about

[1] *career* the charge of a horse (in tournament or battle), and thus, here, the path laid out for such an encounter.

[2] *rest* a contrivance meant to receive the butt-end of the lance [staff] when couched for the charge in a tournament or battle, and which prevented the lance from being driven back upon impact.

them; her roundy,[1] sweetly-swelling lips a little trembling, as though they kissed their neighbour death; in her cheeks the whiteness striving by little and little to get upon the rosiness of them; her neck, a neck indeed of alabaster, displaying the wound, which with most dainty blood laboured to drown his own beauties, so as here was a river of purest red, there an island of perfectest white, each giving luster to the other, with the sweet countenance, God knows, full of an unaffected languishing. Though these things to a grossly conceiving sense might seem disgraces, yet indeed were they but apparelling beauty in a new fashion which, all-looked-upon through the spectacles of pity, did even increase the lines of her natural fairness, so as Amphialus was astonished with grief, compassion, and shame, detesting his fortune that made him unfortunate in victory.

Therefore putting off his headpiece and gauntlet, kneeling down unto her, and with tears testifying his sorrow, he offered his (by himself accursed) hands to help her, protesting his life and power to be ready to do her honour. But Parthenia, who had inward messengers of the desired death's approach, looking upon him, and straight turning away her feeble sight as from a delightless object, drawing out her words which her breath, loath to part from so sweet a body, did faintly deliver:

"Sir," said she, "I pray you, if prayers have place in enemies, to let my maids take my body untouched by you. The only honour I now desire by your means is that I have no honour of you. Argalus made no such bargain with you, that the hands which killed him should help me. I have of them (and I do not only pardon you, but thank you for it) the service which I desired. There rests nothing now but that I go live with him since whose death I have done nothing but die."

Then pausing, and a little fainting, and again coming to herself:

"O sweet life, welcome!" said she. "Now feel I the bands untied of the cruel death which so long hath held me. And O life, O death, answer for me, that my thoughts have not so much as in a dream tasted any comfort since they were deprived of Argalus. I come, my Argalus, I come! And O God, hide my faults in thy mercy, and grant, as I feel thou dost grant, that in thy eternal love we may love each other eternally. And this, O Lord"—but there Atropos[2] cut off her sentence, for with that, casting up both eyes and hands to the skies, the noble soul departed (one might well assure himself) to Heaven, which left the body in so heavenly a demeanour.

But Amphialus (with a heart oppressed with grief, because of her request) withdrew himself, but the judges, as full of pity, had been all this while disarming her, and her gentlewomen with lamentable cries labouring to staunch the remediless wounds. And a while she was dead before they perceived it, death being able to divide the soul, but not the beauty from that body. But when the infallible tokens of death assured them of their loss, one of the women would have killed herself but that the squire of Amphialus perceiving it by force held her. Others that had as strong passion though weaker resolution fell to cast dust upon their heads, to tear their garments; all falling upon the earth and crying upon their sweet mistress, as if their cries could persuade the soul to leave the celestial happiness to come again into the elements of sorrow: one time calling to remembrance her virtue, chasteness, sweetness, goodness to them; another time accursing themselves that they had obeyed her, they having been deceived by her words, who assured them that it was revealed unto her that she should have her heart's desire in the battle against Amphialus, which they wrongly understood; then kissing her cold hands and feet, weary of the world, since she was gone who was their world. The very heavens seemed with a cloudy countenance to lour[3] at the loss, and fame

[1] *roundy* rounded.

[2] Atropos was one of the three Fates or Destinies, responsible for dictating the scope, length, and shape of each person's life; Lachesis presides over and assigns each person's lot in life; Clotho spins the thread of life; and Atropos cuts the thread.

[3] *lour* mourn.

itself (though by nature glad to tell such rare accidents) yet could not choose but deliver it in lamentable accents, and in such sort went it quickly all over the camp. And, as if the air had been infected with sorrow, no heart was so hard but was subject to that contagion, the rareness of the accident matching together (the rarely matched together) pity with admiration.

Basilius himself came forth, and brought the fair Gynecia with him, who was come into the camp under colour of visiting her husband and hearing of her daughters, but indeed Zelmane was the saint to which her pilgrimage was intended, cursing, envying, blessing, and in her heart kissing the walls which imprisoned her. But both they, with Philanax and the rest of the principal nobility, went out to make honour triumph over death, conveying that excellent body (whereto Basilius himself would needs lend his shoulder) to a church a mile from the camp, where the valiant Argalus lay entombed; recommending to that sepulchre the blessed relics of faithful and virtuous love, giving order for the making of marble images to represent them, and each way enriching the tomb, upon which Basilius himself caused this epitaph to be written:

His being was in her alone:
And he not being, she was none.

They joy'd one joy, one grief they griev'd,
One love they lov'd, one life they liv'd.
The hand was one, one was the sword
That did his death, her death afford.

As all the rest, so now the stone
That tombs the two is justly one.

ARGALUS AND PARTHENIA

Then with eyes full of tears and mouths full of her praises returned they to the camp, with more and more hate against Amphialus, who, poor gentleman, had therefore greater portion of woe than any of them. For that courteous heart, which would have grieved but to have heard the like adventure, was rent with remembering himself to be the author, so that his wisdom could not so far temper his passion but that he took his sword, counted the best in the world (which with much blood he had once conquered of a mighty giant) and broke it into many pieces (which afterwards he had good cause to repent) saying, that neither it was worthy to serve the noble exercise of chivalry, nor any other worthy to feel that sword which had stroken[1] so excellent a lady; and withal, banishing all cheerfulness of his countenance, he returned home, where he got him to his bed, not so much to rest his restless mind as to avoid all company, the sight whereof was tedious unto him.

[...]

But his mother, as she had plentiful cause, making him see that of his other griefs there was little or no fault in himself, and therefore there ought to be little or no grief in him; when she came to the head[2] of the sore, indeed seeing that she could no longer patch up[3] her former promises (he taking a desperate deafness to all delaying hopes) she confessed plainly that she could prevail nothing, but the fault was his own, who had marred the young girl by seeking to have that by prayer which he should have taken by authority; that as it were an absurd cunning to make high ladders to go in a plain way,[4] so was it an untimely and foolish flattery there to beseech where one might command, puffing them up, by being besought, with such a self-pride of superiority that it was not, forsooth, to be held out but by a denial.

"O God," said Amphialus, "how well I thought my fortune would bring forth this end of your labours! Assure yourself, mother, I will sooner pull out these eyes than they shall look upon the heavenly Philoclea but as upon a heaven whence they

[1] *stroken* struck.

[2] *head* origin.

[3] *patch up* repair or mend in a clumsy or imperfect manner, that she would win Philoclea's love for him.

[4] *to make high ladders to go in a plain way* i.e., to take high ladders (such as are meant for the scaling of a besieged town's walls) and lay them flat on the ground.

have their light, and to which they are subject. If they will pour down any influences of comfort, O happy I; but if by the sacrifice of a faithful heart they will not be called unto me, let me languish, and wither with languishing, and grieve with withering, but never so much as repine[1] with never so much grieving. Mother, O mother, lust may well be a tyrant, but true love, where it is indeed, it is a servant. Accursed more than I am may I be, if ever I did approach her but that I freezed as much in a fearful reverence as I burned in a vehement desire. Did ever man's eye look through love upon the majesty of virtue shining through beauty but that he became (as it well became him) a captive? And is it the style of a captive to write, 'Our will and pleasure'?"

"Tush, tush, son!" said Cecropia. "If you say you love but, withal, you fear, you fear lest you should offend. Offend? And how know you that you should offend? Because she doth deny? Deny! Now by my truth, if your sadness would let me laugh, I could laugh heartily to see that yet you are ignorant that 'No' is no negative in a woman's mouth. My son, believe me, a woman speaking of women. A lover's modesty among us is much more praised than liked; or if we like it, so well we like it that for marring of his modesty he shall never proceed further. Each virtue hath his time. If you command your soldier to march foremost and he for courtesy put others before him, would you praise his modesty? Love is your general: he bids you dare. And will Amphialus be a dastard?[2] Let examples serve. Do you think Theseus should ever have gotten Antiope with sighing and crossing his arms? He ravished her, and ravished her that was an Amazon and therefore had gotten a habit of stoutness above the nature of a woman; but having ravished her, he got a child of her.[3] And I say no more, but that, they say, is not gotten without consent of both sides.[4] Iöle had her own father killed by Hercules and herself ravished, by force ravished, and yet ere long this ravished and unfathered lady could sportfully put on the lion's skin upon her own fair shoulders, and play with the club with her own delicate hands.[5] So easily had she pardoned the ravisher that she could not but delight in those weapons of ravishing. But above all mark Helen, daughter to Jupiter, who could never brook her mannerly-wooing Menelaus, but disdained his humbleness and loathed his softness. But so well she could like the force of enforcing Paris that for him she could abide what might be abidden. But what? Menelaus takes heart: he recovers her by force, by force carries her home, by force enjoys her, and she (who could never like him for serviceableness) ever after loved him for violence.[6] For what can be more agreeable than upon force to lay the fault of desire, and in one instant to join a dear delight with a just excuse? Or rather the true cause is (pardon me, O womankind, for revealing to mine own son the truth of this mystery) we think there wants fire, where we find no sparkles at least of fury [...] My Amphialus, know thyself a man, and show thyself a man; and, believe me upon my word, a woman is a woman."

[...]

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1 *repine* murmur, complain.

2 *dastard* one who meanly or basely shrinks from danger; a despicable coward.

3 In some classical accounts, Theseus took prisoner and raped Antiope (better known as Hippolyta), queen of the Amazons, by whom he had a son named Hippolytus.

4 *but that, they say … sides* It was a medical commonplace in the period that since mutual enjoyment was necessary for conception to occur rape could not result in a pregnancy. Thus, if a woman became pregnant she could not possibly have been raped. See T. Laqueur, *Making Sex* (Cambridge, MA, 1990), chapter 5, especially p. 161.

5 Hercules was in love with Iöle, daughter of King Eurytus. When Eurytus spurned Hercules' suit, Hercules made war on him, killing Eurytus and three of his sons, and making off with Iöle. Iöle's subsequent putting on of Hercules' arms and lion skin occurs in Ovid's "Deianira to Hercules" (*Heroides*, 9).

6 *Paris, Helen and Menelaus* the famous triangle which triggered the Trojan War.

But she[1] by this means rid of the present danger of the siege[2] (desiring Zoilus and Lycurgus[3] to take the care, till their brother recovered, of revictualling and furnishing the city both with men and what else wanted, against any new occasion should urge them—she herself disdaining to hearken to Basilius, without he would grant his daughter in marriage to her son, which by no means he would be brought unto) bent all the sharpness of her malicious wit how to bring a comfortable grant to her son, whereupon she well found no less than his life depended. Therefore for a while she attempted all means of eloquent praying and flattering persuasion, mingling sometimes gifts, sometimes threatenings, as she had cause to hope that either open force or undermining would best win the castle of their resolution. And ever as much as she did to Philoclea, so much did she to Pamela, though in manner sometimes differing, as she found fit to level at the one's noble height and the other's sweet lowliness. For though she knew her son's heart had wholly given itself to Philoclea, yet seeing the equal gifts in Pamela, she hoped a fair grant would recover the sorrow of a fair refusal; cruelly intending the present empoisoning the one as soon as the other's affection were purchased.

But in vain was all her vain oratory employed. Pamela's determination was built upon so brave a rock that no shot of hers could reach unto it, and Philoclea (though humbly seated) was so environed with sweet rivers of clear virtue as could neither be battered nor undermined. Her witty persuasions had wise answers; her eloquence recompensed with sweetness; her threatenings repelled with disdain in the one, and patience in the other; her gifts either not accepted, or accepted to obey, but not to bind. So as Cecropia, in nature violent; cruel, because ambitious; hateful, for old rooted grudge to their mother,[4] and now spiteful because she could not prevail with girls (as she counted them); lastly, drawn on by her love to her son, and held up by a tyrannical authority, forthwith followed the bias of her own crooked disposition, and doubling and redoubling her threatenings, fell to confirm some of her threatened effects, first withdrawing all comfort both of servants and service from them. But that those excellent ladies had been used unto, even at home, and then found in themselves how much good the hardness of education doth to the resistance of misery. Then dishonourably using them both in diet and lodging, by a contempt to pull down their thoughts to yielding. But as before the consideration of a prison had disgraced all ornaments, so now the same consideration made them attend all diseasefulness.[5] Then still as she found those not prevail would she go forward with giving them terrors, sometimes with noises of horror, sometimes with sudden frightings in the night, when the solitary darkness thereof might easier astonish the disarmed senses. But to all, virtue and love resisted, strengthened one by the other when each found itself over-vehemently assaulted; Cecropia still sweetening her fierceness with fair promises, if they would promise fair, that feeling evil and seeing a way far better, their minds might the sooner be mollified. But they, that could not taste her behaviour when it was pleasing indeed, could worse now when they had lost all taste by her injuries.

She, resolving all extremities rather than fail of conquest, pursued on her rugged way, letting no day pass without new and new perplexing the poor ladies' minds and troubling their bodies; and still swelling the more she was stopped, and growing hot with her own doings, at length abominable rage carried her to absolute tyrannies; so that taking with her certain old women (of wicked

[1] *she* Cecropia.

[2] *by this means … siege* Cecropia threatens to behead Philoclea, Pamela, and Zelmane unless Basilius raises the siege of the castle, which he does, retreating to his own nearby castle and commencing negotiations with Cecropia; the narrator notes he is motivated more by his love for Zelmane than his fear for his daughters.

[3] *Lycurgus* Greek, "wolf."

[4] *old rooted grudge to their mother* Cecropia's grudge against Gynecia stems from the fact that Gynecia's marriage to Basilius has frustrated her ambition to gain real political power, first through her husband, Basilius' brother, and later through her son.

[5] *attend all diseasefulness* expect all discomfort.

dispositions, and apt for envy-sake to be cruel to youth and beauty) with a countenance empoisoned with malice, flew to the sweet Philoclea, as if so many kites should come about a white dove; and matching violent gestures with mischievous threatenings, she having a rod in her hand (like a fury that should carry wood to the burning of Diana's temple[1]) fell to scourge that most beautiful body; love in vain holding the shield of beauty against her blind cruelty. The sun drew clouds up to hide his face from so pitiful a sight, and the very stone walls did yield drops of sweat for agony of such a mischief. Each senseless thing had sense of pity; only they that had sense were senseless. Virtue rarely found her worldly weakness more than by the oppression of that day; and weeping Cupid told his weeping mother that he was sorry he was not deaf as well as blind, that he might never know so lamentable a work. Philoclea, with tearful eyes and sobbing breast (as soon as her weariness rather than compassion gave her respite) kneeled down to Cecropia, and making pity in her face honourable, and torment delightful, besought her since she hated her (for what cause she took God to witness she knew not) that she would at once take away her life, and not please herself with the tormenting of a poor gentlewoman.

"If," said she, "the common course of humanity cannot move you, nor the having me in your own walls cannot claim pity, nor womanly mercy, nor near alliance,[2] nor remembrance (how miserable soever now) that I am a prince's daughter, yet let the love you have often told me your son bears me so much procure, that for his sake one death may be thought enough for me. I have not lived so many years but that one death may be able to conclude them. Neither have my faults, I hope, been so many, but that one death may satisfy them. It is no great suit to an enemy when but death is desired. I crave but that, and as for the granting your request, know for certain you lose your labours, being every day further-off-minded from becoming his wife who useth me like a slave."

But that, instead of getting grace, renewed again Cecropia's fury, so that (excellent creature) she was newly again tormented by those hellish monsters, Cecropia using no other words but that she was a proud and ungrateful wench, and that she would teach her to know her own good, since of herself she would not conceive it. So that with silence and patience (like a fair gorgeous armour, hammered upon by an ill-favoured smith) she abode their pitiless dealing with her till, rather reserving her for more than meaning to end, they left her to an uncomfortable leisure, to consider with herself her fortune, both helpless—herself being a prisoner—and hopeless, since Zelmane was a prisoner. Who therein only was short of the bottom of misery, that she knew not how unworthily her angel by these devils was abused; but wanted, God wot,[3] no stings of grief when those words did but strike upon her heart, that Philoclea was a captive and she not able to succour her. For well she knew the confidence Philoclea had in her, and well she knew Philoclea had cause to have confidence; and all trodden under foot by the wheel of senseless fortune. Yet if there be that imperious power in the soul as it can deliver knowledge to another without bodily organs, so vehement were the workings of their spirits as one met with other, though themselves perceived it not, but only thought it to be the doubling of their own loving fancies. And that was the only worldly thing whereon Philoclea rested her mind, that she knew she should die beloved of Zelmane, and should die rather than be false to Zelmane. And so this most dainty nymph, easing the pain of her mind with thinking of another's pain, and almost forgetting the pain of her body through the pain of her mind, she wasted, even longing for the conclusion of her tedious tragedy.

[1] A fury was an avenging or tormenting infernal spirit. Here, Cecropia is the fury tormenting Philoclea who, as a virgin, is compared to the temple of Diana, goddess of virginity and chastity. Her temple in Ephesus was burned to the ground by Eratostratus (*Classical Dict.*, p. 254).

[2] *near alliance* For Cecropia's kinship to Philoclea and Pamela, see p. 700, note 1.

[3] *wanted, God wot* i.e., lacked, God knows.

But for a while she was unvisited, Cecropia employing her time in using the like cruelty upon Pamela, her heart growing not only to desire the fruit of punishing them but even to delight in the punishing them. But if ever the beams of perfection shined through the clouds of affliction, if ever virtue took a body to show his (else unconceivable) beauty, it was in Pamela. For when reason taught her there was no resistance—for to just resistance first her heart was inclined—then with so heavenly a quietness and so graceful a calmness did she suffer the divers kinds of torments they used to her, that while they vexed her fair body, it seemed that she rather directed than obeyed the vexation. And when Cecropia ended and asked whether her heart would yield, she a little smiled, but such a smiling as showed no love and yet could not be but lovely.

And then, "Beastly woman," said she, "follow on, do what thou wilt and canst upon me, for I know thy power is not unlimited. Thou mayest well wreck this silly body, but me thou canst never overthrow. For my part I will not do thee the pleasure to desire death of thee: but assure thyself, both my life and death shall triumph with honour, laying shame upon thy detestable tyranny."

And so, in effect, conquering their doing with her suffering, while Cecropia tried as many sorts of pains as might rather vex them than spoil them (for that she would not do while she were in any hope to win either of them for her son) Pamela remained almost as much content with trial in herself what virtue could do, as grieved with the misery wherein she found herself plunged. Only sometimes her thoughts softened in her, when with open wings they flew to Musidorus. For then she would think with herself how grievously Musidorus would take this her misery; and she, that wept not for herself, wept yet Musidorus' tears which he would weep for her. For gentle love did easlier[1] yield to lamentation than the constancy of virtue would else admit. Then would she remember the case wherein she had left her poor shepherd; and she, that wished death for herself, feared death for him; and she, that condemned in herself the feebleness of sorrow, yet thought it great reason to be sorry for his sorrow; and she that long had prayed for the virtuous joining themselves together, now thinking to die herself, heartily prayed that long time their fortunes might be separated.

"Live long, my Musidorus," would she say, "and let my name live in thy mouth, in thy heart my memory. Live long, that thou mayest love long the chaste love of thy dead Pamela."

Then would she wish to herself that no other woman might ever possess his heart, and yet scarcely the wish was made a wish, when herself would find fault with it as being too unjust that so excellent a man should be banished from the comfort of life. Then would she fortify her resolution with bethinking the worst, taking the counsel of virtue and comfort of love.

[...]

[2]Full therefore of the horriblest despair which a most guilty conscience could breed, with wild looks promising some terrible issue, understanding his mother was upon the top of the leads,[3] he caught one of his servant's swords from him, and none of them daring to stay him, he went up, carried by fury instead of strength; where she was at that time, musing how to go through with this matter, and resolving to make much of her nieces in show and secretly to empoison them; thinking since they were not to be won, her son's love would no otherwise be mitigated.

But when she saw him come in with a sword drawn, and a look more terrible than the sword, she straight was stricken with the guiltiness of her own conscience. Yet the well-known humbleness of her son somewhat animated her, till he coming nearer her, and crying to her, "Thou damnable

[1] *easlier* more easily.

[2] Amphialus has finally been informed by the sisters of the torture which his mother has striven to keep him ignorant of. This information being confirmed by his servants, Amphialus searches out his mother.

[3] *leads* roof.

creature, only fit to bring forth such a monster of unhappiness as I am," she fearing he would have stricken her (though indeed he meant it not, but only intended to kill himself in her presence) went back so far till, ere she were aware, she overthrew herself from over the leads, to receive her death's kiss at the ground; and yet was she not so happy as presently[1] to die, but that she had time with hellish agony to see her son's mischief[2] (whom she loved so well) before her end; when she confessed (with most desperate but not repenting mind) the purpose she had to empoison the princesses, and would then have had them murdered. But everybody, seeing, and glad to see her end, had left obedience to her tyranny.

And, if it could be, her ruin increased woe in the noble heart of Amphialus who, when he saw her fall, had his own rage stayed a little with the suddenness of her destruction.

"And was I not enough miserable before," said he, "but that before my end I must be the death of my mother? who, how wicked soever, yet I would she had received her punishment by some other! O Amphialus, wretched Amphialus, thou hast lived to be the death of thy most dear companion and friend, Philoxenus, and of his father, thy most careful foster father.[3] Thou hast lived to kill a lady with thine own hands, and so excellent and virtuous a lady as the fair Parthenia was. Thou hast lived to see thy faithful Ismenus slain in succouring thee, and thou not able to defend him. Thou hast lived to show thyself such a coward, as that one unknown knight could overcome thee in thy lady's presence. Thou hast lived to bear arms against thy rightful prince, thine own uncle. Thou hast lived to be accounted, and justly accounted, a traitor, by the most excellent persons that this world holdeth. Thou hast lived to be the death of her that gave thee life. But ah, wretched Amphialus, thou hast lived, for thy sake and by thy authority, to have Philoclea tormented. O heavens, in Amphialus' castle, where Amphialus commanded, tormented! Tormented? Torment of my soul, Philoclea tormented, and thou hast had such comfort in thy life as to live all this while! Perchance this hand, used only to mischievous acts, thinks it were too good a deed to kill me; or else, filthy hand, only worthy to kill women, thou art afraid to strike a man. Fear not, cowardly hand, for thou shalt kill but a cowardly traitor, and do it gladly, for thou shalt kill him whom Philoclea hateth."

With that, furiously he tore open his doublet, and setting the pommel of the sword to the ground and the point to his breast, he fell upon it. But the sword more merciful than he to himself, with the slipping of the pommel, the point swerved and razed him but upon the side; yet with the fall, his other wounds opened so as he bled in such extremity that Charon's boat[4] might very well be carried in that flood, which yet he sought to hasten by this means. As he opened his doublet and fell, there fell out Philoclea's knives which Cecropia at the first had taken from her and delivered to her son, and he had ever worn them next his heart as the only relic he had of his saint. Now seeing them by him (his sword being so as weakness could not well draw it out from his doublet) he took the knives, and pulling one of them out and many times kissing it, and then, first with the passions of kindness and unkindness melting in tears:

"O dear knives, you are come in a good time to revenge the wrong I have done you all this while, in keeping you from her blessed side, and wearing you without your mistress' leave. Alas, be witness with me yet before I die (and well you may, for you

[1] *presently* immediately, at once.

[2] *mischief* evil plight or condition; misfortune.

[3] In Book 1, Amphialus is sent by his friend and foster-brother, Philoxenus, to plead Philoxenus' love-case to Helen, queen of Corinth. Unfortunately, Helen falls in love with Amphialus instead, causing Amphialus to flee the court in hopes that she will forget him and turn her affections to Philoxenus. When Philoxenus comes across Helen mourning over a picture of Amphialus, he pursues his friend and challenges him to a fight. When Amphialus refuses to fight, Philoxenus assaults him and in defending himself Amphialus accidentally kills his friend. Philoxenus' father, Timotheus, Amphialus' foster-father, comes upon the tragic scene and dies from grief.

[4] *Charon's boat* the vessel that ferried the classical dead across the River Styx into the underworld.

have lain next my heart) that by my consent your excellent mistress should have had as much honour as this poor place could have brought forth for so high an excellency; and now I am condemned to die by her mouth. Alas, other, far other hope would my desire often have given me; but other event it hath pleased her to lay upon me. Ah Philoclea,"—with that his tears gushed out as though they would strive to overflow his blood—"I would yet thou knewest how I love thee. Unworthy I am, unhappy I am, false I am; but to thee, alas, I am not false. But what a traitor am I any way to excuse him whom she condemneth! Since there is nothing left me wherein I may do her service but in punishing him who hath so offended her, dear knife, then do your noble mistress' commandment."

With that, he stabbed himself into divers places of his breast and throat, until those wounds, with the old, freshly bleeding, brought him to the senseless gate of death.

By which time, his servants having, with fear of his fury, abstained a while from coming unto him, one of them (preferring dutiful affection before fearful duty) came in and there found him swimming in his own blood, giving a pitiful spectacle, where the conquest was the conqueror's overthrow, and self-ruin the only triumph of a battle fought between him and himself. The time full of danger, the person full of worthiness, the manner full of horror did greatly astonish all the beholders, so as by and by all the town was full of it, and then of all ages came running up to see the beloved body, everybody thinking their safety bled in his wounds and their honour died in his destruction.

[...]

—1593

from *The Defence of Poesy.*[1]

By Sir Philip Sidney, Knight.
London. Printed for William Ponsonby. 1595.

When the right virtuous E.W.[2] and I were at the Emperor's Court together, we gave ourselves to learn horsemanship of Jon Pietro Pugliano, one that with great commendation had the place of an esquire in his stable. And he, according to the fertileness of the Italian wit, did not only afford us the demonstration of his practice, but sought to enrich our minds with the contemplations therein which he thought most precious. But with none I remember mine ears were at any time more loaden than when (either angered with slow payment, or moved with our learner-like admiration) he exercised his speech in the praise of his faculty. He said soldiers were the noblest estate of mankind, and horsemen the noblest of soldiers. He said they were the masters of war and ornaments of peace, speedy goers and strong abiders, triumphers both in camps and courts. Nay, to so unbelieved a point he proceeded as that no earthly thing bred such wonder to a prince as to be a good horseman. Skill of government was but a *pedanteria*[3] in comparison; then would he add certain praises by telling what a peerless beast the horse was, the one serviceable courtier without flattery, the beast of most beauty, faithfulness, courage, and such more that

[1] The following selections are based upon Ponsonby's 1595 edition, but the footnotes indicate the major differences between this edition and that published by Henry Olney (also in 1595).

[2] *E.W.* Edward Wotton (1548-1626), scholar, diplomat, and linguist, half-brother of Sir Henry Wotton; in 1574-75, Edward Wotton was secretary to the English embassy in Vienna to the court of Maximilian II (1527-76), Holy Roman Emperor and king of Bohemia and Hungary. During the homeward leg of his Continental tour, Sidney met Wotton and the two became friends; clearly, they both took riding lessons from John Pietro Pugliano, Emperor Maximillian II's equerry (esquire). Pugliano was the officer charged with the care of the royal horses, and he was also a master-horseman and instructor in the Imperial Riding School. See K. Duncan-Jones, *Sir Philip Sidney: Courtier Poet* (New Haven, 1991), p. 83.

[3] *pedenteria* mere learning without judgement or discrimination; pedantry.

if I had not been a piece of a logician before I came to him I think he would have persuaded me to have wished myself a horse. But thus much at least, with his no few words, he drove into me: that self-love is better than any gilding to make that seem gorgeous wherein ourselves be parties. Wherein, if Pugliano's strong affection and weak arguments will not satisfy you, I will give you a nearer example of myself, who, I know not by what mischance in these my not old years and idlest times,[1] having slipped into the title of a poet, am provoked to say something unto you in the defence of that my unelected vocation; which if I handle with more good will than good reasons, bear with me, since the scholar is to be pardoned that followeth the steps of his master.[2] And yet, I must say that as I have more just cause to make a pitiful[3] defence of poor poetry—which from almost the highest estimation of learning is fallen to be the laughingstock of children—so have I need to bring some more available proofs, since the former[4] is by no man barred of his deserved credit, the silly[5] latter hath had even the names of philosophers used to the defacing of it, with great danger of civil war among the Muses. And first, truly, to all them that professing learning inveigh against poetry may justly be objected that they go very near to ungratefulness, to seek to deface that which in the noblest nations and languages that are known hath been the first light-giver to ignorance, and first nurse whose milk little and little enabled them to feed afterwards of tougher knowledges. And will you[6] play the hedgehog, that being received into the den drove out his host? Or rather the vipers, that with their birth kill their parents?[7] Let learned Greece in any of his manifold sciences[8] be able to show me one book before Musaeus, Homer, and Hesiod,[9] all three nothing else but poets. Nay, let any history be brought that can say any writers were there before them, if they were not men of the same skill, as Orpheus, Linus,[10] and some other are named, who having been the first of that country that made pens deliverers of their knowledge to the posterity may[11] justly challenge to be called their fathers in learning. For not only in time they had this priority, (although in itself antiquity be venerable) but went before them, as causes to draw with their charming sweetness the wild untamed wits to an admiration of knowledge: so as Amphion[12] was said to move stones with his poetry to build Thebes, and Orpheus to be listened to by beasts, indeed stony and beastly

[1] *in these my not old years and idlest times* The *Defence* was probably composed in 1582 when Sidney was 28 years old; in 1582-83, Sidney was certainly busy: he finally secured an appointment (in the Ordnance Office), married Francis Walsingham, wrote his sonnet sequence, *Astrophil and Stella*, and was knighted (Duncan-Jones, pp. 222-50).

[2] I.e., here, humorously, Pugliano.

[3] *pitiful* full of or characterized by pity; compassionate.

[4] *the former* i.e., the art of horsemanship.

[5] *silly* helpless, innocent.

[6] *you* they (Olney).

[7] *vipers, that with their birth kill their parents* a reference to the widespread and ancient tradition that "young vipers force their way through the bowels of their dam, or that the female viper in the act of generation bites off the head of the male, in revenge whereof the young ones eat through the womb and belly of the female" (Thomas Browne, *Pseudodoxia Epidemica* ["Enquiries Into Vulgar and Common Errors"], 1646, in *The Works of Sir Thomas Browne*, 4 vols., ed. G. Keynes, 2.207-08).

[8] *his manifold sciences* her (Olney).

[9] *Musaeus* legendary pre-Homeric Greek poet, said to be a pupil of the equally legendary Orpheus (see p. 714, note 10); *Hesiod* (fl. c. 700 BCE), early Greek poet, most famous for *Works and Days* and *Theogony*. *Homer* (fl. c. 700 BCE?), ancient Greek poet, traditionally the author of the epics, the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*.

[10] *Orpheus* legendary Greek musician, son of Calliope (muse of heroic epic) and Apollo, god of poetry. Given a lute by Apollo himself, Orpheus was so skilled that his music could quiet wild beasts and cause inanimate objects like rocks and trees to move; his music was so powerful that it induced the god of the underworld to release Orpheus's recently-deceased wife, Eurydice, back into the land of the living; *Linus* legendary Greek poet and musician, according to some ancient writers, the son of Mercury and Urania; author of "philosophical compositions," he was "killed by Apollo, for presuming to compare himself to him" (*Classical Dict.*, p. 362).

[11] Although Ponsonby has "nay" here, "may" clearly is the preferred reading.

[12] *Amphion* Son of Zeus, king of the gods, and the mortal, Antiope; on a lyre given him by the god Hermes, Amphion played music that was said to have raised the walls of the ancient city of Thebes.

people; so among the Romans were Livius Andronicus and Ennius;[1] so in the Italian language, the first that made it aspire to be a treasure-house of science[2] were the poets Dante, Bocace, and Petrarch;[3] so in our English, were Gower and Chaucer,[4] after whom, encouraged and delighted with their excellent foregoing, others have followed to beautify our mother tongue, as well in the same kind as other arts.[5] This did so notably show itself that the philosophers of Greece durst not a long time appear to the world but under the mask of poets:[6] so Thales, Empedocles, and Parmenides sang their natural philosophy in verses;[7] so did Pythagoras and Phocillides[8] their moral counsels; so did Tirteus[9] in war matters, and Solon[10] in matters of policy, or rather they being poets did exercise their delightful vein in those points of highest knowledge, which before them lay hidden[11] to the world. For that wise Solon was directly a poet, it is manifest, having written in verse the notable fable of the Atlantic Island, which was continued by Plato.[12] And truly even Plato whosoever well considereth shall find that in the body of his work, though the inside and strength were philosophy, the skin, as it were, and beauty depended most of poetry. For all stands upon dialogues, wherein he feigns many honest burgesses of Athens speak of such matters[13] that if they had been set on the rack they would never have confessed them: besides his poetical describing the circumstances of their meetings, as the

[1] Lucius Livius Andronicus (fl. c. 240 BCE), Latin playwright, poet, and translator (he authored a Latin translation of Homer's *Odyssey*); Quintus Ennius (239-169 BCE), Graeco-Roman playwright and poet; in his *Annales*, a narrative poem recounting the history of the Roman people, "he represented himself as a reincarnation of Homer" (*OCD*, p. 876; 525).

[2] *science* knowledge.

[3] *Dante* Alighieri (1265-1321), poet, most famously the author of the *Divina Commedia* ("The Divine Comedy"), a poetic epic recounting the poet's journey through hell, purgatory and heaven, with Virgil as his guide, as well as the *Vita Nuova*, a sequence of lyric poems celebrating Dante's love for Beatrice); *Bocace* Giovanni Boccaccio (?1313-75), writer and humanist scholar, most famously the author of *De Casibus Virorum Illustrium* ("On the Fall of Great Men"), a collection of *de casibus* tragedies in Latin used later by both Lydgate and the editors of *Mirror for Magistrates*, and the *Decameron* (a collection of prose tales); *Petrarch* Francesco Petrarca (1304-74), poet and scholar, whose most famous and influential works were the *Canzoniere* (also known as the *Rime* or *Rime sparse*), a collection of lyric verse celebrating the incomparable and idealized Laura, and the *Trifoni* ("Triumphs"), six poems representing the triumphs of love, chastity, death, fame, time, and eternity. In English Renaissance texts, references to Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio often appear together, this trio of literary excellence frequently being paired with that of Chaucer, Gower, and Lydgate, perhaps in an attempt by English writers "to portray themselves as being in the mainstream of European culture by associating themselves with such established, widely applauded icons." See J.C. Boswell, *Dante's Fame in England* (Newark, 1999), pp. xiv-xv.

[4] John Gower (?1330-1408), poet, whose major English poem, *Confessio Amantis*, recounts the confession and experiences of a lover, presented through a moral and didactic lens; Geoffrey Chaucer (c. 1340-1400), the most famous and respected medieval English poet, author of *The Legend of Good Women*, *Troilus and Criseyde*, the *House of Fame* and *The Canterbury Tales*, among others. Chaucer and Gower are often linked in the Renaissance as the founders of the English poetic and (indeed) literary tradition.

[5] *the same kind as other arts* as in other arts (Olney).

[6] *mask of poets* masks of poets (Olney).

[7] Thales of Miletus (fl. c. 585 BCE), early Greek natural philosopher, engineer, astronomer, and one of the Seven Sages, who left no written works, although a "navigational handbook, a *Nautical Astronomy* in hexameter verse" has been attributed to him; Empedocles (c. 492-432 BCE), Greek philosopher, author of two philosophic/scientific works in verse, *On Nature* and *Purifications*; Parmenides of Elea (fl. c. 450 BCE), a "philosophical pioneer" who wrote a philosophic poem in hexameter verse (*OCD*, p. 1491; 853).

[8] *Pythagoras* (fl. c. 530 BCE), Greek philosopher, who is credited with significant contributions to mathematics, music, and astronomy; he also introduced the Greeks to the Egyptian idea of the transmigration of souls; for classical and later authors "he becomes the pattern of the 'divine man': at once a sage, a seer, a teacher, and a benefactor of the human race"; *Phocillides* Phocylides, long-assumed to be a Greek poet from the city of Miletus who flourished in the first half of the sixth century BCE; a long didactic poem was attributed to him (*OCD*, p. 1284; 1173).

[9] *Tirteus* Tyrtaeus of Sparta (fl. c. 650 BCE), of whose prodigious output only fragments survive; his *Eunomia* ("Law and Order") and a later poem encouraged civic virtue and patriotism (*OCD*, p. 1568).

[10] *Solon* (fl. c. 594 BCE), Athenian politician and poet, institutor of many legal and social reforms, one of the fathers of Athenian democracy; his poetry addressed the growing gulf between the rich and the poor in Athenian society and the unrest this inequality caused.

[11] *lay hidden* lay hid (Olney).

[12] Plato recounts the story of Atlantis in *Timaeus* and *Critias*. In *Critias*, Solon is described as intending to use the story of the origin, development, and nature of Atlantis' civilization in a poem.

[13] *speak of such matters* to speak of such matters (Olney).

well-ordering of a banquet, the delicacy of a walk, with interlacing mere[1] tales, as Gyges' Ring[2] and others, which, who knows not to be flowers of poetry did never walk into Apollo's garden.[3] And even historiographers, although their lips sound of things done, and verity be written in their foreheads, have been glad to borrow both fashion and perchance weight of the poets. So Herodotus entitled his History by the name of the nine Muses,[4] and both he and all the rest that followed him either stole or usurped of poetry their passionate describing of passions, the many particularities of battles which no man could affirm, or, if that be denied me, long orations put in the mouths of great kings and captains which it is certain they never pronounced. So that truly neither philosopher nor historiographer could at the first have entered into the gates of popular judgements, if they had not taken a great passport of poetry, which in all nations at this day where learning flourisheth not is plain to be seen, in all which they have some feeling of poetry. In Turkey, besides their lawgiving divines,[5] they have no other writers but poets. In our neighbour country Ireland, where truly learning goes very bare, yet are their poets held in a devout reverence. Even among the most barbarous and simple Indians,[6] where no writing is, yet have they their poets who make and sing songs, which they call *arentos*,[7] both of their ancestors' deeds and praises of their gods:[8] a sufficient probability that if ever learning come among them, it must be by having their hard dull wits softened and sharpened with the sweet delights of poetry, for until they find a pleasure in the exercise of the mind,[9] great promises of much knowledge will little persuade them that know not the fruits of knowledge. In Wales, the true remnant of the ancient Britons, as there are good authorities to show, the long time they had poets which they called bards: so thorough[10] all the conquests of Romans, Saxons, Danes, and Normans, some of whom did seek to ruin all memory of learning from among them, yet do their poets even to this day last: so as it is not more notable in the soon beginning, than in long continuing.

But since the authors of most of our sciences were the Romans, and before them the Greeks, let us a little stand upon their authorities, but even so far as to see what names they have given unto this now scorned skill. Among the Romans a poet was called *vates*, which is as much as a diviner, foreseer, or prophet, as by his conjoined words *vaticinium*, and *vaticinari* is manifest, so heavenly a title did that excellent people bestow upon this heart-ravishing knowledge, and so far were they carried into the admiration thereof, that they thought in the chanceable hitting upon any of such verses, great foretokens of their following fortunes were placed. Whereupon grew the word of *Sortes*

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1 *mere* absolute, entire, perfect; downright.

2 In *The Republic* (2.359-60), Plato recounts the tale of the Lydian shepherd, Gyges, who finds a magic ring that gives him the ability to be invisible. He proceeds to seduce the Lydian queen, conspire with her to kill the king, and usurp the kingdom. Plato draws the conclusion from this tale that men generally behave justly out of necessity not out of conviction, since whenever a man thinks he can "get way with" being unjust, he does so.

3 Apollo was the ancient Greek god of poetry.

4 Herodotus (?484-?425 BCE), Greek historian; each of the nine books of his *Histories* was named after one of the Muses by a later editor.

5 *divines* theologians, religious writers.

6 *Indians* "The Amerindians of Hispaniola" (i.e., Haitians) (R. Kuin, "Querre-Muhau: Sir Philip Sidney and the New World," *Renaissance Quarterly*, 51.2 (1998): 559; *Topographical Dict.*, p. 251).

7 *arentos* areytos (Olney).

8 "They give themselves chiefly to two things: as generally to learn the original and success of things; and particularly to rehearse the noble facts [deeds] of their grandfathers, great-grandfathers and ancestors as well in peace as in war. These two things they have of old time composed in certain meters and ballettes [ballads] in their language. These hymns or ballettes, they call *Areitos*. And as our minstrels are accustomed to sing to the harp or lute, so do they in like manner sing these songs and dance to the same, playing on timbrels made of shells of certain fishes" (R. Eden, *Decades of the New World or West India*, 1555, f. 125, quoted in Kuin, p. 559; spelling and punctuation modernized by the editor). Eden's *Decades* (an expanded version of a work by Peter the Martyr) was identified in 1924 as Sidney's source, but Kuin argues that there is also a strong likelihood that Sidney met Eden when both were in Paris in Aug.-Sept. 1572 (p. 559).

9 *exercise of the mind* exercises of the mind (Olney).

10 *thorough* throughout.

Vergilianae, when by sudden opening Virgil's Book they lighted upon some verse of his, as it is reported by many, whereof the histories[1] of the emperors' lives are full.[2] As of Albinus the governor of our island, who in his childhood met with this verse, *Arma amens capio; nec sat rationis in armis*,[3] and in his age performed it,[4] although it were[5] a very vain and godless superstition, as also it was to think spirits were commanded by such verses—whereupon this word "charms," derived of *carmina*,[6] commeth—so yet serveth it to show the great reverence those wits were held in, and altogether not without ground, since both the Oracles of Delphos and Sibylla's prophecies[7] were wholly delivered in verses;[8] for that same exquisite observing of number and measure in the words and that high flying liberty of conceit proper to the poet did seem to have some divine force in it.

And may not I presume a little farther, to show the reasonableness of this word *vates*, and say that the holy David's psalms are a divine poem?[9] If I do, I shall not do it without the testimony of great learned men both ancient and modern. But even the name of "psalms" will speak for me, which being interpreted is nothing but "songs"; then that it is fully written in meter, as all learned Hebritians[10] agree, although the rules be not yet fully found; lastly and principally, his handling his prophecy, which is merely poetical. For what else is the awaking his musical instruments,[11] the often and free changing of persons, his notable *prosopopoeias*,[12] when he maketh you, as it were, see God coming in his majesty, his telling of the beasts' joyfulness and hills leaping,[13] but a heavenly poesy, wherein almost he showeth himself a passionate lover of that unspeakable and everlasting beauty to be seen by the eyes of the mind only cleared by faith? But truly now having named him, I fear I seem[14] to profane that holy name, applying it to poetry which is among us thrown down to so ridiculous an estimation. But they that with quiet judgements will look a little deeper into it

[1] *lighted upon some verse of his ...whereof the histories* lighted upon any verse of his making, whereof the histories (Olney).

[2] *Sortes Virgilianae* The emperors Hadrian (reigned 117-38 CE), Clodius Albinus (r. 193-97 CE), Severus Alexander (r. 222-35 CE), and Claudius (r. 268-70 CE) all employed this method of divination. See *Scriptores Historiae Augustae*, *Had.*, 1.2.8-10; *Cl. Alb.* 1.5.1-5; *Alex.* II.4.6; *Claud.*, 3.10.1-7; trans. D. Magie, 3 vols. (Cambridge, MA, 2000).

[3] *Arma ... armis* from Virgil's *Aeneid*: "Frantic, I seize arms; yet little purpose is there in arms" (*Eclogues, Georgics, Aeneid I-VI*, trans. H.R. Fairclough [Cambridge, MA, 1932], 2.314). Aeneas has just roused himself from sleep to find that Troy is under attack and many houses are on fire; *Albinus* Clodius Albinus (d. 197 CE), later emperor, was governor of Britain when the island was under the control of the Roman Empire; this story also appears in "Clodius Albinus," *Scriptores Historiae Augustae*, 1.5.4.

[4] *performed it* i.e., accomplished the actions which fulfilled the prophecy.

[5] *performed it, although it were* performed it, which although it were (Olney).

[6] According to the *OED* "charms" is partly derived from the Latin, *carmen*, meaning "song or verse."

[7] *both the Oracles of ... prophecies* Ponsonby reads "both by the oracles of Delphos and Sibylla's prophecies," but Olney's reading is preferable.

[8] The oracles at Delphos and the prophecies of the Cumaean Sibyl were among the most famous prophetic utterances in the ancient world. In response to a question at a specific oracular site (here, the temple of Apollo at the sanctuary of Delphi and the temple of Apollo at Cumae, respectively), a god or hero would offer a response through their chosen priest or priestess. Some of these oracles and prophecies were written down and collected.

[9] King David is traditionally thought the author of the Book of Psalms.

[10] *Hebritians* Hebraists, those who study the Hebrew language and its literature.

[11] *awaking his musical instruments* See Psalm 57:9 and 108:2 (C.V. Kaske, "Another Echo of the Tremellius-Junius *Libri Poetici* in Sidney's Biblical Poetics," *American Notes and Queries* 5.2-3 [Apr.-Jul. 1992]: p. 83).

[12] *prosopopoeias* here, both a rhetorical figure by which an imaginary or absent person is represented as speaking or acting (the introduction of a pretended speaker); and a rhetorical figure by which an inanimate or abstract thing is represented as a person, or with personal qualities (i.e., personification). However, as Rudenstine asserts, both Tremellius-Junius and Sidney seem to have defined this rhetorical term even more broadly to include figures such as apostrophe, and "a whole set of devices which add vigour and immediacy to writing" (quoted in Kaske, p. 85).

[13] See Psalm 114:3-7. Kaske believes that Sidney also read the Tremellius-Junius commentary on Psalm 114 which "glosses three verses [3, 5, and 7] as prosopopoeia" (p. 85). The T-J commentary also glosses the quotation "awaking his instruments" (see p. 717, note 12) as prosopopoeia (Kaske, "Another Echo," p. 85). For other examples of the use of prosopopoeia in the psalms, see Psalm 98:8; Psalm 148:10.

[14] *I fear I seem* I fear me I seem (Olney).

shall find the end and working of it such as, being rightly applied, deserveth not to be scourged out of the Church of God.

But now let us see how the Greeks have named it, and how they have deemed of it. The Greeks named him *poiētēn*,[1] which name hath, as the most excellent, gone through other languages. It cometh of this word *poiein* which is "to make"; wherein, I know not whether by luck or wisdom, we Englishmen have met with the Greeks in calling him a maker. Which name, how high and incomparable a title it is, I had rather were known by marking the scope of other sciences[2] than by any partial allegation. There is no art delivered unto mankind that hath not the works of nature for his principal object, without which they could not consist and on which they so depend, as they become actors and players, as it were, of what nature will have set forth. So doth the astronomer look upon the stars, and by that he seeth set down what order nature hath taken therein. So doth the geometrician and arithmetician in their divers sorts of quantities. So doth the musicians in times[3] tell you which by nature agree, which not. The natural philosopher thereon hath his name, and the moral philosopher standeth upon the natural virtues, vices, or passions of man; and "Follow nature" sayeth he, "therein, and thou shalt not err." The lawyer sayeth what men have determined; the historian what men have done. The grammarian speaketh only of the rules of speech, and the rhetorician and logician, considering what in nature will soonest prove and persuade, thereon give artificial rules, which still are compassed within the circle of a question, according to the proposed matter.[4] The physician weigheth the nature of man's body, and the nature of things helpful or hurtful unto it. And the metaphysic, though it be in the second and abstract notions and therefore be counted supernatural,[5] yet doth he indeed build upon the depth of nature. Only the poet, disdaining to be tied to any such subjection, lifted up with the vigour of his own invention, doth grow in effect into another nature;[6] in making things either better than nature bringeth forth, or, quite anew, forms such as never were in nature: as the heroes, demigods, Cyclops, Chimeras, Furies,[7] and such like; so as he goeth hand in hand with nature, not enclosed within the narrow warrant of her gifts, but freely ranging within[8] the zodiac[9] of his own wit. Nature never set forth the earth in so rich tapestry as diverse poets have done, neither with so pleasant rivers,[10] fruitful trees, sweet-smelling flowers, nor whatsoever else may make the too-much-loved earth more lovely. Her world is brazen, the poets only deliver a golden.[11] But let

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1 *The Greeks named him poiētēn* The Greeks called him a poet (Olney).

2 *sciences* bodies of knowledge.

3 *in times* in the correct rhythm.

4 *which still are compassed … matter* i.e., the questions which the rhetorician and the logician are able to answer are confined to those relevant to their particular subject matter.

5 *metaphysic* metaphysician, one who studies the science of things transcending what is physical or natural, including such concepts as being, substance, essence, time, space, cause, etc.; *second and abstract notions and therefore be counted supernatural* According to *OED*, "a first notion is the concept of a thing as it exists of itself ... a second notion is the concept, not of an object as it is in reality, but of the mode under which it is thought by the mind" (Sir W. Hamilton, *Discuss.*, 139 note). Sidney's point is that even such metaphysical speculations as are involved in "second notions" must still be grounded in the "first notions" of the natural and material world.

6 *doth grow in effect into another nature* doth grown in effect another nature (Olney).

7 *Cyclops* in Homer, a race of one-eyed giants; in the *Odyssey*, the cyclops Polyphemus imprisons and devours some of Odysseus' men (Book 9), before Odysseus is able to blind him, ensuring their escape; *Chimeras* also, Chimaera, a fire-breathing monster with the foreparts of a lion, the tail of a dragon, and a third head (a goat's head); it was killed by the hero, Bellerophon; here, however, it may mean more generally any fantastic beast; *Furies* Also known as the Erinyes, the Furies were the Greek spirits of vengeance who implacably pursued those who murdered, violated, or otherwise wronged their own kin; for murdering his mother, Clytemnestra, Orestes was driven mad by the Furies.

8 *ranging within* ranging only within (Olney).

9 *zodiac* compass, range.

10 *neither with so pleasant rivers* neither with pleasant rivers (Olney).

11 *Her world is brazen, the poets only deliver a golden* Nature is part of a fallen and imperfect world, while the poet can depict worlds which are perfect and untainted by sin, violence, and cruelty. The division of human history into a series of increasingly corrupt ages can be traced back to Hesiod's *Works and Days*. Specifically, this poem ascribes to

those things alone and go to man, for whom as the other things are, so it seemeth in him her uttermost cunning[1] is employed,[2] and know whether she have brought forth so true a lover as Theagenes, so constant a friend as Pylades, so valiant a man as Orlando, so right a prince as Xenophon's Cyrus, so excellent a man every way as Virgil's Aeneas.[3] Neither let this be jestingly conceived, because the works of the one be essential, the other in imitation or fiction: for every understanding[4] knoweth the skill of each artificer[5] standeth in that idea or foreconceit of the work, and not in the work itself. And that the poet hath that idea is manifest by delivering them forth in such excellency as he had imagined them: which delivering forth also is not wholly imaginative,[6] as we are wont to say by them that build castles in the air: but so far substantially it worketh, not only to make a Cyrus, which had been but a particular excellency as nature might have done, but to bestow a Cyrus upon the world to make many Cyruses, if they will learn aright why and how that maker made him. Neither let it be deemed too saucy a comparison to balance the highest point of man's wit with the efficacy of nature: but rather give right honour to the heavenly Maker of that maker, who having made man to his own likeness, set him beyond and over all the works of that second nature,[7] which in nothing he showeth so much as in poetry; when with the force of a divine breath he bringeth things forth surpassing her doings: with no small arguments to the incredulous of that first accursed fall of Adam, since our erected wit maketh us know what perfection is, and yet our infected will keepeth us from reaching unto it. But these arguments will by few be understood, and by fewer granted. Thus much, I hope, will be given me: that the Greeks with some probability of reason gave him the name above all names of learning.

Now let us go to a more ordinary opening of him,[8] that the truth may be the more[9] palpable: and so I hope though we get not so unmatched a praise as the etymology of his names will grant, yet his very description, which no man will deny, shall not justly be barred from a principal commendation. Poesy, therefore, is an art of imitation: for so Aristotle termeth it in the word[10]

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the golden age ideal perfection, harmony between man and nature, timelessness and immutability; to the brazen age belongs war, violence, and cruelty.

1 *cunning* Ponsonby has "coming," clearly an error.

2 I.e., if all of creation has been made for mankind (as indicated in Genesis 1:28-29), then we may assume that mankind is nature's last and best creation.

3 *Theagenes* In Heliodorus' Greek romance *Aethiopica* (c. 230 CE), also called the *Ethiopian Story of Theagenes and Charicleia*, Theagenes' love for Charicleia is conveyed through his determination to maintain his chastity for her sake, spurning the advances of other women throughout the narrative; *Pylades* In Sophocles' tragedy *Electra*, Pylades' friendship with Orestes leads him to aid his friend (and cousin) in the assassination of Clytemnestra, Orestes' mother, and Aegisthus, Clytemnestra's lover, who had murdered Orestes' father, Agamemnon; *Orlando* one of the central characters in Ludovico Ariosto's epic poetic romance, *Orlando Furioso* (1532). Orlando's valorous deeds are very nearly superhuman; see, for example, the description of how he single-handedly defeats the evil King Cimosco and his company of thirty men (9.64-80); *Cyrus* The Greek historian Xenophon (c. 428-c.354 BCE) represents Cyrus the Great (c. 560/59-530 BCE), founder of the Persian empire, in glowing terms in his *Cyropaedia*: "According to the opinions of Plato and of Cicero, the *Cyropoedia* of Xenophon was a moral romance, and they assert that the historian did not so much write what Cyrus had been, as what every true, good, and virtuous monarch ought to be" (Lempriére, p. 725). William Barker in his preface to his 1567 translation of the *Cyropaedia* says that Cyrus's education ("a model of perfect and princely education") led him finally to be "filled with all the noble virtues that may be wished with excellency in any ruler" (*The School of Cyrus*, ed. J. Tatum [New York, 1987], pp. 7, 3-4). Cf. Spenser's "Letter to Ralegh," p. 819, ll.53-60; *Aeneas* Virgil's Aeneas was viewed in the Renaissance as the exemplar of valour and piety, devoted both to his aged father (whom he carries out of the burning city of Troy on his back) and to his gods. For the English, in particular, he was a national hero, given that his descendants were believed to have founded London.

4 *every understanding* any understanding (Olney).

5 *each artificer* the artificer (Olney).

6 *imaginative* here, existing only in the imagination; unreal, fancied, imaginary; proverb, "To build castles in the air" (*Tilley* C126).

7 *second nature* i.e., all of creation which God has placed under the authority of humanity.

8 *opening of him* i.e., exposition of his qualities.

9 *be the more* be more (Olney).

10 *the word* his word (Olney).

"mimesis,"[1] that is to say, a representing, counterfeiting, or figuring forth; to speak metaphorically, a speaking picture,[2] with this end: to teach and delight.[3] Of this have been three general kinds:[4] the chief, both in antiquity and excellency, were they that did imitate the inconceivable excellencies of God. Such were David in his Psalms; Solomon in his Song of Songs, in his Ecclesiastes and Proverbs;[5] Moses and Deborah[6] in their hymns, and the writer of Job—which, beside other, the learned Immanuel Tremellius and Francis Junius do entitle the poetical part of the Scripture.[7] Against these none will speak that hath the Holy Ghost[8] in due holy reverence. In this kind, though in a full wrong divinity, were Orpheus, Amphion, Homer in his hymns,[9] and many others both Greek and Romans. And this poesy must be used by whosoever will follow St. Paul's counsel,[10] in singing psalms when they are merry, and I know is used with the fruit of comfort by some, when in sorrowful pangs of their death-bringing sins, they find the consolation of the never-leaving goodness. The second kind, is of them that deal with matters philosophical, either moral, as Tirteus, Phocilides, Cato;[11] or natural, as Lucretius, and Virgil's *Georgics*;[12] or astronomical, as Manilius and

[1] "Epic poetry and Tragedy, as also Comedy, Dithyrambic poetry, and most flute-playing and lyre-playing, are all, viewed as a whole, modes of imitation. But at the same time they differ from one another in three ways, either by a difference of kind in their means, or by differences in the objects, or in the manner of their imitations" (*De Poetica*: *The Basic Works of Aristotle*, trans. R. McKeon [New York, 1968], Chapter 1, ll.14-18, p. 1447). Compare Aristotle's comments on the nature of poetic mimesis: "Since the poet, like a painter or any other image-maker, is a mimetic artist, he must represent, in any instance, one of three objects: the kind of things which were or are the case; the kind of things that people say and think; the kind of things that ought [i.e., in moral or ideal terms] to be the case" (translated by S. Halliwell [Cambridge, MA, 1995], chapter 25, pp. 125-27).

[2] *a speaking picture* Latin, *ut pictura poesis* ("as in painting, so in poetry" or "poetry is similar to painting"). This expression comes from the Roman poet Horace's *Ars Poetica* ("The Art of Poetry"): "A poem is like a picture: one strikes your fancy more, the nearer you stand; another, the farther away. This courts the shade, that will wish to be seen in the light, and dreads not the critic insight of the judge. This pleased but once; that, though ten times called for, will always please" (Satires, Epistles, *and* Ars Poetica, trans. H.R. Fairclough [Cambridge, MA, 1961], ll. 361-65, p. 481).

[3] *to teach and delight* Latin, *utile et dulce* (literally, "useful and sweet/pleasurable"). This expression is also from Horace's *Ars Poetica*: "He has won every vote who has blended profit and pleasure, at once delighting and instructing the reader" (ll. 343-44, p. 479).

[4] *three general kinds* three several; i.e., separate, independent, kinds (Olney).

[5] Solomon, David's son, was traditionally thought the author of the Book of the Song of Solomon (also known as the Song of Songs), the Book of Ecclesiastes, and the Book of Proverbs.

[6] *Moses* Exodus 15.1-18; *Deborah* Judges 5.

[7] John Immanuel Tremellius (1510-80), professor of Hebrew at Cambridge University (appointed 1549) and Protestant convert from the Jewish faith. While living in Metz, having been deprived of his post as professor of Old Testament studies (Heidleberg) on account of his Calvinist opinions, he undertook his Latin translation of the Bible (published 1579), which became accepted as the most accurate and scholarly Latin translation available. Francis Junius (or François Du Jon) the Elder (1545-1603), Huguenot scholar and theologian, aided him, but his contribution was limited to the translation of the Apocrypha. The Preface to the *Libri Poetici* ("Poetical Books") of the Tremellius-Junius Bible is Sidney's source for Tremellius' and Junius' claim that these books and passages constitute Scripture's poetical parts. See C.V. Kaske, "Another Echo of the Tremellius-Junius *Libri Poetici* in Sidney's Biblical Poetics," *American Notes and Queries* 5.2-3 (Apr.-Jul. 1992): 83-86. See also p. 717, notes 11, 12, and 13.

[8] *Holy Ghost* the Holy Spirit, third member of the Christian trinity.

[9] *Homer in his hymns* traditionally attributed to Homer, the Homeric Hymns comprise "four long poems (addressed to Aphrodite, Apollo, Demeter, and Hermes) which [actually] date from the post-Homeric period (650-400 BCE) and 29 shorter poems which are probably later" (*Dict. Ancient Hist.*, p. 321).

[10] *St. Paul's counsel* It is not actually St. Paul but James who offers this advice: "Is any among you afflicted? let him pray. Is any merry? let him sing psalms" (James 5:13). Olney's edition correctly cites St. James.

[11] For Tirteus and Phocilides, see p. 715, notes 8 and 9; *Cato* perhaps, the famous Marcus Porcius Cato (Cato the Censor) (234-149 BCE), orator and politician, author of over 150 speeches, of which fragments of eighty survive. Although sometimes called the father of Latin prose, Cato left behind no works that can be assigned to the category of moral philosophy. Sidney probably refers instead to the third-century CE author of the didactic *Disticha Catonis* (often erroneously ascribed to Cato the Elder [234 BCE-149 BCE]) "a collection of nearly 150 pithy phrases in verse and prose" which was a standard text for instruction in Latin from the seventh century CE to the Renaissance. See N. Hanlet, "Cato's Distichs [Latin]," *Dict. Middle Ages*, vol. 3, p. 193.

[12] Lucretius (Titus Lucretius Carus), ancient Epicurean poet, author most famously of *De rerum natura* ("On the Nature of Things"), a long poem in hexameter verse dealing with a variety of scientific and metaphysical topics, including the nature and composition of the cosmos, the nature and composition of matter (atomism), the causes of physical phenomenon (earthquakes, storms, etc.), and the nature of the human soul, etc; *Virgil's Georgics* a didactic poem in four books celebrating ancient Italian country life and dealing with cultivation, husbandry, and bee-keeping.

Pontanus;[1] or historical, as Lucan;[2] which who mislike, the fault is in their judgement quite out of taste, and not in the sweet food of sweetly uttered knowledge. But because this second sort is wrapped within the fold of the proposed subject, and takes not the free course[3] of his own invention, whether they properly be poets or no let grammarians dispute, and go to the third, indeed right poets, of whom chiefly this question ariseth. Betwixt whom and these second is such a kind of difference as betwixt the meaner sort of painters, who counterfeit only such faces as are set before them, and the more excellent, who, having no law but wit, bestow that in colours upon you which is fittest for the eye to see, as the constant though lamenting look of Lucretia, when she punished in herself another's fault; wherein he painteth not Lucretia whom he never saw, but painteth the outward beauty of such a virtue. For these third be they which most properly do imitate to teach and delight, and to imitate borrow nothing of what is, hath been, or shall be, but range, only reined with learned discretion, into the divine consideration of what may be and should be. These be they that, as the first and most noble sort may justly be termed *vates*, so these are waited on in the excellentest languages and best understandings with the foredescribed name of poets. For these indeed do merely[4] make to imitate, and imitate both to delight and teach, and delight to move men to take that goodness in hand which without delight they would fly as from a stranger, and teach to make them know that goodness whereunto they are moved; which being the noblest scope to which ever any learning was directed, yet want there not idle tongues to bark at them. These be subdivided into sundry more special denominations. The most notable be the heroic, lyric, tragic, comic, satyric, iambic, elegiac, pastoral, and certain others: some of these being termed according to the matter they deal with, some by the sort of verse they liked best to write in, for indeed the greatest part of poets have apparelled their poetical inventions in that numbrous kind of writing which is called verse, indeed but apparelled, verse being but an ornament and no cause to poetry, since there have been many most excellent poets that never versified, and now swarm many versifiers that need never answer to the name of poets. For Xenophon who did imitate so excellently as to give us *effigiem iusti imperii*, "the portraiture of a just empire" under the name of Cyrus, as Cicero sayeth of him, made therein an absolute heroical poem. So did Heliodorus, in his sugared invention of that picture of love in Theagenes and Chariclea, and yet both these wrote in prose, which I speak to show that it is not rhyming and versing that maketh a poet (no more than a long gown maketh an advocate, who though he pleaded in armour should be an advocate and no soldier), but it is that feigning[5] notable images of virtues, vices, or what else, with that delightful teaching, which must be the right describing note to know a poet by, although indeed the senate of poets hath chosen verse as their fittest raiment, meaning, as in matter they passed all in all, so in manner to go beyond them; not speaking table-talk fashion, or like men in a dream, words as they chanceably fall from the mouth, but peasing[6] each syllable of each word by just proportion according to the dignity of the subject.

[...]

[1] Marcus Manilius (fl. c. 14 BCE), proponent of Stoicism and author of the *Astronomica*, a didactic poem dealing with astronomy/astrology, particularly the effects of planetary and astral bodies on human beings (*OCD*, pp. 917-18); *Pontanus* Giovanni Pontano (1426-1503), Italian humanist and diplomat, author of literary works and political treatises; the reference here is to his Latin didactic poem on astrology called *Urania* (composed 1470s). See J.H. Bentley, "Pontano, Giovanni," *Encycl. of the Renaissance*, ed. P.F. Grendler, 6 vols. (New York, 1999), vol. 5, pp. 118-20; C. Trinkaus, "The Astrological Cosmos and Rhetorical Culture of Giovanni Gioviano Pontano," *Renaissance Quarterly* 38.3 (1985): 450.

[2] Lucan (Marcus Annaeus Lucanus; 39-65 CE), author of a ten-book poetic history of the Roman civil war: *De bello civili* (sometimes, also called *Pharsalia*) (*OCD*, p. 94).

[3] *the free course* the course (Olney).

[4] *merely* wholeheartedly, without any other aim or purpose.

[5] *feigning* inventing, representing.

[6] *peasing* peising: weighing.

The philosopher, therefore, and the historian are they which would win the goal, the one by precept, the other by example; but both, not having both, do both halt.[1] For the philosopher, setting down with thorny arguments the bare rule, is so hard of utterance, and so misty to be conceived,[2] that one that hath no other guide but him shall wade in him till he be old before he shall find sufficient cause to be honest.[3] For his knowledge standeth so upon the abstract and general that happy is that man who may understand him, and more happy that can apply what he doth understand. On the other side, the historian, wanting[4] the precept, is so tied not to what should be but to what is, to the particular truth of things and not to the general reason of things, that his example draweth no necessary consequence, and therefore a less fruitful doctrine. Now doth the peerless poet perform both, for whatsoever the philosopher sayeth should be done, he gives a perfect picture of it by some one, by whom he presupposeth it was done, so as he coupleth the general notion with the particular example. A perfect picture, I say, for he yieldeth to the powers of the mind an image of that whereof the philosopher bestoweth but a wordish description, which doth neither strike, pierce, nor possess the sight of the soul so much as that other doth. For as in outward things, to a man that had never seen an elephant or a rhinoceros, who should tell him most exquisitely all their shape, colour, bigness, and particular marks, or of a gorgeous palace an architecture, who declaring[5] the full beauties, might well make the hearer able to repeat, as it were by rote, all he had heard, yet should never satisfy his inward conceit with being witness to itself of a true lively knowledge; but the same man as soon as he might see those beasts well-painted, or that house well in model, should straightaways grow, without need of any description, to a judicial comprehending of them; so no doubt the philosopher with his learned definitions, be it of virtues or vices, matters of public policy or private government, replenisheth the memory with many infallible grounds of wisdom, which notwithstanding lie dark before the imaginative and judging power, if they be not illuminated or figured forth by the speaking picture of poesy.

[...]

For conclusion, I say the philosopher teacheth, but he teacheth obscurely, so as the learned only can understand him; that is to say, he teacheth them that are already taught. But the poet is the food for the tenderest stomachs; the poet is indeed the right popular philosopher, whereof Aesop's tales give good proof, whose pretty allegories, stealing under the formal tales of beasts,[6] makes many more beastly than beasts begin to hear the sound of virtue from those dumb speakers. But now may it be alleged that if this imagining of matters be so fit for the imagination, then must the historian needs surpass, who brings you images of true matters, such as indeed were done, and not such as fantastically or falsely may be suggested to have been done. Truly, Aristotle himself in his discourse of poesy plainly determineth this question, saying that poetry is *philosophoteron* and *spoudaioteron*; that is to say, it is more philosophical and more [studiously serious][7] than history. His reason is, because poesy dealeth with *katholou*, that is to say, with the universal consideration, and the history with *kathekaston*, the particular. "Now," sayeth he, "the universal weighs what is fit to be said or done, either in likelihood or necessity (which the poesy considereth in his imposed names), and the particular only marketh whether Alcibiades did or suffered this or

[1] *halt* proceed lamely, imperfectly, or falsely.

[2] *misty to be conceived* difficult to be understood.

[3] *honest* virtuous, of good moral character.

[4] *wanting* lacking.

[5] *an architecture, who declaring* the architecture, with declaring (Olney).

[6] *the formal tales of beasts* i.e., the tales seem to be simply stories about animals when considered in their outward form or appearance.

[7] These two words are dropped from Ponsonby's edition, and are thus supplied from Olney's.

that."[1] Thus far Aristotle: which reason of his, as all his, is most full of reason. For indeed if the question were whether it were better to have a particular act truly or faithfully set down, there is no doubt which is to be chosen, no more than whether you had rather have Vespasian's[2] picture right as he was, or at the painter's pleasure nothing resembling. But if the question be for your own use and learning, whether it be better to have it set down as it should be or as it was, then certainly is more doctrinable[3] the feigned Cyrus in Xenophon than the true Cyrus in Justin;[4] and the feigned Aeneas in Virgil than the right Aeneas in Dares Phrygius.[5] As to a lady that desired to fashion her countenance to the best grace, a painter should more benefit her to portrait[6] a most sweet face, writing Canidia upon it, than to paint Canidia as she was, who Horace sweareth was full ill-favoured.[7] If the poet do his part aright, he will show you in Tantalus, Atreus,[8] and such like, nothing that is not to be shunned; in Cyrus, Aeneas, Ulysses, each thing to be followed. Where the historian, bound to tell things as things were, cannot be liberal, without he will be poetical, of a perfect pattern, but, as in Alexander or Scipio[9]

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1 "[I]t [i.e., the difference between history and poetry] consists really in this, that the one describes the thing that has been, and the other a kind of thing that might be. Hence poetry is something more philosophic and of graver import than history, since its statements are of the nature rather of universals, whereas those of history are singulars. By a universal statement I mean one as to what such or such a kind of man will probably or necessarily say or do—which is the aim of poetry, though it affixes proper names to the characters; by a singular statement, one as to what, Alcibiades did or had done to him" (*Poetics*, chapter 9, ll. 3-11).

2 *Vespasian* Titus Flavius Vespasianus (3-81 CE), Roman emperor (reigned 79-81 CE), celebrated in the ancient world for his virtues of clemency, modesty, and liberality. He hated flattery, encouraged austerity in life and manners, and patronized the arts and sciences. A popular ruler, he was the first Roman emperor to die of natural causes and be succeeded by his son. However, other classical authors have accused Vespasian of avarice, which led him to commit a number of legal and moral outrages, such as condemning wealthy men so he could seize their possessions (*Classical Dict.*, p. 714).

3 *doctrinable* fit for instruction; instructive.

4 *the feigned Cyrus in Xenophon* See p. 719, note 3; *the true Cyrus in Justin* Marcus Junianus Justinus, Roman historian of uncertain date (2nd, 3rd, and 4th c. CE are all suggested), author of *Historiarum Philippicarum*. Being a summary of a universal history, and not a celebratory biography, *HP* presents a much briefer, although still largely positive representation of Cyrus. His account, however, eschews the invented dialogues and orations that dominate Xenophon's work. Justin's work was translated by Arthur Golding in 1564 as *The Abridgement of the Histories of Trogus Pompeius.*

5 *the feigned Aeneas in Virgil* See p. 719, note 3; *the right Aeneas in Dares Phrygius* In Homer's *Iliad*, Dares of Phrygia is a "Trojan priest of Hephaestus." He is also "the supposed author of a pre-Homeric account of the Trojan War," and thus was long-believed to have been an eye-witness to its events. *Daretis Phyrgii de excidio Troiae historia* (composed c. 5th or 6th c. CE) purports to be a translation of his much earlier account (*OCD*, p. 430).

6 *portrait* to make a portrait, picture, or image of; to portray.

7 *was full ill-favoured* was foul and ill-favoured (Olney). Horace (Quintus Horatius Flaccus) (65-8 BCE), Roman poet, represents Canidia as a sallow-hued witch, "hideous to behold" in his *Satires*, 1.8.23-26.

8 *Tantalus* King of Lydia and son of Zeus, Tantalus is famously represented as being punished in hell by being eternally frustrated in his attempts to slake his thirst by drinking the water that constantly drained away from him, and to satisfy his hunger by seizing the fruits that always moved out of his reach when he grasped for them. There is little agreement on the cause of his punishment; some say he stole the food of the gods (nectar and ambrosia) and gave these to mankind; others that he murdered his own son, Pelops, and served him as a banquet to visiting gods; still others that he kidnapped Ganymede, Jupiter's favourite cupbearer, to satisfy his lust; *Atreus* king of Mycenae, discovered that his brother, Thyestes, had seduced his (Atreus') queen and had had several children by her. In revenge, Atreus invited Thyestes to a banquet, the main dish of which was Thyestes' incestuously conceived offspring. Thyestes fled. Later, Atreus married Thyestes' daughter and adopted his son, Aegisthus. Atreus unsuccessfully attempted to suborn Aegisthus to murder Thyestes (*Classical Dict.*, p. 656; 100).

9 *Alexander* Alexander III (the Great), king of Macedon (356-323 BCE), conqueror of the Persian empire. Plutarch's portrait of Alexander (perhaps the most widely known in the Renaissance) praises his virtues of self-control (especially sexual continence), temperance, noble ambition, piety, and military brilliance. Although his treatment of the defeated Thebans was ruthless, he later regretted his savagery and it led him to treat more mildly his other conquered peoples. Alexander's hasty temperament and impulsiveness, which were exacerbated when he drank, led him to murder his comrade Cleitus. Although Plutarch generally attempts to explain or excuse Alexander's less than noble actions, Quintus Curtius Rufus (fl. 1st or early 2nd century CE) represents Alexander's character as gradually degenerating, corrupted by his seemingly-endless victories and good fortune. See *Plutarch, Lives* "Life of Alexander the Great," vol. 2., pp. 1242-1353; and Curtius's *The History of Alexander*, trans. J. Yardley (London, 2001); *Scipio* Publius Cornelius Scipio Africanus (236-183 BCE), Roman general, often compared to Alexander, chiefly known for defeating Hannibal at Zama, ending the Second Punic (*continued*)

himself, show doings, some to be liked, some to be misliked. And then how will you discern what to follow but by your own discretion, which you had without reading Quintus Curtius? And whereas a man may say, though in universal consideration of doctrine the poet prevaileth, yet that the history in his saying such a thing was done doth warrant a man more in that he shall follow, the answer is manifest, that if he stand upon that was (as if he should argue, because it rained yesterday, therefore it should rain today) then indeed hath it some advantage to a gross conceit. But if he know an example only informs a conjectured likelihood, and so go by reason, the poet doth so far exceed him, as he is to frame his example to that which is most reasonable, be it in warlike, politic, or private matters, where the historian in his bare was[1] hath many times that which we call fortune to overrule the best wisdom. Many times he must tell events whereof he can yield no cause, or if he do, it must be poetically. For that a feigned example hath as much force to teach as a true example (for as for to move, it is clear, since the feigned may be tuned to the highest key of passion), let us take one example wherein an historian and a poet did concur.[2] Herodotus and Justin doth both testify that Zopirus, King Darius' faithful servant, seeing his master long resisted by the rebellious Babylonians, feigned himself in extreme disgrace of his king, for verifying of which, he caused his own nose and ears to be cut off, and so flying to the Babylonians was received, and for his known valour so far credited, that he did find means to deliver them over to Darius.[3] Much like matter doth Livy record of Tarquinius and his son.[4] Xenophon excellently feigneth such another stratagem performed by Abradates in Cyrus' behalf.[5] Now would I fain[6] know, if occasion be presented unto you to serve your prince by such an honest dissimulation, why you do not as well learn it of Xenophon's fiction as of the others' verity (and truly so much the better, as you shall save your nose by the bargain, for Abradates did not counterfeit so far)? So then the best of the historian is subject to the poet, for whatsoever action or faction, whatsoever counsel, policy, or war stratagem the historian is bound to recite, that may the poet (if he list[7]) with his imitation make his own; beautifying it both for further teaching and more delighting, as it please him, having all from Dante his heaven to his hell under the authority of his pen.[8] Which if I be asked what poets have done so, as I might well name some, so yet say I, and say again, I speak of the art and not of the artificer. Now to that which commonly is attributed to the praise of history, in respect of the notable learning, is got by marking the success, as though therein a man should see virtue exalted and vice punished: truly that commendation is peculiar to poetry and far off from history. For indeed poetry ever sets virtue so out in her best colours, making fortune her well-waiting handmaid, that one must needs be enamoured of her. Well may you see Ulysses in a storm and in other hard plights, but they are but exercises of patience and magnanim-

War. He was regarded by his contemporaries and by later ages as "a pattern of virtue, innocence, courage and liberality" as well as sexual continence. However, in his conquering of Hannibal, he exacted the "most severe and humiliating terms." He also seems to have lacked political tact in dealing with the senate and populace of Rome, and was accused by rivals of having engaged in extortion in Africa (*OCD*, p. 398; *Classical Dict.*, pp. 609-10).

[1] *in his bare was* i.e., in his unadorned statement of what has occurred.

[2] *did concur* do concur (Olney).

[3] See Herodotus, *The Histories*, trans. R. Waterfield (Oxford, 1998), 3.153-58; and Justin, *Epitome of the Philippic History of Pompeius Trogus*, 1.15-23.

[4] Lucius Tarquinius Superbus (534-510 BCE), the last king of Rome, employed his youngest son Sextus in a similar stratagem during the siege of Gabii. Sextus, fleeing to the enemy on the pretext that his father's cruelty had begun to threaten the lives of his own kin, won the trust of the Gabinians only to later execute en masse their leading men. See Livy, *A History of Rome: Selections*, trans. M. Hadas and J.P. Poe (New York, 1962), 1.53-54.

[5] In Xenophon's *Cyropaedia*, it is actually Cyrus' friend and servant Araspas who undertakes (at Cyrus' suggestion) to pretend that he has deserted to the enemy in order to further Cyrus' plans. See *The School of Cyrus*, ed. J. Tatum (New York, 1987), pp. 146-48, 157-58. During this episode, Abradates, whose wife is a captive of Cyrus and desired by Araspas, later becomes one of Cyrus' allies (pp. 148ff).

[6] *fain* gladly, willingly, with pleasure.

[7] *list* wish, desire.

[8] *Dante his heaven … pen* p. 715, note 3.

ity, to make them shine the more in the near-following prosperity. And of the contrary part, if evil men come to the stage, they ever go out (as the tragedy-writer answered to one that misliked the show of such persons) so manacled as they little animate folks to follow them. But the history[1] being captived to the truth of a foolish world is many times a terror from well-doing, and an encouragement to unbridled wickedness. For see we not valiant Milciades[2] rot in his fetters? The just Phocion and the accomplished Socrates[3] put to death like traitors? The cruel Severus live prosperously? The excellent Severus[4] miserably murdered? Sylla and Marius[5] dying in their beds? Pompey and Cicero[6] slain then when they would have thought exile a happiness? See we not virtuous Cato driven to kill himself, and rebel Caesar[7] so advanced that his name yet after 1600 years lasteth in the highest honour? And mark but even Caesar's own words of the forenamed Sylla, (who in that only did honestly, to put down his dishonest tyranny) *litteras nescivit*,[8] as if want of learning caused him to do well. He meant it not by poetry, which not content with earthly plagues deviseth new punishments in hell for tyrants; nor yet by philosophy, which teacheth *occidendos esse*;[9] but no doubt by skill in history, for that indeed can afford

[1] *But the history* but the historian (Olney).

[2] *Milciades* Miltiades, Athenian general, often credited with the Greeks' victory over the Persians at the crucial battle of Marathon. However, a later defeat at Paros led to his arrest and imprisonment; although his sentence of death was commuted to a heavy fine, he was unable to pay it before he succumbed to his wounds, dying in prison of gangrene in 489 BCE (*Classical Dict.*, p. 413).

[3] *Phocion* (402/01-318 BCE), Athenian general and statesman, represented by Plutarch as a "blend of kindness and severity, of caution and daring, of solicitude for the safety of others and disregard for [his] own," as well as "indefatigable in the pursuit of justice." See "Life of Phocion," *The Age of Alexander*, trans., I. Scott-Kilvert (London, 1973), p. 221. He resisted war with Philip of Macedon on pragmatic grounds, although he later made Philip retreat from Euboea. Elected governor of Athens many times, his reputation for temperance and public service (he rejected bribes from both Philip and Alexander) did not save him from the machinations of his enemies; he was condemned for treason and drank the traditional cup of poison (Plutarch, pp. 246-51); *Socrates* (469-399 BCE) famed Athenian philosopher, condemned to death for supposedly corrupting the religious faith of the youth of Athens with his teachings; he also drank a cup of poison. The event is described in Plato's *Apology*.

[4] *the cruel Severus* Lucius Septimius Severus, Roman emperor (reigned 193-211 CE); guilty of murder and impiety during his struggle for the Imperial throne, he was admired by classical writers for his military prowess, but deplored for his cruelty (*Classical Dict.*, p. 625); *the excellent Severus* Marcus Aurelius Severus Alexander, Roman emperor (reigned 222-35 CE), whose own high moral standards led him to expect and enforce moral rectitude in the civil service and strict discipline in the army; he founded schools and was a patron of literature; he was murdered in his tent while on campaign (*Classical Dict.*, pp. 625-26).

[5] *Sylla* Lucius Cornelius Sulla Felix (b. c. 138), Roman statesman and military leader; among the deeds which leave Sidney outraged that such a man should have died in his bed are: the massacre of more than 7,000 Roman citizens; the abuse of absolute power in the violation of any laws that didn't suit him or his ambitions; his retirement to a country retreat where he indulged in sensual pleasures and debauchery. See *Classical Dict.*, pp. 650-51 and *Plutarch, Lives*, "Life of Sylla," vol. 1, pp. 797-801; *Marius* Gaius Marius (b. c. 157 BCE), Roman military leader, who became one of Rome's most infamous tyrants; after being routed by his rival Sylla, Marius fled to Africa, raised an army, and returned to Rome. Once he had taken the city he ruthlessly executed not just his enemies, but even those whose greetings in the street went unacknowledged by Marius. He was intemperate, cruel, and illiterate (*Classical Dict.*, pp. 387-88).

[6] *Pompey* Gnaeus Pompeius Magnus (Pompey the Great) (106-48 BCE), Roman military leader; in his struggle with Julius Caesar for control of the empire, he was decisively defeated at the battle of Pharsalus. Fleeing to Egypt, Pompey sought the aid and protection of Ptolomey, who instead had him assassinated; *Cicero* Marcus Tullius Cicero (106-43 BCE), Roman orator, politician, and writer; a supporter of Pompey, he was pardoned by Julius Caesar, but soon after Caesar's death he attacked in print Mark Antony. Condemned to death by the second triumvirate, Cicero was attempting to flee towards the sea, when he was caught and summarily executed.

[7] *Cato* Marcus Porcius Cato (Uticensis) (95-46 BCE), Roman politician and committed supporter of the Roman Republic. He supported the faction that wanted to see Pompey as sole consul to counterbalance the threat posed by Caesar. However, he committed suicide when he learned of Caesar's victory at Thapsus; *Caesar* Gaius Julius Caesar, Roman dictator (100-44 BCE) and general. After his successful campaigns in Gaul, the Roman senate, fearful of Caesar's power and the loyalty of his army, refused to allow him to stand for the consulship and looked for ways to prosecute him. As a result in 49 BCE, Caesar and his armies crossed the Rubicon, a stream in Northern Italy which ancient Roman law had made the boundary beyond which a Roman general could not lead his army. To do so was treason.

[8] Latin, "He was ignorant of letters." Suetonius reports in his life of Gaius Julius Caesar that Caesar had once said "that Sulla [see note 5 this page] was altogether unlettered and no grammarian, in giving over his dictatorship." See *History of the Twelve Caesars*, trans. P. Holland, ed. J.H. Freese, (1606; London, n.d.), section 77, p. 48.

[9] Latin, "they are to be executed."

you[1] Cipselus, Periander, Phalaris, Dionisius,[2] and I know not how many more of the same kennel,[3] that speed well enough in their abominable injustice of usurpation.[4] I conclude, therefore, that he excelleth history, not only in furnishing the mind with knowledge, but in setting it forward to that which deserves to be called and accounted good: which setting forward and moving to well doing, indeed setteth the laurel crown[5] upon the poets as victorious,[6] not only of the historian, but over the philosopher, howsoever in teaching it may be questionable. For suppose it be granted, that which I suppose with great reason may be denied, that the philosopher in respect of his methodical proceeding teach more perfectly than the poet, yet do I think that no man is so much *philophilosophos*,[7] as to compare the philosopher in moving with the poet. And that moving is of a higher degree than teaching it may by this appear, that it is well nigh both the cause and effect of teaching. For who will be taught, if he be not moved with desire to be taught? And what so much good doth that teaching bring forth (I speak still of moral doctrine) as that it moveth one to do that which it doth teach. For as Aristotle sayeth, it is not *gnosis* but *praxis*[8] must be the fruit. And how *praxis* can be without being moved to practice, it is no hard matter to consider. The philosopher showeth you the way, he informeth you of the particularities, as well of the tediousness of the way as of the pleasant lodging you shall have when your journey is ended, as of the many by-turnings that may divert you from your way. But this is to no man but to him that will read him, and read him with attentive, studious painfulness, which constant desire, whosoever hath in him, hath already passed half the hardness of the way, and therefore is beholding to the philosopher but for the other half. Nay, truly learned men have learnedly thought that, where once reason hath so much over-mastered passion as that the mind hath a free desire to do well, the inward light each mind hath in itself is as good as a philosopher's book, since in nature[9] we know it is well to do well, and what is well and what is evil, although not in the words of art which philosophers bestow upon us, for out of natural conceit the philosophers drew it. But to be moved to do that which we know, or to be moved with desire to know, *Hoc opus, hic labor est.*[10] Now therein of all sciences (I speak still of humane and according to the humane conceit) is our poet the monarch. For he doth not only show the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect into the way, as will entice any man to enter into it. Nay, he doth as if your journey should lie through a fair vineyard, at the very first give you a cluster of grapes, that full of the taste you may long to pass further. He beginneth not with obscure definitions, which

[1] *afford you* afford your (Olney).

[2] *Cipselus* (c. 657-627 BCE), tyrant of Corinth; according to Herodotus, under Cypselus' rule, many Corinthians lost their property and were forced into exile, but a greater number were executed (*Histories*, 5.92). His son and heir, Periander (c. 627-587 BCE), was much more oppressive, killing "outstanding citizens" and treating his people "with unremitting brutality" (5.92); he sent 300 boys from Corcyra to Lydia for castration to punish the Corcyrans for murdering his son (3.48); he also murdered his wife, Melissa, and had intercourse with her after her death (5.92); *Phalaris of Acragas* (Agrigento) (c. 570-c. 549 BCE), "the first important Sicilian tyrant," he was also "a by-word in antiquity for cruelty (he was said to have roasted his enemies alive in a brazen bull)"; *Dionisius* both Dionysius I or the Elder, ruler of Sicily and Syrcuse (b. c. 430 BCE), and his heir, Dionysius II, tyrant of Syracuse (ruled, 367-57 BCE); the former was known for his cruelty, paranoia, impiety, and sacrilege; the latter for his cruelty and violence; he is said to have invited Plato to his court only then to have the philosopher sold into slavery for daring to counsel him to surrender his position of absolute power (*OCD*, pp. 1153; 476-77; *Classical Dict.*, p. 235).

[3] *kennel* a pack, crew, or gang of persons.

[4] *injustice of usurpation* injustice or usurpation (Olney).

[5] *laurel crown* In the classical world, wreath-like crowns made of the bay tree would be worn by those who had achieved a great victory, often in the arenas of war or poetry.

[6] *the poets as victorious* the poet as victorious (Olney).

[7] *philophilosophos* a lover of philosophy.

[8] *gnosis* knowledge; *praxis* action, practice. Aristotle indicates that every body of knowledge is aimed at some action or practice, as "the end of medical art is health, that of shipbuilding a vessel, that of strategy victory, that of economics wealth" ("Nichomachean Ethics," *Works of Aristotle*, 12 vols., trans. and ed. W.D. Ross [Oxford, 1963], vol. 9, 1.1.8-10).

[9] *since in nature* seeing in nature (Olney).

[10] Latin, "This is the task, this is the toil" (Virgil, *Aeneid*, 6.129). This is the prophetic Sibyl's comment to Aeneas before he descends to the underworld: the journey down is easy, but the ascent is not.

must blur the margin with interpretations,[1] and load the memory with doubtfulness; but he cometh to you with words set in delightful proportion, either accompanied with or prepared for the well-enchanting skill of music; and with a tale forsooth he cometh unto you, with a tale which holdeth children from play and old men from the chimney corner. And, pretending no more, doth intend the winning of the mind from wickedness to virtue; even as the child is often brought to take most wholesome things by hiding them in such other as have a pleasant taste; which, if one should begin to tell them the nature of the aloes or rhabarbarum[2] they should receive, would sooner take their physic at their ears than at their mouth. So it is in men (most of which are childish in the best things, till they be cradled in their graves): glad they will be to hear the tales of Hercules, Achilles, Cyrus, Aeneas, and hearing them, must needs hear the right description of wisdom, valour, and justice; which if they had been barely (that is to say philosophically) set out, they would swear they be brought to school again. That imitation whereof poetry is, hath the most conveniency to nature of all other, insomuch that, as Aristotle sayeth, those things which in themselves are horrible, as cruel battles, unnatural monsters, are made in poetical imitation delightful.[3] Truly, I have known men that even with reading Amadis de Gaul,[4] which God knoweth wanteth much of a perfect poesy, have found their hearts moved to the exercise of courtesy, liberality, and especially courage. Who readeth Aeneas carrying old Anchises on his back, that wisheth not it were his fortune to perform so excellent an act?[5]

[...]

I think it may be manifest that the poet, with that same hand of delight, doth draw the mind more effectually than any other art doth. And so a conclusion not unfitly ensue that as virtue is the most excellent resting place for all worldly learning to make his end of, so poetry, being the most familiar to teach it, and most princely to move towards it, in the most excellent work is the most excellent workman.

[...]

Since then poetry is of all humane learnings the most ancient and of most fatherly antiquity, as from whence other learnings have taken their beginnings; since it is so universal that no learned nation doth despise it, nor barbarous nation[6] is without it; since both Roman and Greek gave such divine names unto it, the one of prophesying, the other of making; and that indeed that name of making is fit for him, considering, that where all other arts retain[7] themselves within their subject, and receive, as it were, their being from it, the poet only, only bringeth his own stuff, and doth not learn a conceit out of a matter, but maketh matter for a conceit. Since neither his description nor end containeth any evil,[8] the thing described cannot be

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1 *blur the margin with interpretations* i.e., fill the margin with explanatory commentary to the point where the line between text and margin becomes obscured. Renaissance texts used marginal notes, not footnotes or endnotes, for glosses and explanations.

2 *aloes* here, in the plural, a drug of nauseous odour, bitter taste, and purgative qualities from the juice of the aloe plant; *rhabarbarum* rhubarb-root, a bitter purgative (*Gerard's Herbal*, 1636 [London, 1985], pp. 98-99).

3 *Aristotle sayeth … delightful* See *Poetics*, 4.9-13: "... it is also natural for all to delight in works of imitation. The truth of this second point is shown by experience: though the objects themselves may be painful to see, we delight to view the most realistic representations of them in art, the forms for example of the lowest animals and of dead bodies."

4 *Amadis de Gaul* Garcí Rodríguez de Montalvo's *Amadís de Gaula* ("Amadis of Gaul") (1508), a wildly popular Spanish version of the late thirteenth century French Arthurian tales. de Montalvo's prose romance and its many sequels were quickly translated into French, Italian, German, Dutch, Portuguese, and Hebrew; the first English translation of *Amadis* was published in 1572. Roundly condemned as obscene by English clergymen, these romances seem "to have functioned for educated Elizabethans as something of a sexual primer" (W. Schleiner, "Elizabethan Bawdy," *Encycl. of the Renaissance*, vol. 1, p. 193).

5 See p. 719, note 3. See Virgil's *Aeneid*, 2.707-804.

6 *nor barbarous nation* nor no barbarous nation (Olney).

7 *that where all other arts retain* that whereas other arts retain (Olney).

8 *containeth any evil* Ponsonby has "containing any," but Olney's reading is preferable.

evil; since his effects be so good as to teach goodness and delight the learners of it; since therein (namely in moral doctrine, the chief of all knowledges) he doth not only far pass the historian, but for instructing is well nigh comparable to the philosopher, for moving leaveth him behind him. Since the Holy Scripture (wherein there is no uncleanness) hath whole parts in it poetical, and that even our Saviour Christ vouchsafed to use the flowers of it; since all his kinds are not only in their united forms but in their severed dissections fully commendable: I think (and think I think rightly) the laurel crown appointed for triumphant captains doth worthily (of all other learnings) honour the poet's triumph. But because we have ears as well as tongues, and that the lightest reasons that may be will seem to weigh greatly, if nothing be put in the counterbalance, let us hear and, as well as we can, ponder what objections be made against this art, which may be worthy either of yielding, or answering.

[...]

Now then go we to the most important imputations laid to the poor poets. For ought I can yet learn, they are these. First, that there being many other more fruitful knowledges, a man might better spend his time in them than in this. Secondly, that it is the mother of lies. Thirdly, that it is the nurse of abuse, infecting us with many pestilent desires, with a siren's sweetness drawing the mind to the serpent's tail of sinful fancies;[1] and herein especially comedies give the largest field to err, as Chaucer sayeth,[2] how both in other nations and in ours, before poets did soften us, we were full of courage, given to martial exercises, the pillars of man-like liberty, and not lulled asleep in shady idleness with poets' pastimes. And lastly and chiefly, they cry out with open mouth, as if they had over-shot Robinhood,[3] that Plato banished them out of his commonwealth.[4] Truly this is much, if there be much truth in it. First to the first. That a man might better spend his time is a reason indeed, but it doth, as they say, but *petere principium*.[5] For if it be, as I affirm, that no learning is so good as that which teacheth and moveth to virtue, and that none can both teach and move thereto so much as poesy, then is the conclusion manifest: that ink and paper cannot be to a more profitable purpose employed. And certainly, though a man should grant their first assumption, it should follow (methinks) very unwillingly that good is not good because better is better. But I still and utterly deny that there is sprung out of earth a more fruitful knowledge. To the second, therefore, that they should be the principal liars, I answer paradoxically, but truly, I think truly, that of all writers under the sun the poet is the least liar, and, though he would,[6] as a poet can scarcely be a liar. The astronomer, with his cousin the geometrician, can hardly escape, when they take upon them to measure the height of the stars. How often, think you, do the physicians lie, when they aver things good for sicknesses, which afterwards send Charon a great number of souls drow

[1] *fancies* fancy (Olney).

[2] "The Knight's Tale" in *The Canterbury Tales*, ll.28-29: "I have, God woot, a large field to ere, / And wayke ben the oxen in my plough."

[3] *over-shot Robin Hood* Clearly a variation on the popular proverb "Many speak (talk) of Robin Hood that never shot in his bow" (i.e., many people talk about matters of which they know nothing) (*Tilley* R148).

[4] In his *Republic*, 2.377-83 and 3.386-402, Plato argues that poetry does not express or represent what is true, nor does it offer good models for youth. For these reasons it should be censored and there should be rules and regulations set down for it that poets must be obliged to follow. In 10.595-608, he further argues that all poets should be banned from the ideal state on account of the tendency of their medium to enthrall the emotions and hearts of men to the detriment of their reason and souls; he finds the models of behaviour offered in both comedy and tragedy to be equally detrimental to the character of the citizens of the ideal state. However, Plato does add that this banishment of poets must occur only if those who support poetry cannot refute the charges he brings against it.

[5] *petere principium* Latin, "to take for granted a beginning or principle [as the grounds for an argument]" (i.e., the logical fallacy known as "begging the question").

[6] *and, though he would* i.e., even if he wanted to be.

ned in a potion before they come to his ferry?[1] And no less of the rest, which take upon them to affirm. Now, for the poet, he nothing affirmeth, and therefore never lieth. For, as I take it, to lie is to affirm that to be true which is false. So as the other artists, and especially the historian, affirming many things, can, in the cloudy knowledge of mankind, hardly escape from many lies. But the poet, as I said before, never affirmeth. The poet never maketh any circles about your imagination, to conjure you to believe for true what he writeth.[2] He citeth not authorities of other histories, but even for his entry[3] calleth the sweet Muses to inspire unto him[4] a good invention; in truth, not labouring to tell you what is or is not, but what should or should not be. And therefore though he recount things not true, yet because he telleth them not for true, he lieth not, without we will say that Nathan lied in his speech before alleged to David,[5] which as a wicked man durst scarce say, so think I none so simple would say, that Aesop lied in the tales of his beasts. For who thinketh that Aesop wrote it for actually true were well worthy to have his name chronicled among the beasts he writeth of. What child is there that, coming to a play, and seeing Thebes written in great letters upon an old door, doth believe that it is Thebes?[6] If then a man can arrive to the child's age[7] to know that the poet's persons and doings are but pictures what should be, and not stories what have been, they will never give the lie to things not affirmatively but allegorically and figuratively written. And therefore as in history looking for truth, they may go away[8] full fraught with falsehood; so in poesy looking but for fiction, they shall use the narration but as an imaginative groundplat[9] of a profitable invention. But hereto is replied, that the poets give names to men they write of, which argueth a conceit of an actual truth, and so, not being true, proveth a falsehood. And doth the lawyer lie then, when under the names of "John of the Stile," and "John of the Nokes," he puteth his case?[10] But that is easily answered: their naming of men is but to make their picture the more lively, and not to build any history. Painting men, they cannot leave men nameless. We see we cannot play at chess but that we must give names to our chessmen; and yet methinks he were a very partial champion of truth that would say we lied for giving a piece of wood the reverend title of a bishop. The poet nameth Cyrus and Aeneas[11] no other way than to show what men of their fames, fortunes, and estates should do. Their third is, how much it abuseth men's wit, training it to wanton sinfulness and lustful love. For indeed that is the principal if not only abuse I can hear alleged. They say the comedies rather teach than reprehend amorous conceits. They say the lyric is larded with passionate sonnets, the elegiac weeps the want of his mistress, and that even to the heroical, Cupid hath ambitiously climbed. Alas, love, I would thou couldest as well

[1] Charon, the ferryman of the underworld, transported the souls of the dead across the river Styx.

[2] *The poet never maketh any circles … writeth* It was commonly believed that conjurers attempting to raise the spirits of the dead or call forth spirits would draw first a protective circle in which they would stand.

[3] *entry* beginning. Calling upon the Muses was a conventional way of beginning a poem, particularly an epic poem.

[4] *inspire unto him* inspire into him (Olney).

[5] The prophet Nathan uses a parable to convey God's displeasure with King David's arranging for the death of Uriah in battle so that David can take Uriah's wife, Bathsheba, as his own. In the story, a rich man with many flocks seizes a poor man's only and much-beloved lamb to feed a visitor. David, believing the story to be true, condemns the rich man to death, but Nathan then reveals that the story has been dictated to him by God for David's reproof (2 Samuel 12). Sidney uses this story earlier in the *Defence* when he offers examples of the power of poetry to persuade the reader to adopt and practice good moral and ethical percepts; he says that the "application [of Nathan's story was] most divinely true, [although] the discourse itself feigned [i.e., invented]."

[6] The Renaissance public stage in England, lacking scenic backdrops, relied partly on such pointers to indicate setting and shifts in setting.

[7] *to the child's age* at that child's age (Olney).

[8] *they may go away* they go away (Olney).

[9] *groundplat* ground-plot, ground-plan; foundation.

[10] *doth the lawyer … case* John-a-nokes and John-a-stiles were fictitious names for the parties in a legal action, and were used in contemporary Renaissance legal manuals and textbooks to describe cases.

[11] *Cyrus and Aeneas* Cyrus or Aeneas (Olney).

defend thyself as thou canst offend others. I would those on whom thou dost attend could either put thee away or yield good reason why they keep thee. But grant love of beauty to be a beastly fault, although it be very hard, since only man and no beast hath that gift to discern beauty; grant that lovely name of love to deserve all hateful reproaches, although even some of my masters, the philosophers, spent a good deal of their lamp-oil in setting forth the excellency of it; grant, I say, what they will[1] have granted, that not only love, but lust, but vanity, but (if they list) scurrility, possess many leaves of the poets' books: yet think I, when this is granted, they will find their sentence may with good manners put the last words foremost, and not say that poetry abuseth man's wit, but that man's wit abuseth poetry. For I will not deny, but that man's wit may make poesy, which should be *eikastike*, which some learned have defined, figuring forth good things, to be *phantastike*, which doth contrariwise infect the fancy with unworthy objects,[2] as the painter should give to the eye either some excellent perspective, or some fine picture, fit for building or fortification, or containing in it some notable example, as Abraham sacrificing his son Isaac,[3] Judith killing Holofernes,[4] David fighting with Goliath,[5] may leave those, and please an ill-pleased eye with wanton shows of better hidden matters. But what, shall the abuse of a thing make the right use odious? Nay truly, though I yield that poesy may not only be abused, but that being abused by the reason of his sweet charming force it can do more hurt than any other army of words, yet shall it be so far from concluding that the abuse should give reproach to the abused, that contrariwise it is a good reason, that whatsoever being abused doth most harm, being rightly used (and upon the right use each thing receives his title) doth most good. Do we not see skill of physic, the best rampire[6] to our often-assaulted bodies, being abused teach poison, the most violent destroyer? Doth not knowledge of law, whose end is to even and right all things, being abused grow the crooked fosterer of horrible injuries? Doth not (to go to the highest) God's word abused breed heresy, and his name abused become blasphemy? Truly, a needle cannot do much hurt, and as truly (with leave of ladies be it spoken) it cannot do much good. With a sword thou mayst kill thy father, and with a sword thou mayst defend thy prince and country. So that, as in their calling poets "fathers of lies," they said nothing, so in this their argument of abuse they prove the commendation.

They allege, herewith, that before poets began to be in price[7] our nation had set their hearts' delight upon action and not imagination, rather doing things worthy to be written, than writing things fit to be done.

[...]

[...] for as for poetry itself, it is the freest from this objection, for poetry is the companion of camps. I dare undertake, Orlando Furioso or honest King Arthur[8] will never displease a soldier, but the quiddity of *ens* and *prima materia* will hardly agree with a corcelet.[9] And therefore, as I said in the begin-

[1] *grant, I say, what they will* grant, I say, whatsoever they will (Olney).

[2] See Plato, *Sophist*, 236, 260, 265-67.

[3] *Abraham sacrificing his son Isaac* In Genesis 22:1-18, God commands Abraham to sacrifice his only son, Isaac, as a test of Abraham's fear of and obedience to God. As Abraham is about to fulfil God's command, an angel stops him.

[4] *Judith killing Holofernes* In the apocryphal Book of Judith, the beautiful and pious Jewish widow, Judith, saves her town, Bethulia, from the besieging forces of Holofernes, general of the Assyrian army. Presenting herself at Holofernes' tent, she wins him over with her beauty, and after he has become drunk entertaining her, she cuts off his head with a sword (see especially 10.1-13.10).

[5] *David fighting with Goliath* 1 Samuel 17:1-58.

[6] *rampire* rampart, bulwark, barrier.

[7] *in price* highly esteemed, thought much of.

[8] *Orlando Furioso* See p. 719, note 3; *King Arthur* semi-legendary early British king whose exploits were the subject of numerous poetic and prose romances, such as Thomas Malory's *Morte d'Arthur* (1469-70) and Spenser's *Faerie Queene*.

[9] *Ens* (Latin, "being") and *prima materia* (Latin, "first or prime matter") are both philosophical terms, the former meaning "something that has existence, a being, an entity, as opposed to a quality," the latter "a supposedly formless primordial matter out of which the universe was created" (*Oxford Essential Dict. of Foreign Terms in English*).

ning, even Turks and Tartars are delighted with poets. Homer, a Greek, flourished before Greece flourished. And if to a slight conjecture a conjecture may be opposed, truly it may seem that as by him their learned men took almost their first light of knowledge, so their active men received their first motions of courage. Only Alexander's example may serve, who by Plutarch is accounted of such virtue that fortune was not his guide but his footstool,[1] whose acts speak for him, though Plutarch did not,[2] indeed the phoenix of warlike princes. This Alexander left his schoolmaster, living Aristotle, behind him, but took dead Homer with him.[3] He put the philosopher Callisthenes to death for his seeming philosophical, indeed mutinous, stubbornness, but the chief thing he was ever heard to wish for was that Homer had been alive.[4] He well found he received more bravery of mind by the pattern of Achilles than by hearing the definition of fortitude.[5]

[...]

But now indeed my burden is great, that Plato[6] his name is laid upon me, whom, I must confess, of all philosophers I have ever esteemed most worthy of reverence, and with good reason,[7] since of all philosophers he is the most poetical. Yet if he will defile the fountain out of which his flowing streams have proceeded, let us boldly examine with what reasons he did it. First truly, a man might maliciously object that Plato being a philosopher was a natural enemy of poets. For indeed, after the philosophers had picked out of the sweet mysteries of poetry the right discerning true points of knowledge, they forthwith, putting it in method, and making a school art of that which the poets did only teach by a divine delightfulness, beginning to spurn at their guides like ungrateful prentices, were not content to set up shop for themselves, but sought by all means to discredit their masters; which by the force of delight being barred them, the less they could overthrow them the more they hated them. For indeed, they found for Homer seven cities strove who should have him for their citizen, where many cities banished philosophers as not fit members to live among them. For only repeating certain of Euripides' verses, many Athenians had their lives saved of the Syracusians,[8] where the Athenians[9] themselves thought many philosophers unworthy to live. Certain poets, as Simonides and Pindarus, had so prevailed with Hiero I,[10] that of a tyrant they made him a just king, where Plato could do so little with Dionysius, that he himself of a philosopher was made a slave.[11] But who should do thus, I confess, should

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[1] *fortune was not his guide but his footstool* On Alexander, see p. 723, note 9. See also, *Plutarch, Lives*, "Life of Alexander," p. 1282.

[2] *whose acts speak for him, though Plutarch did not* perhaps a reference to Plutarch's preamble to his "Life of Alexander," where he notes that he does not record all of the illustrious actions of Alexander because as a biographer he believes that "the most brilliant exploits often tell us nothing of the virtues or vices of the men who performed them, while on the other hand a chance remark or a joke may reveal far more of a man's character than the mere feat of winning battles...." (*The Age of Alexander*, trans. I. Scott-Kilvert [London, 1973], p. 252).

[3] See *Plutarch, Lives*, "Life of Alexander," p. 1253 and 1281-83. In *The Greek Alexander Romance*, a fiction composed in the third or second century BCE, King Philip, Alexander's father, orders Aristotle to teach Alexander Homer's poems.

[4] For Alexander's dislike of Callisthenes' lack of tact and Callisthenes' execution for treason, see Plutarch, pp. 1320-25; and *Laertius*, "Aristotle," 2.449. Callisthenes was a philosopher, rhetorician, and a kinsman of Aristotle. Many classical writers, including Arrian, Cicero, and Plutarch mention Alexander's wish that Homer still lived so that he might have a great enough poet to do justice to his military exploits.

[5] Alexander believed himself descended from Achilles on his mother's side and treated his illustrious ancestor's life as a model for his own (Plutarch, p. 1250). Both Plutarch and Arrian record Alexander's honouring of Achilles' grave at the city of Ilium (Troy) (Plutarch, p. 1263, and Arrian, *Life of Alexander*, 1.11).

[6] *that Plato* now Plato (Olney).

[7] *with good reason* with great reason (Olney).

[8] In Plutarch's "Life of Nicias," after their defeat in battle, some of the defeated Athenians won their freedom by reciting Euripides' verses to the Sicilians.

[9] *where the Athenians* when the Athenians (Olney).

[10] Hieron I, tyrant of Syracuse (reigned 478-466 BCE), whose early harsh government was modified by his association with writers such as Epicharmus (poet and Pythagorean philosopher), Pindar (lyric poet), Aeschylus (dramatist), Bacchylides (lyric poet), and others. Both Pindar and Bacchylides wrote poems praising Hieron's accomplishments (*Classical Dict.*, pp. 109; 309-10).

[11] *where Plato ... Dionysius ... slave* See p. 726, note 2.

requite the objections made against poets with like cavilations against philosophers; as likewise one should do that should bid one read *Phaedrus* or *Symposium* in Plato, or the discourse of love in Plutarch, and see whether any poet do authorize abominable filthiness as they do.[1] Again, a man might ask, out of what commonwealth Plato doth banish them? In sooth, thence where himself alloweth community of women.[2] So as belike this banishment grew not for effeminate wantonness, since little should poetical sonnets be hurtful when a man might have what woman he listed. But I honour philosophical instructions, and bless the wits which bred them, so as they be not abused, which is likewise stretched to poetry. St. Paul himself[3] sets a watch-word upon philosophy,[4] indeed upon the abuse. So doth Plato upon the abuse, not upon poetry. Plato found fault that the poets of his time filled the world with wrong opinions of the gods, making light tales of that unspotted essence, and therefore would not have the youth depraved with such opinions. Herein may much be said; let this suffice: the poets did not induce such opinions, but did imitate those opinions already induced. For all the Greek stories can well testify that the very religion of that time stood upon many and many-fashioned gods, not taught so by poets, but followed according to their nature of imitation. Who list may read in Plutarch the discourses of Isis and Osiris, of the cause why oracles ceased, of the divine providence, and see whether the theology of that nation stood not upon such dreams which the poets indeed superstitiously observed, and truly (since they had not the light of Christ) did much better in it than the philosophers, who, shaking off superstition, brought in atheism. Plato therefore, whose authority I had much rather justly construe than unjustly resist, meant not in general of poets, in those words of which Julius Scaliger sayeth, *Qua authoritate barbari quidam atque hispidi abuti velint ad poetas e republica exigendos*,[5] but only meant to drive out those wrong opinions of the Deity (whereof now, without further law, Christianity hath taken away all the hurtful belief), perchance (as he thought) nourished by then-esteemed poets. And a man need go no further than to Plato himself to know his meaning: who in his dialogue called *Ion* giveth high and rightly divine commendation unto poetry. So as Plato banishing the abuse not the thing, not banishing it but giving due honour to it, shall be our patron and not our adversary. For indeed I had much rather, since truly I may do it, show their mistaking of Plato, under whose lion's skin they would make an asslike braying against poesy,[6] than go about to overthrow his authority; whom, the wiser a man is, the more just cause he shall find to have in admiration; especially since he attributeth unto poesy more than myself do: namely, to be a very inspiring of a divine force, far above man's wit, as in the forenamed dialogue is apparent.

[...]

And who reads Plutarch's either history or philosophy, shall find he trimmeth both their garments with guards[7] of poesy. But I list not to defend poesy with the help of his underling historiography. Let it suffice to have showed it is a fit soil for

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[1] *as likewise ... do* presumably because of the discussion of male same-sex love and desire in *Phaedrus* and *Symposium*, and in Plutarch's *Erotikos* ("Dialogue on Love").

[2] *Republic*, 2.377-78.

[3] *St Paul himself* The following is in Olney but not in Ponsonby: "St Paul himself, who yet, for the credit of poets, allegeth twice two poets, and one of them by the name of a prophet, setteth a watch-word ..."

[4] Colossians 2:8: "See to it that no one makes a prey of you by philosophy and empty deceit, according to human tradition, according to the elemental spirits of the universe, and not according to Christ."

[5] Latin, "which authority certain barbarians and hairy ones [i.e., unkempt and uncivilized men] desire to make use of in a perverted way in order to drive the poets out of the republic." (This quotation is probably from Scaliger's *Poetice*, which Sidney cites elsewhere: see p. 738, ll.1445-47.)

[6] The source of this image is in Aesop's fable "The Ass Clothed in the Skin of a Lion, and the Fox," where an ass, having disguised himself in a lion's skin, frightens many animals, but not the fox, who hears his braying voice. The moral is that unsophisticated, unlearned people who attempt to disguise their origins by assuming fine airs reveal themselves the minute they open their mouths.

[7] *guards* ornamental trimmings or borders on the edge of a garment.

praise to dwell upon; and what dispraise may set upon it is either easily overcome, or transformed into just commendation. So that since the excellencies of it may be so easily and so justly confirmed, and the low creeping objections so soon trodden down, it not being an art of lies, but of true doctrine; not of effeminateness, but of notable stirring of courage; not of abusing man's wit, but of strengthening man's wit; not banished, but honoured by Plato: let us rather plant more laurels for to engarland the poets' heads[1] (which honour of being laureate, as besides them only triumphant captains were,[2] is a sufficient authority to show the price they ought to be held in) than suffer the ill-favoured[3] breath of such wrong-speakers once to blow upon the clear springs of poesy.

[...]

For heretofore poets have in England also flourished and, which is to be noted, even in those times when the trumpet of Mars did sound loudest. And now that an over-faint quietness should seem to strew the house for poets, they are almost in as good reputation as the mountebanks[4] at Venice. Truly even that as of the one side it giveth great praise to poesy, which like Venus (but to better purpose) had rather be troubled in the net with Mars than enjoy the homely quiet of Vulcan;[5] so serveth it for a piece of a reason why they are less grateful to idle England, which now can scarce endure the pain of a pen. Upon this necessarily followeth, that base men with servile wits undertake it, who think it enough if they can be rewarded of the printer. And so as Epaminondas is said with the honour of his virtue to have made an office by his exercising it, which before was contemptible, to become highly respected,[6] so these men, no more but setting their names to it, by their own disgracefulness disgrace the most graceful poesy. For now, as if all the Muses were got with child to bring forth bastard poets, without any commission they do pass over[7] the banks of Helicon,[8] till they make the readers more weary than post-horses;[9] while in the meantime, they *queis meliore luto finxit praecordia Titan*[10] are better content to suppress the outflowings of their wit, than by publishing them to be accounted knights of the same order. But I that, before ever I durst aspire unto the dignity, am admitted into the company of the paper-blurrers,[11] do find the very true cause of our wanting estimation is want of desert, taking upon us to be poets in despite of Pallas.[12] Now wherein we want[13] desert were a thankworthy labour to express, but if I knew, I should have mended myself; but as I never desired the title, so have I neglected the means to come by it. Only, overmastered by some thoughts, I yielded an inky tribute unto them. Marry, they that delight in poesy itself should seek to know what they do, and how they do, and especially look themselves in an unflattering glass of reason, if they be inclinable unto it. For poesy must not be drawn by the ears; it must be gently led, or rather it must lead,

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1 *the poets' heads* our poets' heads (Olney).

2 *were* wear (Olney).

3 *ill-favoured* ill-favouring (Olney).

4 *mountebanks* Itinerant quacks who from an elevated platform appealed to audiences by means of stories, tricks, juggling, and such like, in which they were often assisted by professional clowns or fools.

5 Venus, goddess of beauty, and wife of Vulcan, god of the forge, had an affair with Mars, the god of war. Vulcan used a magic net to ensnare the couple while they were making love and then called all the gods to see and laugh at them.

6 Epaminondas (d. 362 BCE), Theban general, famous for his personal and civic virtues. Cornelius Nepos' highly flattering biography makes clear Epaminondas' resistance to bribery and selfless service to his city, but it does not seem to make a statement exactly like this one.

7 *do pass over* do post over (Olney).

8 *banks of Helicon* The Helicon was a mountain sacred to the Muses, although Sidney represents it here and elsewhere as a river.

9 *post-horses* horses kept at an inn or post-house for the use of messengers who were often in haste.

10 slightly misquoted from Juvenal, Satire 14.34-35: "*quibus arte benigna/et meliore luto finxit praecordia Titan*" ("... one whose soul the Titan [i.e., Prometheus] has fashioned with kindlier skill and of a finer clay," trans. G.G. Ramsay [Cambridge, MA, 1957]).

11 *paper-blurrers* a contemptuous name for an inferior writer.

12 *Pallas* Athena, Greek goddess of wisdom.

13 *want* lack.

which was partly the cause that made the ancient learned affirm it was a divine gift and no human skill; since all other knowledges lie ready for any that have strength of wit; a poet no industry can make, if his own genius be not carried into it.[1] And therefore is an[2] old proverb, *Orator fit, Poeta nascitur.*[3] Yet confess I always that as the fertilest ground must be manured, so must the highest flying wit have a Daedalus[4] to guide him. That Daedalus, they say, both in this and in other, hath three wings to bear itself up into the air of due commendation: that is, art, imitation, and exercise. But these, neither artificial rules nor imitative patterns, we much cumber[5] ourselves withal. Exercise indeed we do, but that very forebackwardly; for where we should exercise to know, we exercise as having known, and so is our brain delivered of much matter which never was begotten by knowledge. For there being two principal parts, matter to be expressed by words and words to express the matter, in neither we use art or imitation rightly. Our matter is *quodlibet*[6] indeed, though wrongly performing, Ovid's verse *Quicquid conabar dicere, Versus erit*,[7] never marshalling it into any assured rank,[8] that almost the readers cannot tell where to find themselves. Chaucer undoubtedly did excellently in his *Troilus and Criseyde*; of whom truly I know not whether to marvel more, either that he in that misty time could see so clearly, or that we in this clear age go so[9] stumblingly after him. Yet had he great wants,[10] fit to be forgiven in so reverent an antiquity. I account the *Mirror of Magistrates*[11] meetly[12] furnished of beautiful parts, and in the earl of Surrey's lyrics[13] many things tasting of a noble birth and worthy of a noble mind. *The Shepheardes Calender*[14] hath much poetry in his eclogues indeed worthy the reading, if I be not deceived. That same framing of his style to an old rustic language I dare not allow, since neither Theocritus in Greek, Virgil in Latin, nor Sannazaro in Italian did affect it.[15] Besides these, I do not remember to have seen but few (to speak boldly) printed, that have poetical sinews in them. For proof whereof, let but most of the verses be put in prose, and then ask the meaning, and it will be found that one verse did but beget another, without ordering at the first what should be at the last; which becomes a confused mass of words,

1 *carried into it* carried unto it (Olney).

2 *therefore is an* therefore is it an (Olney).

3 Latin proverb, "The orator is made, the poet is born."

4 *Daedalus* legendary artist and craftsman; after having completed the labyrinth to house the Minotaur, Daedalus was imprisoned by King Minos. In order to escape, Daedalus fashioned wings of feathers and wax, which led to the demise of Daedalus' son Icarus who, disobeying his father's injunctions, flew too close to the sun, melting his wings, and then plunging to his death in the sea. Daedalus' name became synonymous with uncanny skill and ingenuity.

5 *cumber* encumber, burden.

6 Latin, "anything."

7 Ovid, *Tristia*, 4.10.26: "*Et quod tentabam dicere versus erat.*" Recounting his attempts to abandon unprofitable poetry at his father's urging, Ovid tries to write prose: "But poetry in metre came unbidden, / And what I tried to write in verses ran" (*Sorrows of an Exile: Tristia*, trans. A.D. Melville [Oxford, 1992], 4.10.25-26).

8 *rank* order.

9 *this clear age go so* this clear age walk so (Olney).

10 *wants* deficiencies, failings, faults.

11 I.e., *Mirror for Magistrates* (1559; expanded and revised edition, 1563), an enormously popular collection of *de casibus* tragedies (i.e., concerning the fall of great men). The poetry of Thomas Sackville's "Induction" and "Complaint of the Duke of Buckingham" were particularly celebrated. See p. 735, note 2, and the selection in this anthology, pp. 289-99.

12 *meetly* appropriately, fittingly.

13 *earl of Surrey's lyrics* Henry Howard, earl of Surrey (?1517-47), poet and courtier, contributed to the development of English verse forms through his adoption and adaptation of Continental models. His lyrics appeared in the popular and influential anthology, *Tottel's Miscellany* (1557). He also translated books 2 and 3 of Virgil's *Aeneid* into blank verse.

14 *The Shepheardes Calender* (1579; see pp. 778-802 below), Edmund Spenser's innovative volume of twelve pastoral eclogues, dialogues between shepherds in an Arcadian landscape. Influenced by classical authors, such as Virgil and Theocritus, as well as Continental authors, such as Sannazaro and Marot, *SC* is characterized by an unusually wide variety of metrical forms and literary genres.

15 *Theocritus* (fl. 270 BCE), Greek poet, inventor of the pastoral eclogue (or bucolic); *Virgil* Publius Virgilius Maro (70-19 BCE), Roman poet, here referred to specifically as the author of the *Eclogues* (a collection of pastoral verse published 39-38 BCE); *Sannazaro* Jacopo Sannazaro (1458-1530), author of the Italian pastoral work *Arcadia*, which mixed prose and poetry proper; it was translated and much imitated in the sixteenth century: Sidney's complaint about Spenser's intentional use of archaism was echoed by Ben Jonson and other early seventeenth-century writers.

with a tingling sound of rhyme, barely accompanied with reasons.[1] Our tragedies and comedies, not without cause cried out against, observing rules neither of honest civility nor skillful poetry, excepting *Gorboduc*[2] (again I say of those that I have seen), which notwithstanding as it is full of stately speeches and well-sounding phrases, climbing to the height of Seneca his style, and as full of notable morality, which it doth most delightfully teach, and so obtain the very end of poesy; yet in truth it is very defectious in the circumstances,[3] which grieves me, because it might not remain as an exact model of all tragedies. For it is faulty both in place and time, the two necessary companions of all corporal actions. For where the stage should always represent but one place, and the uttermost time presupposed in it should be, both by Aristotle's precept[4] and common reason, but one day, there is both many days and places inartificially imagined. But if it be so in *Gorboduc*, how much more in all the rest, where you shall have Asia of the one side, and Africa of the other, and so many other under-kingdoms, that the player, when he comes in, must ever begin with telling where he is, or else the tale will not be conceived.[5] Now you shall have three ladies walk to gather flowers, and then we must believe the stage to be a garden. By and by we hear news of shipwreck in the same place, then we are to blame if we accept it not for a rock. Upon the back of that comes out a hideous monster with fire and smoke, and then the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a cave. While in the meantime two armies fly in, represented with four swords and bucklers, and then what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field? Now, of time they are much more liberal: for ordinary it is that two young princes fall in love; after many traverses she is got with child, delivered of a fair boy; he is lost, groweth a man, falleth in love, and is ready to get another child, and all this in two hours' space; which how absurd it is in sense, even sense may imagine, and art hath taught, and all ancient examples justified, and, at this day, the ordinary players in Italy will not err in.

[...]

But besides these gross absurdities, how all their plays be neither right tragedies, nor right comedies, mingling kings and clowns, not because the matter so carrieth it, but thrust in the clown by head and shoulders to play a part in majestical matters, with neither decency nor discretion, so as neither the admiration and commiseration nor the right sportfulness is by their mongrel tragicomedy obtained. I know Apuleius[6] did somewhat so, but that is a thing recounted with space of time, not represented in one moment. And I know the ancients have one or two examples of tragicomedies, as Plautus hath *Amphitrio*.[7] But, if we mark them well, we shall find that they never, or very

---

1 *with reasons* with reason (Olney).

2 *Gorboduc* (1561) is a dramatic tragedy written by Thomas Sackville (1536-1608), first earl of Dorset, poet, lawyer, and courtier, and Sir Thomas Norton (1532-84), poet and dramatist. Heavily influenced by classical models (particularly the tragedies of the Roman playwright, Seneca) as well as the *de casibus* tradition, *Gorboduc* was the first English tragedy, and its blank verse form was enormously influential in the development of the period's drama.

3 *defectious in the circumstances* defective or flawed in the logical surroundings or "adjuncts" of an action; the time, place, manner, cause, occasion, etc.

4 The reference here is to what became known as the three unities (time, action, and place). In his *Poetics*, Aristotle states that in terms of time, tragedy should restrict itself to recounting events of a single day. In terms of action, the related actions of the plot should be dictated by necessity and probability. On the unity of place or setting (i.e., the notion that a dramatic action should take place in only one place), however, Aristotle is silent. Ludovico Castelvetro, the sixteenth-century Italian commentator on Aristotle's *Poetics*, is generally credited with formulating the rule of dramatic unity.

5 *conceived* understood.

6 *Apuleius* writer and orator (b. c. 125 CE), most famous for his *Golden Ass* or *Metamorphoses* (translated into English, 1566), a Latin romance which recounts the often violent and erotically charged adventures of Lucius who is transformed into an ass. The episodic nature of the narrative lends itself to the work's variety in terms of genre and tone. Apuleius' *Golden Ass*, in particular the tale of Cupid and Psyche, was generally held in high esteem in the middle ages and the Renaissance, especially in its predominantly moral-allegorical interpretations.

7 In the Prologue to Plautus' *Amphitryon*, the Roman god Mercury comments that since the play contains "kings and gods" as well as "a slave" it must be called a "tragicomedy." See *Plautus:* (*continued*)

daintily, match hornpipes[1] and funerals. So falleth it out that having indeed no right comedy in that comical part of our tragedy, we have nothing but scurrility, unworthy of any chaste ears, or some extreme show of doltishness, indeed fit to lift up a loud laughter and nothing else; where the whole tract[2] of a comedy should be full of delight, as the tragedy should be still maintained in a well-raised admiration. But our comedians[3] think there is no delight without laughter, which is very wrong, for though laughter may come with delight, yet cometh it not of delight, as though delight should be the cause of laughter. But well may one thing breed both together. Nay, rather in themselves they have, as it were, a kind of contrariety: for delight we scarcely do but in things that have a conveniency to ourselves or to the general nature. Laughter almost ever commeth of things most disproportioned to ourselves and nature. Delight hath a joy in it, either permanent or present. Laughter hath only a scornful tickling. For example, we are ravished with delight to see a fair woman, and yet are far from being moved to laughter. We laugh at deformed creatures, wherein certainly we cannot delight. We delight in good chances, we laugh at mischances. We delight to hear the happiness of our friends and country, at which he were worthy to be laughed at that would laugh. We shall contrarily laugh sometimes to find a matter quite mistaken and go down the hill against the bias,[4] in the mouth of some such men, as for the respect of them one shall be heartily sorry, he cannot[5] choose but laugh, and so is rather pained than delighted with laughter. Yet deny I not but that they may go well together; for as in Alexander's picture well set out we delight without laughter, and in twenty mad antics[6] we laugh without delight, so in Hercules, painted with his great beard and furious countenance, in a woman's attire, spinning at Omphale's commandment,[7] it breeds both delight and laughter; for the representing of so strange a power in love procures delight, and the scornfulness of the action stirreth laughter. But I speak to this purpose, that all the end of the comical part be not upon such scornful matters as stir laughter only, but mix with it that[8] delightful teaching which is the end of poesy. And the great fault even in that point of laughter, and forbidden plainly by Aristotle, is that they stir laughter in sinful things, which are rather execrable than ridiculous; or in miserable, which are rather to be pitied than scorned.[9] For what is it to make folks gape at a wretched beggar and a beggarly clown,[10] or against law of hospitality to

The Comedies, trans. C. Carrier, ed. D.R. Slavitt and P. Bovie (Baltimore, 1995), vol. 1, ll. 58-61. Dramatic tragicomedy was not unknown in the classical world: Euripides' *Alcestis* and *Iphigeneia in Tauris* are tragedies that end happily, while Aristotle's *Poetics* suggests that plays with double endings (where the good characters are rewarded and the bad characters are punished) were more popular with audiences than those which ended badly for everyone (i.e., pure tragedy). Aristotle also classifies as "second-best" the play with a double-ending, suggesting that it arises from the playwright's desire to "pander to the taste of the spectators."

[1] *hornpipes* a wind instrument used to accompany dancing and merrymaking, especially of sailors; also the name of a dance performed on such occasions.

[2] *tract* course or continuity.

[3] *comedians* comic writers.

[4] *against the bias* literally in the wrong direction (as in a game of bowls where the ball was weighted—the weight is called the "bias"—so that it would run obliquely, but which could be diverted from its path by small dips or mounds in the bowling surface); thus, to be under a misconception or mistaken idea.

[5] *be heartily sorry, he cannot* be heartily sorry, yet he cannot (Olney).

[6] *antics* performers who play grotesque or ludicrous parts; clowns, mountebanks.

[7] Classical writers give different accounts of how and why the great hero, Hercules, ends up wearing women's clothes and spinning for Omphale, queen of Lydia. Some say that he was enslaved figuratively by his love for her, others that he was enslaved literally. This incident was often represented and alluded to as an example of how a man's surrender of authority to a woman would lead to his effeminization.

[8] *laughter only, but mix with it that* laughter only, but, mixed with it, that (Olney).

[9] *laughter … scorned* "Rather, the laughable is one category of the shameful. For the laughable comprises any fault or mark of shame which involves no pain or destruction: most obviously, the laughable mask is something ugly and twisted, but not painfully." See Aristotle, *Poetics*, trans., S. Halliwell (Cambridge, MA, 1995), chapter 5, p. 45.

[10] *a wretched beggar and a beggarly clown* a wretched beggar or a beggarly clown (Olney).

jest at strangers, because they speak not English so well as we do? What do we learn, since it is certain, *Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se, Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.*[1] But rather a busy-loving courtier, and a heartless, threatening Thraso,[2] a self-wise-seeming schoolmaster, a wry transformed traveller:[3] these if we saw walk in stage names, which we play naturally, therein were delightful laughter, and teaching delightfulness; as in the other the tragedies of Buchanan[4] do justly bring forth a divine admiration. But I have lavished out too many words of this play matter; I do it because, as they are excelling parts of poesy, so is there none so much used in England, and none can be more pitifully abused, which like an unmannerly daughter showing a bad education causeth her mother Poesy's honesty to be called in question. Other sort of poetry almost have we none, but that lyrical kind of songs and sonnets; which Lord, if he gave us so good minds, how well it might be employed, and with how heavenly fruits, both private and public, in singing the praises of the immortal beauty, the immortal goodness of that God who giveth us hands to write and wits to conceive; of which we might well want words, but never matter; of which we could turn our eyes to nothing, but we should ever have new budding occasions. But truly many of such writings as come under the banner of irresistible love, if I were a mistress, would never persuade me they were in love; so coldly they apply fiery speeches, as men that had rather read lovers' writings, and so caught up certain swelling phrases, which hang together like a man that once told me the wind was at northwest and by south, because he would be sure to name winds enough, than that in truth they feel those passions, which easily (as I think) may be bewrayed by that same forcibleness or *energia* (as the Greeks call it) of the writer.[5] But let this be a sufficient though short note, that we miss the right use of the material point of poesy. Now for the outside of it, which is words, or (as I may term it) diction, it is even well worse. So is it that[6] honey-flowing matron Eloquence apparelled, or rather disguised, in a courtesan-like painted affectation; one time with so far-fet[7] words, that many seem monsters, but must seem strangers to any poor Englishman; another time with coursing of a letter, as if they were bound to follow the method of a dictionary; another time with figures and flowers, extremely winter-starved. But I would this fault were only peculiar to versifiers, and had not as large possession among prose-printers and (which is to be marvelled) among many scholars, and (which is to be pitied) among some preachers. Truly I could wish, if at least I might be so bold to wish in a thing beyond the reach of my capacity, the diligent imitators of Tully and

[1] "Of all the woes of luckless poverty none is harder to endure than this, that it exposes men to ridicule." Juvenal, "Satire 3," *Juvenal and Persius*, trans. G.G. Ramsay (Cambridge, MA, 1957), ll. 152-53, p. 43.

[2] Thraso is a vain, boasting soldier (*miles gloriosus*) in *The Eunuch* by the Roman playwright Terence (Publius Terentius Afer) (?190-?159 BCE), and thus exemplifies a popular comic type in Renaissance drama.

[3] *a wry transformed traveller* a awry transformed traveller (Olney); given the context, someone who has returned from travel abroad wearing strange fashions and accoutrements; such individuals are often the objects of satire in Greene and Nashe.

[4] George Buchanan (1506-82), historian, scholar, teacher, and reformist. He translated Euripides' tragedies *Medea* and *Alcestis* into Latin verse, and composed two original Latin plays based on biblical stories: the *Baptistes* and the *Jephthes*. With the exception of *Medea*, composed somewhat earlier than the other three, the plays were meant for performance by Buchanan's students at the Collège de Guyenne in Bordeaux. Sidney perhaps admired the plays' strong moral and educative qualities; as Buchanan notes in his preface to the *Alcestis*: "For once the action is brought to life with speech and breath, it makes a stronger impression on the senses than bare moral lessons, and influences the mind more easily. And where it has penetrated, it clings more firmly, and virtually takes root" (quoted in P.J. Ford, *George Buchanan: Prince of Poets* [Aberdeen, 1982], p. 71).

[5] *energia (as the Greeks call it) of the writer* "Energeia" is generally defined as "vividness," with Quintilian discussing it in terms of rhetorical ornament as a tool of persuasion in oratory: "*enargeia*, or vigour ... derives its name from action and finds its peculiar function in securing that nothing that we say is tame" (*Institutio Oratoria* ["Education of an Orator"], 8.3.86-90).

[6] *so is it that* so is that (Olney).

[7] *far-fet* far-fetched.

Demosthenes,[1] most worthy to be imitated, did not so much keep Nizolian paper books[2] of their figures and phrases, as by attentive translation, as it were, devour them whole, and make them wholly theirs. For now they cast sugar and spice upon every dish that is served to the table: like those Indians, not content to wear ear-rings at the fit and natural place of the ears, but they will thrust jewels through their nose and lips, because they will be sure to be fine.

[...]

So that since the ever-praiseworthy poesy is full of virtue-breeding delightfulness, and void of no gift that ought to be in the noble name of learning; since the blames laid against it are either false or feeble; since the cause why it is not esteemed in England is the fault of poet-apes, not poets; since, lastly, our tongue is most fit to honour poesy, and to be honoured by poesy: I conjure you all that have had the evil luck to read this ink-wasting toy of mine, even in the name of the nine Muses, no more to scorn the sacred mysteries of poesy, no more to laugh at the name of poets, as though they were next inheritors to fools, no more to jest at the reverent title of a rhymer; but to believe, with Aristotle, that they were the ancient treasurers of the Grecians' divinity; to believe, with Bembus,[3] that they were first bringers-in of all civility; to believe, with Scaliger,[4] that no philosopher's precepts can sooner make you an honest man than the reading of Virgil; to believe, with Clauserus, the translator of Cornatus, that it pleased the heavenly Deity by Hesiod and Homer under the veil of fables to give us all knowledge, logic, rhetoric, philosophy—natural and moral—and *quid non?*; to believe, with me, that there are many mysteries contained in poetry, which of purpose were written darkly, lest by profane wits it should be abused;[5] to believe, with Landin,[6] that they are so beloved of the gods that whatsoever they write proceeds of a divine fury; lastly, to believe themselves when they tell you they will make you immortal by their verses. Thus doing,

[1] *Tully* Marcus Tullius Cicero (see p. 725, note 6); Cicero's writings were central texts in the Renaissance, particularly those which treated philosophical and rhetorical topics. During the Renaissance, he was among the most imitated and influential of classical authors; *Demosthenes* famed Athenian orator (384-322 BCE); there were five Greek editions of works by Demosthenes between 1586 and 1597; the first Latin edition appeared in 1571 and the first English translation from the Greek in 1570; often paired with Cicero in the period as the greatest of classical orators and rhetoricians.

[2] *Nizolian paper books* a reference to commonplace books containing entries copied not from Cicero directly but from Mario Nizzoli's popular Ciceronian dictionary (68 editions between 1535 and 1635).

[3] *Bembus* Pietro Bembo (1470-1547), Italian philologist, literary theorist, poet, historian, and cardinal, was a prolific writer and these comments on the nature of the poet may be contained in any number of his writings, but the most likely candidates are *De imitatione*, or *Prose della volgar lingua* ("Prose writings on the vernacular language").

[4] *Scaliger* Julius Caesar Scaliger (Giulio Cesare Scaligero) (1484-1558), French physician, humanist, and classical scholar, author of an influential Latin grammar (1540) as well as works on botany and zoology. Published posthumously, his *Poetics* (1561) makes the case for Virgil's superiority to Homer as a poet. See *Select Translations from Scaliger's Poetics* by F.M. Padelford (New York, 1905), pp. 73-81.

[5] *to believe, with Clauserus ... abused* Conrad Clauser translated into Latin the rhetorician Lucius Annaeus Cornutus' first-century CE *De natura deorum gentilium commentarius* (Oporinus, 1543). This idea that classical myths were essentially allegorical can also be found in Natale Conti's *Mythologiae* (Venice, 1551): "For who does not know that nearly all the mysteries of the gentile Gods have been hidden under the guise of fable by the ancients?" See *Natale Conti's Mythologies: A Select Translation*, trans. A. DiMatteo (New York, 1994), p. 5, and "Nor would we write about such Gods of the ancients as these that we know now to have been long since ridiculed and mocked at were it not that under these tales of Gods, which ambitious men would apply to themselves, with their flatterers following after, wise men have hidden even mystical things as we will reveal" (p. xviii). See also Spenser's "Letter to Ralegh" and the preface to Harrington's translation of Ariosto's chivalric romance, *Orlando Furioso*. Similarly, it was a common notion that the highly cryptic and image-laden apocalyptic books and passages of the Bible had been so written in order to ensure that only the elect would have access to them.

[6] *Landin* Cristoforo Landino (c. 1424-98), Italian poet, humanist, professor of literature and rhetoric at the University of Florence, and author of a number of influential translations into Italian, including Pliny's *Natural History* (1476), as well as commentaries on classical authors, such as Horace (1482), Virgil (1488), and Juvenal and Persius (in manuscript). He also published a set of dialogues called *Disputationes Camaldulenses*, which deals at least partly with the moral allegory that he saw as the primary approach to literary texts, seeking (for example) "the higher allegorical truth contained in [Virgil's] *Aeneid*" (p. 379). His edition of Dante's works contains a highly influential allegorical commentary.

your name shall flourish in the printers' shops. Thus doing, you shall be of kin to many a poetical preface. Thus doing, you shall be most fair, most rich, most wise, most all; you shall dwell upon superlatives. Thus doing, though you be *libertino patre natus*,[1] you shall suddenly grow *Herculea proles*,[2] *Si quid mea carmina possunt*.[3] Thus doing, your soul shall be placed with Dante's Beatrice, or Virgil's Anchises.[4] But if (fie of such a "but") you be borne so near the dull-making[5] cataract of Nilus, that you cannot hear the planet-like music of poetry;[6] if you have so earth-creeping a mind that it cannot lift itself up to look to the sky of poetry, or rather by a certain rustical disdain will become such a *mome* as to be a *Momus* of poetry:[7] then, though I will not wish unto you the ass' ears of Midas, nor to be driven by a poet's verses, as Bubonax[8] was, to hang himself, nor to be rhymed to death as is said to be done in Ireland,[9] yet thus much curse I must send you in the behalf of all poets: that while you live, you live in love, and never get favour for lacking skill of a sonnet, and when you die, your memory die from the earth for want of an epitaph.

FINIS

—1595

Appendix 1: Selected Correspondence between Sir Philip Sidney and Edmund Molyneux[10]

Sir Philip Sidney to Edmund Molyneux

Mr[11] Mollineax

Few words are best. My letters to my father have come to the eyes of some. Neither can I condemn any but you for it. If it be so, you have played the very knave with me; and so I will make you know, if I have good proof of it. But that for so much as is past. For that is to come, I assure you before God, that if ever I know you do so much as read any letter I write to my father, without his commandment, or my consent, I will

[1] Latin, "born of a freedman" (i.e., an individual who at once time had been a slave).

[2] Latin, "a descendant of Hercules" (one of the great Graeco-Roman heroes, son of Jupiter, king of the gods, and the mortal woman, Alcmene).

[3] Virgil, *Aeneid*, 9.446 ("if aught my verse avail"). Nisus has just avenged the death of his dear friend Euryalus; dying himself, he throws himself down beside Euryalus' lifeless body. Virgil exclaims: "Happy pair! If aught my verse avail, no day shall ever blot you from the memory of time, so long as the house of Aeneas shall dwell on the Capitol's unshaken rock, and the Father of Rome hold sovereign sway!" (446-49). The great friendship of Nisus and Euryalus became proverbial.

[4] Dante's Beatrice dwells in heaven, taking her place among the Blest in the final canto of the *Paradiso* (33.38); in Virgil's *Aeneid* (6.679-898), Aeneas encounters his father, Anchises, in Elysium, the home of the blessed dead in classical mythology.

[5] *dull-making* thunderous, and thus deafening.

[6] *planet-like music of poetry* i.e., the music of poetry is as sublime as the music produced by the heavenly spheres. Sidney refers to the Ptolemaic notion of the universe as a series of concentric spheres, set one inside of the other with the earth at its centre; these spheres, in their motion, created a harmonious and divine music.

[7] *mome* a fool, dunce, or blockhead; *Momus of poetry* The Greek god of ridicule and severe, excessive censure, Momus was banished from Heaven when he criticized the other gods, and thus his name has come to mean more generally, a fault-finder or unreasonably severe critic.

[8] *Bubonax* an unknown variant on the name of the Greek sculptor Bupalus who, along with his brother sculptor Anthermus, created a true-to-life statue of the physically-deformed poet Hipponax; in revenge he wrote bitter satires of the two which finally drove them to hang themselves (*Classical Dict.*, p. 313).

[9] *rhymed to death … Ireland* It was a long-held popular notion that rats could be exterminated by cursing them in rhyme.

[10] *Edmund Molyneux* Edmund Molyneux (d. 1605), biographer and politician, MP for Bridgnorth (1579), and the trusted secretary and assistant of Sir Henry Sidney (Philip's father), in whose service he seems to have spent most of his life. Molyneux contributed a highly-appreciative biography of Henry Sidney for inclusion in Holinshed's *Chronicles* (1586). In terms of rank, Molyneux was certainly a gentleman: he was the son of Sir Edmund Molyneux (d. 1552), justice of the bench of Common Pleas, and knight of Bath (P. Sherlock, "Edmund Molyneux [d. 1605]," *DNB online*, 2005). This exchange of letters between Philip and Molyneux occurred in the context of Philip's perception that Molyneux was actively obstructing the suit of Fulke Greville (a close friend of Philip's) to gain the income he had expected when appointed clerk of the Signet in the Council of the Marches of Wales. See L. Magnusson, "'Power to Hurt': Language and Service in the Sidney Household Letters and Shakespeare's Sonnets," in her *Shakespeare and Social Dialogue* (Cambridge, 1999).

[11] *Mr* abbreviation of "Master," a general title of respect given to gentlemen.

thrust my dagger into you. And trust to it, for I speak it in earnest. In the meantime, farewell. From court this last of May, 1578.

By me

Philip Sidney.

Sir Philip Sidney to Edmund Molyneux, Esq.

I pray you, for my sake, you will not make yourself an instrument to cross my cousin Fulke's title in any part, or construction of his letters patents. It will turn to other bodies' good, and to hurt him willingly were a foolish discourtesy. I pray you, as you make account of me, let me be sure you will deal herein according to my request, and so I leave you to God. At Bainard's Castle, this 10th of April, 1581.

Your loving friend,

Philip Sidney.

Edmund Molyneux, Esq; to Sir Philip Sidney.

Sir,

I have received your letters, and do acknowledge the same as a special note of your loving favour, that it would please you to write unto me; and what may lie in me in any sort to do, you shall not need to require me. But you have (if it may so like you) full power and good warrant to command me. Sir, it seemeth by your said letters, that you have been informed, that I either have already, or in some sort pretend hereafter, to be an adversary to Mr. Greville in his suit here; and that I make not that good account of the validity and goodness of his patent, as in reason and courteous friendly dealing, I should do, somewhat, as you gather, to his disadvantage, being a matter, as you say, of no benefit to myself; which, if I should so forget myself (if it were only in respect that you esteem Mr. Greville as your dear and entire friend) I should justly condemn myself of unadvised and too great inconsiderate dealing. And therefore I pray you, and so effectually desire him to hold a better opinion of me, till you have further proof how I do deal, and have dealt, in the cause from the beginning. And as I have neither will nor power to hurt in this case if I would, having only to walk in the path I am directed: So if I had either, being otherwise directed by you, I would not. And therefore beseech you, whatsoever course be held in the matter, lay no further fault in me, than I justly deserve. For assure yourself, you and yours have, and ever shall have, that undoubted interest in me, as I will obey your commandment, as far as in duty and credit I may, which I crave it may like you to accept. And evenso I take my leave. From Salloppe, the 28th of April, 1581.

Yours ever in all to be commanded
as your obedient servant,

E. Molyneux.

Sir Philip Sidney to Edm. Molyneux, Esq;

Mollineaux,

I pray thee write to me diligently. I would you came down yourself. Solicit my Lord Treasurer, and Mr. Vice Chamberlain for my being of the Council. I would fain bring in my cousin Conningsby if it were possible. You shall do me much pleasure to labour it. Farewell, even very well, for so I wish you. From Hereford, this 23rd of July, 1582.

Your loving friend,

Philip Sidney.

Appendix 2: Selected Correspondence of Lady Mary Sidney[1] *to Edmund Molyneux*

Lady Mary Sidney to Edmund Molyneux, Esq;

Molenox,

I thought good to put you in remembrance to move my Lord Chamberlain, in my lord's name, to have some other room than my chamber for my

[1] *Lady Mary Sidney* (b. between 1530 and 1535; d. 1586), courtier, wife of Sir Henry Sidney, mother of Sir Philip Sidney and Lady Mary Sidney Herbert, countess of Pembroke. She was the sister of Robert Dudley, earl of Leicester. Her service at court included nursing the Queen through a serious case of smallpox, in which service she herself contracted the disease, resulting in serious facial scarring; the

lord to have his resort unto, as he was wont to have; or else my lord will be greatly troubled, when he shall have any matters of dispatch:[1] my lodging, you see, being very little, and myself continually sick, and not able to be much out of my bed. For the nighttime, on roof, with God's grace, shall serve us; for the daytime, the Queen will look to have my chamber always in a readiness for her Majesty's coming thither; and though my lord himself can be no impediment thereto by his own presence, yet his lordship trusting to[2] no place else to be provided for him, will be, as I said before, troubled for want of a convenient place for the dispatch[3] of such people as shall have occasion to come to him. Therefore I pray you, in my lord's own name, move my Lord of Sussex for a room for that purpose, and I will have it hanged and lined[4] for him, with stuff[5] from hence. I wish you not to be unmindful hereof. And so for this time I leave you to the Almighty. From Chiswike this 11th of October, 1578.

Your very assured, loving
Mistress and Friend,

M. Sidney.

Lady Mary Sidney to Edmund Molyneux, Esq;

You have used the matter very well; but we must do more yet for the good dear lord than let him thus be dealt withal. Hampton Court[6] I never yet knew so full, as there were not spare rooms in it, what it hath been thrice better filled than at this presen[7] it is. But some would be sorry, perhaps, my lord should have so sure footing in the court. Well, all may be as well when the good God will. The whilst, I pray let us do what we may for our lord's ease and quiet. Whereunto I think, if you go to my Lord Howard, and in my lord's name also move his lordship, to show his brother, my lord, as they call each other, to show him a cast of his office,[8] and that it shall not be known, and allege your former causes,[9] I think he will find out some place to serve that purpose; and also, if you go to Mr. Bowyer, the gentleman usher,[10] and tell him, his mother requireth him, which is myself, to help my lord with some on[11] room, but only for the dispatch of the multitude of Irish and Welsh people, that follow him;[12] and that you will give your word in my lord's behalf and mine, it shall not be accounted as a lodging, nor known of. I believe he will make what shift[13] he can; you must assure him it is but for the daytime for his business, as indeed it is for my brother's answer[14] of my stay here for five or six days; he knows I have ventured far already,[15] with so long absence, and am ill thought on for it, so as that may not be. But when the worst is known, old Lord Harry and his old Moll,[16] will do as well as the[y] can in parting

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Queen was reportedly very fond of her, although she and Henry from the end of the 1560s onward were "increasingly embittered by what they regarded as shabby treatment at the Queen's hands," the nature of their accommodation at court being one of their complaints. Mary's court career (as a gentlewoman of the Queen's Privy Chamber) came to an end around 1579 on account of her poor health. See S. Adams, "Mary [née Dudley] Sidney, Lady Sidney," *DNB online*, 2005.

1 *matters of dispatch* urgent matters, requiring immediate action.

2 *trusting to* being able to rely upon.

3 *dispatch* prompt dealing with the business of.

4 *hanged* hung with tapestries, a common practice both to please the eye and keep out the cold; *lined* no appropriate *OED* definition, but the general sense is "to furnish."

5 *stuff* furniture and other necessaries for a room to be used for official state business; Lady Mary makes it clear that she does not expect to have the room furnished at the Queen's household's expense.

6 *Hampton Court* one of the most important of Elizabeth's five palaces.

7 *presen* i.e., present time.

8 *to show him a cast of his office* the sense is "to remind him gently and discreetly of the power of his position."

9 I.e., presumably those reasons why Henry Sidney needs this room which Mary Sidney laid out in her earlier letter, above.

10 *the gentleman usher* the individual responsible for the assignment and maintenance of rooms at court.

11 *on* i.e., one.

12 a reference to the individuals who would be attending on Sir Henry Sidney in his office as lord deputy of Ireland and lord president of Wales, important administrative posts in Elizabeth's government.

13 *shift* attempt.

14 *my brother's answer* my brother's word or testimony.

15 I.e., I have seriously risked my position at court.

16 *Harry … Moll* in the period, common and affectionate nicknames for Henry and Mary, respectively.

like good friends, the small portion allotted our long service in court; which, as little as it is, seems something too much. And this being all I can say to the matter. Farewell, Mr. Ned. In haste, this Monday, 1578.

Your assured loving mistress and friend,

M. Sidney.

If all this will not serve, prove[1] Mr. Huggins, for I know my lord would not for no good be destitute in this time for some convenient place for his followers and friends to resort to him, which in this case[2] I am in, is not possible to be in my chamber, till after sunset; when the dear good lord, shall be as best becomes him, lord of his own.

[1] *prove* try.

[2] *case* i.e., situation; an oblique reference to Mary's condition as an invalid.

Mary Sidney Herbert, countess of Pembroke
1561-1621

In a letter chastising Mary Wroth for the publication of her sensational prose romance, *Urania*, Edward, Lord Denny, invokes a negative comparison with her aunt and namesake, Mary Sidney Herbert, "who translated so many godly books and especially the holy psalms of David, that no doubt now she sings in the choir of Heaven those divine meditations which being left us here on earth will beget her daily more and more glory in Heaven as others by whom shall be enlightened." This saintly reputation developed through her devotion to the preservation of the memory of her brother, Philip, and to their joint project of psalm translation. However, to view Mary Sidney solely as the literary heir to her brother is to ignore her varied literary and religious interests, as well as the considerable power she wielded in both spheres.

Mary Sidney was born at Tickenhall, on the Welsh border, and grew up in Ludlow Castle while her father Henry Sidney served as lord governor of the Marches of Wales. Although born at the geographical margin of the country, she and her three brothers and sister were also well-connected at court through their mother, Mary Dudley. The latter was the daughter of the earl of Northumberland who headed the Council of Regency in the latter part of the reign of Edward VI and sister to Elizabeth I's favourite, Robert Dudley, earl of Leicester. Mary Dudley was also a close friend of the Queen's, nursing her through a bout of smallpox from which she herself emerged badly scarred, and Henry Sidney had been a close friend and companion of Edward VI. The Sidney daughters received an excellent education that included study of Latin, French, and Italian language and literature. At 15, Mary Sidney became the third wife of Henry Herbert, earl of Pembroke, who was an ally of her father and uncle, the earl of Leicester, at Elizabeth's court. Together they had four children, Katherine, Anne, William, and Philip, although both daughters died by early adulthood.[1]

A combination of religio-political interest and personal crisis served as the impetus for Mary Sidney's entry into the world of letters. The Dudley family controlled more than two thirds of the land under Elizabeth I's rule, with the result that their interests had a significant influence over foreign policy.[2] As staunch reformists, they were strongly committed to the Protestant cause on the Continent and particularly concerned with the fate of the Huguenots—French Protestants on whose behalf they urged Elizabeth to intervene. It was in aid of the Protestants in the Low Countries that Sidney's elder brother, Philip, died in 1586 at Zutphen[3] from an infected wound incurred in a skirmish with the Spanish.

After his death, his sister patronized the production of a collection of elegies for him that included her own pastoral poem, "The Doleful Lay of Clorinda." Ongoing interest in Protestant politics found expression in *Antonius*, a translation of Robert Garnier's play, *Marc Antonie* (1578), a historical drama commenting on contemporary religious politics. Published with this work in 1592 was a translation of de Mornay's *Discours de la vie et de la mort* (1576), which was part of a programme of translation instituted by Philip Sidney to support de Mornay and the Huguenot cause. Through the 1590s, Mary Sidney functioned as a major literary patron, supporting a circle of writers that included Edmund Spenser, Samuel Daniel, Michael Drayton, Nicholas Breton, Thomas Nashe, Gabriel Harvey, Ben Jonson, and John Donne.

At the same time, in a move that combined the personal with the political, Mary Sidney took on the task of completing a translation of the Psalms that her brother had begun in 1584. Psalms have always had a place in Judeo-Christian worship, but were especially significant to Protestant reformers. After all, the Hebrew psalms themselves emphasize deliverance and vengeance, an orientation which allowed for any psalm that spoke of persecution of the godly, the righteous, or of Israel to be read as though it referred to Protestants.[4] At the same time the personal nature of the psalmist's voice in communication with God also made them highly attractive. In the 1530s, reformist-leaning court poet Clément Marot translated some of the Psalms into French in a variety of poetic forms and meters, creating a rage for

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[1] See M. Hannay "Mary Sidney Herbert, Countess of Pembroke," *DLB 167* (Detroit, 1996), pp. 184-93. For a detailed biography, see M. Hannay *Philip's Phoenix* (New York, 1990).

[2] M. Hannay, "'Princes you as men must dy': Genevan Advice to Monarchs in the Psalmes of Mary Sidney," *English Literary Renaissance* 19 (1989): p. 25.

[3] Ibid., p. 25.

[4] Hannay, "'Princes you as men must dy,'" p. 30.

them at the French court where Sir Henry Sidney, as a representative of Edward VI, encountered them. Sidney in turn brought the custom of psalm-singing, in both sacred and secular contexts, back to Edward's court. Marot's Huguenot psalter was continued after his death in 1544 by Théodore de Bèze who completed it in 1563, by which point Henry Sidney had returned to the French court as a representative of Elizabeth I. The popularity of the Marot-de Bèze psalter was such that approximately sixty editions were published by 1565. In England a tradition of Protestant psalm translation dated back to Miles Coverdale's *Goostly Psalms* (1530) and Thomas Wyatt's versification of the seven penitential psalms,[1] both of which attempted to replicate the courtly popularity of Marot's work. However, the translation that gained the greatest popularity was Sternhold and Hopkins' metrical psalms. This version was adopted by the English Calvinists in Geneva and consisted of verses in the familiar and comfortable ballad stanza (i.e., a four-stress line followed by a three-stress line), which could be sung to popular tunes. Appearing in 280 editions by 1640,[2] Sternhold and Hopkins became the unofficial psalter of the English Church, despite its monotonous rhythm and exceedingly plain language.

Around 1590, Mary Sidney began her revision and completion of the psalm translation begun by her brother, Philip. Both she and her brother made use of commentaries on the Hebrew, particularly those by Calvin and other Continental writers, as well as the Marot-de Bèze psalter and Coverdale's prose translation from the 1539 Great Bible. Through the unprecedented 128 verse forms used in her 107 translations[3] Mary Sidney attempted to convey the complexities of the original Hebrew versification. The manuscript was completed about 1599, at which point Sidney prepared a presentation copy prefaced by two original dedicatory poems, "Even Now That Care" and "To the Angel Spirit of the Most Excellent Sir Philip Sidney," in anticipation of Elizabeth I's proposed visit to her house at Wilton.[4] While the visit never materialized, the Tixall manuscript draws together Sidney's dual commitment to the memory of her brother and the advancement of Protestant concerns.

In the last 20 years of her life, however, while letters indicate that she continued to write in some fashion and remained active at court until close to the time of her death from smallpox, both Mary Sidney Herbert's literary patronage and political activities were largely taken over by her sons.

EDITIONS: "The Dolefull Lay of Clorinda." *Colin Clouts come home againe.* Edmund Spenser. London: William Ponsonby, 1595. STC 23077. Gir-Giiv; "E'en Now That Care." *The Collected Works of Mary Sidney Herbert, Countess of Pembroke.* Vol. 1. Ed. Margaret P. Hannay, Noel J. Kinnamon, and Michael G. Brennan. Oxford: Clarendon P, 1998, pp. 102-04; "To the Angell Spirit of the most excellent, S. Phillip Sidney." *The whole workes of Samuel Daniel Esquire in poetrie.* London: Nicholas Oakes for Simon Waterson, 1623. STC 6238. Mviiv-Mviiiv; "Dialogue between two shepherds, Thenot and Piers, in praise of Astraea, made by the excellent Lady, the Lady Mary Countess of Pembroke, at the Queen's Majesty's being at her house at Anno 15—." *A poetical rapsody containing, diverse sonnets, odes, elegies, madrigalls, and other poesies, both in rime, and measured verse.* Francis Davison. London: V. Simmes for J. Baily, 1602. STC 6373. B5r-B6r; "Psalms" 45, 49, 51, 57, 58, 72, 73, 82, 100, 139. *British Library MS Additional* 12047 (from microfilm).

[1] H. Smith, "English Metrical Psalms in the Sixteenth Century and their Literary Significance," *Huntington Library Quarterly* 9 (1946): pp. 260-62.

[2] Ibid., p. 251.

[3] Hannay, "Mary Sidney Herbert," p. 186.

[4] M. Brennan, "The Queen's Proposed Visit to Wilton House in 1599 and the 'Sidney Psalms,'" *Sidney Journal* 20 (2002): p. 28.

The Doleful Lay of Clorinda[1]

Ay me, to whom shall I my case complain,
That may compassion my impatient grief?
Or where shall I unfold my inward pain,
That my enriven[2] heart may find relief?
Shall I unto the heavenly powers it show?
Or unto earthly men that dwell below?

To heavens? Ah they, alas, the authors were,
And workers of my unremedied woe:
For they foresee what to us happens here,
And they foresaw, yet suffered this be so.
From them comes good, from them comes also ill,
That which they made, who can them warn to spill.

To men? Ah they, alas, like wretched be,
And subject to the heavens' ordinance:[3]
Bound to abide whatever they decree,
Their best redress, is their best sufferance.[4]
How then can they like wretched comfort me,
The which no less, need comforted to be?

Then to myself will I my sorrow mourn,
Sith none alive like sorrowful remains:
And to myself my plaints[5] shall back return,
To pay their usury[6] with doubled pains.
The woods, the hills, the rivers shall resound
The mournfull accent of my sorrow's ground.

Woods, hills and rivers now are desolate,
Sith he is gone the which them all did grace:
And all the fields do wail their widow state,
Sith death their fairest flower did late deface.
The fairest flower in field that ever grew,
Was Astrophel;[7] that was, we all may rew.

What cruel hand of cursed foe unknown,
Hath cropped the stalk which bore so fair a flower?
Untimely cropped, before it well were grown,
And clean defaced in untimely hour.
Great loss to all that ever him did see,
Great loss to all, but greatest loss to me.

Break now your garlands, O ye shepherds' lasses,
Sith the fair flower, which them adorned, is gone.
The flower, which them adorned, is gone to ashes.
Never again let lass put garland on.
Instead of garland, wear sad cypress[8] now,
And bitter elder, broken from the bow.

Ne[9] ever sing the love-lays[10] which he made,
Who ever made such lays of love as he?
Ne ever read the riddles, which he said
Unto yourselves, to make you merry glee.
Your merry glee is now laid all abed,
Your merry maker now, alas, is dead.

Death the devourer of all world's delight,
Hath robbed you and reft from me my joy:
Both you and me, and all the world he quite
Hath robbed of joyance,[11] and left sad annoy.
Joy of the world, and shepherd's pride was he,
Shepherd's hope never like again to see.

O death that hast us of such riches reft,
Tell us at least, what hast thou with it done?
What is become of him whose flower here left
Is but shadow of his likeness gone.
Scarce like the shadow of that which he was,
Nought like, but that he like a shade did pass.

But that immortal spirit, which was decked
With all the dowries of celestial grace,
By sovereign choice from th'heavenly quires[12] select,

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[1] Contained in Edmund Spenser's *Colin Clouts Come home againe* (1595).
[2] *enriven* split, torn asunder.
[3] *ordinance* direction, regulation.
[4] *sufferance* endurance, forbearance.
[5] *plaints* lamentations, grieving.
[6] *usury* interest.
[7] *Astrophel* name of Philip Sidney's pastoral persona.
[8] *cypress* symbol of mourning.
[9] *Ne* nor.
[10] *love-lays* love songs.
[11] *joyance* delight, enjoyment.
[12] *quires* choirs.

And lineally derived from angel's race,
Oh, what is now of it become, aread.
Ay me, can so divine a thing be dead?

Ah no, it is not dead, ne can it die,
But lives for aye,[1] in blissful paradise,
Where like a new-born babe it soft doth lie,
In bed of lilies wrapped in tender wise.
And compassed all about with roses sweet,
And dainty violets from head to feet.

There thousand birds all of celestial brood,
To him do sweetly carol day and night;
And with strange notes, of him well understood,
Lull him asleep in angelic delight,
Whilest[2] in sweet dream to him presented be
Immortal beauties, which no eye may see.

But he them sees and takes exceeding pleasure
Of their divine aspects, appearing plain,
And kindling love in him above all measure,
Sweet love still joyous, never feeling pain.
For what so goodly form he there doth see,
He may enjoy from jealous rancour[3] free.

There liveth he in everlasting bliss,
Sweet spirit never fearing more to die,
Ne dreading harm from any foes of his,
Ne fearing savage beasts' more cruelty.
Whilest we here wretches wail his private lack,
And with vain vows do often call him back.

But live thou there still happy, happy spirit,
And give us leave thee here thus to lament:
Not thee that dost thy heaven's joy inherit,
But our own selves that here in dole[4] are drent.[5]
Thus do we weep and wail, and wear our eyes,
Mourning in others, our own miseries.

—1595

[1] *aye* ever.
[2] *Whilest* meanwhile.
[3] *rancour* animosity, grudge.
[4] *dole* grief, sorrow.
[5] *drent* drowned.

Even Now that Care[6]

Even now that care which on thy crown attends
And with thy happy greatness daily grows
Tells me, thrice sacred Queen, my Muse offends,
And of respect to thee the line outgoes,
One instant will, or willing can she lose
I say not reading, but receiving rhymes,
On whom in chief dependeth to dispose
What Europe acts in these most active times?[7]

Yet dare I so, as humbleness may dare
Cherish some hope they shall acceptance find;
Not weighing less thy state, lighter thy care,
But knowing more thy grace, abler thy mind.
What heavenly powers thee highest throne
assigned,
Assigned thee goodness suiting that degree;
And by thy strength thy burthen so defined,
To others toil, is exercise to thee.

Cares though still great, cannot be greatest still,
Business must ebb, though leisure never flow.
Then these the posts of duty and goodwill
Shall press to offer what their senders owe;
Which once in two, now in one subject go,
The poorer left, the richer reft away:
Who better might (oh might, ah word of woe.)
Have giv'n for me what I for him defray.

How can I name whom sighing sighs extend,
And not unstop my tears' eternal spring?
But he did warp, I weav'd this web to end;
The stuff not ours, our work no curious thing,
Wherein yet well we thought the Psalmist King[8]
Now English denizened,[9] though Hebrew born,
Would to thy music undispleased sing,
Oft having worse, without repining[10] worn;

[6] *Even Now that Care* This poem prefaces the Juel-Jensen, or Tixall, manuscript of the Sidney Psalms.
[7] *One instant … most active times* i.e., can she or will she, who governs Europe, lose an instant in receiving poems?
[8] *Psalmist King* David, king of Judea and author of the Psalms.
[9] *denizened* naturalized.
[10] *repining* fretting, complaining.

And I the cloth in both our names present,
A livery robe to be bestowed by thee:
Small parcel of that undischarged rent,
From which nor pains, nor payments can us free.
And yet enough to cause our neighbours see
We will our best, though scanted[1] in our will:
And those nigh fields where sow'n thy favours be
Unwealthy do, not else unworthy till.

For in our work what bring we but thine own?
What English is, by many names is thine.
There humble laurels in thy shadows grown
To garland others would, themselves repine.
Thy breast the cabinet, thy seat the shrine,
Where Muses hang their vowed memories:
Where wit, where art, where all that is divine
Conceived best, and best defended lies.

Which if men did not (as they do) confess,
And wronging worlds would otherwise consent:
Yet here who minds so meet a patroness
For author's state or writing's argument?
A king should only to a queen be sent.
God's loved choice unto his chosen love:
Devotion to devotion's president:
What all applaud, to her whom none reprove.

And who sees ought, but sees how justly square
His haughty[2] ditties to thy glorious days?
How well beseeming thee his triumphs are?
His hope, his zeal, his prayer, plaint, and praise,
Needless thy person to their height to raise:
Less need to bend them down to thy degree:
These holy garments each good soul assays,
Some sorting all, all sort to none but thee.

For even thy rule is painted in his reign:
Both clear in right: both nigh by wrong oppressed:
And each at length (man crossing God in vain)
Possessed of place, and each in peace possessed.
Proud Philistines[3] did interrupt his rest,
The foes of Heaven no less have been thy foes;
He with great conquest, thou with greater blessed;
Thou sure to win, and he secure to lose.

Thus hand in hand with him thy glories walk:
But who can trace them where alone they go?
Of thee two hemispheres on honour talk,
And lands and seas thy trophies jointly show.
The very winds did on thy party blow,
And rocks in arms thy foe men eft defy:
But soft my Muse, thy pitch is earthly low;
Forbear this heaven, where only eagles fly.

Kings on a queen enforced their states to lay;
Mainlands for empire waiting on an isle;
Men drawn by worth a woman to obey;
One moving all, herself unmoved the while:
Truth's restitution, vanity exile,
Wealth sprung of want, war held without annoy,
Let subject be of some inspired style,
Till then the object of her subjects' joy.

Thy utmost can but offer to her sight
Her handmaid's task, which most her will endears;
And pray unto thy pains life from that light
Which lively lightsome court, and kingdom cheers,
What wish she may (far past her living peers
And rival still to Judah's faithful king)[4]
In more than he and more triumphant years,
Sing what God doth, and do what men may sing.

—1599

[1] *scanted* diminished, restricted.

[2] *haughty* elevated, lofty.

[3] *Philistines* alien warlike people, of uncertain origin, who occupied the S sea-coast of Palestine, and in early times constantly harassed the Israelites.

[4] *Judah's faithful king* King David.

To the Angel Spirit of the Most Excellent Sir Philip Sidney.[1]

To thee pure spirit, to thee alone addressed
Is this joint work, by double interest thine,
Thine by this own, and what is done of mine
Inspired by thee, thy secret power impressed.
My Muse with thine, itself dared to combine
As mortal stuff with that which is divine:
Let thy fair beams give lustre to the rest.

That Israel's king[2] may deign his own transformed
In substance no, but superficial tire:[3]
And English guised[4] in some sort may aspire
To better grace thee what the vulgar formed:
His sacred tones, age after age admire:
Nations grow great in pride, and pure desire
So to excel in holy rites performed.

Oh, had that soul which honour brought to rest
Too soon not left, and reft the world of all.
What man could show, which we perfection call,
This precious piece had sorted with the best.
But ah! wide festered[5] wounds that never shall
Nor must be closed, unto fresh bleeding fall,
Ah memory, what needs this new arrest.

Yet blessed grief, that sweetness can impart
Since thou art blest. Wrongly do I complain,
What ever weights my heavy thoughts sustain
Dear feels my soul for thee. I know my part
Nor be my weakness to thy rites a stain
Rites to aright, life, blood would not refrain:
Assist me then, that life what thine did part.

Time may bring forth, what time hath yet suppressed
In whom, thy loss hath laid to utter waste,
The wrack[6] of time, untimely all defaced,
Remaining as the tomb of life deceased:
Where, in my heart the highest room thou hast
There, truly there, thy earthly being is placed
Triumph of death: in life how more than blessed.

Behold, oh that thou were now to behold,
This finished long perfections part begun
The rest but pieced, as left by thee undone,
Pardon blest soul, presumption overbold:
If love and zeal hath to this error run
'Tis zealous love, love that hath never dun,[7]
Nor can enough, though justly here controlled.

But since it hath no other scope to go,
Nor other purpose but to honour thee,
That thine may shine, where all the graces be;
And that my thoughts (like smallest streams that flow,
Pay to their sea their tributary[8] fee)
Do strive, yet have no means to quit[9] nor free,
That mighty debt of infinites I owe.

To thy great worth which time to times enroll,
Wonder of men, sole born, soul of thy kind,
Complete in all, but heavenly was thy mind,
For wisdom, goodness, sweetness, fairest soul:
Too good to wish, too fair for earth, refined
For Heaven, where all true glory rests confined:
And where but there no life without control.

O when from this accompt, this cast-up sum,
This reckoning made, the audit of my woe,
Some time of ease my swelling passions know,

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[1] The following version of "To the Angel Spirit" is an earlier draft of the poem that appears in Mary Sidney's thoroughly revised version in the 1599 Juel-Jensen (Tixall) MS. For the 1599 revision, see Schleiner, *Tudor and Stuart Women Writers*, pp. 77-79; J.C.A. Rathmell, ed. *The Psalms*, pp. xxxv-xxxviii; and *The Norton Anthology of English Literature: The Major Authors*, 7th ed., vol. 1, ed. S. Greenblatt et. al., pp. 451-54; see also Norton's online version at <http://www.wwnorton.com/college/english/nael/noa/pdf/27636_16u35Pembroke.1_4.tp.pdf>.

[2] *Israel's king* King David.

[3] *tire* garb, ornament.

[4] *guised* dressed, disguised.

[5] *festered* rotted, putrified.

[6] *wrack* ruin, downfall.

[7] *dun* dulled.

[8] *tributary* both, a stream flowing into a larger stream or river and payment to an overseer.

[9] *quit* deliver, release.

How work my thoughts, my sense is stricken dumb
That would thee more than words could ever show,
Which all fall short. Who knew thee best do know
There lives no wit that may thy prayer become.

And rest fair monuments of thy fair fame,
Though not complete. Nor can we reach, in thought,
What on that goodly piece time would have wrought.
Had diverse so spared that life (but life) to frame
The rest: alas such loss the world hath nought
Can equal it, nor, o more grievance brought,
Yet what remains must ever crown thy name.

Receive these hymns, these obsequies[1] receive,
(If any mark of thy secret spirit thou bear)
Made only thine, and no name else must wear.
I can no more dear soul, I take my leave,
My sorrow strives to mount the highest sphere.

—composed, 1592; published, 1623

Dialogue between Two Shepherds, Thenot and Piers,[2] in Praise of Astraea,[3] Made by the Excellent Lady, the Lady Mary Countess of Pembroke, at the Queen's Majesty's Being at Her House at Anno 15—.[4]

Then. I sing divine Astraea's praise,
O Muses! help my wits to raise,
And heave my verses higher.

Piers. Thou needst the truth but plainly tell,
Which much I doubt thou canst not well,
Thou art so oft a liar.

Then. If in my song no more I show,
Than heaven, and earth, and sea do know,
Then truly I have spoken.

Piers. Sufficeth not no more to name,
But being no less, the like, the same,
Else laws of truth be broken.

Then. Then say, she is so good, so fair,
With all the earth she may compare,
Not Momus'[5] self denying.

Piers. Compare may think where likeness holds,
Nought like to her the earth enfolds,
I looked to find you lying.

Then. Astraea sees with wisdom's sight,
Astraea works by virtue's might,
And jointly both do stay in her.

Piers. Nay take from them, her hand, her mind,
The one is lame, the other blind,
Shall still you lying stain her?

Then. Soon as Astraea shows her face,
Straight every ill avoids the place,
And every good aboundeth.

Piers. Nay long before her face doth show,
The last doth come, the first doth go,
How loud this lie resoundeth!

Then. Astraea is our chiefest joy,
Our chiefest guard against annoy,
Our chiefest wealth, our treasure.

Piers. Where chiefest are, three others be,
To us none else but only she;
When wilt thou speak in measure?

Then. Astraea may be justly said,
A field in flowery robe arrayed,
In season freshly springing.

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[1] *obsequies* funeral rites.

[2] *Thenot and Piers* names frequently used for the speakers in pastoral dialogue. Both names appear in Spenser's *Shepheardes Calender.*

[3] *Astraea* goddess of justice in classical mythology who abandoned the earth when it entered its sinful Iron Age and whose return will herald the return of the Golden Age and its perpetual spring. She functions here and elsewhere as a figure for Elizabeth I (*Spenser Encycl.*).

[4] *Queen's Majesty's … Anno 15—* a projected state visit of Elizabeth I to Wilton in 1599, which never took place.

[5] *Momus* son of Night, grumbler and constant critic of the actions of the gods.

Piers. That spring endures but shortest time,
This never leaves Astraea's clime,
Thou liest, instead of singing.

Then. As heavenly light that guides the day,
Right so doth thine each lovely ray,
That from Astraea flyeth.
Piers. Nay, darkness oft that light enclouds,
Astraea's beams no darkness shrouds;
How loudly Thenot lieth!

Then. Astraea rightly term I may,
A manly palm, a maiden bay,
Her verdure[1] never dying.
Piers. Palm oft is crooked, bay is low,
She still upright, still high doth grow,
Good Thenot leave thy lying.

Then. Then Piers, of friendship tell me why,
My meaning true, my words should lie,
And strive in vain to raise her.
Piers. Words from conceit[2] do only rise,
Above conceit her honour flies;
But silence, nought can praise her.

—composed, c. 1599?; published, 1623

from *Psalms*

Psalm 45
Eructavit cor meum

My heart indicts[3] an argument of worth,
The praise of him that doth the sceptre sway:
My tongue the pen to paint his praises forth,
Shall write as swift, as swiftest writer may.
Then to the king these are the word I say:
Fairer art thou than sons of mortal race:
Because high God hath blessed thee for aye,[4]
Thy lips, as springs, do flow with speaking grace.

Thy honour's sword gird[5] to thy mighty side,
O thou that dost all things in might excel
With glory prosper, on with triumph ride,
Since justice, truth, and meekness with thee dwell.
So that right hand of thine shall teaching tell
Such things to thee, as well may terror bring,
And terror such, as never erst befell
To mortal minds at sight of mortal king.

Sharp are thy shafts to cleave their hearts in twain
Whose heads do cast thy conquests to withstand,
Good cause to make the meaner people fain[6]
With willing hearts to undergo thy hand.
Thy throne, O God, doth never-falling stand.
Thy sceptre ensign[7] of thy kingly might,
To righteousness is linked with such a band,
That righteous hand still holds thy sceptre right.

Justice in love, in hate thou holdest wrong,
This makes that God, whoso doth hate and love,
Glad-making oil, that oil on thee hath flung,
Which thee exalts thine equals far above.
The fragrant riches of Sabean[8] grove
Myrrh, aloes, casia,[9] all thy robes do smell;
When thou from ivory palace dost remove
Thy breathing odours all thy train excel.

Daughters of kings among thy courtly band,
By honouring thee of thee do honour hold.
On thy right side thy dearest queen doth stand
Richly arrayed in cloth of Ophir[10] gold.
O daughter hear what now to thee is told;
Mark what thou hear'st, and what thou mark'st obey;
Forget to keep in memory enrolled
The house, and folk, where first thou sawest the day.

---

1 *verdure* greenness.
2 *conceit* idea, conception.
3 *indicts* proclaims, declares.
4 *aye* ever.
5 *gird* fasten with a belt.
6 *fain* glad.
7 *ensign* sign, standard.
8 *Sabean* group of Arab tribes who produced incense from the gummy sap of the almug tree.
9 *Myrrh, aloes, cassia* all fragrances (i.e., the gum resin used in incense, fragrant plants, tree with aromatic bark).
10 *Ophir* name of a place or region mentioned in the Old Testament, where fine gold was obtained.

So in the king, thy king, a dear delight
Thy beauty shall both breed, and bred, maintain,
For only he on thee hath lordly right,
Him only thou with awe must entertain.
Then unto thee both Tyrus[1] shall be fain
Presents present, and richest nations moe,[2]
With humble suit thy royal grace to gain,
To thee shall do such homage as they owe.

This queen that can a king her father call,
Doth only she in upper garment shine?
Nay under clothes, and what she weareth all,
Gold is the stuff the fashion art divine,
Brought to the king in robe embroidered fine,
Her maids of honour shall on her attend:
With such, to whom more favour shall assign
In nearer place their happy days to spend.

Brought shall they be with mirth and marriage joy,
And enter so the palace of the king:
Then let no grief thy mind, O queen, annoy,
Nor parents left thy sad remembrance sting.
Instead of parents, children thou shalt bring,
Of partaged[3] earth the kings and lords to be.
Myself thy name in lasting verse will sing,
The world shall make no end of thanks to thee.

Psalm 49
Audite haec omnes.

World-dwellers all give heed to what I say,
To all I speak, to rich, poor, high, and low;
Knowledge the subject is my heart conceives,
Wisdom the words shall from my mouth proceed,
Which I will measure by melodious ear
And riddled speech to tuned harp accord.

The times of evil why should they me dismay,
When mischief shall my footsteps overflow?
And first from him whom fickle wealth deceives,
Which his though great vain confidence doth breed
Since no man can his brother's life out-bear
Nor yield for him his ransom to the Lord.

For dear the price that for a soul must pay,
And death his prisoner never will forgo.
Nay tell me whom but longer time he leaves
Respited[4] from the tomb for treasure's meed?[5]
Sure at his summons, wise and fools appear,
And others spend the riches they did hoard.

A second thinks his house shall not decay,
Nor time his glorious buildings overthrow,
Named proudly of his name, where folly reaves
Exalted men of sense, and they indeed
A brutish life and death, as beasts they were,
Do live and die of whom is no record.

And these, whose race applaud their words and way,
Death in the grave his carrion food doth stow
And lo, the first succeeding light perceives
The just installed in the great man's stead.
Nay far his prince, when once that lovely cheer
Lovely in house, in earth becomes abhorred.

But God, my God, to intercept the prey
Of my life from the grave shall not foreslow,[6]
For he it is, he only me receives:
Then though one rich becomes, though honour's seed
Spring with increase, yet stand thou free from fear,
Of all his pomp death shall him nought afford.

Please they themselves, and think at happiest stay
Who please themselves, yet to their fathers go
Shall they, and they are dead, for folly reaves

[1] *Tyrus* land adjacent to Israel known for its seafaring and trade.
[2] *moe* more.
[3] *partaged* divided into parts.
[4] *Respited* delayed, postponed.
[5] *meed* reward.
[6] *foreslow* delay, hinder.

Exalted men of sense, and such indeed
A brutish life and death, as beasts they were,
Do live, and die, of whom is no record.

Psalm 51
Miserere mei Deus

O Lord, whose grace no limits comprehend;
Sweet Lord, whose mercies stand from
measure free;
To me that grace, to me that mercy send,
And wipe, O Lord, my sins from sinful me.
Oh cleanse, oh wash my foul iniquity;
Cleanse still my spots, still wash away my
stainings,
Till stains and spots in me leave no remainings.

For I, alas, acknowledging do know
My filthy fault, my faulty filthiness
To my soul's eye incessantly doth show
Which done to thee, to thee I do confess,
Just judge, true witness, that for righteousness
Thy doom may pass against my guilt awarded,
Thy evidence for truth may be regarded.

My mother, lo, when I began to be,
Conceiving me, with me did sin conceive,
And as with living heat she cherished me
Corruption did like cherishing receive.
But lo, thy love to purest good doth cleave,
And inward truth, which hardly else discerned,
My truant soul in thy hid school hath learned.

Then as thyself to lepers hast assigned,
With hyssop,[1] Lord, thy hyssop, purge me so
And that shall cleanse the leapry[2] of my mind.
Make over me thy mercy's streams to flow,
So shall my whiteness scorn the whitest snow.
To ear and heart send sounds and thoughts of
gladness,
That bruised bones may dance away their sadness.

Thy ill-pleas'd eye from my misdeeds avert;
Cancel the registers my sins contain;
Create in me a pure, clean, spotless heart;
Inspire a sprite[3] where love of right may reign.
Ah! cast me not from thee; take not again
Thy breathing grace; again thy comfort send me,
And let the guard of thy free sprite attend me.

So I to them a guiding hand will be,
Whose faulty feet have wandered from thy way
And turned from sin will make return to thee,
Whom, turn'd from thee, sin erst[4] had led
astray.
O God, God of my health, oh, do away
My bloody crime. So shall my tongue be raised
To praise thy truth, enough cannot be praised.

Unlock my lips, shut up with sinfull shame;
Then shall my mouth, O Lord, thy honour sing.
For bleeding fuel for thy altar's flame,
To gain thy grace what boots it me to bring?
Burnt-offerings are to thee no pleasant thing.
The sacrifice that God will hold respected
Is the heart-broken soul, the sprite dejected.

Lastly, O Lord, how so I stand or fall,
Leave not thy loved Sion[5] to embrace,
But with thy favour build up Salem's wall,[6]
And still in peace, maintain that peaceful place.
Then shalt thou turn a well-accepting face
To sacred fires with offered gifts perfumed,
Till even whole calves on altars be consumed.

[1] *hyssop* small bushy aromatic herb.
[2] *leapry* leprosy.
[3] *sprite* spirit.
[4] *erst* first.
[5] *Sion* Jerusalem.
[6] *Salem's Wall* i.e., city wall of Jerusalem.

Psalm 57
Miserere mei Deus

Thy mercy Lord, Lord now thy mercy show,
On thee I lie,
To thee I fly.
Hide me, hive[1] me, as thine own,
Till these blasts be overblown,
Which now do fiercely blow.

To highest God I will erect my cry,
Who quickly shall
Dispatch this all.
He shall down from Heaven send
From disgrace me to defend
His love and verity.[2]

My soul encaged lies with lion's brood,
Villains whose hands
Are fiery brands,
Teeth more sharp than shaft or spear,
Tongues far better edge do bear
Than swords to shed my blood.

As high as highest heaven can give thee place
O Lord ascend,
And thence extend
With most bright, most glorious show
Over all the earth below
The sunbeams of thy face.

Me to entangle every way they go,
Their trap and net
Is ready set.
Holes they dig but their own holes
Pitfalls make for their own souls,
So Lord, oh serve them so.

My heart prepared; prepared is my heart
To spread thy praise
With tuned lays.

Wake my tongue, my lute awake,
Thou my harp the consort make,
Myself will bear a part.

Myself when first the morning shall appear,
With voice and string
So will thee sing,
That this earthly globe, and all
Treading on this earthly ball,
My praising notes shall hear.

For God, my only God, thy gracious love
Is mounted far
Above each star.
Thy unchanged verity
Heavenly wings do lift as high
As clouds have room to move.

As high as highest heaven can give thee place
O Lord ascend
And thence extend
With most bright most glorious show
Over all the earth below,
The sunbeams of thy face.

Psalm 58
Si vere utique

And call ye this to utter what is just,
You that of justice hold the sovereign throne?
And call ye this to yield, O sons of dust,
To wronged brethren every man his own?
Oh no, it is your long malicious will
Now to the world to make by practice known
With whose oppression you the balance fill,
Just to yourselves, indifferent else to none.

But what could they, who even in birth declined
From truth and right to lies and injuries?
To show the venom of their cankered[3] mind,
The adder's image scarcely can suffice.

[1] *hive* shelter.
[2] *verity* truth.
[3] *cankered* infected.

Nay scarce the aspick[1] may with them contend,
On whom the charmer all in vain applies
His skillfulest spells, aye[2] missing of his end,
While she, self-deaf and unaffected, lies.

Lord crack their teeth, Lord crush these lions' jaws,
So let them sink as water in the sand.
When deadly bow their aiming fury draws,
Shiver[3] the shaft ere[4] past the shooter's hand.
So make them melt as the dishoused snail
Or as the embryo, whose vital band[5]
Breaks ere it holds, and formless eyes do fail
To see the sun, though brought to lightful land.

Oh, let their brood, a brood of springing thorns,
Be by untimely rooting overthrown
Ere bushes waxed,[6] they push with pricking horns,
As fruits yet green are of by tempest blown.
The good with gladness this revenge shall see,
And bathe his feet in blood of wicked one,
While all shall say: the just rewarded be.
There is a God that carves to each his own.

Psalm 72
Deus Judicium

Teach the king's son, who king himself shall be,
Thy judgments Lord, thy justice make him learn
To rule thy realm as justice shall decree,
And poor men's right in judgment to discern.
Then fearless peace
With rich increase
The mountains proud shall fill,
And justice shall
Make plenty fall
On every humble hill.

He shall the weak support, th'oppressed relieve,
Supply the poor, the quarrel-pickers quail,[7]
So ageless ages shall thee reverence give,
Till eyes of heaven, the sun and moon, shall fail.
And thou again
Shalt blessings rain,
Which down shall mildly flow,
As showers thrown
On meads[8] new mown
Whereby they freshly grow.

During his rule the just shall aye be green,
And peaceful plenty join with plenteous peace.
All while sad night the many-formed queen[9]
Decreased shall grow, and grown again decrease.
From sea to sea
He shall survey
All kingdoms as his own:
And from the trace
Of Physon's race,[10]
As far as land is known.

The desert-dwellers at his beck[11] shall bend;
His foes them suppliant at his feet shall fling;
The kings of Tharsis[12] homage gifts shall send;
So Seba, Saba,[13] every island king.
Nay all, even all,
Shall prostrate[14] fall,
That crowns and sceptres wear,
And all that stand
At their command,
That crowns and sceptres bear.

For he shall hear the poor when they complain;
And lend them help, who helpless are
oppressed.

---

1 *aspick* asp.
2 *aye* ever.
3 *Shiver* break, split.
4 *ere* before.
5 *vital band* umbilical cord.
6 *waxed* grew.
7 *quail* cower.
8 *meads* meadows.
9 *many-formed queen* i.e., the moon.
10 *Physon's race* i.e., Egyptians. Physon is another name for Ptolemy, king of Egypt.
11 *beck* will, command.
12 *Tharsis* Tarshish, a land associated with merchants, trade, and ships in the Old Testament.
13 *Seba, Saba* Seba and Sheba, biblical lands associated with Africa.
14 *prostrate* facedown.

His mercy shall the needy sort sustain;
  His force shall free their lives that live distressed.
From hidden sleight,[1]
  From open might
    He shall their souls redeem.
  His tender eyes
  Shall dearly prize,
    And highly their blood esteem.

So shall he long, so shall he happy live;
  Health shall abound, and wealth shall never want.
They gold to him, Arabia gold, shall give,
  Which scantness dear, and dearness maketh scant.
    They still shall pray
    That still he may
      So live, and flourish so.
    Without his praise
    No nights, no days,
      Shall passport have to go.

Look how the woods, where interlaced trees
  Spread out their arms each other to embrace,
Join at the head, though distant at the knees,
  Waving with wind, and lording on the place.
    So woods of corn
    By mountains born
      Shall on their shoulders wave:
    And men shall pass
    The numbrous grass,
      Such store each town shall have.

Look how the sun, so shall his name remain,
  As that in light, so this in glory one,
All glories that, at this all lights shall stain,
  Nor that shall fail, nor this be overthrown.
    The dwellers all
    Of earthy ball
      In him shall hold them blest,
    As one that is
    Of perfect bliss
      A pattern to the rest.

O God who art, from whom all beings be;
  Eternal Lord, whom Jacob's stock[2] adore,
All wondrous works are done by only thee,
  Blessed be thou, most blessed evermore.
    And let thy name,
    Thy glorious fame,
      No end of blessing know:
    Let all this round
    Thy honour sound,
      So Lord, Oh, be it so.

Psalm 73
Quam bonus Israel

It is most true that God to Israel,
I mean to men of undefiled hearts,
Is only good, and nought but good imparts.
Most true, I see, albeit, almost I fell
From right conceit[3] into a crooked mind
And from this truth with straying steps declined.
For lo, my boiling breast did chafe and swell
When first I saw the wicked proudly stand,
Prevailing still in all they took in hand
And sure no sickness dwelleth where they dwell.
Nay so they guarded are with health and might,
It seems of them death dares not claim his right.

They seem as privileged from others' pain;
The scourging plagues, which on their neighbours fall,
Torment not them, nay touch them not at all.
Therefore with pride, as with a gorgeous chain,
Their swelling neck encompassed they bear,
All clothed in wrong, as if a robe it were,
So fat become, that fatness doth constrain
Their eyes to swell, and if they think on ought,[4]
Their thought they have, yea have beyond their thought.

[1] *sleight* deceit, trickery.

[2] *Jacob's stock* descendants of Jacob, son of Isaac and Rebekah and divinely chosen heir of God's promise to make from the seed of Abraham a great nation (i.e., the chosen people).

[3] *conceit* conception, understanding.

[4] *ought* anything.

They wanton grow, and in malicious vein
Talking of wrong, pronounce as from the skies,
So high a pitch their proud presumption flies.

Nay Heaven itself, high Heaven, escapes not free
From their base mouths, and in their common talk
Their tongues no less than all the earth do walk.
Wherefore even godly men, when so they see
Their horn of plenty freshly flowing still,
Leaning to them, bend from their better will.
And thus, they reasons frame: how can it be
That God doth understand? that he doth know,
Who sits in Heaven, how earthly matters go?
See here the godless crew, while godly we
Unhappy pine, all happiness possess:
Their riches more, our wealth still growing less.

Nay even within myself, myself did say
In vain my heart I purge, my hands in vain
In cleanness washed I keep from filthy stain,
Since thus afflictions scourge[1] me every day:
Since never a day from early east is sent,
But brings my pain, my check,[2] my chastisement.
And shall I then these thoughts in words bewray?[3]
Oh let me, Lord, give never such offence
To children thine that rest in thy defence.
So then I turned my thoughts another way,
Sounding, if I this secret's depth might find,
But cumbrous[4] clouds my inward sight did blind.

Until at length nigh weary of the chase,
Unto thy house I did my steps direct.
There, lo, I learned what end did these expect,
And what; but that in high, but slippery place,
Thou didst them set; whence, when they least of all
To fall did fear, they fell with headlong fall.
For how are they in less than moment's space
With ruin overthrown? with frightful fear
Consumed so clean, as if they never were?
Right as a dream, which waking doth deface,
So, Lord, most vain thou dost their fancies make
When thou dost them from careless sleep awake.

Then for what purpose was it? to what end
For me to fume with malcontented heart,
Tormenting so in me each inward part?
I was a fool (I can it not defend)
So quite deprived of understanding might,
That as a beast I bear me in thy sight.
But as I was, yet did I still attend,
Still follow thee, by whose upholding-hand,
When most I slide, yet still upright I stand.
Then guide me still, then still upon me spend
The treasures of thy sure advice, until
Thou take me hence into thy glory's hill.

Oh, what is he will teach me climb the skies?
With thee, thee good, thee goodness to remain
No good on earth doth my desires detain.
Often my mind, and oft my body tries
Their weak defects, but thou, my God, thou art
My endless lot, and fortress of my heart.
The faithless fugitives who thee despise,
Shall perish all, they all shall be undone,
Who leaving thee to whorish idols run.
But as for me, nought better in my eyes
Than cleave to God, my hopes in him to place,
To sing his works while breath shall give me space.

Psalm 82
Deus stetit

Where poor men plead at princes' bar,
Who gods (as God's vicegerents) are,
The God of gods hath his tribunal pight,[5]
Adjudging right,
Both to the judge and judged wight.

[1] *scourge* beat, flog.
[2] *check* stop, restraint.
[3] *bewray* betray, reveal.
[4] *cumbrous* oppressive, obstructive.
[5] *pight* pitched.

How long will ye just doom neglect?
How long sayeth he, bad men respect?
You should his own unto the helpless give,
The poore relieve,
Ease him with right, whom wrong doth grieve.

You should the fatherless defend;
You should unto the weak extend
Your hand, to loose and quit[1] his estate[2]
Through lewd[3] men's hate
Entangled now in deep debate.

This should you do, but what do ye?
You nothing know, you nothing see:
No light, no law. Fie,[4] fie, the very ground
Becomes unsound,
So right, wrong, all, your faults confound.

Indeed to you the style I gave
Of gods, and sons of God, to have,
But err not princes, you as men must die.
You that sit high,
Must fall, and low, as others lie.

Since men are such, O God arise.
Thyself most strong, most just, most wise,
Of all the earth king, judge, disposer be,
Since to decree
Of all the earth belongs to thee.

Psalm 100
Jubilate Deo

O all you lands the treasures of your joy
In merry shout upon the Lord bestow.
Your service cheerfully on him employ
With triumph song into his presence go.
Know first that he is God, and after know
This God did us, not we ourselves, create.
We are his flock, for us his feedings grow;
We are his folk, and he upholds our state.

With thankfulness, oh enter then his gate;
Make through each porch of his your praises ring.
All good, all grace, of his high name relate;
He of all grace and goodness is the spring.
Time in no terms his mercy comprehends;
From age to age his truth itself extends.

Psalm 139
Domine probasti

O Lord in me there lieth nought,[5]
But to thy search revealed lies:
For when I sit
Thou markest it;
No less thou notest when I rise.
Yea, closest closet of my thought
Hath open windows to thine eyes.

Thou walkest with me when I walk.
When to my bed for rest I go,
I find thee there,
And everywhere.
Not youngest thought in me doth grow,
No not one word I cast to talk,
But yet unuttered thou dost know.

If forth I march, thou goest before;
If back I turn, thou comest behind;
So forth nor back
Thy guard I lack,
Nay on me too, thy hand I find.
Well I thy wisdom may adore,
But never reach with earthy mind.

To shun thy notice, leave thine eye
Oh whither might I take my way?
To starry sphere?
Thy throne is there.
To dead men's undelightsome stay?
There is thy walk, and there to lie
Unknown, in vain I should assay.[6]

---

1 *quit* deliver, release.
2 *estate* condition.
3 *lewd* common, low.
4 *Fie* exclamation expressing disgust or indignant reproach.
5 *nought* nothing.
6 *assay* try, test.

O sun, whom light nor flight can match,
Suppose thy lightful, flightful wings
Thou lend to me,
And I could flee
As far as thee the evening brings,
Even led to west he would me catch,
Nor should I lurk with western things.

Do thou thy best, O secret night,
In sable veil to cover me.
Thy sable[1] veil
Shall vainly fail;
With day unmasked my night shall be.
For night is day, and darkness light,
O father of all lights, to thee.

Each inmost piece in me is thine;
While yet I in my mother dwelt,
All that me clad
From thee I had.
Thou in my frame hast strangely dealt;
Needs in my praise thy works must shine
So inly them my thoughts have felt.

Thou, how my back was beam-wise[2] laid,
And raftering of my ribs dost know,
Know'st every point
Of bone and joint,
How to this whole these parts did grow,
In brave embroidery fair arrayed,
Though wrought in shop both dark and low.

Nay fashionless, ere[3] form I took,
Thy all and more beholding eye
My shapeless shape
Could not escape.
All these, with times appointed by,
Ere one had being, in the book
Of thy foresight, enrolled did lie.

My God, how I these studies prize,
That do thy hidden workings show,
Whose sum is such,
No sum so much,
Nay summed as sand they sumless grow.
I lie to sleep, from sleep I rise,
Yet still in thought with thee I go.

My God, if thou but one would'st kill,
Then straight would leave my further chase
This cursed brood
Inured[4] to blood,
Whose graceless taunts at thy disgrace
Have aimed oft, and hating still
Would, with proud lies, thy truth outface.[5]

Hate not I them, who thee do hate?
Thine, Lord, I will the censure be.
Detest I not,
The cankered[6] knot,
Whom I against thee banded[7] see?
O Lord, thou knowst in highest rate
I hate them all as foes to me.

Search me, my God, and prove my heart;
Examine me, and try my thought,
And mark in me
If ought there be
That hath with cause their anger wrought.
If not (as not) my life's each part,
Lord, safely guide from danger brought.

—completed by 1599

[1] *sable* black.
[2] *beam-wise* like a roof-beam.
[3] *ere* before.
[4] *Inured* accustomed, habituated.
[5] *outface* deny boldly, contradict.
[6] *cankered* infected.
[7] *banded* united.

Richard Barnfield
1574-1620

Born into the Shropshire gentry, Richard Barnfield was raised by his aunt Elizabeth, his mother having died when Barnfield was a young boy. After taking his BA (Brasenose College, Oxford) in 1592, Barnfield may have entered Grey's Inn to study law. Soon after, he began to publish verse: *Greene's Funerals* (1594);[1] *The Affectionate Shepherd* (1594); *Cynthia, With Certain Sonnets and the Legend of Cassandra* (1595); and a 1598 collection of four verse pamphlets issued together in one volume—"The Encomium of Lady Pecunia," "The Complaint of Poetry for the Death of Liberality," "The Combat Between Conscience and Covetousness," and "Poems in Divers Humours." Two of the "Poems in Divers Humours" were long attributed to Shakespeare. Little else is known about Barnfield. There is evidence, however, that he was a friend of some contemporary poets and editors, including Thomas Watson, Michael Drayton, and Francis Meres. Although Barnfield has long been thought to have died in 1627 (on the basis of a will signed with that name), a recent critic has suggested that this will is more likely that of his father.[2] In fact it seems that Barnfield "[had] been disinherited by his father twenty years earlier," and we know nothing about his circumstances when he died in February 1620 at the age of 46.[3]

The love of the shepherd Daphnis for a beautiful boy clearly caused some objections at the time of publication, since Barnfield justifies the sexual innocence of this relationship in his prefatory letter to *Cynthia* (printed below). However, the truly scandalous aspect of *The Affectionate Shepherd* perhaps lay in the connections between the volume's characters and contemporary individuals.[4] The nature of the poem's topical allusions remains very much in dispute,[5] and recent critics have pointed out that only the identification of Barnfield as Daphnis is certain.[6]

Evaluations of Barnfield's verse have changed considerably over the past four hundred years. While Frances Meres lavished praise on the verse's poetic virtues (ranking it with that of Spenser and Sidney), C.S. Lewis and others have contemptuously dismissed both its technical merits and homoerotic subject matter. Although Barnfield's homoerotic themes distressed most eighteenth-, nineteenth-, and early twentieth-century critics, more recent criticism has explored among other things Barnfield's homoerotic transformation of the Petrarchan tradition, the sonnet sequence, and the pastoral eclogue.

EDITIONS: *The affectionate shepheard.* London: Printed by John Danter for T. G[ubbin] and E. N[ewman], 1594. STC 1480; *Cynthia With certaine sonnets.* London: Humfrey Lownes, 1595. STC 1484.

[1] For the controversy over the volume's authorship and a convincing argument for its attribution to Barnfield, see G. Klawitter, ed., *Richard Barnfield: The Complete Poems* (Selinsgrove, 1990), pp. 26-29.

[2] The notion that Barnfield retired from the life of a publishing poet and settled down as an affluent country gentleman in Staffordshire is largely based on the misattribution of this will.

[3] S. Massai, "Richard Barnfield," *DNB online*, 2005.

[4] See "Penelope Devereux as Sidney's Stella," *Huntington Library Bulletin* 7 (April 1935): pp. 89-129.

[5] In 1935, H.H. Hudson suggested that Queen Guendolen represented Lady Penelope Rich; the Old Man, Guendolen's husband, Lord Rich; the Youth, her devoted admirer, Sir Philip Sidney; Ganymede, Guendolen's unrequited lover, Sir Charles Blount, Penelope Rich's extra-marital lover; and Daphnis, the unrequited lover of Ganymede, Barnfield himself.

[6] For a detailed account of the controversy, as well as alternate identifications for the poem's main characters, see L. Daughtery, "The Question of Topical Allusion in Richard Barnfield's Pastoral Verse," *The Affectionate Shepherd: Celebrating Richard Barnfield* (Selinsgrove, 2001), pp. 45-61; and in the same volume, G. Klawitter, "Barnfield's Penelope Devereux, Exalted and Reviled," pp. 62-82.

from *The Affectionate Shepherd. Containing the Complaint of Daphnis*[1] *for the Love of Ganymede.*[2]

To the Right Excellent and Most Beautiful Lady, the Lady Penelope Rich[3]

Fair lovely lady, whose angelic eyes
Are vestal[4] candles of sweet beauty's treasure,
Whose speech is able to enchant the wise,
Converting joy to pain, and pain to pleasure;
Accept this simply toy[5] of my soul's duty,
Which I present unto thy matchless beauty.

And albeit the gift be all too mean,[6]
Too mean an off'ring for thine ivory shrine;
Yet must thy beauty my just blame sustean,[7]
Since it is mortal, but thyself divine.
Then, noble lady, take in gentle worth[8]
This new-born babe which here my Muse brings forth.

Your Honour's most affectionate and perpetually devoted shepherd,
Daphnis.

The Tears of an Affectionate Shepherd Sick for Love. Or, The Complaint of Daphnis for the Love of Ganymede

Scarce had the morning star[9] hid from the light
Heaven's crimson canopy with stars bespangled,
But I began to rue[10] th'unhappy sight
Of that fair boy that had my heart entangled;
Cursing the time, the place, the sense, the sin;
I came, I saw, I viewed, I slipped in.

If it be sin to love a sweet-faced boy,
(Whose amber locks trussed up in golden trammels[11]
Dangle adown his lovely cheeks with joy,
When pearl and flowers his fair hair enamels)
If it be sin to love a lovely lad,
Oh then sin I, for whom my soul is sad.

His ivory-white and alabaster skin
Is stained throughout with rare vermillion red,
Whose twinkling starry lights do never blin[12]

---

1 *Daphnis* a popular name for shepherds in pastoral poetry, Daphnis is credited in the classical tradition with inventing this genre; he appears in Theocritus and Virgil (Virgil's "Eclogue V" mourns Daphnis' death and celebrates his deification; see *Eclogues, Georgics, Aeneid I-VI*). See also Longus' third-century pastoral romance, *Daphnis and Chloe*. On Ganymede, see p. 762, note 3.

2 The title page contains the Latin epigram "Amor plus mellis, quam fellis, est" (Love has more honey than gall [i.e., Love is more sweet than bitter]). Cf. p. 766, note 1.

3 *Lady Penelope Rich* (*née* Devereux) (1563-1607), noblewoman, famous for her beauty and her skill in languages. Many writers (such as Sidney and Henry Constable) dedicated works to her and/or celebrated her in prose and verse, acknowledging her power and influence in Tudor court society. There were preliminary marital negotiations between Penelope's father and the Sidney family, which came to nothing. This was an unfortunate outcome since by all accounts Sidney fell in love with her when he finally met her at court in 1581. Sidney's sonnet sequence *Astrophil and Stella* (see above, pp. 677-86) supposedly represents his unrequited love for her, with Penelope shadowed in the figure of "Stella." Penelope married Robert Rich (1559?-1619), later first earl of Warwick, in late 1581 (A. Wall, "Rich [*née* Devereux], Penelope, Lady Rich," *DNB online*). Although she bore her husband five children by 1590, she refused to retire from court to the country-side where her husband preferred to live, and her career at court included an extra-marital affair with the courtier Sir Charles Blount (1563-1606). This affair was common knowledge at the time, although it does not seem to have occasioned any public estrangement from her husband, and it resulted in six illegitimate children, the first born in 1592 (A. Wall, "Rich [*née* Devereux], Penelope, Lady Rich," *DNB online*). See headnote, p. 676, above.

4 *vestal* chaste, pure, virginal.

5 *toy* fantastic or trifling speech or piece of writing; a trifle.

6 *mean* inferior.

7 *sustean* sustain.

8 *take in gentle worth* take kindly or charitably.

9 *morning star* the planet Venus which appears in the eastern sky at or just before sunrise; named for the goddess of love.

10 *rue* repent or regret.

11 *trammels* the plaits, braids, or tresses of a woman's hair.

12 *blin* cease.

To shine on lovely Venus (beauty's bed),
But as the lily and the blushing rose,[1]
So white and red on him in order grows.

Upon a time the nymphs[2] bestirred themselves
To try[3] who could his beauty soonest win;
But he accounted them but all as elves,[4]
Except it were the fair queen Guendolen:[5]
Her he embraced, of her was beloved,
With plaints he proved, and with tears he moved.

But her an Old Man had been suitor to,
That in his age began to dote[6] again;
Her would he often pray, and often woo,
When through old age enfeebled was his brain:
But she before had loved a lusty youth
That now was dead, the cause of all her ruth.[7]

[...]

This was the doting fool, this was the man
That loved fair Guendolena, queen of beauty;
She cannot shake him off, do what she can,
For he hath vowed to her his soul's last duty:
Making him trim upon the holy-days;[8]
And crowns his love with garlands made of bays.[9]

Now doth he stroke his beard; and now (again)
He wipes the drivel from his filthy chin;
Now offers he a kiss; but high disdain
Will not permit her heart to pity him:
Her heart more hard than adamant[10] or steel,
Her heart more changeable than Fortune's wheel.[11]

But leave we him in love (up to the ears)
And tell how Love[12] behaved himself abroad;
Who seeing one that mourned still in tears
(A Young Man groaning under love's great load)
Thinking to ease his burden, rid his pains,
For men have grief as long as life remains.

Alas (the while) that unawares he drew
The fatal shaft that Death had dropped before;[13]
By which deceit great harm did then ensue,
Staining his face with blood and filthy gore,
His face, that was to Guendolena more dear
Than love of lords or any lordly peer.

---

[1] The lily and the rose are conventionally placed in the Petrarchan beloved's cheeks, as emblems of her fair and perfect complexion.

[2] *nymphs* semi-divine beings in classical mythology, imagined as beautiful maidens.

[3] *try* find out.

[4] *elves* An elf could sometimes be a more malignant being than a "fairy"; sometimes a synonym for "imp" or "demon."

[5] Guendolen (or Gwendolen) is from the Welsh "gwen" (meaning "fair" or "blessed") and the English "dolen" (meaning "ring" or "bow"). In Geoffrey of Monmouth's *History*, she is the wife of the early Welsh king, Locrine. When he takes the German princess Estrildis as his mistress and has a daughter by her (Sabrina), Gwendolen has the two women drowned in a river (P. Hanks and F. Hodges, "Gwendolen," *Oxford Dictionary of First Names*, online). In Spenser's version, Gwendolen (who to her husband "alwaies faithfull prov'd") raises an army, defeats her husband in battle, and has him imprisoned until he dies. Assuming the throne until her son is of age, Gwendolen is called by Spenser "the glorie of her sex, / [Who] first taught men a woman to obay" (*FQ*, 2.10.17; 2.10.20).

[6] *dote* be infatuatedly fond of; be foolishly in love with.

[7] *ruth* grief.

[8] *trim upon holy-days* neatly or smartly-dressed on those days set apart in the liturgical calendar for special religious observance; often an occasion for socializing and courting.

[9] In the classical world, the leaves or sprigs of the bay (or laurel) tree were traditionally made into a wreath, crown, or garland to celebrate and reward a conqueror or poet.

[10] *adamant* a semi-fabulous stone famed for its unsurpassed hardness and impermeability.

[11] *Fortune's wheel* Traditionally the goddess Fortuna is depicted as blind-folded and holding a wheel, respectively emblems of the inscrutable nature of her favour and her perpetual inconstancy.

[12] *Love* Cupid.

[13] In earlier stanzas not included here, Death and Cupid meet at one of Bacchus's banquets. There, Fortune arranges for Death to end up with one of Cupid's love arrows, and Cupid to end up with one of Death's bolts. Intending to kill the Old Man, Death unwittingly shoots him with Cupid's arrow, thus renewing his passion for Guendolena. Intending to help the grieving Young Man, Cupid equally unwittingly shoots him with Death's dart, thus killing him.

This was that fair and beautiful Young Man
Whom Guendolena so lamented for;
This is that Love whom she doth curse and ban,[1]
Because she doth that dismal chance abhor;
And if it were not for his mother's[2] sake,
Even Ganymede[3] himself she would forsake.

Oh, would she would forsake my Ganymede,
Whose sugred[4] love is full of sweet delight,
Upon whose forehead you may plainly read
Love's pleasure 'graved in ivory tables bright;
In whose fair eyeballs you may clearly see
Base love still stained with foul indignity.

Oh, would to God he would but pity me,
That love him more than any mortal wight;[5]
Then he and I with love would soon agree,
That now cannot abide his suitor's[6] sight.
Oh, would to God (so I might have my fee)[7]
My lips were honey, and thy mouth a bee.

Then shouldst thou suck my sweet and my fair flower
That now is ripe, and full of honey-berries;
Then would I lead thee to my pleasant bower[8]
Filled full of grapes, of mulberries, and cherries;
Then shouldst thou be my wasp or else my bee,
I would thy hive, and thou my honey be.

I would put amber bracelets on thy wrists,
Crownets of pearl about thy naked arms;
And when thou sitst at swilling Bacchus'[9] feasts,
My lips with charms should save thee from all harms;
And when in sleep thou tookst thy chiefest pleasure,
Mine eyes should gaze upon thine eye-lids' treasure.

And every morn by dawning of the day,
When Phoebus[10] riseth with a blushing face,
Silvanus' chapel-clarks shall chaunt a lay,
And play thee hunts-up in thy resting place:[11]
My coot[12] thy chamber, my bosom thy bed
Shall be appointed for thy sleepy head.

And when it pleaseth thee to walk abroad
(Abroad into the fields to take fresh air),
The meads with Flora's treasure should be strowed[13]
(The mantled meadows and the fields so fair).
And by a silver well (with golden sands)
I'll sit me down and wash thine ivory hands.

---

1 *ban* a synonym for "curse": anathematize.

2 *his mother's* i.e., Love's (or Cupid's) mother, Venus.

3 *Ganymede* a beautiful youth with whom Zeus (Jupiter/Jove) fell in love. He subsequently took Ganymede to Olympus, home of the gods, and made him his cupbearer; in the period, "Ganymede" is a synonym for "catamite," a boy kept to provide sexual services to his master.

4 *sugred* sugared.

5 *wight* person, living creature.

6 *his suitor's* i.e., Daphnis, the suitor of Ganymede.

7 *fee* prize, reward.

8 *bower* a shady recess or arbour.

9 *Bacchus* the Roman name for the Greek god Dionysus, associated with wine, fertility, and wild orgiastic emotions.

10 *Phoebus* i.e., the sun (Phoebus Apollo is the Greek god of the sun).

11 *Silvanus' chapel-clarks shall chaunt a lay* Silvanus was a Roman forest god who fell in love with the beautiful young man, Cyparissus. In Ovid, it is Apollo who loves the young boy; when Cyparissus accidentally kills a stag which he loves, the young boy pines away from grief. Apollo turns him into a cypress, a symbol of mourning (*Metamorphoses*, book 10; *Classical Dict.*, p. 630). Silvanus is an appropriately pastoral god, turning up in Virgil's *Georgics*, along with Pan, as the guiding spirit of a happy rural life (2.490-98). Chapel-clarks are ministers, deacons, and ordained clergymen, imagined here as chanting a religious song; figuratively, the chapel-clarks of Silvanus are birds, whose singing at dawn is likened to a "hunts-up," a song traditionally used to awaken hunstmen in the morning.

12 *coot* cot or cottage.

13 *meads* meadows; *Flora* classical goddess of flowers and the spring; *strowed* strewn; scattered about.

And in the sweltering heat of summer time,
I would make cabinets[1] for thee, my love;
Sweet-smelling arbours made of eglantine[2]
Should be thy shrine, and I would be thy dove.
Cool cabinets of fresh green laurel boughs
Should shadow us, ore-set with thick-set yews.[3]

Or if thou list to bathe thy naked limbs
Within the crystal of a pearl-bright brook,
Paved with dainty pibbles[4] to the brims;
Or clear, wherein thyself thy self mayst look,
We'll go to Ladon,[5] whose still trickling noise
Will lull thee fast asleep amids thy joys.

Or if thoult[6] go unto the river side
To angle for the sweet fresh-water fish,
Armed with thy implements that will abide
(Thy rod, hook, line) to take a dainty dish:
Thy rods shall be of cane, thy lines of silk,
Thy hooks of silver, and thy baits of milk.

Or if thou lov'st to hear sweet melody,
Or pipe a round upon an oaten reed,[7]
Or make thyself glad with some mirthful glee,
Or play them music whilst thy flock doth feed:
To Pan's own pipe I'll help my lovely lad,
(Pan's golden pipe) which he of Syrinx[8] had.

Or if thou dar'st to climb the highest trees
For apples, cherries, medlars,[9] pears, or plums,
Nuts, walnuts, filbeards, chestnuts, cervices,[10]
The hoary peach, when snowy winter comes:
I have fine orchards full of mellowed fruit,
Which I will give thee to obtain my suit.

Not proud Alcynous himself can vaunt[11]
Of goodlier orchards or of braver trees
Than I have planted; yet thou wilt not graunt
My simple suit; but like the honey bees
Thou suckst the flow'r till all the sweet be gone,
And lov'st me for my coin till I have none.

Leave Guendolen, sweet heart; though she be fair
Yet is she light, not light in virtue shining,
But light[12] in her behaviour, to impair
Her honour in her chastity's declining.
Trust not her tears, for they can wantonize,[13]
When tears in pearl are trickling from her eyes.

---

1 *cabinets* here, a summer house or a bower in a garden.

2 *eglantine* the sweet briar rose.

3 *yew* a tree often planted in churchyards; a common symbol of sadness.

4 *pibbles* i.e., pebbles.

5 *Ladon* a river of Arcadia, an important pastoral site since on its banks both Daphne and Syrinx were transformed. Daphne was a Greek mountain nymph; fleeing from the sexual attentions of Apollo, she prayed for rescue and was transformed into a laurel tree, out of which Apollo fashioned the crown which the classical world awarded to conquering heroes and superlative poets. On Syrinx, p. 763, note 8.

6 *thoult* i.e., thou wilt.

7 *round* a song sung by two or more persons, each taking up the tune in turn; *oaten reed* a reed made into a rustic musical pipe.

8 Syrinx, an Arcadian nymph, fled the sexual attentions of the god Pan and, praying for rescue, was transformed into a reed, out of which Pan subsequently made his musical pipes (*Classical Dict.*, p. 345).

9 *medlar* a fruit resembling a small brown-skinned apple, usually only edible when decayed to a soft pulp.

10 *filbeards* filberts, the nut of the hazel tree; *cervices* a small pear-shaped or round fruit, only edible (like the medlar) when over-ripe.

11 *Alcynous* king of the Phaeacians, grandson of Poseidon; in Book 6 of Homer's *Odyssey*, he offers the ship-wrecked Odysseus the hospitality of his famously fertile island; *vaunt* boast.

12 *light* wanton, unchaste, or sexually provocative.

13 *wantonize* play the wanton; indulge in lasciviousness.

If thou wilt come and dwell with me at home,
My sheep-cote[1] shall be strowed with new green rushes;
We'll haunt the trembling prickets[2] as they roam
About the fields along the hawthorn bushes;
I have a piebald cur[3] to hunt the hare:
So we will live with dainty forest fare.[4]

Nay more than this, I have a garden-plot,
Wherein there wants nor herbs, nor roots, nor flowers
(Flowers to smell, roots to eat, herbs for the pot),
And dainty shelters when the welkin lowers:[5]
Sweet-smelling beds of lilies and of roses,[6]
Which rosemary[7] banks and lavender encloses.

There grows the gilliflow'r,[8] the mint, the daisy
(Both red and white), the blue-veined-violet,[9]
The purple hyacinth,[10] the spike to please thee,
The scarlet-dyed carnation[11] bleeding yet,
The sage, the savoury, and sweet margerum,[12]
Isop, thyme, and eye-bright,[13] good for the blind and dumb.

The pink, the primrose, cowslip, and daffadilly,[14]
The hare-bell blue, the crimson columbine,[15]
Sage, lettuce, parsley, and the milk-white lily,

---

[1] *sheep-cote* a slight building for sheltering sheep.

[2] *pricket* a buck or young stag; also a slang term for "young boy."

[3] *piebald cur* parti-coloured shepherd's dog.

[4] *fare* food.

[5] *welkin lowers* i.e., the sky lours (looks stormy or threatening).

[6] See p. 761, note 1. Of the flowers and herbs mentioned in the following stanzas, several (roses, lilies, violets, rosemary, mint, lettuce, carnations) were used in herbal treatments for love melancholy or erotomania. See J. Ferrand, *A Treatise on Lovesickness*, trans. and ed., D.A. Beecher and M. Ciavolella (Syracuse, NY, 1990), especially Chapter XXXIX, "Pharmaceutical Remedies for Love and Erotic Melancholy." Another medical tradition, however, saw mint as a hot plant, and thus one that would encourage lust and desire. See pp. 1192-93.

[7] Rosemary was an emblem of remembrance and was often used to decorate both weddings and funerals. Lavender was an emblem of those lovers who remain true only until they have attained sexual satisfaction ("A Nosegay Always Sweet," in C. Robinson's *A Handful of Pleasant Delights* [1584], ll. 25-32; ll.17-24).

[8] *the gillyflow'r* the clove-scented pink (or clove gillyflower); sometimes also refers to the July-flower or carnation. Like lavender, it was prized for its perfume. The gillyflower was also an emblem of gentleness between lovers (Robinson, "Nosegay," ll. 73-80).

[9] *violet* John Gerard's *Herbal* (1636) points to its beauty and odour and its primary use in "garlands for the head, nosegays, and posies" (M. Woodward, *Gerard's Herbal* (London, 1985), p. 198). Gerard emphasizes the violet's ability to "stir up a man to that which is comely and honest" (p. 198), and the seventeenth-century physician Nicholas Culpeper adds that it is "a fine pleasing plant of Venus, of a mild nature, no way harmful" (*Culpeper's Complete Herbal and English Physician Enlarged* [Glenwood, IL, 1990], p. 188). It was also a common emblem of faithfulness in love (Robinson, "Nosegay," ll. 49-56).

[10] *hyacinth* Apollo loved the youth Hyacinthus, but in a discus contest Apollo accidentally struck and killed him, the discus having been deliberately diverted by the jealous god of the wind, Zephyrus, whose love Hyacinthus had rejected in favour of Apollo's. Apollo transformed Hyacinthus' blood into the flower which still bears his name, and inscribed it with the letters AI AI ("Alas") to immortalize his love and grief. The spike probably refers to the shape of the hyacinth, although there is also a variety of lavender called "Lavender Spica."

[11] *carnation* the cultivated varieties of clove-pinks; the carnation was an emblem of "graciousness" in love (Robinson, "Nosegay," ll. 81-88).

[12] Sage is an emblem of "sustenance, / That should man's life sustain" (Robinson, "Nosegay," ll. 33-34). Savoury and margerum (marjoram) were both hot plants. In the Renaissance medical tradition deriving from the ancient Graeco-Roman physician Galen, temperature is one of the fundamental qualities of the humours (those bodily fluids that governed the human body's overall health), bodies, and elements (such as herbs and plants). If a physician wanted to cure a "hot" disease (such as love-sickness or love melancholy), he would employ "cooling" ointments, drugs, and herbal remedies.

[13] *Isop* i.e., "hyssop," an aromatic herb with many medicinal uses in the period; Culpeper says it is good for "swellings in the throat" and Gerard for "the old cough," and thus it must have been thought useful for helping to restore speech (*Culpeper's Complete Herbal*, p. 95; *Gerard's Herbal*, p. 131). Culpeper attributes similar powers to thyme, and says it can treat as well "dulness of sight" (*Culpeper's Complete Herbal*, p. 183); *eye-bright* euphrasy (euphrasia), a plant traditionally used to treat diseases of the eye (*Gerard's Herbal*, p. 151; *Culpeper's Complete Herbal*, p. 71).

[14] Primroses and cowslips were varieties of mulleins (*Gerard's Herbal*, p. 177). The cowslip was an emblem of keeping counsel in love (Robinson, "Nosegay," ll. 105-06). The primrose could help treat "frenzy," various types of madness, perhaps including that attendant on love melancholy (*Gerard's Herbal*, p. 179).

[15] The hare-bell is the name of the English hyacinth or jacinth (see p. 764, note 10). The columbine was popular as an ornamental plant.

The rose, and speckled flow'r called sops-in-wine,[1]
Fine pretty king-cups, and the yellow boots,[2]
That grows by rivers and by shallow brooks.

And many thousand moe[3] (I cannot name)
Of herbs and flowers that in gardens grow
I have for thee; and coneys[4] that be tame,
Young rabbits, white as swan and black as crow,
Some speckled here and there with dainty spots:
And more I have two milch[5] and milk-white goats.

All these, and more, I'll give thee for thy love;
If these, and more, may 'tice[6] thy love away:
I have a pigeon-house, in it a dove,
Which I love more than mortal tongue can say;
And last of all, I'll give thee a little lamb
To play withal, new weaned from her dam.

But if thou wilt not pity my complaint,
My tears, nor vows, nor oaths, made to thy beauty,
What shall I do? But languish, die, or faint,
Since thou dost scorn my tears and my soul's duty:
And tears contemned,[7] vows and oaths must fail,
For where tears cannot, nothing can prevail.

Compare the love of fair queen Guendolin
With mine, and thou shalt see how she doth love thee:
I love thee for thy qualities divine,
But she doth love another swain[8] above thee;
I love thee for thy gifts, she for her pleasure;
I for thy virtue, she for beauty's treasure.

And always (I am sure) it cannot last,
But sometime nature will deny those dimples;
In stead[9] of beauty (when thy blossom's past)
Thy face will be deformed, full of wrinkles:
Then she that loved thee for thy beauty's sake,
When age draws on, thy love will soon forsake.

But I that loved thee for thy gifts divine,
In the December of thy beauty's waning,
Will still admire (with joy) those lovely eine,[10]
That now behold me with their beauties baning:[11]
Though January will never come again,
Yet April years will come in showers of rain.

When will my May come, that I may embrace thee?
When will the hour be of my soul's joying?
Why dost thou seek in mirth still to disgrace me?
Whose mirth's my health, whose grief's my heart's annoying.
Thy bane my bale,[12] thy bliss my blessedness,
Thy ill my hell, thy weal my welfare is.[13]

---

1 *sops-in-wine* another name for the clove pink or gillyflower.
2 *king-cup* buttercup or marsh marigold; *yellow boot* unidentified.
3 *moe* i.e., more.
4 *coneys* rabbits.
5 *milch* said of domestic animals that are kept for their milk.
6 *'tice* entice.
7 *contemned* despised, disdained, scorned.
8 *swain* country dweller; wooer, sweetheart.
9 *In stead* in the place of.
10 *eine* eyes.
11 *baning* cursing.
12 *bane* harm, woe, fatal mischance; *bale* torment, suffering, injury; in earliest use, often "death" or "infliction of death."
13 "Weal" and "welfare" are synonyms meaning "well-being, happiness."

Thus do I honour thee that love thee so,
And love thee so, that so do honour thee,
Much more than any mortal man doth know
Or can discern by love or jealousy.
But if that thou disdain'st my loving ever,
Oh, happy I if I had loved never.

Finis.

Plus fellus quam mellis amor.[1]

The Second Day's Lamentation of the Affectionate Shepherd.

Next morning when the golden sun was risen,
And new had bid good morrow to the mountains;
When night her silver light had locked in prison,
Which gave a glimmering on the crystal fountains:
Then ended sleep, and then my cares began,
Ev'n with the uprising of the silver swan.[2]

"O glorious Sun," quoth I, (viewing the sun)
"That lightenst every thing but me alone!
Why is my summer season almost done?
My spring-time past, and age's autumn gone?
My harvest's come, and yet I reaped no corn;
My love is great, and yet I am forlorn.

"Witness these wat'ry eyes my sad lament
(Receiving cisterns of my ceaseless tears);
Witness my bleeding heart, my soul's intent;
Witness the weight distressed Daphnis bears:
Sweet love, come ease me of thy burden's pain,
Or else I die, or else my heart is slain.

"And thou love-scorning boy, cruel, unkind—
Oh, let me once again entreat some pity.
May be thou wilt relent thy marble mind,
And lend thine ears unto my doleful ditty.[3]
Oh, pity him that pity craves so sweetly,
Or else thou shalt be never named meekly.

"If thou wilt love me, thou shalt be my boy,
My sweet delight, the comfort of my mind,
My love, my dove, my solace, and my joy.
But if I can no grace nor mercy find,
I'll go to Caucasus to ease my smart,
And let a vulture gnaw upon my heart.[4]

"Yet if thou wilt but show me one kind look
(A small reward for my so great affection),
I'll grave thy name in Beauty's golden book,
And shroud thee under Helicon's[5] protection;
Making the Muses chaunt thy lovely praise
(For they delight in shepherds' lowly lays).[6]

"And when th'art weary of thy keeping sheep
Upon a lovely down,[7] (to please thy mind)
I'll give thee fine ruff-footed doves to keep,
And pretty pigeons of another kind.
A robin redbreast shall thy minstrel be,
Chirping thee sweet and pleasant melody.

"Or if thou wilt go shoot at little birds
With bow and bolt (the thrustle-cock and sparrow)
Such as our country hedges can afford's,[8]
I have a fine bow and an ivory arrow.

---

1 Latin, "Love has more gall than honey" (a reversal of the volume's opening epigram). See p. 760, note 2.

2 *silver swan* the beloved boy. He is also compared to a swan in Sonnet 7 of *Cynthia, With Certain Sonnets* (1595).

3 *ditty* song.

4 a reference to the myth of Prometheus. Condemned by Zeus for the crime of giving mankind fire, Prometheus was chained to a mountain in the Caucasus, condemned to have his liver, which was miraculously renewed each day, gnawed away by a vulture.

5 *Helicon* the sacred mountain residence of the Muses, those divine sponsors of the arts and sciences.

6 *lowly lays* unsophisticated or humble songs.

7 *down* an upland area used for pasturage.

8 *afford's* i.e., afford us.

And if thou miss, yet meat thou shalt not lack,
I'll hang a bag and bottle at thy back.[1]

"Wilt thou set springes[2] in a frosty night
To catch the long-billed woodcock and the snipe?[3]
(By the bright glimmering of the starry night)
The partridge, pheasant, or the greedy gripe?
I'll lend thee lime-twigs,[4] and fine sparrow calls,
Wherewith the fowlers silly[5] birds enthralls.

"Or in a misty morning if thou wilt
Make pit-falls for the lark and pheldifare;[6]
Thy prop and sweek shall both be over-gilt:[7]
With Cyparissus'[8] self thou shalt compare
For gins and wiles, the oozels[9] to beguile;
Whilst thou under a bush shalt sit and smile.[10]

"Or with hare-pipes (set in a muset hole)[11]
Wilt thou deceive the deep-earth-delving coney?[12]
Or wilt thou in a yellow boxen bowl[13]
Taste with a wooden splent the sweet lythe[14] honey?
Clusters of crimson grapes I'll pull thee down,
And with vine-leaves make thee a lovely crown.

"Or wilt thou drink a cup of new-made wine[15]
Frothing at top, mixed with a dish of cream;
And strawberries or bilberries in their prime,
Bathed in a melting sugar-candy stream.
Bunnell and perry[16] I have for thee (alone)
When vines are dead, and all the grapes are gone.

"I have a pleasant noted nightingale
(That sings as sweetly as the silver swan)
Kept in a cage of bone as white as whale,

[1] K. Borris shows that this stanza is full of sexual double entendres, since in the period's sexual slang all of these objects were bawdy terms related to sex and the male genitalia: bows, bolts, and arrows were associated with Cupid, the god of love, and were often themselves phallic images, while archery itself could represent sexual intercourse; the ivory colour of Daphnis' arrow links this object to the ideal, fair complexion of the traditional beloved in Petrarchan discourse; the sparrow was a standard symbol for lechery and sexual promiscuity; "thrustle-cock" as a word obviously suggests sexual penetration, while the related word "throstle" could mean a sexually ambiguous male; like John Donne's famous "country pleasures" ("The Good Morrow," l.3), Barnfield's "country hedges" may play upon the slang term for the female genitalia still common today: "cunt"; "hedges" were often depicted as a popular place for sexual encounters; "meat" was a common way of referring obliquely to the penis and the participants in sexual intercourse; and finally Daphnis' bag and bottle were common euphemisms for the testicles and erect penis ("'Ile hang a bag and bottle at thy back': Barnfield's Homoerotic Advocacy and the Construction of Homosexuality," *The Affectionate Shepherd: Celebrating Richard Barnfield*, p. 209).

[2] *springes* snares.

[3] The woodcock and the snipe were popular Renaissance game birds.

[4] *lime-twigs* twigs smeared with a sticky substance to catch small birds.

[5] *silly* "stupid" (the woodcock was proverbially dim), but perhaps also "innocent" or "harmless."

[6] *pit-fall* a trap for birds that used a trap-door or similar device set over a hole or cavity; *pheldifare* a fieldfare, a type of thrush.

[7] *prop and sweek* both parts of a bird trap; *over-gilt* gilded all over.

[8] *Cyparissus* See p. 762, note 11.

[9] *gins and wiles* contrivances and tricks; *oozels* blackbirds.

[10] Ferrand says sufferers from love melancholy should not eat many of the birds mentioned in ll. 39-60. Because their meat was classified as hot and melancholy, these birds' flesh would tend to encourage rather than retard the disease, by heating the blood and increasing the amount of sperm in the body. Lemnius's list of those birds that encourage desire and fertility include all of Ferrand's and also thrushes, blackbirds (oozels), and woodcocks (*A Treatise on Lovesickness*, p. 544).

[11] A hare-pipe was a trap for catching hares; here, it would be placed over a muset hole (a meuse), a gap in a hedge through which animals would habitually pass.

[12] *coney* rabbit.

[13] *boxen bowl* a bowl made from boxtree wood.

[14] *splent* a splint (here, makeshift eating utensil); *lythe* light (here, perhaps, pale-coloured).

[15] Most physicians agreed that wine tended to heat the blood and make men open to love (Ferrand, *A Treatise on Lovesickness*, p. 320).

[16] Bunnell is a beverage made from the crushed apples or pears left over after all their juice has been expressed to make cider or perry.

Which I with singing of Philemon wan;[1]
Her shalt thou have, and all I have beside,
If thou wilt be my boy, or else my bride.

"Then will I lay out all my lardary[2]
(Of cheese, of cracknels, curds, and clouted-cream)[3]
Before thy male-content[4] ill-pleasing eye:
But why do I of such great follies dream?
Alas, he will not see my simple cote,[5]
For all my speckled lamb, nor milk-white goat.

"Against[6] my birthday thou shalt be my guest:
We'll have green-cheeses and fine silly-bubs,[7]
And thou shalt be the chief of all my feast.
And I will give thee two fine pretty cubs,
With two young whelps, to make thee sport withal,
A golden racket and a tennis-ball.

"A gilded nutmeg and a race[8] of ginger,
A silken girdle and a drawn-work band,[9]
Cuffs for thy wrists, a gold ring for thy finger,
And sweet rose-water for thy lily-white hand,
A purse of silk, bespang'ed with spots of gold,
As brave[10] a one as ere thou didst behold.

"A pair of knives, a green hat and a feather,
New gloves to put upon thy milk-white hand
I'll give thee, for to keep thee from the weather;
With phoenix[11] feathers shall thy face be fanned
Cooling those cheeks, that being cooled wex[12] red,
Like lilies in a bed of roses shed.

"Why do thy coral lips disdain to kiss
And suck that sweet which many have desired?
That balm my bane, that means would mend my miss:[13]
Oh, let me then with thy sweet lips b'inspired.
When thy lips touch my lips, my lips will turn
To coral too, and being cold ice will burn.

"Why should thy sweet love-lock[14] hang dangling down,
Kissing thy girdle-steed[15] with falling pride?
Although thy skin be white, thy hair is brown:
Oh, let not then thy hair thy beauty hide;
Cut off thy lock, and sell it for gold wire:
(The purest gold is tried in hottest fire).

---

[1] *Philemon* another common pastoral name; here, a rival shepherd whom Daphnis bests in a singing context, a conventional activity in pastoral eclogues; *wan* i.e., won.

[2] *lardary* lardry, pantry.

[3] *cracknel* a light, crisp biscuit; *clouted-cream* the thick or clotted cream made by scalding milk.

[4] *male-content* malcontent.

[5] *cote* Here, both the shepherd's simple cottage (or cot) and the out-buildings where he keeps his animals.

[6] *Against* at the time of.

[7] *green-cheese* a fresh or new cheese (one not completely dried); *silly-bub* a sillabub; here, a sweetened or flavoured drink of new milk or cream, curdled by the addition of wine, ale, or cider.

[8] *race* root. Given that this stanza deals with the ornamental gifts the shepherd imagines giving to the boy, the nutmeg and ginger may be intended as part of a pomander, a bag full of sweet-smelling spices meant to ward off the bad air thought responsible for many virulent diseases. Unlike the native foodstuffs of the previous stanzas, ginger and nutmeg were both imported and expensive. Ginger and nutmeg were also believed to be aphrodisiacs (J. Turner, *Spice: The History of a Temptation* [Knopf, 2005], pp. 215-16).

[9] A drawn-work band is a collar or ruff worn around the neck, ornamented with patterned needlework.

[10] *brave* fine, splendid.

[11] *phoenix* a mythic bird that every 500 years builds its own funeral pyre, climbs upon it and is consumed by the flames; a new bird arises miraculously from its ashes.

[12] *wex* grow.

[13] *miss* lack, privation.

[14] *love-lock* a lock of hair worn longer than the rest and arranged so as to hang forward over one shoulder, often being tied with a ribbon (popular among late sixteenth- and early seventeenth-century courtiers).

[15] *girdle-steed* girdle-stead: waist.

"Fair-long-hair-wearing Absolon was killed,
Because he wore it in a bravery;[1]
So that which graced his beauty, beauty spild,[2]
Making him subject to vile slavery
In being hanged: a death for him too good
That sought his own shame and his father's blood.[3]

"Again, we read of old King Priamus,
(The hapless sire of valiant Hector slain)
That his hair was so long and odious
In youth, that in his age it bred his pain:
For if his hair had not been half so long,
His life had been, and he had had no wrong.

"For when his stately city was destroyed
(That monument of great antiquity),
When his poor heart (with grief and sorrow cloyed)
Fled to his wife (last hope in misery),
Pyrrhus (more hard than adamantine rocks)
Held him and haled him by his aged locks.[4]

"These two examples by the way I show
To prove th'indecency of men's long hair.
Though I could tell thee of a thousand moe,[5]
Let these suffice for thee (my lovely fair)
Whose eye's my star; whose smiling is my sun;
Whose love did end before my joys begun.

"Fond[6] love is blind, and so art thou, my dear,
For thou seest not my love and great desart;[7]
Blind love is fond, and so thou dost appear;
For fond and blind, thou griev'st my grieving heart;
Be thou fond-blind, blind-fond, or one, or all;
Thou art my love, and I must be thy thrall.

"Oh, lend thine ivory forehead for Love's book,
Thine eyes for candles to behold the same,
That when dim-sighted ones therein shall look
They may discern that proud disdainful dame;
Yet clasp that book, and shut that casement[8] light;
Lest th'one obscured, the other shine too bright.

"Sell thy sweet breath to'th'dainty musk-ball-makers;[9]
Yet sell it so as thou mayst soon redeem it.
Let others of thy beauty be partakers,
Else none but Daphnis will so well esteem it:
For what is beauty except it be well known?
And how can it be known except first shown?

"Learn of the gentlewomen of this age,
That set their beauties to the open view,
Making disdain their lord, true love their page,[10]
A custom zeal doth hate, desert doth rue:[11]
Learn to look red, anon wax[12] pale and wan,
Making a mock of love, a scorn of man.

---

1 *bravery* ostentatious display.

2 *spild* spilled, destroyed.

3 Absalom attempted to usurp his father, King David. The "shame" may be specifically Absalom's seizing of his father's concubines, and his subsequent sexual intercourse with them as a public sign of his assumption of the kingship (2 Samuel 16:20-23). When David finally defeated Absalom's forces, the king's order that his rebellious son be taken alive was ignored. The fleeing Absalom's long hair was caught up in the branches of a tree, and as he dangled there he was killed (18:9-15).

4 For the story of Priamus and Pyrrhus, see Virgil, *Aeneid*, 2.526-59.

5 *moe* more.

6 *Fond* foolish.

7 *desart* desert, deserving.

8 *casement* window.

9 *musk-ball-makers* those who fashion balls of soap scented with musk.

10 *page* a boy or youth in the service of a knight, nobleman, or gentleman.

11 *rue* pity.

12 *anon* in a short time, in a little while; *wax* grow.

"A candle light and covered with a veil
Doth no man good, because it gives no light;[1]
So beauty of her beauty seems to fail,
When being not seen it cannot shine so bright.
Then show thyself and know thyself withal,[2]
Lest climbing high thou catch too great a fall.

"Oh, foul eclipser of that fair sun-shine,
Which is entitled beauty in the best;
Making that mortal, which is else divine,
That stains the fair which women 'steem[3] not least:
Get thee to Hell again (from whence thou art)
And leave the centre of a woman's heart.

"Ah, be not stained, sweet boy, with this viled[4] spot,
Indulgence daughter,[5] mother of mischance;
A blemish that doth every beauty blot;
That makes them loathed, but never doth advance
Her clients, fautors,[6] friends, or them that love her,
And hates them most of all that most reprove her.

[...]

"Oh, then, be not so proud because th'art fair;
Virtue is only the rich gift of God.
Let not self-pride thy virtue's name impair;
Beat not green youth with sharp repentance rod:[7]
(A fiend, a monster, a misshapen devil;
Virtue's foe, vice's friend, the root of evil.)

"Apply thy mind to be a virtuous man;
Avoid ill company (the spoil of youth);
To follow virtue's lore[8] do what thou can
(Whereby great profit unto thee ensuth).[9]
Read books, hate ignorance, (the foe to art,
The dam[10] of error, envy of the heart).

"Serve Jove (upon thy knees) both day and night;
Adore his name above all things on earth:
So shall thy vows be gracious in his sight,
So little babes are blessed in their birth.
Think on no worldly woe, lament thy sin,
(For lesser cease, when greater griefs begin).

"Swear no vain oaths; hear much, but little say;
Speak ill of no man; tend thine own affairs;
Bridle thy wrath; thine angry mood delay
(So shall thy mind be seldom cloyed[11] with cares).
Be mild and gentle in thy speech to all;
Refuse no honest gain when it doth fall.

"Be not beguiled with words; prove not ungrateful;
Relieve thy neighbour in his greatest need;
Commit no action that to all is hateful;
Their want[12] with wealth, the poor with plenty feed.
Twit no man in the teeth[13] with what th'hast done;
Remember flesh is frail, and hatred shun.

---

1 Matthew 5:14-16: "You are the light of the world. A city set on a hill cannot be hid. Nor do men light a lamp and put it under a bushel, but on a stand, and it gives light to all in the house. Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works and give glory to your Father who is in heaven."

2 *withal* as well.

3 *the fair* the beauty; *'steem* i.e., esteem.

4 *viled* defiling, debasing.

5 *Indulgence daughter* i.e., Indulgence's daughter.

6 *client* the recipient of patronage or protection; *fautor* adherent, supporter; protector, patron.

7 *green* callow, inexperienced; *repentance rod* i.e., repentance's rod.

8 *lore* body of knowledge; principles.

9 *ensuth* i.e., ensues.

10 *dam* the female parent (of animals), but also used contemptuously to refer to human mothers.

11 *cloyed* overloaded to the point of weariness or disgust.

12 *want* lack; penury, destitution.

13 *Twit no man in the teeth* taunt, reproach.

[...]

"Use not thy lovely lips to loathsome lies;
By crafty means increase no worldly wealth;
Strive not with mighty men (whose fortune flies);
With temp'rate diet nourish wholesome health.
Place well thy words, leave not thy friend for gold;
First try, then trust; in vent'ring[1] be not bold.

[...]

"Take not a flatt'ring woman to thy wife,
A shameless creature, full of wanton words,
(Whose bad, thy good; whose lust will end thy life,
Cutting thy heart with sharp two-edged swords):
Cast not thy mind on her whose looks allure,
But she that shines in truth and virtue pure.

"Praise not thyself, let other men commend thee;
Bear not a flatt'ring tongue to glaver[2] any;
Let parents' due correction not offend thee;
Rob not thy neighbour; seek the love of many;
Hate not to hear good counsel given thee;
Lay not thy money unto usury.[3]

[...]

"This lear I learned of a beldame trot[4]
(When I was young and wild as now thou art),
But her good counsel I regarded not;
I marked[5] it with my ears, not with my heart:
But now I find it too-too true, my son,
When my age-withered spring is almost done.

"Behold my grey head full of silver hairs,
My wrinkled skin, deep furrows in my face.
Cares bring old age, old age increaseth cares;
My time is come, and I have run my race.
Winter hath snowed upon my hoary head,
And with my winter all my joys are dead.

"And thou love-hating boy, (whom once I loved),
Farewell, a thousand-thousand times farewell;
My tears the marble stones to ruth[6] have moved,
My sad complaints the babbling echoes tell,
And yet thou wouldst take no compassion on me,
Scorning that cross which love hath laid upon me.

"The hardest steel with fire doth mend his miss,[7]
Marble is mollified[8] with drops of rain,
But thou (more hard than steel or marble is)
Dost scorn my tears, and my true love disdain,
Which for thy sake shall everlasting be,
Wrote in the annals of eternity."

By this, the night (with darkness over-spread)
Had drawn the curtains of her coal-black bed,
And Cynthia[9] muffling her face with a cloud,
(Lest all the world of her should be too proud)
Had taken conge[10] of the sable night,
(That wanting[11] her cannot be half so bright);

---

1 *try* test the strength, goodness or value of; *vent'ring* i.e., venturing.
2 *glaver* deceive.
3 *usury* the practice of lending out money at interest, condemned by Scripture and by many commentators in Renaissance England.
4 *lear* lesson, instruction; *beldame trot* "beldame": an aged woman or matron of advanced years; in the sixteenth century often used to address nurses (those who cared for children); "trot": old woman, hag.
5 *marked* heeded, paid attention to.
6 *ruth* pity.
7 *mend his miss* repair the flaw (in the steel).
8 *mollified* made softer.
9 *Cynthia* another name for Diana or Artemis, the goddess of the moon, the hunt, and virginity; one of Elizabeth's classical epithets.
10 *taken conge* made a formal farewell; received formal leave or permission (to go).
11 *wanting* lacking.

When I poor forlorn man and outcast creature
(Despairing of my love, despised of beauty)
Grew male-content,[1] scorning his lovely feature,
That had disdained my ever-zealous duty:
I hied[2] me homeward by the moon-shine light,
Forswearing Love and all his fond delight.

Finis.[3]

—1594

from *Cynthia. With Certain Sonnets, and the Legend of Cassandra.*[4]

[...]

To the Courteous Gentlemen Readers.

Gentlemen, the last term[5] there came forth a little toy[6] of mine entitled *The Affectionate Shepherd*; in the which, his country "Content"[7] found such friendly favour that it hath encouraged me to publish my second fruits—*The Affectionate Shepherd* being the first, howsoever undeservedly (I protest) I have been thought (of some) to have been the author of two books heretofore. I need not to name them, because they are too well-known already, nor will I deny them because they are disliked, but because they are not mine. This protestation (I hope) will satisfy the indifferent;[8] as for them that are maliciously envious, as I cannot so I care not to please. Some there were that did interpret *The Affectionate Shepherd* otherwise than (in truth) I meant, touching the subject thereof, to wit, the love of a shepherd to a boy; a fault the which I will not excuse, because I never made. Only this, I will unshadow my conceit,[9] being nothing else but an imitation of Virgil[10] in the second eclogue of Alexis. In one or two places (in this book[11]) I use the name of Eliza pastorally; wherein, lest anyone should misconstrue my meaning (as I hope none will), I have here briefly discovered my harmless conceit as concerning that name, whereof once (in a simple shepherd's device) I wrote this epigram:

> One name there is, which name above all other
> I most esteem, as time and place shall prove:
> The one is Vesta, th'other Cupid's mother,
> The first my goddess is, the last my love;
> Subject to both I am: to that by birth
> To this for beauty; fairest on the earth.

Thus, hoping you will bear with my rude conceit of Cynthia (if for no other cause, yet, for that it is the first imitation of the verse of that excellent poet Master Spenser, in his *Faerie Queen*), I leave you to the reading of that which I so much desire may breed your delight.

Richard Barnfield.

[...]

---

1 *male-content* malcontent.

2 *hied* hurried.

3 In the last of the volume's pastoral poems, "The Shepherd's Content, Or The Happiness of a Harmless Life. Written Upon Occasion of the Former Subject," the speaker—it is not clear that it is Daphnis—compares the shepherd's life to that of prince, courtier, scholar, soldier, etc.; he finds that only the shepherd enjoys true peace and serenity; he could be said to have the perfect life if not for the tormenting power of love. The poem, however, does not mention the speaker's love for the young boy, focusing instead on love generally as a destructive and debasing force. The poem, however, also includes three verses praising Sir Philip Sidney and lamenting his death (ll. 113-34).

4 The title page includes the Latin epigram "Quod Cupio nequeo" (What I long for I cannot have).

5 *term* the four periods of activity within the legal year (i.e., when the courts were in session): Michaelmas, Hilary, Easter, and Trinity terms.

6 *toy* a trifling piece of writing, a light composition.

7 *"Content"* See p. 772, note 3.

8 *indifferent* unprejudiced.

9 *unshadow my conceit* disclose or reveal my work's governing idea.

10 *Virgil* Publius Virgilius Maro (70-19 BCE), Roman poet, author of *Georgics* and *Eclogues*, which served as a source for the conventional topics and images of Renaissance pastoral poetry. Barnfield refers here to the unrequited and tormenting love of the shepherd Corydon for the beautiful boy Alexis.

11 *in this book* i.e., in *Cynthia, With Certain Sonnets.*

To His Mistress[1]

Bright star of beauty, fairest fair alive,
Rare president[2] of peerless chastity
(In whom the Muses and the Graces strive,[3]
Which shall possess the chiefest part of thee):
Oh, let these simple lines accepted be,
Which here I offer at thy sacred shrine,
Sacred, because sweet beauty is divine.

And though I cannot please each curious[4] ear,
With sugared notes of heavenly harmony,
Yet if my love shall to thyself appear,
No other Muse I will invoke but thee:
And if thou wilt my fair Thalia[5] be,
I'll sing sweet hymns and praises to thy name,
In that clear temple of eternal fame.

But ah (alas) how can mine infant muse
(That never heard of Helicon before)
Perform my promise past, when they refuse
Poor shepherds' plaints? yet will I still adore
Thy sacred name, although I write no more.
Yet hope I shall, if this accepted be,
If not, in silence sleep eternally.

[...]

Sonnet 1

Sporting at fancy, setting light by love,
There came a thief and stole away my heart,
(And therefore robbed me of my chiefest part)
Yet cannot reason him a felon prove:
For why[6] his beauty (my heart's thief) affirmeth,
Piercing no skin (the body's 'fensive wall)
And having leave, and free consent withal,
Himself not guilty, from love guilty tearmeth,
Conscience the judge, twelve reasons are the jury.
They find mine eyes the beauty t'have let in,
And on this verdict given, agreed they bin:[7]
"Wherefore, because his beauty did allure ye,
Your doom is this: in tears still to be drowned,
When his fair forehead with disdain is frowned."

Sonnet 6

Sweet coral lips, where nature's treasure lies,
The balm of bliss, the sovereign salve of sorrow,
The secret touch of love's heart-burning arrow,
Come quench my thirst or else poor Daphnis dies.
One night I dreamed (alas 'twas but a dream)
That I did feel the sweetness of the same,
Where-with inspired, I young again became,
And from my heart a spring of blood did stream;
But when I waked, I found it nothing so,
Save that my limbs (methought) did wax more strong
And I more lusty far, and far more young.
This gift on him rich nature did bestow.
Then if in dreaming so, I so did speed,[8]
What should I do, if I did so indeed?

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[1] Given that the volume's first poem "Cynthia" is an encomium to Elizabeth I, represented under one of her common poetic epithets, clearly Barnfield's "mistress" here is also the Queen.

[2] *president* the original spelling suggests both "precedent" and "ruling authority."

[3] In Hesiod, the Graces (Charites or Gratiae) are three sister-goddesses—Aglaia, Thalia, and Euphrosyne—who embody and have the power to bestow on mortals grace, beauty, and attractiveness. They are often represented as Venus' attendants.

[4] *curious* overly fastidious or exacting.

[5] *Thalia* muse of pastoral and comic poetry (*Classical Dict.*, p. 668).

[6] *For why* because.

[7] *bin* been.

[8] *speed* succeed, prosper; attain (my) desire.

Sonnet 8

Sometimes I wish that I his pillow were,
So might I steal a kiss, and yet not seen,
So might I gaze upon his sleeping eine,[1]
Although I did it with a panting fear.
But when I well consider how vain my wish is,
Ah, foolish bees (think I) that do not suck
His lips for honey, but poor flowers do pluck
Which have no sweet in them, when his sole kisses
Are able to revive a dying soul.
Kiss him, but sting him not, for if you do,
His angry voice your flying will pursue.
But when they hear his tongue, what can control
Their back-return? for then they plain may see
How honey-combs from his lips dropping be.

Sonnet 9

Diana[2] (on a time) walking the wood
To sport herself, of her fair train forlorn,
Chanced for to prick her foot against a thorn,
And from thence issued out a stream of blood.
No sooner she was vanished out of sight,
But love's fair Queen[3] came there away by chance,
And having of this hap a glimm'ring[4] glance,
She put the blood into a crystal bright;
When being now come unto Mount Rhodope,[5]
With her fair hands she forms a shape of snow,
And blends it with this blood, from whence doth grow
A lovely creature, brighter than the day.
And being christened in fair Paphos' shrine,[6]
She called him Ganymede, as all divine.[7]

Sonnet 10

Thus was my love, thus was my Ganymed
(Heaven's joy, world's wonder, nature's fairest work,
In whose aspect[8] hope and despair do lurk)
Made of pure blood in whitest snow yshed,[9]
And for sweet Venus only formed his face,
And his each member delicately framed,
And last of all fair Ganymede him named,
His limbs (as their creatrix) her embrace.
But as for his pure, spotless, virtuous mind,
Because it sprung of chaste Diana's blood
(Goddess of maids, directress of all good),
It wholly is to chastity inclined.
And thus it is: as far as I can prove,[10]
He loves to be beloved, but not to love.

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1 *eine* eyes.

2 *Diana* See p. 771, note 9.

3 *love's fair Queen* Venus.

4 *glimm'ring* glimmering: to see indistinctly or with half-closed eyes.

5 *Mount Rhodope* a very high mountain in Greece, sacred to Bacchus. Rhodope was the wife of Haemus, king of Thrace; she was changed into this mountain as a punishment for boasting that she was more beautiful than Juno, queen of the gods (*Classical Dict.*, p. 588).

6 *Paphos' shrine* There was a famous temple to Venus in the city of Paphos on the isle of Cyprus; the city itself was particularly devoted to the goddess (*Classical Dict.*, pp. 481-82).

7 This account of the birth of Ganymede seems to be Barnfield's invention, and it gives the youth a pedigree acceptable to rank-conscious Elizabethan readers (C. Charles, "Barnfield's Lover's Discourse," *The Affectionate Shepherd: Celebrating Richard Barnfield*, p. 185). As Klawitter notes, however, there is something vaguely Spenserian about Ganymede's apparently immaculate conception, reminding readers of the "birth" of the false Florimel (*Faerie Queene*, 3.8.6). See *Richard Barnfield: The Complete Poems*, p. 232, note 10.

8 *aspect* countenance, look, expression.

9 *yshed* dropped, sprinkled.

10 *prove* find out, learn or know by experience.

Sonnet 11

Sighing and sadly sitting by my love,
He asked the cause of my heart's sorrowing,
Conjuring me by Heaven's eternal king
To tell the cause which me so much did move.
"Compelled," quoth I, "to thee will I confess:
Love is the cause, and only love it is
That doth deprive me of my heavenly bliss.
Love is the pain that doth my heart oppress."
"And what is she," quoth he, "whom thou dost love?"
"Look in this glass," quoth I. "There shalt thou see
The perfect form of my felicity."
When, thinking that it would strange magic prove,
He opened it, and taking off the cover,
He straight perceived himself to be my lover.

Sonnet 12

Some talk of Ganymede th'Idalian boy,[1]
And some of fair Adonis[2] make their boast;
Some talk of him whom lovely Laeda lost,[3]
And some of Echo's love that was so coy.[4]
They speak by heresay, I of perfect truth;
They partially commend the persons named,
And for them sweet encomiums[5] have framed,
I only t'him have sacrificed my youth.
As for those wonders of antiquity,
And those whom later ages have enjoyed,
(But, ah, what hath not cruel death destroyed?
Death, that envies this world's felicity),
They were (perhaps) less fair than poets write,
But he is fairer than I can indite.[6]

Sonnet 14

Here; hold this glove (this milk-white cheveril[7] glove),
Not quaintly over-wrought with curious knots,[8]
Not decked with golden spangs,[9] nor silver spots,
Yet wholesome for thy hand as thou shalt prove.
Ah no, sweet boy, place this glove near thy heart,
Wear it, and lodge it still within thy breast,
So shalt thou make me (most unhappy) blest.
So shalt thou rid my pain, and ease my smart:
How can that be (perhaps) thou wilt reply,
A glove is for the hand not for the heart,
Nor can it well be proved by common art,
Nor reason's rule. To this, thus answer I:
If thou from glove dost take away the g,
Then glove is love: and so I send it thee.

---

[1] Ganymede is called the "Idalian boy" because he was seized by Zeus (Jupiter/Jove) while shepherding his father's flocks on Mount Ida.

[2] *Adonis* the beautiful mortal youth with whom Venus fell in love; while out hunting, Adonis died after being gored by a boar.

[3] *him ... lost* Leda's son, Castor, famously beautiful.

[4] Echo's love was Narcissus, a spectacularly beautiful youth, son of the river god Cephisus and the nymph Liriope. Narcissus rejected Echo and she pined away and died, leaving only her voice behind. Narcissus' "coyness" refers to the overwhelming pride which led him to reject not just Echo, but all the young men and women who desired him.

[5] *encomium* a formal or high-flown expression of praise; a panegyric.

[6] *indite* put into words; express, describe.

[7] *cheveril* kid-skin.

[8] *quaintly over-wrought* elaborately over-decorated or ornamented; *curious knots* overly-intricate, fussy decorations.

[9] *spangs* i.e., spangles, small glittering ornaments.

Sonnet 16

Long have I longed to see my love again,
Still have I wished, but never could obtain it;
Rather than all the world (if I might gain it)
Would I desire my love's sweet precious gain.
Yet in my soul I see him every day,
See him, and see his still stern countenance,
But, ah, what is of long continuance
Where majesty and beauty bears the sway?
Sometimes, when I imagine that I see him,
(As love is full of foolish fantasies)
Weening[1] to kiss his lips, as my love's fees,
I feel but air, nothing but air to be him.
Thus with Ixion, kiss I clouds in vain;
Thus with Ixion, feel I endless pain.[2]

Sonnet 17

Cherry-lipped Adonis in his snowy shape
Might not compare with his pure ivory white,
On whose fair front a poet's pen may write,
Whose rosiate[3] red excels the crimson grape.
His love-enticing delicate soft limbs
Are rarely framed t'intrap poor gazing eyes;
His cheeks the lily and carnation dyes
With lovely tincture which Apollo's dims.[4]
His lips ripe strawberries in nectar wet,
His mouth a hive, his tongue a honey-comb,
Where muses (like bees) make their mansion.
His teeth pure pearl in blushing coral set.
Oh, how can such a body sin-procuring
Be slow to love, and quick to hate, enduring?

Sonnet 20

But now my Muse toiled with continual care
Begins to faint, and slack her former pace,
Expecting favour from that heavenly grace,
That may (in time) her feeble strength repair.
Till when, sweet youth, th'essence of my soul,
(Thou that dost sit and sing at my heart's grief,
Thou that dost send thy shepherd no relief)
Behold these lines, the sons of tears and dole.
Ah, had great Colin,[5] chief of shepherds all,
Or gentle Rowland,[6] my professed friend,
Had they thy beauty or my penance penned,
Greater had been thy fame and less my fall:
But since that everyone cannot be witty,
Pardon I crave of them, and of thee pity.

—1595

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[1] *Weening* expecting, hoping.

[2] Ixion, king of Thessaly, shunned and rejected by all mankind because of his treacherous murder of his father-in-law, Deioneus, was pitied by Jupiter, who invited him to one of the gods' banquets. There, Ixion fell in love with Juno, Jupiter's wife and queen of the gods; his attempts to seduce her, however, were prevented by Jupiter who replaced Juno with a cloud shaped like her. Ixion's punishment was to be bound in hell to an eternally spinning wheel (*Classical Dict.*, p. 333).

[3] *rosiate* rose-coloured.

[4] I.e., which dim the colour of the cheeks of Apollo, Greek god of the sun and famously handsome.

[5] *Colin* Edmund Spenser (?1552-99), known as "Colin" after the shepherd-poet of the same name in his *Shepheardes Calender* (1579) and *Colin Clouts Come Home Againe* (1594).

[6] *Rowland* Michael Drayton (1563-1631) adopted this poetic name in his *Idea: The Shepheardes Garland* (1593).

Edmund Spenser
?1552-1599

Rising from the ranks of the citizenry to a career in civil service, poetic fame, and a monarch's favour, Edmund Spenser embodied late Elizabethan humanist fantasies of literary and political success. A tantalizing combination of an incomplete historical record and autobiographical allusion in his works indicates that he was born in London around 1552, the child of a cloth worker named John and his wife Elizabeth.[1] He was educated at the newly established Merchant Taylors' School under humanist educator Richard Mulcaster and matriculated at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, where he was a sizar or "poor scholar," who performed servant duties in exchange for room and board. In 1573, Spenser's name appears on a list of students awarded the BA and, in 1576, on an MA list.

While at Cambridge, Spenser made his acquaintance with some of the people who would figure significantly in his later literary life, including friend and mentor Gabriel Harvey, who achieved his own fame through a pamphlet war with Thomas Nashe in the 1590s. He also published his first literary effort in this period, translations for Jan van der Noot's miscellany, *Theatre for Worldlings* (1569), later revised as *The Visions of Petrarch* and *The Visions of Bellay* (both 1591). After completing his education, Spenser was left to select one of the avenues available to a young man with an MA, typically a career in the Church, a post as a college fellow leading to a further career as a schoolmaster, or, for the select few, entry into government service. Spenser followed the latter path, beginning with a post as secretary to Dr. John Young, bishop of Rochester, who had been master of Pembroke Hall during Spenser's tenure. Possibly as a result of Young's influence, Spenser moved into service with Robert Dudley, earl of Leicester, by 1579. During this year, he made the acquaintance of Leicester's nephew, Sir Philip Sidney, a young courtier and champion of English letters, and published his first significant work, *The Shepheardes Calender*. Spenser's association with the literary power of the Sidney family provided an entry to the world of Elizabeth's Court that continued even during his long absences from England.

By 1580, a newly married Spenser became secretary to Lord Grey of Wilton, the new lord deputy of Ireland, and spent the rest of of his life largely in that country in a variety of posts. By 1588, he had achieved some stature of his own as owner of Kilcolman Castle in Cork, as well as through his connection to neighbours like Sir Walter Raleigh, to whom he addressed the prefatory epistle to *The Faerie Queene*. While in Ireland in the 1580s, Spenser wrote his epic *Faerie Queene* and presented the first three books to Queen Elizabeth during a visit to England in 1589. These were printed in 1590, with the latter three added in 1596. By 1591, possibly the year in which his first wife died, he returned to Ireland to resume his duties, but also became the recipient of an annual pension of £50. In the last part of his life he rose to some prominence in the civil service as Queen's justice for Cork (1594) and later sheriff (1598). In 1594, he married Elizabeth Boyle after a courtship documented in the *Amoretti* and *Epithalamion*. Spenser's fortunes fell toward the end of the decade when, in 1598, Kilcolman was attacked and burned during the Earl of Tyrone's uprising. He left for London on 9 December 1598, to deliver his report on the Irish situation and died 13 January 1599. Spenser was survived by his wife, Elizabeth, the two children from his first marriage, Katherine and Sylvanus, and Peregrine, the only child of his second marriage.

EDITIONS: *The Complete Works of Edmund Spenser: A Variorum Edition*. Ed. R. Morris. London: Macmillan, 1893.

ADDITIONAL ONLINE TEXTS: "Book II, Canto XII" and "Book III, Canto VI" from *The Faerie Queene* (1590, 1596); from *A View of the Present State of Ireland* (1596; published, 1809).

[1] Biographical details are taken from *Spenser Encycl.*, pp. 668b-671a.

The Shepheardes Calender (1579)

As his first independent published work, *The Shepheardes Calender* (1579) marked Spenser's entry into the world of Elizabethan letters and functioned as a kind of literary apprenticeship in which he integrated multiple genres and the standard set pieces of pastoral poetry, along with experimentation with a wide variety of meters and stanza forms.[1] At the same time, Spenser was concerned with the development of a native literary tradition of a stature similar to the literatures of other powerful cultures. Here Spenser rooted his work in a tradition of pastoral poetry that stretches from classical texts by Virgil and Theocritus to more contemporary Continental works by Sannazaro, Petrarch, Mantuan, and Marot.[2] Carefully woven into this tissue of imitation and allusion is a native English tradition represented by Spenser's use of characters like Colin Clout found in texts by Chaucer and Skelton, along with deliberately archaic language and spelling. The overarching form of the work itself is drawn from a familiar English pastoral almanac, *The Kalender of Shepardes*, whose mixture of folk wisdom, meteorological prediction, and agricultural advice had been in print since the beginning of the century[3] and in existence since the Middle Ages. At the same time, the use of eclogue gestures back to Virgil and Theocritus and consequently functions as a stepping stone toward epic, the pinnacle of a classical poetic career. That Spenser in his opening dialogue, "Januarye," imitates Virgil's second eclogue reinforces the intent he articulates in the prefatory material to the work as a whole: to imitate Virgil's career, in which he progressed from pastoral eclogues to his epic *Aeneid* in a pattern that became known as the "paideia." The result of this complex grounding is the elevation of the English vernacular to the status of a literary language on par with Latin, Italian, and French. Moreover, Spenser's concern with establishing the authority of his text extends to its scholarly apparatus, in which a fictitious editorial figure, identified as "E.K.," adds a series of apparently explanatory notes. In them, E.K.'s pedantic and sometimes misleading commentary creates an air of intellectual authority and the sense that the poem is "a significant statement of a significant poet."[4] E.K. is responsible for the division of the eclogues in *The Shepheardes Calender* into three categories: plaintive, recreative, and moral. It has been argued that the functions of these different groups of eclogues seem to be, respectively, examination of the poet's relationship to the pastoral world, celebration of the idyllic life of shepherds, and allegorical consideration of the problems of contemporary England.[5]

Traditionally, pastoral narratives examined current issues from the idealized perspective of rural life, a position that offers the opportunity to present both praise and critique under the guise of describing the lives of simple shepherds.[6] Spenser exploits this flexibility to respond to contemporary social and political concerns and the poet's role in them. In this sequence of poems, the figure of Colin Clout—the unhappy lover-poet—reappears several times to comment on his lack of progress in wooing Rosalind, while other shepherd characters discuss other topics: problems of patronage, Reformation concerns with ecclesiastical abuses and the question of Christian salvation, and the function of poetry in a Protestant political world. Spenser's version of pastoral thus functions as a fusion of two impulses: idealistic longing for escape from the problems of a world of religio-political power and profound concern with its workings.

from *The Shepheardes Calender*

To His Booke.

Goe little booke: thy selfe present,
As child whose parent is unkent:[7]
To him that is the president[8]
Of noblesse and of chevalree,

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[1] *Spenser Encycl.*, p. 645c.

[2] See J.M. King, *Spenser's Poetry and the Reformation Tradition* (Princeton, 1990), pp. 14-18.

[3] *Spenser Encycl.*, p. 645c.

[4] R. Mallette "Spenser's Portrait of the Artist in *The Shepheardes Calender* and *Colin Clouts Come Home Again*," *Studies in English Literature* 19 (1979): p. 23.

[5] A.C. Hamilton, "The Argument of Spenser's *Shepheardes Calender*," *English Literary History* 23 (1956): pp. 175-76.

[6] See L.A. Montrose, "'Eliza, Queene of shepheardes,' and the Pastoral of Power," *English Literary Renaissance* 10 (1980): pp. 153-82.

[7] *unkent* unknown.

[8] *president* precedent, pattern.

And if that Envie barke at thee,
As sure it will, for succoure flee
Under the shadow of his wing,
And asked, who thee forth did bring,
A shepheards swaine saye did thee sing,
All as his straying flocke he fedde:
And when his honor has thee redde,[1]
Crave pardon for my hardyhedde.[2]
But if that any aske thy name,
Say thou wert base begot with blame:
For thy thereof thou takest shame.
And when thou art past jeopardee,
Come tell me, what was sayd of mee:
And I will send more after thee.
Immeritô.[3]

To the most excellent and learned both Orator and Poete, Mayster Gabriell Harvey,[4] his verie special and singular good friend E.K. commendeth the good lyking of this his labour, and the patronage of the new Poete

Uncouthe unkiste,[5] Sayde the olde famous Poete Chaucer: whom for his excellencie and wonderfull skil in making, his scholler Lidgate,[6] a worthy scholler of so excellent a maister, calleth the Loadestarre of our Language: and whom our Colin Clout in his Æglogue calleth Tityrus the God of shepheards, comparing hym to the worthines of the Roman Tityrus Virgile. Which proverbe, myne owne good friend Ma. Harvey, as in that good old Poete it served well Pandares purpose, for the bolstering of his baudy brocage,[7] so very well taketh place in this our new Poete, who for that he is uncouthe (as said Chaucer) is unkist, and unknown to most men, is regarded but of few. But I dout[8] not, so soone as his name shall come into the knowledg of men, and his worthines be sounded in the tromp[9] of fame, but that he shall be not onely kiste, but also beloved of all, embraced of the most, and wondred at of the best. No lesse I thinke, deserveth his wittinesse in devising, his pithinesse in uttering, his complaints of love so lovely, his discourses of pleasure so pleasantly, his pastorall rudenesse,[10] his morall wisenesse, his dewe[11] observing of Decorum everye where, in personages, in seasons, in matter, in speach, and generally in al seemely simplycitie of handeling his matter, and framing his words: the which of many thinges which in him be straunge, I know will seeme the straungest, the words them selves being so auncient, the knitting of them so short and intricate, and the whole Periode[12] and compasse[13] of speache so delightsome for the roundnesse, and so grave for the straungenesse. And firste of the wordes to speake, I graunt they be something hard, and of most men unused, yet both English, and also used of most excellent Authors and most famous Poetes. In whom whenas this our Poet hath bene much traveiled[14] and throughly redd, how could it be, (as that worthy Oratour sayde) but that walking in the sonne although for other cause he walked, yet needes he mought[15] be sunburnt;[16] and having the sound of those auncient Poetes still ringing in his eares, he mought needes in singing hit out some of theyr tunes. But whether he useth them by such casualtye[17] and custome, or of set purpose and choyse, as thinking them fittest for such rusticall rudenesse of

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1 *redde* seen.
2 *hardyhedde* boldness.
3 *Immeritô* meaning, "the undeserving one."
4 *Gabriell Harvey* Gabriel Harvey (c. 1550-1631), poet, rhetorician, and friend of Spenser from Cambridge.
5 *Uncouthe unkiste* unknown and unrecognized, after Chaucer *Troilus and Criseyde*, l.809.
6 *Lidgate* John Lydgate (?1370-1449), poet in the Chaucerian tradition.
7 *brocage* pimping.
8 *dout* doubt.
9 *tromp* trumpet.
10 *rudenesse* lack of education, ignorance.
11 *dewe* due.
12 *Periode* duration; also, in rhetoric, a complete sentence.
13 *compasse* boundary.
14 *traveiled* studied, worked at.
15 *mought* must, ought to be.
16 *Oratour … sunburnt* from Cicero *De Oratore* 2.14.60. The "Oratour" is Antonius.
17 *casualtye* chance, accident.

shepheards, eyther for that theyr rough sounde would make his rymes more ragged and rustical, or els because such olde and obsolete wordes are most used of country folke, sure I think, and think I think not amisse, that they bring great grace and, as one would say, auctoritie[1] to the verse [...] as in most exquisite pictures they use to blaze and portraict[2] not onely the daintie lineaments of beautye, but also rounde about it to shadow the rude thickets and craggy clifts, that by the basenesse of such parts, more excellency may accrew to the principall; for oftimes we fynde ourselves, I knowe not how, singularly delighted with the shewe of such naturall rudeness, and take great pleasure in that disorderly order. Even so doe those rough and harsh termes enlumine and make more clearly to appeare the brightnesse of brave and glorious words. So oftentimes a dischorde in Musick maketh a comely concordaunce: so great delight tooke the worthy Poete Alceus[3] to behold a blemish in the joynt of a wel shaped body. But if any will rashly blame such his purpose in choyse of old and unwonted words, him may I more justly blame and condemne, or of witlesse headinesse in judging, or[4] of heedlesse hardinesse[5] in condemning; for not marking the compasse of hys bent, he wil judge of the length of his cast. For in my opinion it is one special prayse, of many whych are dew to this Poete, that he hath laboured to restore, as to theyr rightfull heritage such good and naturall English words, as have ben long time out of use and almost cleane disherited. Which is the onely cause, that our Mother tonge, which truely of it self is both ful enough for prose and stately enough for verse, hath long time ben counted most bare and barrein of both. Which default when as some endevoured to salve and recure, they patched up the holes with peces and rags of other languages, borrowing here of the French, there of the Italian, every where of the Latine, not weighing how il, those tongues accorde with themselves, but much worse with ours: So now they have made our English tongue, a gallimaufray[6] or hodgepodge of al other speches. Other some not so wel seene in the English tonge as perhaps in other languages, if they happen to here an olde word albeit very naturall and significant, crye out streight way, that we speak no English, but gibbrish, or rather such, as in old time Evanders mother[7] spake. Whose first shame is, that they are not ashamed, in their own mother tonge straungers to be counted and alienes. The second shame no lesse then the first, that what so they understand not, they streight way deeme to be sencelesse, and not at al to be understode. Much like to the Mole in Æsopes fable, that being blynd her selfe, would in no wise be perswaded, that any beast could see. The last more shameful then both, that of their owne country and natural speach, which together with their Nources[8] milk they sucked, they have so base regard and bastard judgement, that they will not onely themselves not labor to garnish and beautifie it, but also repine,[9] that of other it shold be embellished. Like to the dogge in the maunger, that him selfe can eate no hay, and yet barketh at the hungry bullock, that so faine would feede: whose currish kind though it cannot be kept from barking, yet I conne them thanke that they refrain from byting.

Now for the knitting of sentences, whych they call the joynts and members therof, and for al the compasse of the speach, it is round without roughnesse, and learned wythout hardnes, such indeede as may be perceived of the leaste, understoode of the moste, but judged onely of the learned. For what in most English wryters useth to be loose, and as it were ungyrt, in this Authour is well grounded, finely framed, and strongly trussed

1 *auctoritie* authority.

2 *pourtraict* portray.

3 *Alceus* Greek poet (c. 620-580 BCE), many of whose lyrics dealt with contemporary politics (*TIM*).

4 *or ... or* either ... or.

5 *hardinesse* boldness, audacity.

6 *gallimaufray* heterogeneous mixture, confused jumble.

7 *Evander's mother* Carmenta, a prophetic goddess. Evander was regarded as the first settler of Rome and he welcomed Aeneas on the Palatine Hill when the latter sought aid in battle against the Latins (*OCD*).

8 *Nources* nurse's (i.e., wetnurse).

9 *repine* complain.

up together. In regard wherof, I scorne and spue out the rakehellye[1] route of our ragged rymers (for so themselves use to hunt the letter) which without learning boste, without judgement jangle, without reason rage and fome, as if some instinct of Poeticall spirite had newly ravished them above the meanenesse of commen capacitie. [...]

Nethelesse let them a God's name feede on theyr owne folly, so they seeke not to darken the beames of others glory. As for Colin, under whose person the Author selfe is shadowed, how furre he is from such vaunted titles and glorious showes, both him selfe sheweth, where he sayeth.

> Of Muses Hobbin. I conne no skill. And,
> Enough is me to paint out my unrest, &c.

And also appeareth by the basenesse of the name, wherein, it semeth, he chose rather to unfold great matter of argument covertly, then professing it, not suffice thereto accordingly. Which moved him rather in Æglogues,[2] then other wise to write, doubting perhaps his habilitie, which he little needed, or mynding to furnish our tongue with this kinde, wherein it faulteth, or following the example of the best and most auncient Poetes, which devised this kind of wryting, being both so base for the matter, and homely for the manner, at the first to trye theyr habilities: and as young birdes, that be newly crept out of the nest, by little first to prove theyr tender wyngs, before they make a greater flyght. So flew Theocritus,[3] as you may perceive he was all ready full fledged. So flew Virgile, as not yet well feeling his winges. So flew Mantuane,[4] as being not full somd.[5] So Petrarque. So Boccace; So Marot, Sanazarus,[6] and also divers other excellent both Italian and French Poetes, whose foting[7] this Author every where followeth, yet so as few, but they be wel sented can trace him out. So finally flyeth this our new Poete, as a bird, whose principals[8] be scarce growen out, but yet as that in time shall be hable to keepe wing with the best.

Now as touching the generall dryft and purpose of his Æglogues, I mind not to say much, him selfe labouring to conceale it. Onely this appeareth, that his unstayed yougth had long wandred in the common Labyrinth of Love, in which time to mitigate and allay the heate of his passion, or els to warne (as he sayth) the young shepheard .s. his equalls and companions of his unfortunate folly, he compiled these xij. Æglogues, which for that they be proportioned to the state of xij. monethes, he termeth the Shepheards Calendar, applying an olde name to a new worke.[9] Hereunto have I added a certain Glosse or scholion for th'exposition of old wordes and harder phrases: which maner of glosing and commenting, well I wote, wil seeme straunge and rare in our tongue: yet for so much as I knew many excellent and proper devises both in wordes and matter would passe in the speedy course of reading, either as unknowen, or as not marked,[10] and that in this kind, as in other we might be equal to the learned of other nations, I thought good to take the paines upon me, the rather for that by meanes of some familiar acquaintaunce I was made privie to his counsell and secret meaning in them, as also in sundry other works of his. [...] These my present paynes if to any they be pleasurable or profitable, be you judge, mine own good Maister Harvey, to whom I have both in respect of your worthinesse generally, and otherwyse upon some

[1] *rakehellye* rascally, immoral.

[2] *Æglogues* i.e., eclogues: short pastoral poems typically in dialogue form, particularly those by Virgil.

[3] *Theocritus* (c. 310-250 BCE), last of the great poets of ancient Greece noted for his use of the eclogue form. He initiated the literary pastoral with his *Idylls* (*Spenser Encycl.*, p. 685c).

[4] *Mantuane* Giovanni Baptista Spagnolo (1448-1516) was author of neo-Latin eclogues used as a school text throughout Europe in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries (*Spenser Encycl.*, p. 452b).

[5] *somd* having the feathers full grown.

[6] *Petrarque ... Sanazarus* European poets who wrote eclogues (*Variorum*).

[7] *foting* footing, i.e., path.

[8] *principals* each of the two principal feathers in each wing (the two outermost primaries).

[9] *olde name ... new worke* The old *Kalender of Shepardes* was a medley of verse and prose containing information on topics ranging from the saints of the whole year, the signs of the zodiac, the properties of the twelve months of the year, rules for bloodletting, proverbial knowledge, etc. It appeared in seven editions between 1503 and 1559. Spenser's *Shepheardes Calender* replaces the *Kalender*'s Roman Catholic doctrine with Protestant (*Variorum*).

[10] *not marked* not noticed or observed.

particular and special considerations voued[1] this my labour, and the maydenhead of this our commen frends Poetrie, himselfe having already in the beginning dedicated it to the Noble and worthy Gentleman, the right worshipfull Ma. Phi. Sidney,[2] a special favourer and maintainer of all kind of learning. Whose cause I pray you Sir, yf Envie shall stur up any wrongful accusasion, defend with your mighty Rhetorick and other your rare gifts of learning, as you can, and shield with your good wil, as you ought, against the malice and outrage of so many enemies, as I know wilbe set on fire with the sparks of his kindled glory. And thus recommending the Author unto you, as unto his most special good frend, and my selfe unto you both, as one making singuler account of two so very good and so choise frends, I bid you both most hartely farwel, and commit you and your most commendable studies to the tuicion of the greatest.

Your owne assuredly to be commaunded
E.K.

[...]

Januarye.

ARGUMENT

In this fyrst Æglogue[3] *Colin Cloute a shepheardes boy complaineth him of his unfortunate love, being but newly (as semeth) enamoured of a countrie lasse called Rosalinde: with which strong affection being very sore traveled, he compareth his carefull case*[4] *to the sadde season of the yeare, to the frostie ground, to the frosen trees, and to his owne winterbeaten flocke. And lastlye, fynding himselfe robbed of all former pleasaunce and delights, hee breaketh his Pipe*[5] *in peeces, and casteth him selfe to the ground.*

COLIN CLOUTE

A Shepeheards boye (no better doe him call)
When Winters wastful spight was almost spent,
All in a sunneshine day, as did befall,
Led forth his flock, that had bene long ypent.[6]
So faynt they woxe,[7] and feeble in the folde,
That now unnethes their feete could them uphold.

All as the Sheepe, such was the shepeheards looke,
For pale and wanne he was, (alas the while,)
May seeme he loved, or els some care he tooke:
Well couth he tune his pipe, and frame his stile.
Tho to a hill his faynting flocke he ledde,
And thus him playnd,[8] the while his shepe there fedde.

Ye Gods of love, that pitie lovers payne,
(If any gods the paine of lovers pitie:)
Looke from above, where you in joyes remaine,
And bowe your eares unto my dolefull dittie.
And Pan[9] thou shepheards God, that once didst love,
Pitie the paines, that thou thy selfe didst prove.

Thou barrein ground, whome winters wrath hath wasted,
Art made a myrhhour, to behold my plight:
Whilome thy fresh spring flowrd, and after hasted
Thy sommer prowde with Daffadillies dight.[10]
And now is come thy wynters stormy state,
Thy mantle mard, wherein thou maskedst late.

Such rage as winters, reigneth in my heart,
My life bloud friesing with unkindly cold:
Such stormy stoures[11] do breede my balefull smart,[12]
As if my yeare were wast, and woxon old.

---

1 *voued* vowed.

2 *Ma. Phi. Sidney* Sir Philip Sidney (1554-86), friend of Spenser and author of a pastoral romance and a treatise on poetry (*A Defence of Poesy*).

3 *this fyrst Æglogue* amorous complaint modelled on Virgil's Eclogue 2 (*Spenser Encycl.*, p. 646a).

4 *carefull case* troublesome situation.

5 *Pipe* panpipe or oaten reed, a symbol of poetic composition or song in classical poetry (*Yale*).

6 *ypent* confined, penned-up.

7 *woxe* grew.

8 *playnd* bewailed, deplored.

9 *Pan* god of the pastures.

10 *dight* decked.

11 *stoures* times of turmoil and stress. This usage originates with Spenser.

12 *balefull smart* painful pain (*Yale*).

And yet alas, but now my spring begonne,
And yet alas, yt is already donne.

You naked trees, whose shady leaves are lost,
Wherein the byrds were wont to build their bowre:
And now are clothd with mosse and hoary frost,
Instede of bloosmes, wherwith your buds did flowre:
I see your teares, that from your boughes doe raine,
Whose drops in drery ysicles remaine.

All so my lustfull leafe is drye and sere,
My timely buds with wayling all are wasted:
The blossome, which my braunch of youth did beare,
With breathed sighes is blowne away, and blasted
And from mine eyes the drizling teares descend,
As on your boughes the ysicles depend.

Thou feeble flocke, whose fleece is rough and rent,[1]
Whose knees are weake through fast and evill fare:
Mayst witnesse well by thy ill governement,
Thy maysters mind is overcome with care.
Thou weake, I wanne: thou leane, I quite forlorne:
With mourning pyne I, you with pyning mourne.

A thousand sithes[2] I curse that carefull hower,
Wherein I longd the neighbour towne to see:
And eke tenne thousand sithes I blesse the stoure,
Wherein I sawe so fayre a sight, as shee.
Yet all for naught: such sight hath bred my bane.
Ah God, that love should breede both joy and payne.

It is not *Hobbinol*,[3] wherefore I plaine,
Albee my love he seeke with dayly suit:
His clownish gifts and curtsies I disdaine,
His kiddes, his cracknelles, and his early fruit.
Ah foolish *Hobbinol*, thy gyfts bene vayne:
Colin them gives to *Rosalind* againe.

I love thilke[4] lasse, (alas why doe I love?)
And am forlorne, (alas why am I lorne?)
Shee deignes not my good will, but doth reprove,
And of my rurall musick holdeth scorne.
Shepheards devise[5] she hateth as the snake,
And laughes the songes, that *Colin Clout* doth make.

Wherefore my pype, albee[6] rude *Pan* thou please,
Yet for thou pleasest not, where most I would:
And thou unlucky Muse, that wontst to ease
My musing mynd, yet canst not, when thou should:
Both pype and Muse, shall sore the while abye.[7]
So broke his oaten pype, and downe dyd lye.

By that, the welked[8] Phœbus[9] gan availe,
His weary waine, and nowe the frosty Night
Her mantle black through heaven gan overhaile.
Which seene, the pensife boy halfe in despight
Arose, and homeward drove his sonned[10] sheepe,
Whose hanging heads did seeme his carefull case to weepe.

Colins Embleme.
Anchôra speme.[11]

---

1 *rent* torn, ragged.
2 *sithes* times, occasions.
3 *Hobbinol* reference to Gabriel Harvey, Spenser's Cambridge friend.
4 *thilke* that, this.
5 *devise* song, speech; possibly, "appearance" (*Yale*).
6 *albee* although.
7 *abye* abide.
8 *welked* faded.
9 *Phœbus* god of the sun (i.e., setting sun).
10 *sonned* sunned.
11 *Anchôra speme* Italian, "There is yet hope," alluding to the Christian symbol of the anchor of hope (Hebrews 6:18-19) (*Spenser Encycl.*, p. 652b).

GLOSSE

COLIN CLOUTE) is a name not greatly used, and yet have I sene a Poesie of M. Skelton's[1] under that title. But indeede the word Colin is Frenche, and used of the French Poete Marot (if he be worthy of the name of a Poete) in a certein Æglogue. Under which name this Poete secretly shadoweth himself, as sometime did Virgil under the name of Tityrus, thinking it much fitter, then such Latine names, for the great unlikelyhoode of the language.

unnethes) scarcely.

couthe) commeth of the verbe Conne, that is, to know or to have skill. As well interpreteth the same the worthy Sir Tho. Smitth[2] in his booke of government: wherof I have a perfect copie in wryting, lent me by his kinseman, and my verye singular good freend, M. Gabriel Harvey: as also of some other his most grave and excellent wrytings.

Sythe) time.

Neighbour towne) the next towne: expressing the Latine Vicina.

Stoure) a fitt.

Sere) withered.

His clownish gyfts) imitateth Virgils verse,
Rusticus es Corydon, nec munera curat Alexis.[3]

Hobbinol) is a fained country name, whereby, it being so commune and usuall, seemeth to be hidden the person of some his very speciall and most familiar freend, whom he entirely and extraordinarily beloved, as peradventure[4] shall be more largely declared hereafter. In thys place seemeth to be some savour of disorderly love, which the learned call pæderastice:[5] but it is gathered beside his meaning. For who that hath read Plato his dialogue called Alcybiades,[6] Xenophon and Maximus Tyrius of Socrates opinions, may easily perceive, that such love is muche to be alowed and liked of, specially so meant, as Socrates used it: who sayeth, that in deede he loved Alcybiades extremely, yet not Alcybiades person, but hys soule, which is Alcybiades owne selfe. And so is pæderastice much to be præferred before gynerastice, that is the love whiche enflameth men with lust toward woman kind. But yet let no man thinke, that herein I stand with Lucian or hys devilish disciple Unico Aretino,[7] in defence of execrable and horrible sinnes of forbidden and unlawfull fleshlinesse. Whose abominable errour is fully confuted of Perionius,[8] and others.

I love) a prety Epanorthosis in these two verses, and withall a Paronomasia or playing with the word, where he sayth I love thilke lasse alas &c.

Rosalinde) is also a feigned name, which being wel ordered, wil bewray[9] the very name of hys love and mistresse, whom by that name he coloureth. So as Ovide shadoweth hys love under the name of Corynna,[10] which of some is supposed to be Julia, themperor Augustus his daughter, and wyfe to Agryppa. So doth Aruntius Stella every where call his Lady Asteris and Ianthis, albe it is wel knowen that her right name was Violantilla: as witnesseth Statius in his Epithalamium. And so the famous Paragone of Italy, Madonna Cœlia in her letters envelopeth her selfe under the name of Zima: and Petrona under the name of Bellochia. And this generally hath bene a common custome of counterfeicting the names of secret Personages.

---

[1] *Skelton* John Skelton (c. 1460-1529; see above pp. 1-9), Henrician poet laureate, wrote an ecclesiastical satire lampooning Cardinal Wolsey, entitled *Colin Clout* (1529) after its central character, a shrewdly observant clerk (*Spenser Encycl.*, p. 660a). Clément Marot, a Huguenot poet, also assumed the name in his elegy for the mother of Francis I (*Variorum*).

[2] *Sir Tho. Smitth* Thomas Smith, Greek professor, ambassador, secretary of state, and author of the *Common Wealth of England* (1565). During the 1570s he helped Gabriel Harvey obtain his fellowship at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge.

[3] *Rusticus es ... Alexis* Latin, "Corydon is a bumpkin and Alexis does not pay attention to gifts."

[4] *peradventure* by chance.

[5] *pæderastice* the erotic and sexual passion that one man feels for another.

[6] *Alcybiades* (c. 450-404 BCE), Athenian general and statesman and friend of Socrates (*OCD*).

[7] *Aretino* Pietro Aretino (1492-1556), author of a number of particularly lascivious plays and satires (*Oxford Companion*).

[8] *Perionius* Joachim Perionius (?1499-1559), a Benedictine humanist who made an attack on Aretino.

[9] *bewray* disclose, reveal.

[10] *Corynna* See Ovid, *Amores* 1.5,11; 2.12,13,17.

Avail) bring downe.
Overhaile) drawe over.

Embleme.

His Embleme or Poesye is here under added in Italian, Anchôra speme: the meaning whereof is, that notwithstandeing his extreme passion and lucklesse love, yet leaning on hope, he is some what recomforted.

Aprill.[1]

ARGUMENT

This Æglogue is purposely intended to the honor and prayse of our most gracious sovereigne, Queene Elizabeth. The speakers herein be Hobbinoll and Thenott, two shepheardes: the which Hobbinoll being before mentioned, greatly to have loved Colin, is here set forth more largely, complayning him of that boyes great misadventure in Love, whereby his mynd was alienate and with drawen not onely from him, who moste loved him, but also from all former delightes and studies, as well in pleasaunt pyping, as conning ryming and singing, and other his laudable exercises. Whereby he taketh occasion, for proofe of his more excellencie and skill in poetrie, to recorde a songe, which the sayd Colin sometime made in honor of her Majestie, whom abruptely he termeth Elysa.[2]

THENOT. HOBBINOLL.

Tell me good Hobbinoll, what garres thee greete?
What? hath some Wolfe thy tender Lambes ytorne?
Or is thy Bagpype broke, that soundes so sweete?
Or art thou of thy loved lasse forlorne?

Or bene thine eyes attempred to the yeare,
Quenching the gasping furrowes thirst with rayne?
Like April shoure, so stremes the trickling teares
Adowne thy cheeke, to quenche thy thristye payne.

HOBBINOLL.

Nor thys, nor that, so muche doeth make me mourne,
But for the ladde, whome long I lovd so deare,
Nowe loves a lasse, that all his love doth scorne:
He plongd[3] in payne, his tressed[4] locks dooth teare.

Shepheards delights he dooth them all forsweare,
Hys pleasaunt Pipe, whych made us meriment,
He wylfully hath broke, and doth forbeare
His wonted songs, wherein he all outwent.[5]

THENOT.

What is he for a Ladde, you so lament?
Ys love such pinching payne to them, that prove?
And hath he skill to make so excellent,
Yet hath so little skill to brydle love.

HOBBINOLL.

Colin thou kenst, the Southerne shepheardes boye:[6]
Him Love hath wounded with a deadly darte.
Whilome on him was all my care and joye,
Forcing with gyfts to winne his wanton heart.

But now from me hys madding mynd is starte,
And woes the Widdowes daughter of the glenne:
So nowe fayre *Rosalind* hath bredde hys smart,
So now his frend is chaunged for a frenne.

THENOT.

But if hys ditties bene so trimly dight,
I pray thee *Hobbinoll*, recorde some one:
The whiles our flockes doe graze about in sight,
And we close shrowded in thys shade alone.

---

[1] *Aprill* Models for Colin's panegyric of Elisa can be found in Theocritus' Idyll 17 and Virgil's Eclogue 4 (*Spenser Encycl.*, p. 647a).

[2] *Elysa* Eliza, short form of Elizabeth.

[3] *plongd* plunged.

[4] *tressed* curled.

[5] *outwent* surpassed.

[6] *Southerne shepheardes boye* John Young, bishop of Rochester and former master of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, which was Spenser's college. He was Young's secretary in 1578 (*Variorum*).

HOBBINOLL.

Contented I: then will I singe his laye[1]
Of fayre *Eliza*, Queene of shepheardes all:
Which once he made, as by a spring he laye,
And tuned it unto the Waters fall.

Ye daynty Nymphs, that in this blessed Brooke
Doe bathe your brest,
Forsake your watry bowres, and hether looke,[2]
At my request:
And eke you Virgins, that on *Parnasse* dwell,
Whence floweth *Helicon* the learned well,
Helpe me to blaze
Her worthy praise,
Which in her sexe doth all excell.

Of fayre *Elisa* be your silver song,
That blessed wight:[3]
The flowre of Virgins, may shee florish long,
In princely plight.
For shee is *Syrinx* daughter without spotte,
Which *Pan*[4] the shepheards God of her begot:
So sprong her grace
Of heavenly race,
No mortall blemishe may her blotte.

See, where she sits upon the grassie greene,
(O seemely sight)
Ycald in Scarlot like a mayden Queene,
And Ermines white.
Upon her head a Cremosin[5] coronet,
With Damaske roses and Daffadillies set:
Bayleaves betweene,
And Primroses greene
Embellish the sweete Violet.

Tell me, have ye seene her angelick face,
Like *Phœbe* fayre?
Her heavenly haveour,[6] her princely grace
Can you well compare?
The Redde rose medled with the White[7] yfere,
In either cheeke depeincten[8] lively chere.
Her modest eye,
Her Majestie,
Where have you seene the like, but there?

I sawe *Phœbus* thrust out his golden hedde,
Upon her to gaze:
But when he sawe, how broade her beames did spredde,
It did him amaze.
He blusht to see another Sunne belowe,
Ne durst againe his fyrye face out showe:
Let him, if he dare,
His brightnesse compare
With hers, to have the overthrowe.

Shewe thy selfe *Cynthia*[9] with thy silver rayes,
And be not abasht:
When shee the beames of her beauty displayes,
O how art thou dasht?
But I will not match her with *Latonaes* seede,[10]
Such follie great sorow to *Niobe* did breede.
Now she is a stone,
And makes dayly mone,
Warning all other to take heede.

Pan may be proud, that ever he begot
Such a Bellibone,
And *Syrinx* rejoyse, that ever was her lot
To beare such an one.
Soone as my younglings cryen for the dam,

---

1 *laye* short lyric or narrative poem intended to be sung (*Oxford Companion*).

2 *hether looke* i.e., look here.

3 *wight* person.

4 *Syrinx ... Pan* Syrinx was a nymph from Artemis' company who was pursued by Pan. In order to preserve her virginity, she begged the river nymphs to help her and they turned her into a bed of reeds. Upon reaching the river, Pan made his pipes from the same reeds (*Dict. Gods and Mortals*).

5 *Cremosin* crimson.

6 *haveour* bearing.

7 *Redde rose ... White* As well as being a conventional representation of female beauty, the red rose superimposed on a white rose was the emblem of the house of Tudor.

8 *depeincten* depict.

9 *Cynthia* goddess of the moon.

10 *Latonaes seede* Apollo and Diana, who killed the children of Niobe after the latter bragged that she had fourteen to Latona's (or Leto's) two (*Dict. Gods and Mortals*). See Ovid, *Metamorphoses,* Book 6.

To her will I offer a milkwhite Lamb:
Shee is my goddesse plaine,
And I her shepherds swayne,[1]
Albee forswonck and forswatt I am.

I see *Calliope*[2] speede her to the place,
Where my Goddesse shines:
And after her the other Muses trace,
With their Violines.
Bene they not Bay braunches, which they doe beare,
All for *Elisa* in her hand to weare?
So sweetely they play,
And sing all the way,
That it a heaven is to heare.

Lo how finely the Graces can it foote
To the Instrument:
They dauncen deffly,[3] and singen soote,[4]
In their meriment.
Wants not a fourth Grace, to make the daunce even?
Let that rowme to my Lady be yeven:
She shalbe a grace,
To fyll the fourth place,
And reigne with the rest in heaven.

And whither rennes this bevie of Ladies bright,
Raunged in a rowe?
They bene all Ladyes of the lake behight,
That unto her goe.
Chloris, that is the chiefest Nymph of al,
Of Olive braunches beares a Coronall:
Olives bene for peace,
When wars doe surcease:
Such for a Princesse bene principall.

Ye shepheards daughters, that dwell on the greene,
Hye[5] you there apace:
Let none come there, but that Virgins bene,
To adorne her grace.
And when you come, whereas shee is in place,
See, that your rudenesse doe not you disgrace:
Binde your fillets[6] faste,
And gird in your waste,
For more finesse, with a tawdrie lace.

Bring hether the Pincke and purple Cullambine,
With Gelliflowres:
Bring Coronations, and Sops in wine,
Worne of Paramoures.
Strowe me the ground with Daffadowndillies
And Cowslips, and Kingcups, and loved Lillies:
The pretie Pawnce,
And the Chevissaunce,
Shall match with the fayre flowre Delice.[7]

Now ryse up *Elisa*, decked as thou art,
In royall aray:
And now ye daintie Damsells may depart
Eche one her way,
I feare, I have troubled your troupes to longe:
Let dame *Elisa* thanke you for her song.
And if you come hether,
When Damsines[8] I gether,
I will part with them all you among.

THENOT.

And was thilk[9] same song of *Colins* owne making?
Ah foolish boy, that is with love yblent:
Great pittie is, he be in such taking,
For naught caren, that bene so lewdly bent.

---

1 *swayne* male servant.
2 *Calliope* Muse of heroic epic.
3 *deffly* deftly.
4 *soote* sweet(ly).
5 *hye* hasten.
6 *fillets* headbands.
7 *Pincke, Cullambine, Gelliflowres, Coronations, Sops in wine, Pawnce, flowre Delice* i.e., pinks, columbine, gillyflowers (clove pinks), carnations, clove pink used to flavour wine, pansy, fleur de lis. The last was the French royal emblem, significant because Elizabeth I's title proclaimed her Queen of France.
8 *Damsines* damsons, small blue plums.
9 *thilk* this.

HOBBINOLL.

Sicker[1] I hold him, for a greater fon,[2]
That loves the thing, he cannot purchase.
But let us homeward: for night draweth on,
And twincling starres the daylight hence chase.

Thenots Embleme.
O quam te memorem virgo?

Hobbinols Embleme.
O dea certe.[3]

GLOSSE.

Gars thee greete) causeth thee weepe and complain.

Forlorne) left and forsaken.

Attempred to the yeare) aggreable to the season of the yeare, that is Aprill, which moneth is most bent to shoures and seasonable rayne: to quench, that is, to delaye the drought, caused through drynesse of March wyndes.

The Ladde) Colin Clout.

The Lasse) Rosalinda.

Tressed locks) wrethed and curled.

Is he for a ladde) A straunge manner of speaking .s. what maner of Ladde is he?

To make) to rime and versifye. For in this word making, our olde Englishe Poetes were wont to comprehend all the skil of Poetrye, according to the Greeke woorde ποιεῖν,[4] to make, whence commeth the name of Poetes.

Colin thou kenst) knowest. Seemeth hereby that Colin perteyneth to some Southern noble man, and perhaps in Surrye or Kent, the rather bicause he so often nameth the Kentish downes, and before, As lythe as lasse of Kent.

The Widowes) He calleth Rosalind the Widowes daughter of the glenne, that is, of a country Hamlet or borough, which I thinke is rather sayde to coloure and concele the person, then simply spoken. For it is well knowen, even in spighte of Colin and Hobbinoll, that shee is a Gentle woman of no meane house, nor endewed with anye vulgare and common gifts both of nature and manners: but suche indeede, as neede nether Colin be ashamed to have her made knowne by his verses, nor Hobbinoll be greved, that so she should be commended to immortalitie for her rare and singular Vertues: Specially deserving it no lesse, then eyther Myrto the most excellent Poete Theocritus his dearling, or Lauretta the divine Petrarches Goddesse, or Himera the worthye Poete Stesichorus[5] hys Idole: Upon whom he is sayd so much to have doted, that in regard of her excellencie, he scorned and wrote against the beauty of Helena. For which his præsemptuous and unheedie hardinesse, he is sayde by vengeaunce of the Gods, thereat being offended, to have lost both his eyes.

Frenne) a straunger. The word I thinke was first poetically put, and afterwarde used in commen custome of speach for forenne.

Dight) adorned.

Laye) a songe. As Roundelayes and Virelayes.[6] In all this songe is not to be respected, what the worthinesse of her Majestie deserveth, nor what to the highnes of a Prince is agreeable, but what is moste comely for the meanesse of a shepheards witte, or to conceive, or to utter. And therefore he calleth her Elysa, as through rudenesse tripping in her name: and a shepheards daughter, it being very unfit, that a shepheards boy brought up in the shepefold, should know, or ever seme to have heard of a Queenes roialty.

Ye daintie) is, as it were an Exordium ad preparandos animos.[7]

---

[1] *Sicker* surely.

[2] *fon* fool.

[3] *O quam te memorem virgo? ... O dea certe* Latin, "Oh what shall I call thee, virgin? ... Oh goddess surely!" Both Thenot's and Hobbinoll's emblems are from the same incident in *Aeneid* Book 1, in which Aeneas mistakes his mother Venus for Diana (*Spenser Encycl.*, p. 652c).

[4] *ποιεῖν poiein* (Greek), "to do, make, create" (*Yale*).

[5] *Myrto … Stesichorus* pairs of classical and Italian love poets and the ladies who inspired their poetry.

[6] *Roundelayes and Virelayes roundelays* short simple songs with refrains; *virelays* songs or short lyric pieces, of a type originating in France in the fourteenth century, usually consisting of short lines arranged in stanzas with only two rhymes, the end-rhyme of one stanza being the chief one of the next.

[7] *Exordium ad preparandos animos* Latin, "an introduction to prepare the hearers" (*Yale*).

Virgins) the nine Muses, daughters of Apollo and Memorie, whose abode the Poets faine to be on Parnassus, a hill in Grece, for that in that countrye specially florished the honor of all excellent studies.

Helicon) is both the name of a fountaine at the foote of Parnassus, and also of a mounteine in Bæotia, out of which floweth the famous Spring Castalius, dedicate also to the Muses: of which spring it is sayd, that when Pegasus the winged horse of Perseus (whereby is meant fame and flying renowme) strooke the grownde with his hoofe, sodenly thereout sprange a wel of moste cleare and pleasaunte water, which fro thence forth was consecrate to the Muses and Ladies of learning.

Your silver song) seemeth to imitate the lyke in Hesiodus

ἀργυρέον μέλος.[1]

Syrinx) is the name of a Nymphe of Arcadie, whom when Pan being in love pursued, she flying from him, of the Gods was turned into a reede. So that Pan catching at the Reedes in stede of the Damosell, and puffing hard (for he was almost out of wind) with hys breath made the Reedes to pype: which he seeing, tooke of them, and in remembraunce of his lost love, made him a pype thereof. But here by Pan and Syrinx is not to bee thoughte, that the shephearde simplye meante those Poetical Gods: but rather supposing (as seemeth) her graces progenie to be divine and immortall (so as the Paynims were wont to judge of all Kinges and Princes, according to Homeres saying.

Θυμὸς δὴ μέγας ἐστὶ διοτρεφέως βασιλήως
τιμὴ δ᾽ ἐκ διός ἐστι, φιλεῖ δε ὸ μητίετα Ζεύς[2])

could devise no parents in his judgement so worthy for her, as Pan the shepeheards God, and his best beloved Syrinx. So that by Pan is here meant the most famous and victorious King, her highnesse Father, late of worthy memorye K. Henry the eyght. And by that name, oftymes (as hereafter appeareth) be noted kings and mighty Potentates: And in some place Christ himselfe, who is the verye Pan and god of Shepheardes.

Cremosin coronet) he deviseth her crowne to be of the finest and most delicate flowers, instede of perles and precious stones, wherewith Princes Diademes use to bee adorned and embost.

Embellish) beautifye and set out.

Phebe) the Moone, whom the Poets faine to be sister unto Phæbus, that is the Sunne.

Medled) mingled.

Yfere) together. By the mingling of the Redde rose and the White, is meant the uniting of the two principall houses of Lancaster and of Yorke: by whose longe discord and deadly debate, this realm many yeares was sore traveiled, and almost cleane decayed. Til the famous Henry the seventh, of the line of Lancaster, taking to wife the most vertuous Princesse Elisabeth, daughter to the fourth Edward of the house of Yorke, begat the most royal Henry the eyght aforesayde, in whom was the firste union of the Whyte Rose and the Redde.

Calliope) one of the nine Muses: to whome they assigne the honor of all Poetical Invention, and the firste glorye of the Heriocall verse. Other say, that shee is the Goddesse of Rhetorick: but by Virgile it is manifeste, that they mystake the thyng. For there in hys Epigrams, that arte semeth to be attributed to Polymnia, saying:

> Signat cuncta manu, loquiturque
> Polymnia gestu.[3]

which seemeth specially to be meant of Action and elocution, both special partes of Rhetorick: besyde that her name, which (as some construe it) importeth great remembraunce, conteineth another part. But I holde rather with them, which call her Polymnia or Polyhymnia[4] of her good singing.

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[1] *ἀργυρέου μέλος* Greek, "argurion melos" (i.e., "silver song"), but not in Hesiod (*Yale*).

[2] *Θυμὸς ... Ζεύς* Greek, "For the anger of god-upheld kings is a great matter, to whom honour and love are given from Zeus to the counsels" (*Iliad* 2.196-97; *Yale*).

[3] *Signat ... gestu* Latin, "Polymnia indicates everything with her hand and speaks through action."

[4] *Polyhymnia* Muse of sacred poetry.

Bay branches) be the signe of honor and victory, and therfore of myghty Conquerors worn in theyr triumphes, and eke of famous Poets, as saith Petrarch in hys Sonets.

Arbor vittoriosa triomphale,
Honor d'Imperadori & di Poëti, &c.[1]

The Graces) be three sisters, the daughters of Jupiter, (whose names are Aglaia, Thalia, Euphrosyne, and Homer onely addeth a fourth .s. Pasithea) otherwise called Charites, that is thanks. Whom the Poetes feyned to be the Goddesses of al bountie and comelines, which therefore (as sayth Theodontius) they make three, to wete, that men first ought to be gracious and bountiful to other freely, then to receive benefits at other mens hands curteously, and thirdly to requite them thankfully: which are three sundry Actions in liberalitye. And Boccace[2] saith, that they be painted naked, (as they were indeede on the tombe of C. Julius Cæsar) the one having her backe toward us, and her face fromwarde, as proceeding from us: the other two toward us, noting double thanke to be due to us for the benefit, we have done.

Deffly) Finelye and nimbly.

Soote) Sweete.

Meriment) Mirth.

Bevie) A beavie of Ladyes, is spoken figuratively for a company or troupe. The terme is taken of Larkes. For they say a Bevie of Larkes, even as a Covey of Partridge, or an eye of Pheasaunts.

Ladyes of the lake) be Nymphes. For it was an olde opinion amongste the Auncient Heathen, that of every spring and fountaine was a goddesse the Soveraigne. Whiche opinion stucke in the myndes of men not manye yeares sithence, by meanes of certain fine fablers and lowd lyers, such as were the Authors of King Arthure the great and such like, who tell many an unlawfull leasing[3] of the Ladyes of the Lake, that is, the Nymphes. For the word Nymphe in Greeke signifieth Well water, or otherwise a Spouse or Bryde.

Behight) called or named.

Cloris) the name of a Nymph, and signifieth greenesse, of whome is sayd, the Zephyrus the Westerne wind being in love with her, and coveting her to wyfe, gave her for a dowrie, the chiefedome and soveraigntye of al flowres and greene herbes, growing on earth.

Olives bene) The Olive was wont to be the ensigne of Peace and quietnesse, eyther for that it cannot be planted and pruned, and so carefully looked to, as it ought, but in time of peace: or els for that the Olive tree, they say, will not growe neare the Firre tree, which is dedicate to Mars the God of battaile, and used most for speares and other instruments of warre. Whereupon is finely feigned, that when Neptune and Minerva strove for the naming of the citie of Athens, Neptune striking the ground with his mace, caused a horse to come forth, that importeth warre, but at Minervaes stroke sprong out an Olive, to note that it should be a nurse of learning, and such peaceable studies.

Binde your) Spoken rudely, and according to shepheardes simplicitye.

Bring) all these be names of flowers. Sops in wine a flowre in colour much like to a Coronation, but differing in smel and quantitye. Flowre delice, that which they use to misterme, Flowre de luce, being in Latine called Flos delitiarum.[4]

A Bellibone) or Bonibell. Homely spoken for a fayre mayde or Bonilasse.

Forswonck and forswatt) overlaboured and sunneburnt.

I saw Phæbus) the sunne. A sensible Narration, and present view of the thing mentioned, which they call παρουσία.[5]

Cynthia) the Moone so called of Cynthus a hyll, where she was honoured.

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[1] *Arbor … &c.* Italian, "Victorious and triumphant tree, the honour of emperors and poets" (Petrarch, *Rime Sparse* 263).

[2] *Boccace* Giovanni Boccaccio (1313-75), popular Italian writer whose *Genealogia Deorum* ("The Genealogy of the Gods") was a principle source for Spenser's use of myth (*Spenser Encycl.*, p. 98b).

[3] *leasing* lie (*Yale*).

[4] *Flos delitiarum* Latin, "flower of pleasure" (*Yale*).

[5] παρουσία Greek, "parousia" (i.e., making a thing seem present) (*Yale*).

Latonaes seede) Was Apollo and Diana. Whom when as Niobe the wife of Amphion scorned, in respect of the noble fruict of her wombe, namely her seven sonnes, and so many daughters, Latona being therewith displeased, commaunded her sonne Phœbus to slea al the sonnes, and Diana all the daughters: whereat the unfortunate Niobe being sore dismayed, and lamenting out of measure, was feigned of the Poetes, to be turned into a stone upon the sepulchre of her children. For which cause the shepheard sayth, he will not compare her to them, for feare of like mysfortune. Now rise) is the conclusion. For having so decked her with prayses and comparisons, he returneth all the thanck of hys laboure to the excellencie of her Majestie.

When Damsins) A base reward of a clownish giver.

Yblent) Y is a poeticall addition. Blent blinded.

Embleme.

This Poesye is taken out of Virgile, and there of him used in the person of Æneas to his mother Venus, appearing to him in likenesse of one of Dianaes damosells: being there most divinely set forth. To which similitude of divinitie Hobbinoll comparing the excelency of Elisa, and being through the worthynes of Colins song, as it were, overcome with the hugeness of his imagination, brusteth out in great admiration, (O quam te memorem virgo?) being otherwise unhable, then by soddein silence, to expresse the worthinesse of his conceipt.[1] Whom Thenot answereth with another part of the like verse, as confirming by his graunt and approvaunce, that Elisa is no whit inferiour to the Majestie of her, of whome that Poete so boldly pronounced, O dea certe.

[1] *conceipt* idea.

October

ARGUMENT.

In Cuddie is set out the perfecte paterne of a Poete, whiche finding no maintenaunce of his state and studies, complayneth of the contempte of Poetrie,[2] *and the causes thereof: Specially having bene in all ages, and even amongst the most barbarous alwayes of singular accounpt and honor, and being indede so worthy and commendable an arte: or rather no arte, but a divine gift and heavenly instinct not to bee gotten by laboure and learning, but adorned with both: and poured into the witte by a certaine ἐνθουσιχσμὸς.*[3] *and celestiall inspiration, as the Author hereof els where at large discourseth, in his booke called the Englishe Poete, which booke being lately come to my hands, I mynde also by Gods grace upon further advisement to publish.*

PIERS. CUDDIE.

Cuddie, for shame hold up thy heavye head,
And let us cast with what delight to chace,
And weary thys long lingring Phœbus race.[4]
Whilome thou wont the shepheards laddes to leade,
In rymes, in ridles, and in bydding[5] base:
Now they in thee, and thou in sleepe art dead.

CUDDIE.

Piers, I have pyped erst so long with payne,
That all mine Oten reedes[6] bene rent and wore:
And my poore Muse hath spent her spared[7] store,
Yet little good hath got, and much less gayne.

[2] *contempte of Poetrie* a topic explored in Theocritus' "Idyll 16" and Mantuan's "Eclogue 5."

[3] *ἐνθουσιχσμὸς* Greek, "enthusiasmos" (i.e., enthusiasm, inspiration, possession by a divinity) (*Yale*).

[4] *Phœbus race* Sun god (i.e., course of the day).

[5] *bydding* game, here probably a poetry contest.

[6] *Oten reedes* rustic pipes.

[7] *spared* saved up (*Yale*).

Such pleasaunce makes the Grashopper so poore,[1]
And ligge so layd, when Winter doth her straine:

The dapper ditties, that I wont devise,
To feede youthes fancie, and the flocking fry,
Delighten much: what I the bett for thy?[2]
They han the pleasure, I a sclender[3] prise.
I beate the bush, the byrds to them doe flye:
What good thereof to Cuddie can arise?

PIERS.

Cuddie, the prayse is better, then the price,
The glory eke much greater then the gayne:
O what an honor is it, to restraine
The lust of lawlesse youth with good advice:
Or pricke them forth with pleasaunce of thy vaine,
Whereto thou list[4] their trayned willes entice.

Soone as thou gynst to sette thy notes in frame,[5]
O how the rurall routes to thee doe cleave:
Seemeth thou dost their soule of sence bereave,
All as the shepheard, that did fetch his dame
From Plutoes balefull bowre[6] withouten leave:
His musicks might the hellish hound did tame.[7]

CUDDIE.

So praysen babes the Peacoks spotted traine,
And wondren at bright *Argus*[8] blazing eye:
But who rewards him ere the more for thy?
Or feedes him once the fuller by a graine?

Sike prayse is smoke, that sheddeth in the skye,
Sike words bene wynd, and wasten soone in vayne.

PIERS.

Abandon then the base and viler clowne,
Lyft up thy selfe out of the lowly dust:
And sing of bloody Mars, or wars, of giusts,[9]
Turne thee to those, that weld[10] the awful crowne.
To doubted Knights, whose woundlesse armour rusts,
And helmes unbruzed wexen[11] dayly browne.

There may thy Muse display her fluttryng wing,
And stretch her selfe at large from East to West:
Whither thou list in fayre *Elisa* rest,
Or if thee please in bigger notes to sing,
Advaunce the worthy whome shee loveth best,
That first the white beare to the stake did bring.[12]

And when the stubborne stroke of stronger stounds,[13]
Has somewhat slackt the tenor of thy string:
Of love and lustihead[14] tho mayst thou sing,
And carrol lowde, and leade the Myllers rownde,
All were *Elisa* one of thilke[15] same ring.
So mought our *Cuddies* name to Heaven sownde.

CUDDIE.

Indeede the Romish *Tityrus*, I heare,
Through his *Mecœnas*[16] left his Oaten reede,
Whereon he earst had taught his flocks to feede,
And laboured lands to yield the timely eare,

[1] *Grashopper so poore* In Aesop's fable, the ant works hard all summer to build a house and lay in supplies for winter, while the grasshopper dances and plays the summer away. In winter the grasshopper is left without food or shelter and dies in the cold.

[2] *what ... thy?* how does that better me?

[3] *sclender* small, trifling .

[4] *list* wish, will.

[5] *frame* order (*Yale*).

[6] *Plutoes balefull bowre* the Underworld or classical dwelling of the dead.

[7] *His musicks ... tame* Cerberus, the three-headed dog who guards the entrance to Hades was quelled by Orpheus, which allowed Orpheus to bring his wife, Eurydice up from the underworld (*Dict. Gods and Mortals*).

[8] *Argus* many-eyed monster.

[9] *giusts* jousts.

[10] *weld* wield.

[11] *wexen* grew.

[12] *white beare ... bring* A bear chained to an uprooted tree stump was on the Dudley family (i.e., on Leicester's) crest (*Yale*).

[13] *stounds* blows.

[14] *lustihead* pleasure, lustfullness.

[15] *thilke* this.

[16] *Mecœnas* Maecenas was friend, counsellor, and diplomatic agent of the Roman emperor Octavian (Augustus) and patron of Virgil, Horace, and Propertius. His name came to symbolize generous patronage (*OCD*). "Tityrus" here refers to Virgil.

And eft did sing of warres and deadly drede,
So as the Heavens did quake his verse to here.

But ah *Mecœnas* is yclad in claye,
And great *Augustus*[1] long ygoe is dead:
And all the worthies liggen wrapt in leade,[2]
That matter made for Poets on to play:
For ever, who in derring doe were dreade,
The loftie verse of hem was loved aye.

But after vertue gan for age to stoupe,
And mighty manhode brought a bedde of ease:
The vaunting Poets found nought worth a pease,
To put in preace[3] emong the learned troupe.
Tho gan the streames of flowing wittes to cease,
And sonnebright honour pend in shamefull coupe.

And if that any buddes of Poesie,
Yet of the old stocke gan to shoote agayne:
Or it mens follies mote be forst to fayne,
And rolle with rest in rymes of rybaudrye:[4]
Or as it sprong, it wither must agayne:
Tom Piper[5] makes us better melodie.

PIERS.

O pierlesse Poesye, where is then thy place?
If nor in Princes pallace thou doe sitt:
(And yet is Princes pallace the most fitt)
Ne brest of baser birth doth thee embrace.
Then make thee winges of thine aspyring wit,
And, whence thou camst, flye backe to heaven apace.

CUDDIE.

Ah *Percy*[6] it is all to weake and wanne,
So high to sore, and make so large a flight:
Her peeced pyneons[7] bene not so in plight,
For *Colin* fittes[8] such famous flight to scanne:[9]
He, were he not with love so ill bedight,[10]
Would mount as high, and sing as soote[11] as Swanne.

PIERS.

Ah fon,[12] for love does teach him climbe so hie,
And lyftes him up out of the loathsome myre:
Such immortall mirrhor, as he doth admire,
Would rayse ones mynd above the starry skie.
And cause a caytive corage to aspire,
For lofty love doth loath a lowly eye.

CUDDIE.

All otherwise the state of Poet stands,
For lordly love is such a Tyranne fell:
That where he rules, all power he doth expell.
The vaunted verse a vacant head demaundes,
Ne wont with crabbed care the Muses dwell.
Unwisely weaves, that takes two webbes in hand.

Who ever casts to compasse weightye prise,
And thinks to throwe out thondring words of threate:
Let powre in lavish cups and thriftie bitts of meate,
For *Bacchus* fruite is frend to *Phœbus*[13] wise.
And when with Wine the braine begins to sweate,
The nombers[14] flowe as fast as spring doth ryse.

Thou kenst[15] not *Percie* howe the ryme should rage.
O if my temples were distaind with wine,
And girt in girlonds of wild Yvie twine,
How I could reare the Muse on stately stage,
And teache her tread aloft in buskin fine,
With queint *Bellona* in her equipage.

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1 *Augustus* the emperor who favoured Virgil.
2 *liggen wrapt in leade* lie buried (in lead-lined caskets).
3 *preace* i.e., press, exercise, put in practice.
4 *rybaudrye* i.e., ribaldry, obscenity, coarse language.
5 *Tom Piper* a piper who accompanied morris dancers.
6 *Percy* Piers.
7 *peeced pyneons* patched wings.
8 *fittes* is suitable for.
9 *scanne* attempt.
10 *bedight* apparelled, arrayed.
11 *soote* sweetly.
12 *fon* fool.
13 *Bacchus … Phœbus* respectively, the god of wine and the sun god, leader of the Muses.
14 *nombers* verses.
15 *kenst* know, understand.

But ah my corage cooles ere it be warme,
For thy, content us in thys humble shade:
Where no such troublous tydes han us assayde,
Here we our slender pipes may safely charme.

PIERS.

And when my Gates shall han their bellies layd:
Cuddie shall have a Kidde to store his farme.

Cuddies Embleme.
Agitante calescimus illo &c.[1]

GLOSSE

This Æglogue is made in imitation of Theocritus[2] his xvi. Idilion, wherein hee reproved the Tyranne Hiero of Syracuse[3] for his nigardise towarde Poetes, in whome is the power to make men immortal for theyr good dedes, or shameful for their naughty lyfe. And the lyke also is in Mantuane,[4] The style hereof as also that in Theocritus, is more loftye then the rest, and applyed to the heighte of Poeticall witte.

Cuddie) I doubte whether by Cuddie be specified the authour selfe, or some other. For in the eyght Æglogue the same person was brought in, singing a Cantion of Colins making, as he sayeth. So that some doubt, that the persons be different.

Whilome) sometime.

Oaten reedes) Avena.

Ligge so layde) lye so faynt and unlustye.

Dapper) pretye.

Frye) is a bold Metaphore, forced from the spawning fishes. For the multitude of young fish be called the frye.

To restraine.) This place seemeth to conspyre with Plato, who in his first booke de Legibus sayeth, that the first invention of Poetry was of very vertuous intent. For at what time an infinite number of youth usually came to theyr great solemne feastes call Panegyrica, which they used every five yeere to hold, some learned man being more hable then the rest, for speciall gyftes of wytte and Musicke, would take upon him to sing fine verses to the people, in prayse eyther of vertue or of victory or of immortality or such like. At whose wonderful gyft al men being astonied and as it were ravished, with delight, thinking (as it was indeed) that he was inspired from above, called him vatem:[5] which kinde of men afterwarde framing their verses to lighter musick (as of musick be many kinds, some sadder, some lighter, some martiall, some heroical: and so diversly eke affect the mynds of men) found out lighter matter of Poesie also, some playing wyth love, some scorning at mens fashions, some powred out in pleasures, and so were called Poetes or makers.

Sence bereave) what the secrete working of Musick is in the myndes of men, as well appeareth, hereby, that some of the auncient Philosophers, and those the moste wise, as Plato and Pythagoras held for opinion, that the mynd was made of a certaine harmonie and musicall nombers,[6] for the great compassion and likenes of affection in thone and in the other as also by that memorable history of Alexander: to whom when as Timotheus the great Musitian playd the Phrygian melodie, it is said, that he was distraught with such unwonted fury, that streight way rysing from the table in great rage, he caused himselfe to be armed, as ready to goe to warre (for that musick is very war like): And immediatly whenas the Musitian chaunged his stroke into the Lydian and Ionique harmony, he was so furr from warring, that he sat as styl, as if he had bene in matters of counsell. Such might is in musick. Wherefore

[1] *Agitante calescimus illo &c.* Latin, "There is a god within us. It is when he stirs that our bosom warms; it is his impulse that sows the seeds of inspiration" (Ovid, *Fasti* 6) (*Spenser Encycl.*, p. 653c).

[2] *Theocritus* third-century BCE originator of the pastoral genre, particularly noted for his use of the eclogue (*Spenser Encycl.*, p. 685c).

[3] *Hiero of Syracuse* Hieron II (c. 306-215 BCE), reigned as tyrant of Syracuse for 54 years (*OCD*).

[4] *Mantuane* Giovanni Baptista Spagnolo (1448-1516), author of neo-Latin eclogues used as a school text throughout Europe in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries (*Spenser. Encycl.*, p. 452b).

[5] *vatem* seer, prophet.

[6] *certaine harmonie and musicall nombers* Pythagoras determined that music and mathematics were related because the chief musical intervals could be demonstrated as simple ratios based on their position on a lyre string. Plato then argued that music has the capacity to affect not only emotions but character, making certain styles more morally salubrious than others (*OCD*).

Plato and Aristotle forbid the Arabian[1] Melodie from children and youth. For that being altogither on the fyft and vii, tone, it is of great force to molifie and quench the kindly courage, which useth to burne in yong brests. So that it is not incredible which the Poete here sayth, that Musick can bereave the soule of sence.

The shepheard that) Orpheus:[2] of whom is sayd, that by his excellent skil in Musick and Poetry, he recovered his wife Eurydice from hell.

Argus eyes) of Argus is before said, that Juno to him committed hir husband Jupiter his Paragon Iô, bicause he had an hundred eyes: but afterwarde Mercury wyth hys Musick lulling Argus aslepe, slew him and brought Iô away, whose eyes it is sayd that Juno for his eternall memory placed in her byrd the Peacocks tayle. For those coloured spots indeede resemble eyes.

Woundlesse armour) unwounded in warre, doe rust through long peace.

Display) A poeticall metaphore: whereof the meaning is, that if the Poet list showe his skill in matter of more dignitie, then is the homely Æglogue, good occasion is him offered of higher veyne and more Heroicall argument, in the person of our most gratious soveraign, whom (as before) he calleth Elisa. Or if mater of knighthoode and chevalrie please him better, that there be many Noble and valiaunt men, that are both worthy of his payne in theyr deserved prayses, and also favourers of hys skil and faculty.

The worthy) he meaneth (as I guesse) the most honorable and renowmed the Erle of Leycester,[3] whom by his cognisance[4] (although the same be also proper to other) rather then by his name he bewrayeth, being not likely, that the names of noble princes be known to country clowne.

Slack) that is when thou chaungest thy verse from stately discourse, to matter of more pleasaunce and delight.The Millers) a kind of daunce.

Ring) company of dauncers.

The Romish Tityrus) wel knowen to be Virgile, who by Mecænas means was brought into the favour of the Emperor Augustus, and by him moved to write in loftier kinde, then he erst had doen.

Whereon) in these three verses are the three severall workes of Virgile intended. For in teaching his flocks to feede, is meant his Æglogues. In labouring of lands, is hys Bucoliques. In singing of wars and deadly dreade, is his divine Æneis figured.

In derring doe) In manhoode and chevalrie.

For ever) He sheweth the cause, why Poetes were wont be had in such honor of noble men; that is, that by them worthines and valor shold through theyr famous Posies be commended to al posterities. Wherfore it is sayd, that Achilles had never bene so famous, as he is, but for Homeres immortal verses. Which is the only advantage, which he had of Hector. And also that Alexander the great comming to his tombe in Sigeus, with naturall teares blessed him, that ever was his hap to be honoured with so excellent a Poets work: as so renowmed and ennobled onely by hys meanes. Which being declared in a most eloquent Oration of Tullies,[5] is of Petrarch no lesse worthely sette forth in a sonet

Guinto Alexandro a la famosa tomba
Del fero Achille sospírando disse
O fortunato che si chiara tromba. Trouasti &c.[6]

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[1] *Phrygian … Lydian … Ionique … Arabian* musical modes with particular effects on character. Plato considered the Lydian and Ionic effeminate, while the Phrygian (and Dorian) encouraged courage and sobriety (*OCD*).

[2] *Orpheus* the supreme minstrel of Greek mythology, devoted to his wife, Eurydice, whose loss silences his music.

[3] *Erle of Leycester* Robert Dudley (c. 1532-88), favourite of Queen Elizabeth and uncle of Philip Sidney, whom Spenser served briefly and who may have been the intended dedicatee for *The Shepheardes Calender* (*Spenser Encycl.*, p. 432a).

[4] *cognisance* badge, crest.

[5] *Oration of Tullies* referring to Cicero's *Pro Archia Poetae*, a speech written in defence of Aulus Licinius Archias, a poet accused of not being a Roman citizen. The speech addresses the power and importance of poetry.

[6] *Guinto … Trouasti &c.* Italian, "When Alexander reached the famous tomb of fierce Achilles, he sighed and said 'O fortunate man who found so clear a trumpet'" (Petrarch, *Rime Sparse* 187).

And that such account hath bene alwayes made of Poetes, as well sheweth this that the worthy Scipio in all his warres against Carthage and Numantia had evermore in his company, and that in a most familiar sort the good olde Poet Ennius: as also that Alexander destroying Thebes, when he was enformed that the famous Lyrick Poet Pindarus was borne in that citie, not onely commaunded streightly, that no man should upon payne of death do any violence to that house by fire or otherwise: but also specially spared most, and some highly rewarded, that were of hys kinne. So favoured he the only name of Poete. Whych prayse otherwise was in the same man no lesse famous, that when he came to ransacking of king Darius coffers, whom he lately had overthrowen, he founde in a little coffer of silver the two bookes of Homers works, as layd up there for speciall jewells and richesse, which he taking thence, put one of them dayly in his bosome, and thother every night layde under his pillowe. Such honor have Poetes alwayes found in the sight of princes and noble men. Which this author here very well sheweth, as els where more notably.

But after) he sheweth the cause of contempt of Poetry to be idlenesse and basenesse of mynd.

Pent) shut up in slouth, as in a coope or cage.

Tom piper) An Ironicall Sarcasmus, spoken in derision of these rude wits, whych make more account of a ryming rybaud, then of skill grounded upon learning and judgment.

Ne brest) the meaner sort of men.

Her peeced pinions) unperfect skil. Spoken wyth humble modestie.

As soote as Swanne) The comparison seemeth to be strange: for the swanne hath ever wonne small commendation for her swete singing: but is sayd of the learned that the swan a little before hir death, singeth most pleasantly, as prophecying by a secrete instinct her neere destinie. As wel sayth the Poete elswhere in one of his sonetts.

> The silver swanne doth sing before her dying day
> As shee that feeles the deepe delight that is in death &c.

Immortall myrrhour) Beauty, which is an excellent object of Poeticall spirites, as appeareth by the worthy Petrarchs saying.

> Fiorir faceua il mio debile ingegno
> A la sua ombra, et crescer ne gli affanni.

A caytive corage) a base and abject minde.

For lofty love) I think this playing with the letter to be rather a fault then a figure, as wel in our English tongue, as it hath bene alwayes in the Latine, called Cacozelon.[1]

A vacant) imitateth Mantuanes saying, vacuum curis divína cerebrum Poscit.[2]

Lavish cups) Resembleth that comen verse Fæcundi calices quem non fecere disertum.[3]

O if my) He seemeth here to be ravished with a Poetical furie. For (if one rightly mark) the numbers rise so ful, and the verse groweth so big, that it seemeth he hath forgot the meanenesse of shepheards state and stile.

Wild yvie) for it is dedicated to Bacchus and therefore it is sayd that the Mænades (that is Bacchus franticke priestes) used in theyr sacrifice to carry Thyrsos, which were pointed staves or Javelins, wrapped about with yvie.

In buskin) it was the maner of Poetes and plaiers in tragedies to were buskins, as also in Comedies to use stockes and light shoes. So that the buskin in Poetry is used for tragical matter, as is said in Virgile, Sola sophocleo tua carmina digna cothurno. And the like in Horace, Magnum loqui, nitique cothurno.[4]

Queint) strange Bellona; the goddesse of battaile, that is Pallas, which may therefore wel be called

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[1] *Cacozelon* cacozelia: new or rare applications of old words (*Spenser Encycl.*, p. 717c).

[2] *vacuum … Poscit* Latin, "Divine [poetry] requires a brain freed from worries" (*Yale*).

[3] *Fæcundi calices quem non fecere disertum* Latin, "Who is the man whom brimming cups have failed to make eloquent?" (Horace, *Epistles* 1.519) (*Yale*).

[4] *Sola sophocleo … nitique cothurno* Latin, "Your songs are deserving of the Sophoclean buskin [i.e., tragedy]" (Virgil, *Eclogues* 8.10; *Yale*) and "[Aeschylus taught actors] to speak grandly and walk in buskins" (Horace, *Ars Poetica* 280).

queint for that (as Lucian saith) when Jupiter hir father was in traveile of her, he caused his sonne Vulcane with his axe to hew his head. Out of which leaped forth lustely a valiant damsell armed at all poyntes, whom seeing Vulcane so faire and comely, lightly leaping to her, proferred her some cortesie, which the Lady disdeigning, shaked her speare at him, and threatned his saucinesse. Therefore such straungenesse is well applyed to her.

Æquipage.) order.

Tydes) seasons.

Charme) temper and order. For Charmes were wont to be made by verses as Ovid sayeth, Aut si carminibus.[1]

Embleme.

Hereby is meant, as also in the whole course of this Æglogue, that Poetry is a divine instinct and unnatural rage passing the reache of comen reason. Whom Piers answereth Epiphonematicos[2] as admiring the excellencye of the skyll whereof in Cuddie hee hadde alreadye hadde a taste.

November

ARGUMENT.

In this xi. Æglogue he bewayleth the death of some mayden of greate bloud,[3] whom he calleth Dido. The personage is secrete, and to me altogether unknowne, albe of him selfe I often required the same. This Æglogue is made in imitation of Marot his song, which he made upon the death of Loys the frenche Queene.[4] But farre passing his reache, and in myne opinion all other the Eglogues of this booke.

THENOT. COLIN.

Colin my deare, when shall it please thee sing,
As thou were wont songs of some jouisaunce?
Thy Muse to long slombreth in sorrowing,
Lulled a sleepe through loves misgovernance.
Now somewhat sing, whose endles sovenaunce,[5]
Emong the shepeheards swaines may aye remaine,
Whether thee list thy loved lasse advaunce,
Or honor *Pan*[6] with hymnes of higher vaine.

COLIN.

Thenot, now nis[7] the time of merimake.
Nor *Pan* to herye,[8] nor with love to playe:
Sike[9] myrth in May is meetest for to make,
Or summer shade under the cocked haye.
But now sadde Winter welked[10] hath the day,
And *Phœbus* weary of his yerely taske,
Ystabled hath his steedes in lowlye laye,
And taken up his ynne in *Fishes* haske.
Thilke[11] sollein[12] season sadder plight doth aske:
And loatheth sike delightes, as thou doest prayse:
The mornefull Muse in myrth now list ne maske,
As shee was wont in youngth and sommer dayes.
But if thou algate[13] lust light virelayes,[14]
And looser songs of love to underfong[15]
Who but thy selfe deserves sike Poetes prayse?
Relieve thy Oaten pypes, that sleepen long.

THENOT.

The Nightingale is sovereigne of song,
Before him sits the Titmose silent bee:
And I unfitte to thrust in skilfull thronge,
Should *Colin* make judge of my fooleree.
Nay, better learne of hem, that learned bee,
And han be watered at the Muses well:
The kindlye dewe drops from the higher tree,
And wets the little plants that lowly dwell.
But if sadde winters wrathe and season chill,

---

1 *Aut si carminibus* Latin, "or if in songs" (*Yale*).

2 *Epiphonematicos* exclamation to end a discourse (*Yale*).

3 *bloud* descent.

4 *Loys the frenche Queene* mother of Francis I, for whom Clément Marot wrote his lament, "Complaincte de Madame Loyse de Savoye" (*Spenser Encycl.*, p. 649c)

5 *sovenaunce* remembrance, memory.

6 *Pan* god of the pastures.

7 *nis* is not.

8 *herye* praise, honour.

9 *Sike* such.

10 *welked* diminished, shrunk.

11 *Thilke* this.

12 *sollein* gloomy, solemn.

13 *algate* in any case.

14 *virelaye* See p. 788, note 6.

15 *underfong* receive, possess.

Accorde not with thy Muses meriment:
To sadder times thou mayst attune thy quill,
And sing of sorrowe and deathes dreeriment.
For deade is Dido, dead alas and drent,[1]
Dido the greate shepehearde his daughter sheene:
The fayrest May she was that ever went,
Her like shee has not left behinde I weene.[2]
And if thou wilt bewayle my wofull tene:
I shall thee give yond Cosset[3] for thy payne:
And if thy rymes as rownd and rufull bene,
As those that did thy *Rosalind* complayne,
Much greater gyfts for guerdon thou shalt gayne,
Then Kidde or Cosset, which I thee bynempt:[4]
Then up I say, thou jolly shepeheard swayne,
Let not my small demaund be so contempt.

COLIN.

Thenot to that I choose, thou doest me tempt,
But ah to well I wote my humble vaine,
And howe my rymes bene rugged and unkempt:
Yet as I conne, my conning[5] I will strayne.
Up then *Melpomene*[6] thou mournefulst Muse of nyne,
Such cause of mourning never hadst afore:
Up grieslie ghostes and up my rufull ryme,
Matter of myrth now shalt thou have no more.
For dead shee is, that myrth thee made of yore.
Dido my deare alas is dead,
Dead and lyeth wrapt in lead:
O heavie herse,
Let streaming teares be poured out in store:
O carefull verse.

Shepheards, that by your flocks on Kentish downes abyde,
Waile ye this wofull waste of natures warke:[7]
Waile we the wight,[8] whose presence was our pride:
Waile we the wight, whose absence is our carke.[9]
The sonne of all the world is dimme and darke:
The earth now lacks her wonted light,
And all we dwell in deadly night,
O heavie herse.
Breake we our pypes, that shrild as lowde as Larke,
O carefull verse.

Why doe we longer live, (ah why live we so long)
Whose better dayes death hath shut up in woe?
The fayrest floure our gyrlond all emong,
Is faded quite and into dust ygoe.
Sing now ye shepheards daughters, sing no moe
The songs that *Colin* made in her prayse,
But into weeping turne your wanton layes,
O heavie herse,
Now is time to dye. Nay time was long ygoe,
O carefull verse.

Whence is it, that the flouret of the field doth fade,
And lyeth buryed long in Winters bale:
Yet soone as spring his mantle doth displaye,
It floureth fresh, as it should never fayle?
But thing on earth that is of most availe,
As vertues braunch and beauties budde,
Reliven not for any good.
O heavie herse,
The braunch once dead, the budde eke[10] needes must quaile,[11]
O carefull verse.

She while she was, (that was, a woful word to sayne)
For beauties prayse and plesaunce had no pere:
So well she couth the shepherds entertayne,
With cakes and cracknells[12] and such country chere.
Ne would she scorne the simple shepheards swaine,

---

1 *drent* drowned.
2 *weene* think, surmise.
3 *Cosset* a lamb brought up by hand.
4 *bynempt* promised with an oath.
5 *conne, my conning* i.e., study, my wit.
6 *Melpomene* Muse of tragedy.
7 *warke* work.
8 *wight* person.
9 *carke* burden, distress.
10 *eke* also.
11 *quaile* wither.
12 *cracknells* biscuits.

For she would cal hem often heme[1]
And give hem curds and clouted Creame.
O heavie herse,
Als *Colin cloute* she would not once disdayne.
O carefull verse.

But nowe sike[2] happy cheere is turnd to heavie chaunce,
Such pleasaunce now displast by dolors dint:
All Musick sleepes, where death doth leade the daunce,
And shepherds wonted solace is extinct.
The blew is black, the greene in gray is tinct,
The gaudie girlonds deck her grave,
The faded flowres her corse embrave.[3]
O heavie herse,
Morne now my Muse, now morne with teares besprint.[4]
O carefull verse.

O thou greate shepheard *Lobbin*, how great is thy griefe,
Where bene the nosegayes that she dight for thee:
The colourd chaplets[5] wrought with a chiefe,
The knotted rushrings, and gilte Rosemaree?
For shee deemed nothing too deere for thee.
Ah they bene all yclad in clay,
One bitter blast blewe all away.
O heavie herse,
Thereof nought remaynes but the memoree.
O carefull verse.

Ay me that dreerie death should strike so mortall stroke,
That can undoe Dame natures kindly course:
The faded lockes fall from the loftie oke,
The flouds do gaspe, for dryed is theyr sourse,
And flouds of teares flowe in theyr stead perforse.
The mantled medowes mourne,
Theyr sondry colours tourne.

O heavie herse,
The heavens doe melt in teares without remorse.
O carefull verse.

The feeble flocks in field refuse their former foode,
And hang theyr heads, as they would learne to weepe:
The beastes in forest wayle as they were woode,
Except the Wolves, that chase the wandring sheepe:
Now she is gon that safely did hem keepe,
The Turtle[6] on the bared braunch,
Laments the wound, that death did launch.[7]
O heavie herse,
And *Philomele*[8] her song with teares doth steepe.
O carefull verse.

The water Nymphs, that wont with her to sing and daunce,
And for her girlond Olive braunches beare,
Now balefull boughes of Cypres doen aduance:
The Muses, that were wont greene bayes to weare,
Now bringen bitter Eldre braunches seare,
The fatall sisters eke repent,
Her vitall threde so soone was spent,
O heavie herse,
Morne now my Muse, now morne with heavie cheare.
O carefull verse.

---

1 *heme* home.
2 *sike* such.
3 *embrave* embellish, beautify.
4 *besprint* sprinkled.
5 *chaplets* garlands of flowers for the head.
6 *Turtle* turtledove, a symbol of fidelity in love.
7 *launch* lance, pierce.
8 *Philomele* the nightingale, whose story is told in Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, Book 6. While visiting her recently married sister, Procne, Philomela became the object of her brother-in-law Tereus' lust. After he raped her and removed her tongue to prevent her from revealing his crime, Philomela wove a tapestry telling the story. In revenge, Procne and Philomela cut up Tereus' son and heir and served him to his father for dinner. Realizing what he had eaten, Tereus chased after the two women, who were turned into birds (*Dict. Gods and Mortals*).

O trustlesse state of earthly things, and slipper[1] hope
Of mortal men, that swincke[2] and sweate for nought,
And shooting wide, doe misse the marked scope:[3]
Now have I learned (a lesson derely bought)
That nys on earth assuraunce to be sought:
For what might be in earthlie mould,
That did her buried body hould,
O heavie herse,
Yet saw I on the beare[4] when it was brought
O carefull verse.

But maugre[5] death, and dreaded sisters deadly spight,
And gates of hel, and fyrie furies forse:
She hath the bonds broke of eternall night,
Her soule unbodied of the burdenous corpse.
Why then weepes Lobbin so without remorse?
O Lobb, thy losse no longer lament,
Dido nis dead, but into heaven hent.[6]
O happye herse,
Cease now my Muse, now cease thy sorrowes sourse,
O joyfull verse.

Why wayle we then? why weary we the Gods with playnts,
As if some evill were to her betight?
She raignes a goddesse now emong the saintes,
That whilome[7] was the saynt of shepheards light:
And is enstalled nowe in heavens hight.
I see thee blessed soule, I see,
Walke in *Elisian* fieldes[8] so free.
O happy herse,
Might I once come to thee (O that I might)
O joyfull verse.

Unwise and wretched men to weete whats good or ill
We deeme of Death as doome of ill desert:
But knewe we fooles, what it us bringes until,
Dye would we dayly, once it to expert.[9]
No daunger there the shepheard can astert:
Fayre fieldes and pleasaunt layes there bene,
The fieldes ay fresh, the grasse ay greene:
O happy herse,
Make hast ye shepheards, thether to revert,
O joyfull verse.

Dido is gone afore (whose turne shall be the next?)
There lives shee with the blessed Gods in blisse,
There drincks she *Nectar* with *Ambrosia* mixt,
And joyes enjoyes, that mortall men doe misse.
The honour now of highest gods she is,
That whilome was poore shepheards pryde,
While here on earth she did abyde.
O happy herse,
Ceasse now my song, my woe now wasted is.
O joyfull verse.

THENOT.

Ay francke[10] shepheard, how bene thy verses meint
With doolful pleasaunce, so as I ne wotte,[11]
Whether rejoyce or weepe for great constrainte?
Thyne be the cossette, well hast thow it gotte.
Up *Colin* up, ynough thou morned hast,
Now gynnes to mizzle, hye we homeward fast.

Colins Embleme.
La mort ny mord.[12]

---

1 *slipper* slippery, unreliable.
2 *swincke* labour, work hard.
3 *scope* target.
4 *beare* bier.
5 *maugre* in spite of, notwithstanding.
6 *hent* taken (*Yale*).
7 *whilome* at one time.
8 *Elisian fieldes* Isles of the Blest, to which favoured classical heroes are translated after death (*OCD*).
9 *expert* experience (*Yale*).
10 *francke* free.
11 *wotte* knew.
12 *La mort ny mord* personal motto of Clément Marot, a sixteenth-century French poet whose work influenced Spenser's (*Spenser Encycl.*, p. 563c). EK's gloss below translates the phrase correctly as "Death byteth not."

GLOSSE.

Jouisaunce) myrth.

Sovenaunce) remembraunce.

Herie) honour.

Welked) shortned or empayred. As the Moone being in the waine is sayde of Lidgate to welk.

In lowly lay) according to the season of the moneth November, when the sonne draweth low in the South toward his Tropick or returne.

In fishes haske) the sonne, reigneth that is, in the signe Pisces all November. A haske is a wicker pad, wherein they use to cary fish.

Virelaies) a light kind of song.

Bee watred) For it is a saying of Poetes, that they have dronk of the Muses well Castalias, whereof was before sufficiently sayd.

Dreriment) dreery and heavy cheere.

The great shepheard) is some man of high degree, and not as some vainely suppose God Pan. The person both of the shephearde and of Dido is unknowen and closely buried in the Authors conceipt. But out of doubt I am, that it is not Rosalind, as some imagin: for he speaketh soone after of her also.

Shene) fayre and shining.

May) for mayde.

Tene) sorrow.

Guerdon) reward.

Bynempt) bequethed.

Cosset) a lambe brought up without the dam.

Unkempt) Incompti. Not comed,[1] that is rude and unhansome.

Melpomene) The sadde and waylefull Muse used of Poets in honor of Tragedies: as saith Virgile, Melpomene tragico proclamat mæsta boatu.[2]

Up griesly gosts) The maner of Tragicall Poetes, to call for helpe of Furies and damned ghostes: so is Hecuba of Euripides, and Tantalus brought in of Seneca. And the rest of the rest.

Herse) is the solemne obsequie[3] in funeralles.

Wast of) decay of so beautifull a peece.

Carke) care.

Ah why) an elegant Epanorthosis.[4] As also soone after. Nay time was long ago.

Flouret) a diminutive for a little floure. This is a notable and sententious comparison A minore ad maius.

Reliven not) live not againe .s. not in theyr earthly bodies: for in heaven they enjoy their due reward.

The braunch) He meaneth Dido, who being, as it were the mayne braunch now withered the buddes that is beautie (as he sayd afore) can no more flourish.

With cakes) fit for shepheards bankets.

Heame) for home. After the northerne pronouncing.

Tinct) deyed or stayned.

The gaudie) the meaning is, that the things, which were the ornaments of her lyfe, are made the honor of her funerall, as is used in burialls.

Lobbin) the name of a shepherd, which seemeth to have bene the lover and deere frende of Dido.[5]

Rushrings) agreeable for such base gyftes.

Faded lockes) dryed leaves. As if Nature her selfe bewayled the death of the Mayde.

Sourse) spring.

Mantled medowes) for the sondry flowres are like a Mantle or coverlet wrought with many colours.

Philomele) the Nightingale. Whome the Poetes faine once to have bene a Ladye of great beauty, till being ravished by hir sisters husbande, she desired to be turned into a byrd of her name. Whose complaintes be very well set forth of Ma. George Gaskin[6] a wittie gentleman, and the very chefe of our late rymers, who and if some partes of learning wanted not (albee it is well knowen he altogyther wanted not learning) no doubt would have attayned to the excellencye of those famous Poets. For gifts of wit and naturall promptnesse appeare in hym aboundantly.

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[1] *Incompti Not comed* "unkempt, not combed."

[2] *Melpomene … boatu* Latin, "Melpomene cries aloud with the echoing voice of gloomy tragedy" (*Yale*).

[3] *obsequie* religious service for the dead.

[4] *Epanorthosis* rhetorical figure in which a word is repeated as a correction (*Yale*).

[5] *Dido* Queen of Carthage who fell in love with Aeneas and killed herself when he left the city to continue his journey.

[6] *Ma. George Gaskin* George Gascoigne (?1528-77), author of *The Complaint of Philomene.*

Cypresse) used of the old Paynims in the furnishing of their funerall Pompe. And properly the signe of all sorow and heavinesse.

The fatall sisters) Clotho, Lachesis and Atropos, daughters of Herebus and the Nighte, whom the Poetes fayne to spinne the life of man, as it were a long threde, which they drawe out in length, till his fatal howre and timely death be come; but if by other casualtie his dayes be abridged, then one of them, that is Atropos, is sayde to have cut the threde in twain. Hereof commeth a common verse.

Clotho colum baiulat, Lachesis trahit,
Atropos occat.[1]

O trustlesse) a gallant exclamation moralized with great wisedom and passionate wyth great affection.

Beare) a frame, wheron they use to lay the dead corse.

Furies) of Poetes be feyned to be three, Persephone, Alecto and Megera,[2] which are sayd to be the Authours of all evill and mischiefe.

Eternall might) Is death or darknesse of hell.

Betight) happened.

I see) a lively Icon, or representation as if he saw her in heaven present.

Elysian fieldes) be devised of Poetes to be a place of pleasure like Paradise, where the happye soules doe rest in peace and eternal happynesse.

Dye would) the very expresse saying of Plato in Phædone.[3]

Astert) befall unwares.

Nectar and Ambrosia) be feigned to be the drink and foode of the gods: Ambrosia they liken to Manna in scripture and Nectar to be white like Creme, whereof is a proper tale of Hebe, that spilt a cup of it, and stayned the heavens, as yet appeareth. But I have already discoursed that at large in my Commentarye upon the dreames of the same Authour.

Meynt) Mingled.

Embleme.

Which is as much to say, as death biteth not. For although by course of nature we be borne to dye, and being ripened with age, as with a timely harvest, we must be gathered in time, or els of our selves we fall like rotted ripe fruite fro the tree: yet death is not to be counted for evil, nor (as the Poete sayd a little before) as doome of ill desert. For though the trespasse of the first man brought death into the world, as the guerdon of sinne, yet being overcome by the death of one, that dyed for al, it is now made (as Chaucer sayth) the grene path way to lyfe. So that it agreeth well with that was sayd, that Death byteth not (that is) hurteth not at all.

—1579

[1] *Clotho ... occat* Latin, "Clotho manages the distaff, Lachesis draws out the thread, Atropos snips it." These figures are the three Fates.

[2] *Persephone, Alecto and Megera* the Furies, female spirits of justice and vengeance.

[3] *Plato in Phædone* in Plato's dialogue, *Phaedo*, although the allusion is incorrect (*Yale*).

Amoretti and *Epithalamion*

Spenser's *Amoretti* and *Epithalamion* memorialize his courtship of and marriage to Elizabeth Boyle on St. Barnabas' Day (June 11) 1594, as well as representing his foray into the world of love poetry. *Amoretti*, or "little love poems," is a series of eighty-nine sonnets with a distinctive *abab bcbc cde dcd* rhyme scheme. As do other sonnet sequences from the 1580s and 1590s, Spenser's features the varied emotional experience of a poet-lover wooing a beautiful lady who draws him beyond the mundane world to a Neo-Platonic realm of Beauty and Goodness,[4] albeit not without considerable emotional confusion and anguished frustration of desire. Unusually, the lady's identity is not concealed and, in perhaps an even more radical move, she is not sexually unavailable. By dedicating his sequence to a woman he may ultimately win, Spenser creates an innovative solution to the twin risks of idolatry and infi-

[4] See A.L. Prescott, "Spenser's Shorter Poems," *The Cambridge Companion to Spenser*, ed. A. Hadfield (Cambridge, 2001): p. 152.

delity inherent in the Petrarchan tradition.[1] *Amoretti*'s roughly tripartite structure reinforces this rapprochement between sexual love and Christian spirituality by paralleling part of the Church year and hinting at the complete calendar year. After twenty-one sonnets that include a reference to January, Sonnet 22 makes note of the "holy season" of Lent and Easter that begins with Ash Wednesday (the "holy day" mentioned). This poem is followed by as many sonnets as there are days in Lent until immediately after the lady allows herself to be captured, when Sonnet 68 alludes to Easter. In the twenty-one sonnets that follow, the speaker returns to unhappy alienation from his beloved,[2] but the sequence ends with the image of a solitary dove. Although the speaker is isolated and miserable in Sonnet 89, the dove is a symbol of the holy spirit that returns in the form of the infant Christ after the autumnal season of Advent.

In terms of both narrative and structure, the promise of *Amoretti* is fulfilled in *Epithalamion*. Formally, this poem is a canzone, a lyric made up of equal stanzas followed by an envoy, which adapts the epithalamium or "marriage song." This tradition has a long history, stretching to Latin and Greek examples by Catullus, Sappho, and Theocritus and even to scriptural antecedents in the Song of Solomon and Psalm 45.[3] The closest classical model for Spenser's is Catullus' "Carmen 61," a wedding song for Junia Aurunculeia and Manlius Torquatus, from which he draws the chronological description of the day, the invocation of Hymen and invitation to join in the festivities, some of the events, and the use of a refrain. However, one of the unusual features of Spenser's wedding song is that it is occasioned by the poet's own wedding, rather than that of someone else.

Structurally, *Epithalamion* is interesting because of the elaborate numerological scheme that highlights the poem's profound concern with time. The action of the poem takes place over the course of a single day—the summer solstice and longest day of the year—which is recreated in its 24 stanzas.[4] These are grouped into a daytime cluster of 16 1/4, with the remaining 7 3/4 detailing events after nightfall; this pattern matches the number of hours of daylight in the latitudes of southern Ireland on June 11, 1594.[5] Within the stanzas, there are typically four groups of long lines with three interpolated short lines, and the groups of long lines appear to mark quarter hours. For example, nightfall occurs after 16 1/4 hours and the first group of long lines in the sixteenth stanza. As well as the passage of a day, the poem marks the year with a total of 365 long lines. In a similar vein, a temporal joke occurs in stanza 15 where Spenser draws attention to the summer solstice as the longest day of the year by substituting an extra long line for one of the short lines.[6] Spenser's dual concern with linear and cyclical time is appropriate for the epithalamium as a celebration of the beginning of married life for the couple: on the one hand lies the urgency of the passage of hours before consummation in the marriage bed and its "little death," while on the other lies the immortalizing potential of resulting offspring. Ultimately, the limited span of a single life is absorbed into a larger cycle of regeneration.

from *Amoretti*

1

Happy ye leaves when as those lilly hands,
Which hold my life in their dead doing[7] might
Shall handle you and hold in loves soft bands,
Lyke captives trembling at the victors sight.
And happy lines, on which with starry light,
Those lamping eyes will deigne sometimes to look
And reade the sorrowes of my dying spright,[8]
Written with teares in harts close bleeding book.

[1] Ibid, p. 153.

[2] Ibid., pp. 153-54, and for a fuller discussion of structural patterns in the sequence, see D. Gibbs, *Spenser's "Amoretti": A Critical Study* (Aldershot, 1990), pp. 10-28.

[3] See H. Dubrow, *A Happier Eden: The Politics of Marriage in the Stuart Epithalamium* (Ithaca, 1990), pp. 28-29.

[4] See K. Hieatt, *Short Time's Endless Monument: The Symbolism of Numbers in Edmund Spenser's "Epithalamion"* (New York, 1960), from which this discussion of numerological patterns is drawn.

[5] Ibid., pp. 10, 62-63.

[6] Ibid., pp. 67-68.

[7] *dead doing* killing.

[8] *spright* spirit.

And happy rymes bath'd in the sacred brooke,
Of *Helicon*[1] whence she derived is,
When ye behold that angels blessed looke,
My soules long lacked foode, my heavens blis.
Leaves, lines, and rymes, seeke her to please alone,
Whom if ye please, I care for other none.

3

The soverayne beauty which I doo admyre,
Witnesse the world how worthy to be prayzed:
The light whereof hath kindled heavenly fyre,[2]
In my fraile spirit by her from basenesse[3] raysed
That being now with her huge brightnesse dazed,
Base thing I can no more endure to view:
But looking still on her I stand amazed,
At wondrous sight of so celestiall hew.[4]
So when my toung would speak her praises dew,
It stopped is with thoughts astonishment:
And when my pen would write her titles true,
It ravisht is with fancies wonderment:
Yet in my hart I then both speake and write,
The wonder that my wit cannot endite.

6

Be nought dismayd that her unmoved mind,
Doth still persist in her rebellious pride:
Such love not lyke to lusts of baser kynd,
The harder wonne, the firmer will abide.
The durefull[5] Oake, whose sap is not yet dride,
Is long ere it conceive the kindling fyre:
But when it once doth burne, it doth divide
Great heat, and makes his flames to heaven aspire.
So hard it is to kindle new desire,
In gentle brest that shall endure for ever:
Deepe is the wound, that dints the parts entire
With chast effects, that naught but death can sever.
Then thinke not long in taking litle paine,
To knit the knot, that ever shall remaine.

9

Long-while I sought to what I might compare
Those powrefull eies, which lighten my dark spright,
Yet find I nought on earth to which I dare
Resemble th'ymage[6] of their goodly light.
Not to the Sun: for they doo shine by night;
Nor to the Moone: for they are changed never;
Nor to the Starres: for they have purer sight;
Nor to the fire: for they consume not ever;
Nor to the lightning: for they still persever;
Nor to the Diamond: for they are more tender;
Nor unto Christall: for nought may them sever;
Nor unto glasse: such baseness mought[7] offend her;
Then to the Maker selfe they likest be,
Whose light doth lighten all that here we see.

15

Ye tradefull Merchants that with weary toyle,
Do seeke most pretious[8] things to make your gain:
And both the Indias of their treasures spoile,
What needeth you to seeke so farre in vaine?
For loe my love doth in her selfe containe
All this worlds riches that may farre be found,
If Saphyres, loe her eies be saphyres plaine,
If Rubies, loe hir lips be Rubies sound:
If Pearles, hir teeth be pearles both pure and round;
If Yvorie, her forhead yvory weene;[9]
If Gold, her locks are finest gold on ground;
If Silver, her faire hands are silver sheene,
But that which fairest is, but few behold,
Her mind adornd with vertues manifold.

---

1 *Helicon* mountain upon which the Muses reside.
2 *fyre* ire.
3 *basenesse* lowly or mean estate; moral turpitude.
4 *hew* hue.
5 *durefull* lasting, durable.
6 *th'ymage* the image.
7 *mought* may.
8 *pretious* precious.
9 *weene* suppose, conceive.

16

One day as I unwarily did gaze
On those fayre eyes my loves immortall light:
The whiles my stonisht[1] hart stood in amaze,
Through sweet illusion of her lookes delight.
I mote perceive how in her glauncing[2] sight,
Legions of loves with little wings did fly:
Darting their deadly arrowes fyry bright,
At every rash beholder passing by.
One of those archers closely I did spy,
Ayming his arrow at my very hart:
When suddenly with twincle of her eye,
The Damzell broke his misintended dart.
Had she not so doon, sure I had bene slayne,
Yet as it was, I hardly scap't with paine.

22

This holy season fit to fast and pray,
Men to devotion ought to be inclynd:
Therefore, I lykewise on so holy day,
For my sweet Saynt some service fit will find.
Her temple fayre is built within my mind,
In which her glorious ymage placed is,
On which my thoughts doo day and night attend
Lyke sacred priests that never thinke amisse.
There I to her as th'author of my blisse,
Will builde an altar to appease her yre:
And on the same my hart will sacrifise,
Burning in flames of pure and chast desyre:
The which vouchsafe[3] O goddesse to accept,
Amongst thy deerest relicks[4] to be kept.

26

Sweet is the Rose, but growes upon a brere;[5]
Sweet is the Junipere, but sharpes his bough;
Sweet is the Eglantine, but pricketh nere;
Sweet is the firbloome, but his braunches rough.
Sweet is the Cypresse, but his rynd is tough,
Sweet is the nut, but bitter is his pill;
Sweet is the broome-flowre, but yet sowre enough;
And sweet is Moly,[6] but his root is ill.
So every sweet with soure is tempred still,
That maketh it be coveted the more:
For easie things that may be got at will,
Most sorts of men doe set but little store.
When then should I accoumpt of little paine,
That endlesse pleasure shall unto me gaine.

34

Lyke as a ship that through the Ocean wyde,
By conduct[7] of some star doth make her way.
When as a storme hath dimd her trusty guyde.
Out of her course[8] doth wander far astray.
So I whose star, that wont with her bright ray,
Me to direct, with cloudes is overcast,
Doe wander now in darknesse and dismay,
Through hidden perils round about me plast.[9]
Yet hope I well, that when this storme is past
My *Helice*[10] the lodestar[11] of my lyfe
Will shine again, and looke on me at last,
With lovely light to cleare my cloudy grief,
Till then I wander carefull comfortlesse,
In secret sorow and sad pensivenesse.

37

What guyle is this, that those her golden tresses,
She doth attyre under a net of gold:
And with sly skill so cunningly them dresses,
That which is gold or heare, may scarse be told?

---

1 *stonisht* stunned, shocked.
2 *glauncing* glancing.
3 *vouchsafe* confer, bestow.
4 *relicks* objects, such as a parts of the body or clothing, which remain as a memorial of a departed saint, martyr, or other holy person.
5 *brere* briar.
6 *Rose ...moly* the first of two catalogues of flowers between the Ash Wednesday (#22) and Easter (#68) sonnets. This one emphasizes the "lower" senses of taste and touch. *Eglantine* is a European rose, also called sweetbriar. *Broome-flower* is a European shrub with large yellow flowers, whose twigs are used to make brooms. *Moly* is a magical white flower with black root used by Odysseus as an antidote to Circe's magic (*Yale*).
7 *conduct* guidance.
8 *course* movement in a particular path.
9 *plast* placed.
10 *Helice* the Big Dipper or North Star.
11 *lodestar* guiding star.

Is it that mens frayle eyes, which gaze too bold,
She may entangle in that golden snare:
And being caught may craftily enfold,
Theyr weaker harts, which are not wel aware?
Take heed therefore, myne eyes, how ye doe stare
Henceforth too rashly on that guilefull net,
In which if ever ye entrapped are,
Out of her bands ye by no meanes shall get.
Fondnesse it were for any being free,
To covet fetters,[1] though they golden bee.

54

Of this worlds Theatre in which we stay,
My love lyke the Spectator ydly sits;
Beholding me that all the pageants play,
Disguysing diversly[2] my troubled wits.
Sometimes I joy when glad occasion fits,
And mask in myrth lyke to a Comedy:
Soone after when my joy to sorrow flits,
I waile and make my woes a Tragedy.
Yet she beholding me with constant eye,
Delights not in my merth nor rues my smart:
But when I laugh she mocks, and when I cry
She laughes, and hardens evermore her hart.
What then can move her? if nor merth nor mone,
She is no woman, but a sencelesse stone.

56

Fayre ye be sure, but cruell and unkind,
As is a Tygre that with greedinesse
Hunts after bloud, when he by chance doth find
A feeble beast, doth felly[3] him oppresse.
Fayre be ye sure but proud and pittilesse,
As is a storme, that all things doth prostrate:
Finding a tree alone all comfortlesse,
Beats on it strongly it to ruinate.
Fayre be ye sure, but hard and obstinate,
As is a rocke amidst the raging floods:
Gaynst which a ship of succour[4] desolate,
Doth suffer wreck both of her selfe and goods.
That ship, that tree, and that same beast am I,
Whom ye doe wreck, doe ruine, and destroy.

64

Comming to kisse her lyps, (such grace I found)
Me seem'd I smelt a gardin of sweet flowres:[5]
That dainty odours from them threw around
For damzels fit to decke their lovers bowres.
Her lips did smell lyke unto Gillyflowers,
Her ruddy cheekes lyke unto Roses red:
Her snowy browes lyke budded Bellamoures,
Her lovely eyes lyke Pincks but newly spred,
Her goodly bosome lyke a Strawberry bed,
Her neck lyke to a bounch of Cullambynes:
Her brest lyke lillyes, ere theyr leaves be shed,
Her nipples lyke yong blossomd Jessemynes,[6]
Such fragrant flowres doe give most odorous[7] smell,
But her sweet odour did them all excell.

67

Lyke as a huntsman after weary chace,
Seeing the game from him escapt away:
Sits downe to rest him in some shady place,
With panting hounds beguiled of their pray.[8]
So after long pursuit and vaine assay,[9]
When I all weary had the chace forsooke,
The gentle deare returnd the selfe-same way,
Thinking to quench her thirst at the next brooke.
There she beholding me with mylder looke,
Sought not to fly, but fearelesse still did bide:
Till I in hand her yet halfe trembling tooke,

---

[1] *fetters* chains or shackles.
[2] *diversly* variously.
[3] *felly* fiercely, cruelly.
[4] *succour* aid, help, assistance.
[5] *gardin of sweet flowres* See Song of Solomon 4:10-16.
[6] *Gillyflowers … Jessamynes* the second catalogue of flowers in the sequence, stressing sight and smell, higher senses than taste and touch. *Gillyflowers* are a variety of pinks noted for its clove-like scent. *Bellamoures* are an unidentified white flower. *Cullambynes* (columbines) are small and often violet in colour. *Jessamynes* (jasmines) are shrubs of southern origin with fragrant white and yellow flowers, introduced into England in the sixteenth century (*Yale*).
[7] *odourous* fragrant.
[8] *pray* prey.
[9] *assay* attempt, trial.

And with her owne goodwill hir fyrmely tyde.
Strange thing me seemd to see a beast so wyld,
So goodly wonne with her owne will beguyld.

68

Most glorious Lord of lyfe that on this day,[1]
Didst make thy triumph over death and sin:[2]
And having harrowd hell[3] didst bring away,
Captivity thence captive us to win.
This joyous day, deare Lord, with joy begin,
And grant that we for whom thou diddest dye
Being with thy deare blood clene washt from sin,
May live for ever in felicity.
And that thy love we weighing worthily,
May likewise love thee for the same againe:
And for thy sake that all lyke deare didst buy,
With love may one another entertayne.
So let us love, deare love, lyke as we ought,
Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught.

69

The famous warriors of the anticke[4] world,
Used Trophees to erect in stately wize:
In which they would the records have enrold,
Of theyr great deeds and valarous emprize.[5]
What trophee then shall I most fit devize,
In which I may record the memory
Of my loves conquest, peerelesse beauties prise,
Adorn'd with honour, love, and chastity.
Even this verse vowd to eternity,
Shall be thereof immortall moniment:[6]
And tell her prayse to all posterity,
That may admire such worlds rare wonderment.
The happy purchase of my glorious spoile,
Gotten at last with labour and long toyle.

70

Fresh spring the herald of loves mighty king,
In whose cote armour[7] richly are displayd,
All sorts of flowers the which on earth do spring
In goodly colours gloriously arrayd.
Goe to my love, where she is carelesse layd,
Yet in her winters bowre not well awake:
Tell her the joyous time wil not be staid
Unlesse she doe him by the forelock take.
Bid her therefore her selfe soone ready make,
To wayt on love amongst his lovely crew:
Where every one that misseth then her make,
Shall be by him amearst[8] with penance dew.
Make hast therefore sweet love, whilest it is prime,[9]
For none can call againe the passed time.

74

Most happy letters fram'd by skilfull trade,
With which that happy name was first desynd:
The which three times thrise happy hath me made,
With guists of body, fortune and of mind.
The first my being to me gave by kind,
From mothers womb deriv'd by dew descent,
The second is my sovereigne Queene most kind,
That honour and large richesse to me lent.
The third my love, my lives last ornament,
By whom my spirit out of dust was raysed:
To speake her prayse and glory excellent,
Of all alive most worthy to be praysed.
Ye three Elizabeths for ever live,
That three such graces[10] did unto me give.

---

1 *this day* Easter (*Variorum*).

2 *Didst … death and sin* See 1 Corinthians 15:20 (*Variorum*).

3 *harrowd hell* allusion to the medieval doctrine, drawn from the apocryphal gospel of Nicodemus, that Christ descended to Hell and redeemed worthy men who lived prior to his time (*Variorum*).

4 *anticke* antique: ancient.

5 *emprize* undertaking, enterprise.

6 *moniment* monument.

7 *cote armour* coats of arms.

8 *amearst* punished (*Yale*).

9 *prime* the canonical hour of the Divine Office that is appointed for the first hour of the day, beginning either at six o'clock throughout the year, or at the varying time of sunrise; also sometimes used for the period between the first hour and tierce, the end of which period (about nine o'clock) is believed to have been high prime, or prime large; the beginning or first appearance of the new moon; spring; state of full perfection.

10 *three such graces* both the three classical Graces and the three Elizabeths (Spenser's mother, wife, and queen).

75

One day I wrote her name upon the strand,
But came the waves and washed it away:
Agayne I wrote it with a second hand,
But came the tyde, and made my paynes his pray.
Vayne man, sayd she, that doest in vaine assay,
A mortall thing so to immortalize.
For I my selve shall lyke to this decay,
And eek[1] my name bee wyped out lykewize.
Not so, (quod I) let baser things devize,
To dy in dust, but you shall live by fame:
My verse your vertues rare shall eternize,
And in the hevens wryte your glorious name.
Where whenas death shall all the world subdew,
Our love shall live, and later life renew.

80

After so long a race as I have run
Through Faery land, which those six books[2] compile,
Give leave to rest me being halfe fordonne,[3]
And gather to my selfe new breath awhile.
Then as a steed refreshed after toyle,
Out of my prison I will breake anew:
And stoutly will that second worke assoyle,[4]
With strong endevour and attention dew.
Till then give leave to me in pleasant mew,[5]
To sport my muse and sing my loves sweet praise:
The contemplation of whose heavenly hew,
My spirit to an higher pitch will rayse.
But let her prayses yet be low and meane,
Fit for the handmayd of the Faery Queene.

82

Joy of my life, full oft for loving you
I blesse my lot, that was so lucky placed:
But then the more your owne mishap I rew,
That are so much by so meane love embased.[6]
For had the equall hevens so much you graced
In this as in the rest, ye mote invent
Som hevenly wit, whose verse could have enchased[7]
Your glorious name in golden moniment.
But since ye deigned so goodly to relent
To me your thrall, in whom is little worth,
That little that I am, shall all be spent,
In setting your immortall prayses forth.
Whose lofty argument uplifting me,
Shall lift you up unto an high degree.

89

Lyke as the Culver on the bared bough
Sits mourning for the absence of her mate:
And in her songs sends many a wishfull vow,
For his returne that seemes to linger late,
So I alone now left disconsolate,
Mourne to my selfe the absence of my love:
And wandring here and there all desolate,
Seek with my playnts to match that mournful dove.
Ne joy of ought that under heaven doth hove
Can comfort me, but her owne joyous sight:
Whose sweet aspect both God and man can move,
In her unspotted pleasauns to delight.
Dark is my day, whyles her fayre light I mis,
And dead my life that wants such lively blis.

—1595

Epithalamion

Ye learned sisters[8] which have oftentimes
Beene to me ayding, others to adorne:
Whom ye thought worthy of your gracefull rymes,
That even the greatest did not greatly scorne

[1] *eek* also.

[2] *Faery land … six books* the 1596 edition of *The Faerie Queene.* Spenser planned to write a further set of six books.

[3] *fordonne* exhausted, overcome.

[4] *assoyle* assail.

[5] *mew* hiding, confinement.

[6] *embased* to lower in rank, dignity, office, condition, or character; to humble, humiliate; often with the sense of degrade.

[7] *enchased* to "set" as a jewel; to engrave or ornament.

[8] *learned sisters* the Muses.

To heare theyr names sung in your simple layes,
But joyed in theyr prayse.
And when ye lift your owne mishaps to mourne,
Which death, or love, or fortunes wreck did rayse,
Your string could soone to sadder tenor[1] turne,
And teach the woods and waters to lament
Your dolefull dreriment.
Now lay those sorrowfull complaints aside,
And having all your heads with girland[2] crownd,
Helpe me mine owne loves prayses to resound,
Ne[3] let the same of any be envide,[4]
So Orpheus[5] did for his owne bride,
So I unto my selfe alone will sing,
The woods shall to me answer and my eccho ring.

Early before the worlds light giving lampe,
His golden beame upon the hils doth spred,
Having disperst the nights unchearefull dampe,
Doe ye awake and with fresh lusty hed,[6]
Go to the bowre of my beloved love,
My truest turtle dove[7]
Bid her awake; for Hymen[8] is awake,
And long since ready forth his maske to move,
With his bright Tead[9] that flames with many a flake,[10]
And many a bachelor to waite on him,
In theyr fresh garments trim.
Bid her awake therefore and soone her dight,[11]
For lo the wished day is come at last,
That shall for al the paynes and sorrowes past,
Pay to her usury of long delight,
And whylest she doth her dight,
Doe ye to her of joy and solace sing,
That all the woods may answer and your eccho ring.

Bring with you all the Nymphes[12] that you can heare
Both of the rivers and the forrests greene:
And of the sea that neighbours to her neare,
Al with gay girlands goodly wel beseene.
And let them also with them bring in hand,
Another gay girland
For my fayre love of lillyes and of roses,
Bound truelove wize with a blew silke riband.[13]
And let them make great store of bridale poses,[14]
And let them eeke[15] bring store of other flowers
To deck the bridale bowers.
And let the ground whereas her foot shall tread,
For feare the stones her tender foot should wrong
Be strewed with fragrant flowers all along,
And diapred lyke the discoloured mead.[16]
Which done, doe at her chamber dore awayt,
For she will waken strayt,
The whiles doe ye this song unto her sing.
The woods shall to you answer and your eccho ring.

Ye Nymphes of Mulla[17] which with carefull heed,
The silver scaly trouts doe tend full well,
And greedy pikes which use therein to feed,
(Those trouts and pikes all others doo excell)
And ye likewise which keepe the rushy lake,[18]
Where none doo fishes take.
Bynd up the locks the which hang scatterd light,

---

1 *tenor* quality, character, tone.
2 *girland* garland.
3 *Ne* nor.
4 *envide* envied.
5 *Orpheus* supreme minstrel of Greek mythology devoted to his wife, Eurydice, whose loss caused him to retreat to the wilderness, where he moved animals, trees, and rocks with his lament (*OCD*).
6 *lusty hed* lustiness.
7 *turtle dove* bird known for its deep affection for its mate.
8 *Hymen* god of marriage.
9 *Tead* torch.
10 *flake* portion of ignited matter thrown off by a burning or incandescent body (i.e., a detached portion of flame).
11 *dight* equip, fit out, furnish.
12 *Nymphes* female spirits of nature representing the divine power of mountains, waters, woods, and trees (*OCD*).
13 *blew silke riband* Blue symbolizes fidelity.
14 *poses* posies.
15 *eeke* also.
16 *diapred ... discoloured mead* patterned like a variously coloured meadow.
17 *Mulla* river bounding Spenser's Irish estate, Kilcolman, on the S and W sides (*Variorum*).
18 *the rushy lake* small lake near Kilcolman reputedly inhospitable to fish (*Variorum*).

And in his waters which your mirror make,
Behold your faces as the christall bright,
That when you come whereas my love doth lie,
No blemish she may spie.
And eke ye lightfoot mayds which keepe the dore,[1]
That on the hoary mountayne use to towre,
And the wylde wolves which seeke them to devoure,
With your steele darts doo chace from comming neer
Be also present heere,
To helpe to decke her and to help to sing,
That all the woods may answer and your eccho ring.

Wake now my love, awake; for it is time,
The Rosy Morne long since left Tithones[2] bed,
All ready to her silver coche[3] to clyme,
And Phœbus[4] gins to shew his glorious hed.
Hark how the cheerefull birds do chaunt theyr laies[5]
And carroll of loves praise.
The merry Larke[6] hir mattins[7] sings aloft,
The thrush replyes, the Mavis[8] descant playes,
The Ouzell[9] thrills, the Ruddock[10] warbles soft,
So goodly all agree with sweet consent,
To this dayes merriment.
Ah my deere love why doe ye sleepe thus long,
When meeter were that ye should now awake,
T'awayt the comming of your joyous make,[11]
And hearken to the birds love learned song,
The deawy leaves among.
For they of joy and pleasance to you sing,
That all the woods them answer & theyr eccho ring.

My love is now awake out of her dreame,
And her fayre eyes like stars that dimmed were
With darksome cloud, now shew theyr goodly beams
More bright then[12] Hesperus[13] his head doth rere.
Come now ye damzels,[14] daughters of delight,
Helpe quickly her to dight,
But first come ye fayre houres[15] which were begot
In loves sweet paradice, of Day and Night,
Which doe the seasons of the yeare allot,
And al that ever in this world is fayre
Doe make and still repayre.
And ye three handmayds of the Cyprian Queene[16]
The which doe still adorne her beauties pride,
Helpe to addorne my beautifullest bride
And as ye her array, still throw betweene
Some graces to be seene,
And as ye use to Venus,[17] to her sing,
The whiles the woods shal answer & your eccho ring.

Now is my love all ready forth to come,
Let all the virgins therefore well awayt,
And ye fresh boyes that tend upon her groome
Prepare your selves; for he is comming strayt.
Set all your things in seemely good array
Fit for so joyfull day,
The joyfulst day that ever sunne did see.
Faire Sun, shew forth thy favourable ray,
And let thy lifull heat not fervent be
For feare of burning her sunshyny face,
Her beauty to disgrace.

---

1 *lightfoot mayds … dore* woodland nymphs (*Yale*).
2 *Tithones* husband of Aurora, goddess of the dawn (*OCD*).
3 *coche* coach.
4 *Phœbus* Roman version of Apollo, god of the sun.
5 *laies* songs.
6 *Larke* songbird associated with dawn (*Variorum*).
7 *mattins* morning office recited at daybreak.
8 *Mavis* variety of thrush (*Variorum*).
9 *Ouzell* blackbird (*Variorum*).
10 *Ruddock* robin (*Variorum*).
11 *make* mate.
12 *then* than.
13 *Hesperus* evening star.
14 *damzels* the bridesmaids.
15 *fayre houres* the Horae, Hours, three daughters of Zeus associated with the principle of order, particularly the seasons and later the hours of the day. They are also keepers of Heaven's gate. Commonly their mother is identified as Themis, the earth goddess, rather than Night (*Yale*).
16 *handmayds of the Cyprian Queene* the Graces (Aglaia, Euphrosyne, Thalia) who attend Venus.
17 *Venus* goddess of love.

O fayrest Phœbus, father of the Muse,[1]
If ever I did honour thee aright,
Or sing the thing, that mote thy mind delight,
Doe not thy servants simple boone[2] refuse,
But let this day, let this one day be myne,
Let all the rest be thine.
Then I thy soverayne prayses loud wil sing,
That all the woods shal answer and theyr eccho ring.

Harke how the Minstrels gin to shrill aloud,
Their merry Musick that resounds from far,
The pipe, the tabor,[3] and the trembling Croud,[4]
That well agree withouten breach or jar.
But most of all the Damzels doe delite,
When they their tymbrels[5] smyte,
And thereunto doe daunce and carrol sweet,
That all the sences they doe ravish quite,
The whyles the boyes run up and downe the street,
Crying aloud with strong confused noyce,
As if it were one voyce.
Hymen io Hymen,[6] Hymen they do shout,
That even to the heavens theyr shouting shrill
Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill,
To which the people standing all about,
As in approvance doe thereto applaud
And loud advaunce her laud,
And evermore they Hymen Hymen sing,
That al the woods them answer and theyr eccho ring.

Loe where she comes along with portly pace,
Lyke Phœbe[7] from her chamber of the East,
Arysing forth to run her mighty race,
Clad all in white, that seemes a virgin best.
So well it her beseemes[8] that ye would weene
Some angell she had beene.
Her long loose yellow locks lyke golden wyre,
Sprinckled with perle, and perling flowres a tweene,[9]
Doe lyke a golden mantle her attyre,
And being crowned with a girland greene,
Seeme lyke some mayden Queene,[10]
Her modest eyes abashed to behold
So many gazers, as on her do stare,
Upon the lowly ground affixed are.
Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,
But blush to heare her prayses sung so loud,
So farre from being proud.
Nathlesse[11] doe ye still loud her prayses sing,
That all the woods may answer and your eccho ring.

Tell me ye merchants daughters did ye see
So fayre a creature in your towne before,
So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
Adornd with beautyes grace and vertues store,
Her goodly eyes lyke Saphyres shining bright,
Her forehead yvory white,
Her cheekes lyke apples which the sun hath rudded,
Her lips lyke cherryes charming men to byte,
Her brest like to a bowle of creame uncrudded,[12]
Her paps[13] lyke lyllies budded,[14]
Her snowie necke lyke to a marble towre,[15]
And all her body lyke a pallace fayre,
Ascending uppe with many a stately stayre,
To honours seat and chastities sweet bowre.
Why stand ye still ye virgins in amaze,
Upon her so to gaze,

---

1 *father of the Muse* Jove is usually understood as father of the Muses, although Phoebus Apollo as patron of arts, especially music, governs them.

2 *boone* request.

3 *tabor* drum.

4 *Croud* celtic fiddle.

5 *tymbrels* tambourines.

6 *Hymen io Hymen* ritual cry to the god of marriage at weddings.

7 *Phœbe* the virginal moon goddess, Diana.

8 *beseemes* suits, becomes.

9 *perling flowres a tweene* i.e., glistening flowers scattered amidst them.

10 *mayden Queene* allusion to Queen Elizabeth.

11 *Nathlesse* nonetheless.

12 *uncrudded* uncurdled.

13 *paps* breasts.

14 *Her brest … budded* allusion to Song of Solomon 4:5.

15 *marble towre* See Song of Solomon 4:4 and 7:4. The passage from lines 167 to 200 echoes both the imagery of the Song of Solomon and assertions in Plato's *Symposium* concerning the spiritual beauty of the lady (*Variorum*).

Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
To which the woods did answer and your eccho ring.

But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
The inward beauty of her lively spright,
Garnisht with heavenly guifts of high degree,
Much more then would ye wonder at that sight,
And stand astonisht lyke to those which red[1]
Medusaes[2] mazeful hed.
There dwels sweet love and constant chastity,
Unspotted fayth and comely womanhood,
Regard of honour and mild modesty,
There vertue raynes as Queene in royal throne,
And giveth laws alone.
The which the base affections doe obay,
And yeeld theyr services unto her will,
Ne thought of thing uncomely ever may
Thereto approch to tempt her mind to ill.
Had ye once seene these her celestial threasures,
And unrevealed pleasures,
Then would ye wonder and her prayses sing,
That al the woods should answer and your eccho ring.

Open the temple gates unto my love,
Open them wide that she may enter in,
And all the postes adorne as doth behove,
And all the pillours deck with girlands trim,
For to recyve this Saynt with honour dew,
That commeth in to you,
With trembling steps and humble reverence,
She commeth in, before th'Almighties vew,
Of her ye virgins learne obedience,
When so ye come into those holy places,
To humble your proud faces
Bring her up to th'high altar that she may,
The sacred ceremonies there partake,
The which do endlesse matrimony make,
And let the roring Organs loudly play;
The praises of the Lord in lively notes,
The whiles with hollow throates.

The Choristers the joyous Antheme sing,
That al the woods may answere and their eccho ring.

Behold whiles she before the altar stands
Hearing the holy priest that to her speakes
And blesseth her with his two happy hands,
How the red roses flush up in her cheekes,
And the pure snow with goodly vermill[3] stayne,
Like crimsin dyde in grayne,
That even th'Angels[4] which continually,
About the sacred Altare doe remaine,
Forget their service and about her fly,
Ofte peeping in her face that seemes more fayre,
The more they on it stare.
But her sad[5] eyes still fastened on the ground,
Are governed with goodly modesty,
That suffers not one looke to glaunce awry,
Which may let in a little thought unsownd,
Why blush ye love to give to me your hand,[6]
The pledge of all our band,
Sing ye sweet Angels, Alleluya sing,
That all the woods may answere and your eccho ring.

Now al is done; bring home the bride againe,
Bring home the triumph of our victory,
Bring home with you the glory of her gaine,
With joyance bring her and with jollity.
Never had man more joyfull day then this,
Whom heaven would heape with blis.
Make feast therefore now all this live long day,
This day for ever to me holy is,
Poure out the wine without restraint or stay,
Poure not by cups, but by the belly full,
Poure out to all that wull,[7]
And sprinkle all the postes and wals with wine,
That they may sweat, and drunken be withall.

---

[1] *red* saw.

[2] *Medusa* mythological figure who petrified those who saw her, sometimes associated with chastity.

[3] *vermill* vermilion: red.

[4] *Angels* highest rank in the community of celebrants assembled (*Yale*).

[5] *sad* sober, serious.

[6] *give to me your hand* Rings have been exchanged and this is likely the moment when the priest joins the hands of the new husband and wife.

[7] *wull* will, desire (the wine).

Crowne ye God Bacchus[1] with a coronall,
And Hymen also crowne with wreathes of vine,
And let the Graces daunce unto the rest;
For they can doo it best:
The whiles the maydens doe theyr carroll sing,
To which the woods shal answer & theyr eccho ring.

Ring ye the bels, ye yong men of the towne,
And leave your wonted labours for this day:
This day is holy; doe ye write it downe,
That ye for ever it remember may.
This day the sunne is in his chiefest hight,
With Barnaby[2] the bright,
From whence declining daily by degrees,
He somewhat loseth of his heat and light,
When once the Crab[3] behind his back he sees.
But for this time it ill ordained was,
To chose the longest day in all the yeare,[4]
And shortest night, when longest fitter weare.
Yet never day so long, but late would passe.
Ring ye the bels, to make it weare away,
And bonefiers make all day,
And daunce about them, and about them sing:
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

Ah when will this long weary day have end,
And lende me leave to come unto my love?
How slowly do the houres theyr numbers spend?
How slowly does sad Time his feathers move?
Hast thee O fayrest Planet[5] to thy home
Within the Westerne fome:
Thy tyred steedes long since have need of rest.
Long though it be, at last I see it gloome,
And the bright evening star with golden creast[6]
Appeare out of the East.
Fayre childe of beauty, glorious lampe of love
That all the host of heaven in rankes doost lead,
And guydest lovers through the nights dread,
How chearefully thou lookest from above,
And seemst to laugh atweene thy twinkling light
As joying in the sight
Of these glad many which for joy doe sing,
That all the woods them answer and their eccho ring.

Now cease ye damsels[7] your delights forepast,
Enough is it, that all the day was youres:
Now day is doen, and night is nighing[8] fast:
Now bring the Bryde into the brydall boures.
Now night is come,[9] now soone her disarray,
And in her bed her lay,
Lay her in lillies and in violets,
And silken courteins over her display,
And odourd sheetes, and Arras[10] coverlets,
Behold how goodly my faire love does ly
In proud humility;
Like unto Maia,[11] when as Ioue her tooke,
In Tempe, lying on the flowry gras,
Twixt sleepe and wake, after she weary was,
With bathing in the Acidalian brooke.[12]
Now it is night, ye damsels may be gon,
And leave my love alone,
And leave likewise your former lay to sing:
The woods no more shal answere, nor your echo ring.

---

1 *Bacchus* god of wine.

2 *Barnaby* St. Barnabas' Day, June 11, the longest day of the year. Spenser is reckoning by the old calendar, at that time ten days different from the current calendar.

3 *Crab* The sun moves from the zodiacal sign of Cancer to Leo in mid-June.

4 *longest day in all the yeare* summer solstice.

5 *O fayrest Planet* sun.

6 *bright evening star with golden creast* Venus, as well as Hesperus, is the evening star. Hesperus is usually represented as a boy rider bearing a torch (*OCD*), but the lines that follow indicate that Spenser refers to Venus here.

7 *damsels* bridesmaids referred to earlier.

8 *nighing* nearing.

9 *Now night is come* The placement of this comment 1/4 of the way through the stanza reflects the indication in contemporary almanacs of 16 1/4 hours of daylight on June 11 in southern Ireland (Hieatt, *Short Time's Endless Monument*, p. 10).

10 *Arras* French city known for its tapestries.

11 *Maia* mother of Hermes (Mercury) by Zeus (Jove) and eldest of the Pleiades, the seven daughters of Atlas (*Dict. Gods and Mortals*).

12 *Acidalian brooke* place associated with Venus (*Variorum*).

Now welcome night, thou night so long expected,
That long daies labour doest at last defray,
And all my cares, which cruell love collected,
Hast sumd in one, and cancelled for aye:
Spread thy broad wing over my love and me,
That no man may us see,
And in thy sable mantle us enwrap,
From feare of perrill and foule horror free,
Let no false treason seeke us to entrap,
Nor any dread disquiet once annoy
The safety of our joy:
But let the night be calme and quietsome,
Without tempestuous storms or sad afray:
Lyke as when Ioue with fayre Alcmena[1] lay,
When he begot the great Tirynthian groome:
Or lyke as when he with thy selfe did lie,
And begot Majesty.
And let the mayds and yongmen cease to sing:
Ne let the woods them answer, nor theyr eccho ring.

Let no lamenting cryes, nor dolefull teares
Be heard all night within nor yet without:
Ne let false whispers breeding hidden feares,
Breake gentle sleepe with misconceived dout.
Let no deluding dreames, nor dreadful sights
Make sudden sad affrights;
Ne let housefyres, nor lightnings helplesse harmes,
Ne let the Pouke,[2] nor other evill sprights,
Ne let mischivous witches with theyr charmes,
Ne let hob Goblins, names whose fence we see not,
Fray us with things that be not.
Let not the shriech Oule,[3] nor the Storke[4] be heard:
Nor the night Raven[5] that still deadly yels,
Nor damned ghosts cald up with mighty spels,
Nor griesly vultures make us once affeard:
Ne let th' unpleasant Quyre of Frogs still croking
Make us to wish theyr choking.
Let none of these theyr drery accents sing;
Ne let the woods them answer, nor theyr eccho ring.

But let stil Silence trew night watches keepe,
That sacred peace may in assurance rayne,
And tymely sleep, when it is tyme to sleepe,
May poure his limbs forth on your pleasant playne,
The whiles an hundred little winged loves,
Like divers fethered doves,
Shall fly and flutter round about your bed,
And in the secret darke, that none reproves,
Their prety stealthes shal worke, & snares shal spread
To filch away sweet snatches of delight,
Conceald through covert night.
Ye sonnes of Venus, play your sports at will,
For greedy pleasure, carelesse of your toyes,
Thinks more upon her paradise of joyes,
Then what ye do, albe it good or ill.
All night therefore attend your merry play,
For it will soone be day:
Now none doth hinder you, that say or sing,
Ne will the woods now answer, nor your eccho ring.

Who is the same, which at my window peepes?
Or whose is that faire face, that shines so bright,
Is it not Cinthia,[6] she that never sleepes,
But walkes about high heaven al the night?
O fayrest goddesse, do thou not envy
My love with me to spy:
For thou likewise didst love, though now unthought
And for a fleece of woll, which privily,
The Latmian shephard[7] once unto thee brought,

[1] *Alcmena* mother of Heracles by Zeus.

[2] *Pouke* mischievous sprite known as Puck, hobgoblin, or Robin Goodfellow.

[3] *Oule* bird of ill-omen presaging death (*Variorum*).

[4] *Storke* according to Deuteronomy 14, an unclean bird (*Variorum*).

[5] *Raven* bird reputed to be able to smell death (*Variorum*).

[6] *Cinthia* Roman goddess of the moon.

[7] *Latmian shephard* Endymion, with whom the moon fell in love and bore 50 daughters before putting him to sleep forever in order to avoid his death (*OCD*).

His pleasures with thee wrought.
Therefore to us be favourable now;
And sith of wemens labours thou hast charge,
And generation goodly dost enlarge,
Encline they will t'effect our wishfull vow,
And the chast wombe informe with timely seed,
That may our comfort breed:
Till which we cease our hopefull hap to sing,
Ne let the woods us answere, nor our eccho ring.

And thou great Juno,[1] which with awful might
The lawes of wedlock still dost patronize,
And the religion of the faith first plight
With sacred rites hast taught to solemnize:
And eeke for comfort often called art
Of women in their smart,
Eternally bind thou this lovely band,
And all thy blessings unto us impart.
And thou glad Genius,[2] in whose gentle hand,
The bridale bowre and geniall bed remaine,
Without blemish or staine.
And the sweet pleasures of theyr loves delight
With secret ayde doest succour and supply,
Till they bring forth the fruitfull progeny,
Send us the timely fruit of the same night.
And thou fayre Hebe,[3] and thou Hymen free,
Grant that it may so be.
Til which we cease your further prayse to sing,
Ne any woods shal answer, nor your eccho ring.

And ye high heavens, the temple of the gods,
In which a thousand torches flaming bright
Doe burne, that to us wretched earthly clods:
In dreadful darknesse lend desired light;
And all ye powers which in the same remayne,
More then we men can fayne,
Poure out your blessing on us plentiously,
And happy influence upon us raine,
That we may raise a large posterity,
Which from the earth, which they may long possesse,
With lasting happinesse,
Up to your haughty pallaces may mount,
And for the guerdon[4] of theyr glorious merit
May heavenly tabernacles there inherit,
Of blessed Saints for to increase the count.
So let us rest, sweet love, in hope of this,
And cease till then our tymely joyes to sing,
The woods no more us answer, nor our eccho ring.

Song made in lieu of many ornaments,
With which my love should duly have bene dect,[5]
Which cutting off[6] through hasty accidents,[7]
Ye would not stay[8] your dew[9] time to expect,
But promist both to recompens,
Be unto her a goodly ornament,
And for short time an endlesse moniment.

—1595

The Faerie Queene (1590)

Spenser's poetic narrative of the adventures of knights and ladies operates on a grand scale, moving as it does from the details of individual lives to the psychology of desire, politics of the nation, issues of religious doctrine, and providential visions of the future of humanity. The poem is also fundamentally concerned with the mongrel genealogy of the English language, an interest Spenser shared with Sir Philip Sidney, who in his *Defence of Poesy* argues that "our tongue is most fit to honour poesy and to be honoured by poesy." One of the bases for this fitness is the fact that the linguistic and literary remnants left by Roman, Saxon, Danish, and Norman invaders give English poetry an impressively long lineage. Spenser, in his turn, often used deliberately

[1] *Juno* Roman version of Hera, wife of Jupiter (Zeus), goddess of women and marriage.
[2] *Genius* male spirit associated with fertility.
[3] *Hebe* daughter of Zeus (Jove) and Hera (Juno) and cupbearer to the gods (*OCD*).
[4] *guerdon* reward.
[5] *dect* decked, adorned.
[6] *cutting off* preventing.
[7] *hasty accidents* sudden occurrences, mishaps.
[8] *stay* delay.
[9] *dew* due.

archaic vocabulary and spelling that recall both the language's more recent medieval past and its Latin roots. The poem exists in two forms, both published by William Ponsonby. The 1590 version ends after Book III, which is drawn to a close with the hermaphroditic image of Scudamore and Amoret entwined into a single being. In the 1596 edition, however, this moment of closure disappears and the romantic narrative of Book III is reopened and extended into Book IV (Friendship), whose characters return in various capacities in Books V (Justice) and VI (Courtesy).

Generically, too, *The Faerie Queene* emphasizes hybridity. Through this compendious work, Spenser undertook the task of producing a foundational narrative for his nation that both celebrates its past and envisions a glorious future culminating in the reign of his sovereign, Elizabeth I. In the poem as a whole, Spenser borrowed a number of features from Virgil's *Aeneid*, from its proposed structure of twelve books each divided into twelve cantos to echoes of particular episodes and even specific lines. Although *The Faerie Queene* incorporates elements of epic, particularly in Book II, it also emphasizes "knights and ladies gentle deeds" and draws on the resources of more contemporary Italian literary romances. For example, Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso* (1516) and Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata* (1581) particularly inform Book III.[1] However, Italianate elements are integrated with recognizably English material, which is especially evident in the identification of the hero of Book I as St. George and in the appearance in each book of the young Prince Arthur as he seeks the elusive Gloriana. While concerned with imitation of linguistic and literary forerunners, Spenser is also innovative, a trait shown linguistically in his employment of the hybrid roots of English to introduce new words into the language and formally through the complex stanza used throughout the poem. This "Spenserian stanza" consists of nine lines, eight of iambic pentameter followed by one of iambic hexameter, rhyming *ababbcbcc*.

In his prefatory "Letter to Raleigh" Spenser outlined the moral and didactic thrust of his project, that is, "to fashion a gentleman or noble person in vertuous and gentle discipline" through "a continued allegory, or darke conceit." He originally proposed twenty four books, comprising the twelve private and twelve public virtues. Although he later shortened this plan to twelve books in total, Spenser maintained the division of private and public virtues. While he finally completed only six and a few cantos for a seventh, the overall plan presents clues for reading both the frame story presented at the end of the dedicatory epistle and the work that follows. The multi-stranded narrative of the poem emphasizes concerns that are both individual and political, spiritual and secular, emotional and intellectual. For example, the virtues embodied in the first three books, of Holiness, Temperance, and Chastity, are primarily individual and moral, while the latter three, of Friendship, Justice, and Courtesy, are largely social and political. In every instance, the heroes and heroines must mature emotionally in order to act effectively in their newly understood roles.

Multiple levels of meaning are carried through the poem by means of a technique of multi-layered narrative derived from the practice of medieval biblical exegesis. In this tradition, known as "typology," events and figures of the Old Testament were read as foreshadowing events in the life of Christ.[2] For example, Adam, who lost humanity's bond with God through the Fall, is seen as a prefiguring of Christ, whose sacrifice restores that connection. Similarly, the Tree of Knowledge through which Adam brought death into the world becomes a "type" for the Cross, which brings about Christ's death but also heralds resurrection and eternal life. In literary allegory, the narrative contains details like iconic names, for example "Duessa," that suggest further levels of meaning to be worked out by readers. Because of its demand for active engagement on the part of readers, allegory is inherently didactic and designed to lead readers through a series of moral exercises as they interact with the text. In this way, it fulfills the humanist conception of poetry's function as, in Sidney's words, "a speaking picture, with this end to teach and delight."[3] The seminal statement on Renaissance allegory appears in Dante's "Letter to Can

[1] See *Spenser Encycl.*, p. 364c. For a lengthier discussion of Ariosto and Tasso in the tradition of Italian romantic epic, see G. Hough, *A Preface to "The Faerie Queene"* (London, 1962), pp. 9-81.

[2] *Spenser Encycl.*, pp. 19c-20a

[3] See the excerpts from Sidney's *Defence of Poesy*, pp. 719-20.

Grande" (c. 1319), in which he articulates a four-level model for reading his *Divine Comedy*. In it, the first level, identified as the literal, is interpretation of the actual events of the narrative, while the next, the allegorical, seeks to identify characters and incidents with their Biblical counterparts. Beyond these more concrete stages, the moral level addresses principles for the conduct of life, while the anagogical seeks the universal truths revealed by the text about human spiritual life.[1] To these four levels, Spenser added a fifth, the historical, which refers to events of contemporary history through symbolic figures, inset stories, and patterns of biblical allusion. This final level is highlighted in the "Letter to Raleigh" by both the instruction to understand Gloriana as a figure for Elizabeth I and the setting of the frame story of the romance of Gloriana and Prince Arthur at Gloriana's court, from which the knight-protagonists begin their quests.

Spenser's historical allegory fulfills a number of functions, from commentary on national concerns with religious politics to the humanist goal of offering advice to the monarch and the personal one of establishing himself as poet laureate through panegyric to his queen. However, particularly in the first half of the poem, the historical allegory of *The Faerie Queene* is discontinuous, in that it is not always fully realized. In the first book, "Holiness," the historical allusions comment on the establishment of a Protestant English Church in the face of the continental threat of Roman Catholicism, and its anti-Roman Catholic argument is conveyed through imagery and allusions drawn from Revelation. For example, Duessa, the chief representative of the Roman Church, is described as a scarlet-clad woman riding a many-headed beast, both of which are images associated with the apocalypse. Additionally, adornment with a contemporary symbol, the papal triple crown, serves to confirm Duessa's Catholicism. These iconic images are counterbalanced by the virginal Una, who represents the one true Church headed by the Queen, and the iconoclastic lion, a symbol of England who protects his lady from assault. Simultaneously, the questing knight, who bears the red cross of St. George on his shield, encounters figures representing spiritual errors like Pride and Despair, both of which indicate the failure of faith. His correction occurs in the House of Holiness, where Red Cross is healed by the spiritual virtues of faith, hope, and charity and given a vision of his genealogy, which is effectively a history of his nation beginning with its purported origin with the Trojan Brutus. The intervention of Prince Arthur at Red Cross's moment of despair confirms the historical and national relevance of his individual spiritual quest. Exploration of the classical virtue of temperance in Book II lends itself less well to extended consideration of contemporary politics, but the politics of the court become a focus of Book III through the struggles of Britomart, the "martiall mayd," to maintain her chasitity while learning the womanly virtue of love in marriage. The virginal representative of a warlike Britain clearly reflects Elizabeth I and her complex negotations of gender, rule, and marriage.[2] The various reflections and refractions of Elizabeth I in the poem offer both positive and negative examples of powerful women that serve to instruct the monarch on the characteristics of successful rule. Typically, the negative examples—Duessa in Book I, Acrasia in Book II, and Malecasta in Book III, for instance—are balanced against more ideal counterparts like Una, Alma, Amoret, and Belphoebe, who are more positively identified as aspects of Elizabeth. The overarching figure for Spenser's queen is Gloriana, who rules the ideal earthly city of Cleopolis and embodies the collective virtues of the other female characters. Her romance with Prince Arthur places her in an idealized British past, which, by virtue of Henry Tudor's Welsh ancestry, was used in contemporary propaganda to legitimize the Tudor dynasty. Through this panegyric, Spenser praised and legitimized Elizabeth, both placing himself in her service and indicating the power of his craft to represent her. These dual functions establish Spenser as both Elizabeth's laureate and the poet of the nation.[3]

[1] Ibid., 20a-20b.

[2] R.H. Wells, *Spenser's "Faerie Queene" and the Cult of Elizabeth* (London, 1983), pp. 74-75.

[3] See R. Helgerson, *Self-Crowned Laureates: Spenser, Jonson, Milton and the Literary System* (Berkeley, 1983), pp. 96-100.

from *The Faerie Queene*

To the Right Noble, and Valorous, Sir Walter Raleigh[1] Knight, Lo. Wardein of the Stanneryes, and Her Majesties Liefetenaunt of the County of Cornewayll.

Sir knowing how doubtfully all Allegories may be construed, and this booke of mine, which I have entituled the Faery Queene, being a continued Allegory, or darke conceit, I have thought good as well for avoyding of gealous opinions and misconstructions, as also for your better light in reading therof, (being so by you commanded,) to discover unto you the general intention and meaning, which in the whole course therof I have fashioned, without expressing of any particular purposes or by-accidents therein occasioned. The generall end therefore of all the booke is to fashion[2] a gentleman or noble person in vertuous and gentle discipline. Which for that I conceived shoulde be most plausible and pleasing, being coloured with an historicall fiction, the which the most part of men delight to read, rather for variety of matter, then for profite of the ensample: I chose the historye of king Arthure, as most fitte for the excellency of his person, being made famous by many mens former workes, and also furthest from the daunger of envy, and suspition of present time. In which I have followed all the antique Poets historicall, first Homere, who in the Persons of Agamemnon and Ulysses hath ensampled a good governour and a vertuous man, the one in his Ilias, the other in his Odysseis:[3] then Virgil,[4] whose like intention was to doe in the person of Aeneas: after him Ariosto[5] comprised them both in his Orlando: and lately Tasso[6] dissevered them againe, and formed both parts in two persons, namely that part which they in Philosophy call Ethice, or vertues of a private man, coloured in his Rinaldo: The other named Politice in his Godfredo. By ensample of which excellente Poets, I labour to pourtraict in Arthure, before he was king, the image of a brave knight, perfected in the twelve private morall vertues, as Aristotle[7] hath devised, the which is the purpose of these first twelve bookes: which if I finde to be well accepted, I may be perhaps encoraged, to frame the other part of polliticke vertues in his person, after that hee came to be king. To some I know this Methode will seeme displeasaunt, which had rather have good discipline delivered plainly in way of precepts, or sermoned at large, as they use, then thus clowdily enwrapped in Allegoricall devises. But such, me seeme, should be satisfide with the use of these dayes, seeing all

[1] *Walter Raleigh* See above, pp. 1110-11. Ralegh (1554-1618) was involved in overseas exploration as part of the effort to establish England as an empire. A favourite of Elizabeth I, with a brief falling-out after his marriage to Elizabeth Throckmorton in 1591, he was also courtier, poet, and historian. Early in his career, Ralegh was given a position with Lord Grey, Lord Deputy of Ireland, to whom Spenser was secretary, and it is likely that they met in this period (*Spenser Encycl.*, p. 584a). For selections from Ralegh's works, see pp. 1111-36.

[2] *fashion* two meanings of this word are at work here: to represent and also to train or educate.

[3] *Ilias … Odysseis* The *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* were Homer's two epics. The *Iliad* features Achilles, the physical hero, while the *Odyssey* focusses on Odysseus, the intellectual hero. *Ulysses* is the Latin equivalent of Odysseus.

[4] *Virgil* Roman poet (70-19 BCE) whose epic, the *Aeneid*, is the foundational myth for the Roman empire. His poetic career, which progressed from the *Eclogues*, a set of pastoral poems, through the *Georgics*, a glorification of agriculture and Italy, to the epic *Aeneid*, provided a model for the careers of Spenser and, later, Milton.

[5] *Ariosto* Lodovico Ariosto (1474-1533) wrote *Orlando Furioso*, which fused Virgilian epic and medieval romance and provided a model for Spenser's work. Spenser combines Ariosto's division of his poem into cantos with Virgil's subdivision into twelve books, although only six were ultimately completed.

[6] *Tasso* Torquato Tasso (1544-95) was an Italian contemporary of Spenser whose *Gerusalemme Liberata* (1581) was seen as the greatest achievement of modern poetry. Tasso's two heroes, Goffredo and Rinaldo, embody the two sets of virtues that Spenser combines in a single figure, Arthur.

[7] *Aristotle* Spenser alludes to Aristotle's *Nicomachean Ethics*, which discusses private virtue, being a good man, with the good citizen, or public virtue, the subject of his *Politics*. While Aristotle does not distinguish twelve virtues, Spenser follows the convention of medieval and early sixteenth-century commentators (*Spenser Encycl.*, pp. 58c-59a).

things accounted by their showes, and nothing esteemed of, that is not delightfull and pleasing to commune sence. For this cause is Xenophon[1] preferred before Plato, for that the one in the exquisite depth of his judgement, formed a Commune welth[2] such as it should be, but the other in the person of Cyrus and the Persians fashioned a governement such as might best be: So much more profitable and gratious is doctrine by ensample then by rule. So have I laboured to doe in the person of Arthure: whome I conceive after his long education by Timon, to whom he was by Merlin delivered to be brought up, so soone as he was borne of the Lady Igrayne, to have seene in a dream or vision the Faery Queen, with whose excellent beauty ravished, he awaking resolved to seeke her out, and so being by Merlin armed, and by Timon throughly instructed, he went to seeke her forth in Faerye land. In that Faery Queene I meane glory in my generall intention, but in my particular I conceive the most excellent and glorious person of our soveraine the Queene, and her kingdome in Faery land. And yet in some places els, I doe otherwise shadow her. For considering she beareth two persons, the one of a most royall Queene or Empresse, the other of a most vertuous and beautifull Lady, this latter part in some places I doe expresse in Belphœbe, fashioning her name according to your owne excellent conceipt of Cynthia,[3] (Phœbe and Cynthia being both names of Diana.) So in the person of Prince Arthure I sette forth magnificence[4] in particular, which vertue for that (according to Aristotle and the rest) it is the perfection of all the rest, and conteineth in it them all, therefore in the whole course I mention the deedes of Arthure applyable to that vertue, which I write of in that booke. But of the xii. other vertues, I make xii. other knights the patrones, for the more variety of the history: Of which these three bookes contayn three, The first of the knight of the Redcrosse, in whome I expresse Holynes: The seconde of Sir Guyon, in whome I sette forth Temperaunce: The third of Britomartis a Lady knight, in whome I picture Chastity. But because the beginning of the whole worke seemeth abrupte and as depending upon other antecedents, it needs that ye know the occasion of these three knights severall adventures. For the Methode of a Poet historical is not such, as of an Historiographer. For an Historiographer discourseth of affayres orderly as they were donne, accounting as well the times as the actions, but a Poet thrusteth into the middest, even where it most concerneth him, and there recoursing to the thinges forepaste, and divining of thinges to come, maketh a pleasing Analysis of all. The beginning therefore of my history, if it were to be told by an Historiographer should be the twelfth booke, which is the last, where I devise that the Faery Queene kept her Annuall feast xii. dayes, uppon which xii. severall knights, are in these xii books severally handled and discoursed. The first was this. In the beginning of the feast, there presented him selfe a tall clownishe[5] younge man, who falling before the Queen of Faeries desired a boone (as the manner then was) which during that feaste should happen, that being graunted, he rested him on the floore, unfitte through his rusticity for a better place. Soone after entred a faire Ladye in mourning weedes, riding on a white Asse, with a dwarfe behind her leading a warlike steed, that bore the Armes of a knight, and his speare in the dwarfes hand. Shee falling before the Queene of Faeries, complayned[6] that

[1] *Xenophon* Greek philosopher (c. 428/27-c. 354 BCE), who left Athens in 401 to enter the service of Cyrus in Asia Minor, later serving in Sparta after his exile from Athens. In fictional form, his *Cyropaedia* responds to Plato's concern with the problem of finding and educating leaders.

[2] *Commune welth* Plato's *Republic* presents his theory of the government of an ideal nation from which he famously expels poets.

[3] *Cynthia* Ralegh's thinly allegorical fragment, *The Ocean to Cynthia*, alludes to his own name ("Walter" pronounced "water") in extolling the virtues of Elizabeth I, the Virgin Queen, who is identified with Cynthia, one of the names for the virginal moon goddess.

[4] *magnificence* Based on Aristotle's idea of magnanimity, magnificence "was frequently defined as the doing of great deeds for the sake of glory" (*Spenser Encycl.*, p. 448b). As the perfection of the other virtues, it seems to indicate their combination in action.

[5] *clownishe* rustic.

[6] *complayned* lamented.

her father and mother an ancient King and Queene, had bene by an huge dragon many years shut up in a brasen Castle, who thence suffred them not to yssew: and therefore besought the Faery Queene to assygne her some one of her knights to take on him that exployt. Presently that clownish person upstarting, desired that adventure: whereat the Queene much wondering, and the Lady much gainesaying, yet he earnestly importuned his desire. In the end the Lady told him that unlesse that armour which she brought, would serve him (that is the armour of a Christian man[1] specified by Saint Paul v. Ephes.) that he could not succeed in that enterprise, which being forthwith put upon him with dewe furnitures[2] thereunto, he seemed the goodliest man in al that company, and was well liked of the Lady. And eftsoones[3] taking on him knighthood, and mounting on that straunge Courser,[4] he went forth with her on that adventure: where beginneth the first booke, vz.

A gentle knight was pricking on the playne. &c.

The second day there came in a Palmer bearing an Infant with bloody hands, whose Parents he complained to have bene slayn by an Enchaunteresse called Acrasia: and therfore craved of the Faery Queene, to appoint him some knight, to performe that adventure, which being assigned to Sir Guyon, he presently went forth with that same Palmer: which is the beginning of the second booke and the whole subject thereof. The third day there came in, a Groome who complained before the Faery Queene, that a vile Enchaunter called Busirane had in hand a most faire Lady called Amoretta, whom he kept in most grievous torment, because she would not yield him the pleasure of her body. Whereupon Sir Scudamore the lover of that Lady presently tooke on him that adventure. But being unable to performe it by reason of the hard Enchauntments, after long sorrow, in the end met with Britomartis, who succoured[5] him, and reskewed his love.

But by occasion hereof, many other adventures are intermedled, but rather as Accidents, then intendments. As the love of Britomart, the overthrow of Marinell, the misery of Florimell, the vertuousnes of Belphœbe, the lasciviousnes of Hellenora, and many the like.

Thus much Sir, I have briefly overrone to direct your understanding to the wel-head of the History, that from thence gathering the whole intention of the conceit, ye may as in a handfull gripe al the discourse, which otherwise may happily[6] seeme tedious and confused. So humbly craving the continuaunce of your honorable favour towards me, and th'eternall establishment of your happines, I humbly take leave.

23. January. 1589.
Yours most humbly affectionate.
Ed. Spenser.

[1] *armour of a Christian man* "Put on the whole armor of God, that you may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. For we are not contending against flesh and blood, but against the principalities, against the powers, against the world rulers of this present darkness, against the spiritual hosts of wickedness in the heavenly places" (Ephesians 5:11-12). This idea is essential to reformist theology and its sense of Christian action in the world.

[2] *furnitures* equipment, preparation.

[3] *eftsoones* soon after.

[4] *Courser* swift horse.

[5] *succoured* aided, assisted.

[6] *happily* by chance.

THE FIRST BOOKE OF THE FAERIE QUEENE

Containing the Legende of the Knight of the Red Crosse, or Of Holinesse.[1]

1

Lo I the man,[2] whose Muse whilome[3] did maske,
As time her taught, in lowly Shepheards weeds,[4]
Am now enforst a far unfitter taske,
For trumpets sterne to chaunge mine Oaten reeds,[5]
And sing of Knights and Ladies gentle deeds;[6]
Whose prayses having slept in silence long,
Me, all too meane, the sacred Muse areeds[7]
To blazon[8] broad emongst her learned throng:
Fierce warres and faithfull loves shall moralize my song.

2

Helpe then, O holy Virgin chiefe of nine,[9]
Thy weaker Novice to performe thy will,
Lay forth out of thine everlasting scryne[10]
The antique rolles, which there lye hidden still,
Of Faerie knights and fairest Tanaquill,[11]
Whom that most noble Briton Prince[12] so long
Sought through the world, and suffered so much ill,
That I must rue his undeserved wrong:
O helpe thou my weake wit, and sharpen my dull tong.[13]

3

And thou most dreaded impe[14] of highest *Ioue*,
Faire *Venus* sonne,[15] that with thy cruell dart
At that good knight so cunningly didst rove,
That glorious fire it kindled in his hart,
Lay now thy deadly Heben[16] bow apart,
And with thy mother milde come to mine ayde:
Come both, and with you bring triumphant *Mart*,[17]
In loves and gentle jollities arrayd,[18]
After his murdrous spoiles and bloudy rage allayd.

4

And with them eke, O Goddesse heavenly bright,
Mirrour of grace and Majestie divine,
Great Lady of the greatest Isle, whose light
Like *Phœbus* lampe[19] throughout the world doth shine,
Shed thy faire beames into my feeble eyne,[20]
And raise my thoughts too humble and too vile,

---

[1] *Holinesse* This virtue finds a middle ground between the Roman Catholic doctrine of atonement for sin by good works and the reformed belief in justification by faith alone. For reformists, while salvation is achieved only through faith in Christ's sacrifice and the acceptance of God's grace, freely given, pride and a sense of self-sufficiency remain as spiritual dangers. Holiness then becomes the act of divining the will of God in the world and behaving in accordance with it, always mindful of the need to depend on God for guidance and strength (*Spenser Encycl.*, pp. 372c-373c).

[2] *Lo I the man* This opening echoes the verses prefixed to Virgil's *Aeneid*.

[3] *whilome* some time ago.

[4] *lowly Shepheards weeds* refers to Spenser's eclogues, *The Shepheardes Calender* (1579).

[5] *trumpets sterne … Oaten reeds* Martial trumpets were associated with epic, while rustic pipes represented the pastoral tradition.

[6] *And sing ……gentle deeds* This line revises the opening line of Virgil's *Aeneid*, "I sing of arms and of a man," and yokes epic with romance.

[7] *areeds* counsels, advises.

[8] *blazon* proclaim.

[9] *holy Virgin chiefe of nine* one of the Muses, likely either Calliope, the Muse of epic poetry, or Clio, the Muse of history, who is the eldest of the nine (*OCD*).

[10] *scryne* box for safe-keeping of valuables, particularly relics of saints.

[11] *Tanaquill* one of the names for the Fairy Queen, also known as Gloriana. The name refers Caia Tanaquil, whose chastity, industry, and sadness are recounted by Livy, Cicero, and Ovid. Both names were applied to Queen Elizabeth by the late 1570s (*Spenser Encycl.*, p. 333c).

[12] *most noble Briton Prince* Arthur, who will not be named until I.ix.6.

[13] *tong* tongue.

[14] *impe* child, offspring.

[15] *Faire Venus sonne* Cupid.

[16] *Heben* ebony.

[17] *Mart* Mars.

[18] *arrayd* attire, dress.

[19] *Phœbus lampe* i.e., the sun. Phoebus is god of the sun.

[20] *eyne* eyes.

To thinke of that true glorious type of thine,
The argument of mine afflicted stile:
The which to heare, vouchsafe, O dearest dred
a-while.

Canto I

The Patron of true Holinesse,
Foule Errour doth defeate:
Hypocrisie him to entrapp;
Doth to his home entreate.

1

A Gentle[1] Knight was pricking[2] on the plaine,
Ycladd[3] in mightie armes and silver shielde,[4]
Wherein old dints of deepe wounds did
remaine,
The cruell markes of many' a bloudy fielde;
Yet armes till that time did he never wield:
His angry steede did chide[5] his foming bitt,
As much disdayning to the curbe to yield:
Full jolly[6] knight he seemd, and faire did sitt,
As one for knightly giusts[7] and fierce encounters
fitt.

2

But on his brest a bloudie Crosse[8] he bore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he
wore
And dead as living ever[9] him ador'd:
Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,[10]
For soveraine hope, which in his helpe he had:
Right faithfull true[11] he was in deede and word,
But of his cheere[12] did seeme too solemne sad;
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.[13]

3

Upon a great adventure he was bond,
That greatest *Gloriana*[14] to him gave,
That greatest Glorious Queene of *Faerie* lond,
To winne him worship,[15] and her grace to
have,
Which of all earthly things he most did crave;
And ever as he rode, his hart did earne[16]
To prove his puissance[17] in battell brave
Upon his foe, and his new force to learne;
Upon his foe, a Dragon horrible and stearne.

4

A lovely Ladie rode him faire beside,
Upon a lowly Asse more white then snow,[18]
Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide
Under a vele, that wimpled[19] was full low,
And over all a blacke stole she did throw,
As one that inly mournd: so was she sad,
And heavie sat upon her palfrey[20] slow:
Seemed in heart some hidden care she had,
And by her in a line a milke white lambe she
lad.[21]

---

1 *Gentle* noble, both in rank and character.

2 *pricking* riding quickly.

3 *Ycladd* clothed.

4 *mightie armes and silver shielde* See Ephesians 5:11-17, particularly here the shield of faith (Ephesians 5:16).

5 *chide* scold, rebuke.

6 *jolly* gallant, brave.

7 *giusts* jousts.

8 *bloudie Crosse* both the cross of Christ and the red cross of St. George, patron saint of England.

9 *dead as living ever* allusion to Revelation 1:17-18: "Fear not, I am the first and the last, and the living one; I died, and behold I am alive for evermore."

10 *scor'd* marked by cutting or painting.

11 *Right faithfull true* See Revelation 19:11: "Then I saw heaven opened, and behold, a white horse! He who sat upon it is called Faithful and True, and in righteousness he judges and makes war."

12 *cheere* expression, countenance.

13 *ydrad* dreaded.

14 *Gloriana* the Fairy Queen who rules from her court at Cleopolis and a figure for Queen Elizabeth.

15 *worship* honour, fame, renown.

16 *earne* long, yearn.

17 *puissance* power, strength.

18 *a lowly Asse more white then snow* echoes Christ's entry into Jerusalem on Palm Sunday in Matthew 21:5-7.

19 *wimpled* fell in folds.

20 *palfrey* saddle horse for ordinary riding.

21 *a milke white lambe she lad* John 1:29 refers to Christ as the Lamb of God. In English legend, St. George rescues a princess who leads a lamb on a leash (*Spenser Encycl.*, p. 705c).

5

So pure an innocent, as that same lambe,
She was in life and every vertuous lore,
And by descent from Royall lynage came
Of ancient Kings and Queenes, that had of yore
Their scepters stretcht from East to Westerne shore,
And all the world in their subjection held;
Till that infernall feend[1] with foule uprore
Forwasted[2] all their land, and them expeld:
Whom to avenge, she had this Knight from far compeld.[3]

6

Behind her farre away a Dwarfe[4] did lag,
That lasie seemd in being ever last,
Or wearied with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his backe. Thus as they past,
The day with cloudes was suddeine overcast,
And angry Ioue an hideous storme of raine
Did poure into his Lemans[5] lap so fast,
That every wight[6] to shrowd[7] it did constrain,
And this faire couple eke[8] to shroud themselves were fain.[9]

7

Enforst to seeke some covert[10] nigh at hand,
A shadie grove not far away they spide,
That promist ayde the tempest to withstand:
Whose loftie trees yclad with sommers pride,
Did spred so broad, that heavens light did hide,
Not perceable with power of any starre:
And all within were pathes and alleies[11] wide,
With footing worne, and leading inward farre:
Faire harbour that them seemes;[12] so in they entred arre.

8

And foorth they passe, with pleasure forward led,
Joying to heare the birdes sweete harmony,
Which therein shrouded from the tempest dred,
Seemd in their song to scorne the cruell sky.
Much can they prayse the trees[13] so straight and hy,
The sayling Pine, the Cedar proud and tall,
The vine-prop Elme, the Poplar never dry,
The builder Oake, sole king of forrests all,
The Aspine good for staves, the Cypresse funerall.

9

The Laurell, meed of mightie Conquerours
And Poets sage, the Firre that weepeth still,
The Willow worne of forlorne Paramours,
The Eugh obedient to the benders will,
The Birch for shaftes, the Sallow for the mill,
The Mirrhe sweete bleeding in the bitter wound,
The warlike Beech, the Ash for nothing ill,
The fruitfull Olive, and the Platane round,
The carver Holme, the Maple seeldom inward sound.

10

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
Untill the blustring storme is overblowne;
When weening[14] to returne, whence they did stray,
They cannot finde that path, which first was showne,
But wander too and fro in wayes unknowne,
Furthest from end then, when they neerest weene,

---

1 *infernall feend* Satan.
2 *Forwasted* laid waste to.
3 *compeld* drawn, forced to come.
4 *Dwarfe* This figure represents common sense (*Variorum*).
5 *Lemans* beloved's.
6 *wight* person.
7 *shrowd* take shelter.
8 *eke* also.
9 *fain* obliged.
10 *covert* shelter, concealment.
11 *alleies* alleys.
12 *Faire harbour that them seemes* It appears to them a good harbour.
13 *trees* The catalogue of trees that follows is a feature found in Virgil, Ovid, Boccaccio, and, more immediately, Chaucer. Spenser combines classical, biblical, and literary symbolism in his choices.
14 *weening* expecting, hoping.

That makes them doubt, their wits be not their owne:
So many pathes, so many turnings seene,
That which of them to take, in diverse[1] doubt they been.

11

At last resolving forward still to fare,
Till that some end they finde or in or out,
That path they take, that beaten seemd most bare,
And like to lead the labyrinth[2] about;
Which when by tract[3] they hunted had throughout,
At length it brought them to a hollow cave,
Amid the thickest woods. The Champion stout[4]
Eftsoones dismounted from his courser brave,[5]
And to the Dwarfe a while his needlesse[6] spere he gave.

12

Be well aware,[7] quoth then that Ladie milde,
Least suddaine mischiefe[8] ye too rash provoke:
The danger hid, the place unknowne and wilde,
Breedes dreadfull doubts: Oft fire is without smoke,
And perill without show: therefore your stroke
Sir knight with-hold, till further triall made.
Ah Ladie (said he) shame were to revoke
The forward footing for an hidden shade:
Vertue gives her selfe light, through darkenesse for to wade.

13

"Yea but," quoth she, "the perill of this place
I better wot[9] then[10] you, though now too late
To wish you backe returne with foule disgrace,
Yet wisedome warnes, whilest foot is in the gate,
To stay the steppe, ere[11] forced to retreate.
This is the wandring wood, this *Errours* den,
A monster vile, whom God and man does hate:
Therefore I read[12] beware." "Fly fly," quoth then
The fearefull Dwarfe, "this is no place for living men."

14

But full of fire and greedy hardiment,[13]
The youthfull knight could not for ought be staide,[14]
But forth unto darksome hole he went,
And looked in: his glistring[15] armor made
A litle glooming light, much like a shade,
By which he saw the ugly monster plaine,
Halfe like a serpent[16] horribly displaide,
But th'other halfe did womans shape retaine,
Most lothsom, filthie, foule, and full of vile disdaine.

15

And as she lay upon the durtie ground,
Her huge long taile her den all overspred,
Yet was in knots and many boughtes[17] upwound,
Pointed with mortall sting. Of her there bred
A thousand yong ones, which she dayly fed,

---

1 *diverse* diverting, distracting (in a usage peculiar to Spenser).
2 *labyrinth* the maze constructed by Daedalus for King Minos to imprison the part-human/part-bull Minotaur (Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, Book 8).
3 *tract* path, route.
4 *stout* brave, firm in resolve.
5 *brave* splendid, fine.
6 *needlesse* unnecessary.
7 *aware* watchful, on guard.
8 *mischiefe* trouble, calamity.
9 *wot* know.
10 *then* than.
11 *ere* before.
12 *read* counsel, advise.
13 *hardiment* daring, boldness.
14 *could not … staide* could not be held back for anything.
15 *glistring* shining, glittering.
16 *Halfe like a serpent* Error resembles the serpent-woman Echidna in Hesiod's *Theogony* and other classical monsters who are human-snake amalgams (*Spenser Encycl.*, p. 253a).
17 *boughtes* coils.

Sucking upon her poisonous dugs, each one
Of sundry shapes, yet all ill favored:
Soone as that uncouth light upon them shone,
Into her mouth they crept, and suddain all were gone.

16

Their dam upstart, out of her den effraide,[1]
And rushed forth, hurling her hideous taile
About her cursed head, whose folds displaid
Were stretcht now forth at length without entraile.[2]
She lookt about, and seeing one in mayle
Armed to point, sought backe to turne againe;
For light she hated as the deadly bale,[3]
Ay wont[4] in desert darknesse to remaine,
Where plaine none might her see, nor she see any plaine.

17

Which when the valiant Elfe[5] perceiv'd, he lept
As Lyon fierce upon the flying pray,
And with his trenchard[6] blade her boldly kept
From turning backe, and forced her to stay:
Therewith enrag'd she loudly gan to bray,
And turning fierce, her speckled taile advaunst,
Threatning her angry sting,[7] him to dismay:
Who nought aghast, his mightie hand enhaunst:[8]
The stroke down from her head unto her shoulder glaunst.

18

Much daunted[9] with that dint,[10] her sence was dazd,
Yet kindling rage, her selfe she gathered round,
And all attonce[11] her beastly body raizd
With doubled forces high above the ground:
Tho wrapping up her wrethed sterne[12] arownd,
Lept fierce upon his shield, and her huge traine
All suddenly about his body wound,
That hand or foot to stirre he strove in vaine:
God helpe the man so wrapt in Errours endlesse traine.[13]

19

His Lady sad to see his sore constraint,
Cride out, "Now now Sir knight, shew what ye bee,
Add faith unto your force, and be not faint:
Strangle her, else she sure will strangle thee."
That when he heard, in great perplexitie,[14]
His gall[15] did grate[16] for griefe and high disdaine,[17]
And knitting all his force got one hand free,
Wherewith he grypt her gorge[18] with so great paine,
That soone to loose her wicked bands did her constraine.[19]

20

Therewith she spewd out of her filthy maw[20]
A floud of poyson horrible and blacke,
Full of great lumpes of flesh and gobbets raw,[21]
Which stunck so vildly,[22] that it forst him slacke
His grasping hold, and from her turne him backe:

---

1 *effraide* startled, frightened.
2 *entraile* coil.
3 *bale* injury, harm.
4 *Ay wont* always in the habit of.
5 *Elfe* a knight in fairyland.
6 *trenchard* sharp.
7 *angry sting* The locusts in Revelation 9:7-10 have the hair of a woman and the tail of a scorpion (*Hamilton*).
8 *enhaunst* lifted, raised.
9 *daunted* subdued.
10 *dint* stroke, blow.
11 *attonce* at once.
12 *wrapping up her wrethed sterne* i.e., she wraps her coiled tail around herself.
13 *traine* both, tail and treachery, deceit.
14 *perplexitie* trouble or bewilderment, also entanglement.
15 *gall* the gall-bladder, in medieval medicine the seat of anger.
16 *grate* rub harshly.
17 *disdaine* indignation, anger.
18 *gorge* neck.
19 *constraine* force, compel.
20 *maw* mouth.
21 *gobbets raw* lumps of half-digested food.
22 *vildly* vilely.

Her vomit full of bookes and papers[1] was,
With loathly frogs and toades, which eyes did lacke,[2]
And creeping sought way in the weedy gras:
Her filthy parbreake[3] all the place defiled has.

21

As when old father *Nilus*[4] gins to swell
With timely pride above the *Aegyptian* vale,
His fattie waves do fertile slime outwell,
And overflow each plaine and lowly dale:
But when his later spring gins to avale,
Huge heapes of mudd he leaves, wherein there breed
Ten thousand kindes of creatures, partly male
And partly female of his fruitfull seed;
Such ugly monstrous shapes elswhere may no man reed.

22

The same so sore annoyed has the knight,
That welnigh[5] choked with the deadly stinke,
His forces faile, ne can no longer fight.
Whose corage when the feend perceiv'd to shrinke,
She poured forth out of her hellish sinke
Her fruitfull cursed spawne of serpents small,
Deformed monsters, fowle, and blacke as inke,
Which swarming all about his legs did crall,
And him encombred sore, but could not hurt at all.

23

As gentle Shepheard in sweete even-tide,
When ruddy *Phœbus* gins to welke[6] in west,
High on an hill, his flocke to vewen wide,
Markes which do byte their hasty supper best;
A cloud of combrous[7] gnattes do him molest,
All striving to infixe their feeble stings,
That from their noyance he no where can rest,
But with his clownish hands their tender wings
He brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmurings.

24

Thus ill bestedd,[8] and fearefull more of shame,
Then of the certaine perill he stood in,
Halfe furious unto his foe he came,
Resolv'd in minde all suddenly to win,
Or soone to lose, before he once would lin;[9]
And strooke[10] at her with more then manly force,
That from her body full of filthie sin
He raft[11] her hatefull head without remorse;
A streame of cole black bloud forth gushed from her corse.[12]

25

Her scattred brood, soone as their Parent deare
They saw so rudely[13] falling to the ground,
Groning full deadly, all with troublous feare,
Gathred themselves about her body round,
Weening their wonted entrance to have found
At her wide mouth: but being there withstood
They flocked all about her bleeding wound,
And sucked up their dying mothers blood,
Making her death their life, and eke her hurt their good.

26

That detestable sight him much amazde,
To see th'unkindly Impes[14] of heaven accurst,
Devoure their dam;[15] on whom while so he gazd,

---

1 *bookes and papers* Roman Catholic propaganda.

2 *loathly frogs and toades … eyes did lacke* See Revelation 16:13: "And I saw, issuing from the mouth of the dragon and from the mouth of the beast and from the mouth of the false prophet, three foul spirits like frogs."

3 *parbreake* vomit.

4 *Nilus* The annual flood of the Nile, which created fertile ground, was reputed also to breed strange creatures.

5 *welnigh* nearly.

6 *welke* diminish.

7 *combrous* troublesome, harrassing.

8 *ill bestedd* in a bad situtation.

9 *lin* cease, leave off.

10 *strooke* i.e., struck.

11 *raft* removed.

12 *corse* body.

13 *rudely* violent.

14 *unkindly Impes* unnatural offspring.

15 *dam* mother.

Having all satisfide their bloudy thurst,
Their bellies swolne he saw with fulness burst,
And bowels gushing forth: well worthy end
Of such as drunke her life, the which them nurst;
Now needeth him no lenger labour spend,
His foes have slaine themselves, with whom he should contend.

27

His Ladie seeing all, that chaunst,[1] from farre
Approcht in hast to greet his victorie,
And said, "Faire knight, borne under happy starre,
Who see your vanquisht[2] foes before you lye:
Well worthy be you of that Armorie,[3]
Wherein ye have great glory wonne this day,
And proov'd your strength on a strong enimie,
Your first adventure: many such I pray,
And henceforth ever wish, that like succeed it may."

28

Then mounted he upon his Steede againe,
And with the Lady backward sought to wend;[4]
That path he kept, which beaten was most plaine,
Ne[5] ever would to any by-way[6] bend,
But still did follow one unto the end,
The which at last out of the wood them brought.
So forward on his way (with God to frend)
He passed forth, and new adventure sought;
Long way he travelled, before he heard of ought.[7]

29

At length they chaunst to meet upon the way
An aged Sire, in long blacke weedes[8] yclad,
His feete all bare, his beard all hoarie[9] gray,
And by his belt his booke he hanging had;
Sober he seemde, and very sagely sad,[10]
And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,
Simple in shew,[11] and voyde of malice bad,
And all the way he prayed, as he went,
And often knockt his brest, as one that did repent.

30

He faire the knight saluted, louting[12] low,
Who faire him quited,[13] as that courteous was:
And after asked him, if he did know
Of straunge adventures, which abroad did pas.
"Ah my deare Sonne," quoth he, "how should, alas,
Silly old man, that lives in hidden cell,
Bidding his beades[14] all day for his trespas,
Tydings of warre and worldly trouble tell?
With holy father sits not with such things to mell.

31

But if of daunger which hereby doth dwell,
And homebred evill ye desire to heare,
Of a straunge man I can you tidings tell,
That wasteth all this countrey farre and neare."
"Of such," said he, "I chiefly do inquere,
And shall you well reward to shew the place,
In which that wicked wight his dayes doth weare:
For to all knighthood it is foule disgrace,
That such a cursed creature lives so long a space."

---

1 *chaunst* happened.
2 *vanquisht* overcome.
3 *Armorie* armour, in this case of Christ.
4 *wend* turn.
5 *Ne* nor.
6 *by-way* side road, secluded way.
7 *ought* anything.
8 *weedes* clothes.
9 *hoarie* grey or white.
10 *sad* grave, serious.
11 *shew* show, appearance.
12 *louting* bending, bowing.
13 *quited* behaved.
14 *Bidding his beades* saying his prayers, specifically the Rosary.

32

"Far hence," quoth he, "in wastfull wildernesse
His dwelling is, by which no living wight
May ever passe, but thorough great distresse."
"Now," sayd the Lady, "draweth toward night,
And well I wote,[1] that of your later fight
Ye all forwearied be: for what so strong,
But wanting rest will also want of might?
The Sunne that measures heaven all day long,
At night doth baite his steedes the *Ocean* waves emong.

33

Then with the Sunne take Sir, your timely rest,
And with new day new worke at once begin:
Untroubled night they say gives counsell best."
"Right well Sir knight ye have advised bin,"
Quoth then that aged man, "the way to win
Is wisely to advise:[2] now day is spent;
Therefore with me ye may take up your In[3]
For this same night." The knight was well content:
So with that godly father to his home they went.

34

A little lowly Hermitage it was,
Downe in a dale,[4] hard by a forests side,
Far from resort of people, that did pas
In travell to and froe: a little wyde
There was an holy Chappell edifyde,[5]
Wherein the Hermite dewly wont to say
His holy things[6] each morne and eventyde:
Thereby a Christall streame did gently play,
Which from a sacred fountaine welled forth alway.

35

Arrived there, the little house they fill,
Ne looke for entertainement, where none was:
Rest is their feast, and all things at their will;
The noblest mind the best contentment has.
With faire discourse[7] the evening so they pas:
For that old man of pleasing wordes had store,
And well could file his tongue as smooth as glas;
He told of Saintes and Popes, and evermore
He strowd an *Ave-Mary*[8] after and before.

36

The drouping[9] Night thus creepeth on them fast,
And the sad humour loading their eye liddes,
As messenger of *Morpheus*[10] on them cast
Sweet slombring deaw, the which to sleepe them biddes.
Unto their lodgings then his guestes he riddes:
Where when all drownd in deadly sleepe he findes,
He to his study goes, and there amides
His Magick bookes and artes of sundry kindes,
He seekes out mighty charmes, to trouble sleepy mindes.

37

Then choosing out few wordes most horrible,
(Let none them read) thereof did verses frame,
With which and other spelles like terrible,
He bad[11] awake blacke *Plutoes* griesly Dame,[12]
And cursed heaven, and spake reprochfull shame

---

1 *wote* know.
2 *wisely to advise* carefully to consider.
3 *In* abode, lodgings.
4 *dale* valley.
5 *edifyde* built.
6 *holy things* prayers, offices.
7 *discourse* conversation.
8 *Ave-Mary* Hail Mary (the name of a Roman Catholic prayer).
9 *drouping* descending.
10 *Morpheus* son of Hypnos, the god of sleep, who makes human shapes appear to dreamers (*OCD*).
11 *bad* ordered.
12 *Plutoes griesly Dame* Proserpina, his wife and goddess of the Underworld. She was the daughter of the grain goddess Demeter and was abducted by Pluto, god of the Underworld. Demeter arranged for her return on the condition that Proserpina ate nothing during her sojourn in Pluto's house. Unfortunately, during her captivity she had consumed some pomegranate seeds, but Pluto compromised by returning her to the upper world for half of each year. The rest of the time she rules with him as queen of the Underworld (*Dict. Gods and Mortals*).

Of highest God, the Lord of life and light;
A bold bad man, that dar'd to call by name
Great *Gorgon*,[1] Prince of darknesse and dead night,
At which *Cocytus*[2] quakes, and *Styx* is put to flight.

38

And forth he cald out of deepe darknesse dred
Legions of Sprights, the which like little flyes
Fluttring about his ever damned hed,
A-waite whereto their service he applyes,
To aide his friends, or fray[3] his enimies:
Of those he chose out two, the falsest twoo,
And fittest for to forge true-seeming lyes;
The one of them he gave a message too,
The other by him selfe staide other worke to doo.

39

He making speedy way through spersed[4] ayre,
And through the world of waters wide and deepe,
To *Morpheus* house doth hastily repaire.
Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe,
And low, where dawning day doth never peepe,
His dwelling is; there *Tethys*[5] his wet bed
Doth ever wash, and *Cynthia*[6] still doth steepe
In silver deaw his ever-drouping hed,
Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black doth spred.

40

Whose double gates he findeth locked fast,
The one faire fram'd of burnisht Yvory,
The other all with silver[7] overcast;
And wakefull dogges before them farre do lye,
Watching to banish Care their enimy,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle Sleepe.
By them the Sprite doth passe in quietly,
And unto *Morpheus* comes, whom drowned deepe
In drowsie fit he findes: of nothing he takes keepe.[8]

41

And more, to lulle him in his slumber soft,
A trickling streame from high rocke tumbling downe
And ever-drizling raine upon the loft,
Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the sowne
Of swarming Bees, did cast him in a swowne:[9]
No other noyse, nor peoples troublous cryes
As still are wont t'annoy the walled towne,
Might there be heard: but careless Quiet lyes,
Wrapt in eternall silence farre from enemyes.

42

The messenger approching him spake,
But his wast wordes returned to him in vaine:
So sound he slept, that nought mought[10] him awake.
Then rudely he him thrust, and pusht with paine,
Whereat he gan to stretch: but he againe
Shooke him so hard, that forced him to speake.
As one then in a dreame, whose dryer[11] braine
Is tost with troubled sights and fancies weake,
He mumbled soft, but would not all his silence breake.

43

The Sprite then gan more boldly him to wake,
And threatned unto him the dreaded name
Of *Hecate*:[12] whereat he gan to quake,

---

[1] *Gorgon* Demogorgon, progenitor of all the gods (*Variorum*).

[2] *Cocytus* river of lamentation, one of the five rivers of Hades. Styx is the river of death (i.e., death flees Gorgon).

[3] *fray* frighten, drive off.

[4] *spersed* scattered (i.e., empty).

[5] *Tethys* wife of Neptune, god of the sea (i.e., the sea itself).

[6] *Cynthia* the moon.

[7] *Yvory … silver* In *Aeneid* 6, gates of ivory and horn distinguish true dreams from false, respectively. Spenser adapts that tradition here (*Spenser Encycl.*, p. 227a).

[8] *keepe* heed.

[9] *swowne* swoon.

[10] *mought* might.

[11] *dryer* too dry.

[12] *Hecate* queen of Hades.

And lifting up his lumpish[1] head, with blame
Halfe angry asked him, for what he came.
"Hither," quoth he, "me *Archimago*[2] sent,
He that the stubborne Sprites can wisely tame,
He bids thee to him send for his intent
A fit false dreame, that can delude the sleepers sent."[3]

44

The God obayde, and calling forth straight way
A diverse dreame out of his prison darke,
Delivered it to him, and downe did lay
His heavie head, devoide of carefull carke,[4]
Whose sences all were straight benumbed and starke.[5]
He backe returning by the Yuorie dore,
Remounted up as light as chearefull Larke,
And on his litle winges the dreame he bore
In hast unto his Lord, where he him left afore.

45

Who all this while with charmes and hidden artes,
Had made a Lady of that other Spright,
And fram'd of liquid ayre her tender partes
So lively, and so like in all mens sight,
That weaker sence it could have ravisht[6] quight:
The maker selfe for all his wondrous witt,
Was nigh[7] beguiled[8] with so goodly sight:
Her all in white he clad, and over it
Cast a blacke stole, most like to seeme for *Vna*[9] fit.

46

Now when that ydle[10] dreame was to him brought,
Unto that Elfin knight he bad him fly,
Where he slept soundly void of evill thought,
And with false shewes abuse his fantasy,[11]
In sort as[12] he him schooled privily:
And that new creature borne without her dew,
Full of the makers guile, with usage sly
He taught to imitate that Lady trew,
Whose semblance she did carrie under feigned hew.[13]

47

Thus well instructed, to their worke they hast,
And comming where the knight in slomber lay,
The one upon his hardy head him plast,
And made him dreame of loves and lustfull play,
That nigh his manly hart did melt away,
Bathed in wanton blis and wicked joy:
Then seemed him his Lady by him lay,
And to him playnd,[14] how that false winged boy
Her chast hart had subdewd, to learne Dame pleasures toy.

48

And she her selfe of beautie soveraigne Queene,
Faire *Venus* seemde unto his bed to bring
Her, whom he waking evermore did weene[15]
To be the chastest flowre, that ay did spring
On earthly braunch, the daughter of a king,
Now a loose Leman to vile service bound:
And eke the *Graces*[16] seemed all to sing,
Hymen io Hymen,[17] dauncing all around,
Whilst freshest *Flora*[18] her with Yuie[19] girlond crownd.

---

1 *lumpish* dull, heavy.
2 *Archimago* "Arch magician" or creator of images.
3 *sent* senses.
4 *carke* toil, troubled state of mind.
5 *starke* stiff, rigid.
6 *ravisht* enraptured.
7 *nigh* nearly.
8 *beguiled* deluded, deceived.
9 *Vna* one.
10 *ydle* groundless.
11 *fantasy* faculty of perception, imagination.
12 *In sort as* in the way that.
13 *hew* form.
14 *playnd* complained.
15 *weene* think.
16 *Graces* three minor goddesses, embodying beauty, gentleness, and friendship, who attend Venus.
17 *Hymen io Hymen* ritual cry to the god of marriage at weddings.
18 *Flora* flower goddess.
19 *Yuie* linked to Bacchus, the god of wine, and signifying wantonness (*Hamilton*).

49

In this great passion of unwonted lust,
Or wonted feare of doing ought amis,
He started up, as seeming to mistrust
Some secret ill, or hidden foe of his:
Lo there before his face his Lady is,
Under blake[1] stole hyding her bayted hooke,
And as halfe blushing offred him to kis,
With gentle blandishment and lovely looke,
Most like that virgin true, which for her knight him took.

50

All clean dismayd to see so uncouth[2] sight,
And halfe enraged at her shameless guise,
He thought have slaine her in his fierce despight:
But hasty heat tempring with sufferance wise,
He stayde his hand, and gan himselfe advise
To prove his sense, and tempt her faigned truth.
Wringing her hands in wemens pitteous wise,[3]
Tho can she weepe, to stirre up gentle ruth,[4]
Both for her noble bloud, and for her tender youth.

51

And said, "Ah Sir, my liege Lord and my love,
Shall I accuse the hidden cruell fate,
And mightie causes wrought[5] in heaven above,
Or the blind God, that doth me thus amate,[6]
For hoped love to winne me certaine hate?
Yet thus perforce[7] he bids me do, or die.
Die is my dew: yet rew my wretched state
You, whom my hard avenging destinie
Hath made judge of my life or death indifferently.

52

Your owne deare sake forst me at first to leave
My Fathers kingdome." There she stopt with teares;
Her swollen hart her speach seemd to bereave,
And then againe begun, "My weaker yeares
Captiv'd to fortune and frayle worldly feares,
Fly to your faith for succour[8] and sure ayde:
Let me not dye in languor[9] and long teares."
"Why Dame," quoth he, "what hath ye thus dismayd?
What frayes ye, that were wont to comfort me affrayd?"

53

"Love of your selfe," she said, "and deare constraint[10]
Lets me not sleepe, but wast the wearie night
In secret anguish and unpittied plaint,
Whiles you in carelesse sleepe are drowned quight."[11]
Her doubtfull words made that redoubted[12] knight
Suspect her truth: yet since no untruth he knew,
Her fawning love with foule disdainefull spight
He would not shend, but said, "Deare dame I rew,
That for my sake unknowne such griefe unto you grew.

54

Assure your selfe, it fell not all to ground;
For all so deare as life is to my hart,
I deeme your love, and hold me to you bound;
Ne let vaine feares procure your needlesse smart,
Where cause is none, but to your rest depart."
Not all content, yet seemd she to appease[13]

---

1 *blake* black.
2 *uncouth* strange and distasteful.
3 *wise* way.
4 *ruth* pity, compassion.
5 *wrought* formed, created.
6 *amate* dismay.
7 *perforce* by force.
8 *succour* aid, assistance.
9 *languor* distress.
10 *deare constraint* dire distress.
11 *quight* quite.
12 *redoubted* dreaded.
13 *appease* quiet.

Her mournefull plaintes, beguiled of her art,[1]
And fed with words, that could not chuse but please,
So slyding softly forth, she turnd as to her ease.

55

Long after lay he musing at her mood,
Much griev'd to thinke that gentle Dame so light,
For whose defence he was to shed his blood.
At last dull wearinesse of former fight
Having yrockt a sleepe his irkesome[2] spright,
That troublous dreame gan freshly tosse his braine,
With bowres, and beds, and Ladies deare delight:
But when he saw his labour all was vaine,
With that misformed spright he backe returnd againe.

Canto II

The guilefull great Enchaunter parts
The Redcrosse Knight from Truth:
Into whose stead faire falshood steps,
And workes him wofull ruth.[3]

1

By this the Northerne wagoner[4] had set
His sevenfold teme[5] behind the stedfast starre[6]
That was in Ocean waves yet never wet,
But firme is fixt, and sendeth light from farre
To all, that in the wide deepe wandring arre:
And chearefull Chaunticlere[7] with his note shrill
Had warned once, that *Phœbus* fiery carre
In hast was climbing up the Easterne hill,
Full envious that night so long his roome did fill.

2

When those accursed messengers of hell,
That feigning dreame, and that faire-forged Spright
Came to their wicked maister, and gan tell
Their bootlesse[8] paines, and ill succeeding night:
Who all in rage to see his skilfull might
Deluded so, gan threaten hellish paine
And sad *Proserpines* wrath, them to affright.
But when he saw his threatning was but vaine,
He cast about, and searcht his balefull bookes againe.

3

Eftsoones he tooke that miscreated faire,
And that false other Spright, on whom he spred
A seeming body of the subtile[9] aire,
Like a young Squire, in loves and lusty-hed[10]
His wanton dayes that ever loosely led,
Without regard of armes and dreaded fight:
Those two he tooke, and in a secret bed,
Covered with darknesse and misdeeming[11] night,
Them both together laid, to joy in vaine delight.

4

Forthwith he runnes with feigned faithfull hast
Unto his guest, who after troublous sights
And dreames, gan now to take more sound repast,[12]
Whom suddenly he wakes with fearefull frights,
As one aghast with feends or damned sprights,
And to him cals, "Rise rise unhappy Swaine,
That here wex old in sleepe, whiles wicked wights
Have knit themselves in *Venus* shamefull chaine;
Come see, where your false Lady doth her honour staine."

---

1 *beguiled of her art* deprived of her cunning.
2 *irkesome* tired, troublesome.
3 *ruth* distress.
4 *Northerne wagoner* the northern constellation, Boötes, situated at the tail of the Great Bear (*Variorum*).
5 *sevenfold teme* the seven stars in the tail of the Great Bear.
6 *stedfast starre* the Pole-star (*Variorum*).
7 *Chaunticlere* rooster; a rooster by this name is featured in Chaucer's "Nun's Priest's Tale."
8 *bootlesse* useless, unavailing.
9 *subtile* thin.
10 *lusty-hed* vigour, lustfulness.
11 *misdeeming* misjudging, mistaken.
12 *repast* repose, refreshment.

5

All in amaze[1] he suddenly up start
With sword in hand, and with the old man went;
Who soone him brought into a secret part,
Where that false couple were full closely ment[2]
In wanton lust and lewd embracement:
Which when he saw, he burnt with gealous fire,
The eye of reason was with rage yblent,[3]
And would have slaine them in his furious ire,
But hardly was restreined of that aged sire.

6

Returning to his bed in torment great,
And bitter anguish of his guiltie sight,
He could not rest, but did his stout heart eat,
And wast his inward gall with deepe despight,[4]
Yrksome of life, and too long lingring night.
At last faire *Hesperus*[5] in highest skie
Had spent his lampe, and brought forth dawning light,
Then up he rose, and clad him hastily;
The Dwarfe him brought his steed: so both away do fly.

7

Now when the rosy-fingred Morning faire,
Weary of aged *Tithones*[6] saffron bed,
Had spred her purple robe through deawy aire,
And the high hils *Titan* discovered,
The royall virgin[7] shooke off drowsy-hed,
And rising forth out of her baser bowre,
Lookt for her knight, who far away was fled,
And for her Dwarfe, that wont to wait each houre;
Then gan she waile and weepe, to see that woefull stowre.[8]

8

And after him she rode with so much speede
As her slow beast could make; but all in vaine:
For him so far had borne his light-foot steede,
Pricked with wrath and fiery fierce disdaine,
That him to follow was but fruitlesse paine;
Yet she her weary limbes would never rest,
But every hill and dale, each wood and plaine
Did search, sore grieved in her gentle brest,
He so ungently left her, whom she loved best.

9

But subtill *Archimago*, when his guests
He saw divided into double parts,[9]
And *Una* wandring in woods and forrests,
Th'end of his drift, he praisd his divelish arts,
That had such might over true meaning harts;
Yet rests not so, but other meanes doth make,
How he may workd unto her further smarts:
For her he hated as the hissing snake,
And in her many troubles did most pleasure take.

10

He then devisde himselfe how to disguise;
For by his mightie science he could take
As many formes and shapes in seeming wise,
As ever *Proteus*[10] to himselfe could make:
Sometime a fowle, sometime a fish in lake,
Now like a foxe, now like a dragon fell,
That of himselfe he oft for feare would quake,
And oft would flie away. O who can tell
The hidden power of herbes, and might of Magicke spell?

11

But now seemde best, the person to put on
Of that good knight, his late beguiled guest:
In mighty armes he was yclad anon,
And silver shield: upon his coward brest
A bloudy crosse, and on his craven crest[11]

---

1 *amaze* bewilderment, confusion.
2 *ment* mingled, blended.
3 *yblent* blinded.
4 *despight* malice.
5 *Hesperus* both the morning and evening star (*Variorum*).
6 *Tithones* Tithonus married Aurora, the goddess of the dawn, who asked Zeus to grant her husband immortality. However, she failed to request eternal youth, with the result that Tithonus continued to age and gradually withered into a dessicated shell (*Dict. Gods and Mortals*).
7 *royall virgin* Una.
8 *stowre* time of turmoil and stress.
9 *divided into double parts* Redcrosse and Una are not only separated from each other, but each is divided through their false doubles.
10 *Proteus* a sea god, known for his ability to change shapes, noted in *Odyssey* 4 (*Variorum*).
11 *craven crest* cowardly helmet.

A bounch of haires discolourd diversly:
Full jolly[1] knight he seemde, and well addrest,[2]
And when he sate upon his courser free,
Saint George[3] himself ye would have deemed him to be.

12

But he the knight, whose semblaunt[4] he did beare,
The true *Saint George* was wandred far away,
Still flying from his thoughts and gealous feare;
Will was his guide, and griefe led him astray.
At last him chaunst to meete upon the way
A faithlesse Sarazin[5] all arm'd to point,
In whose great shield was writ with letters gay
Sans foy:[6] full large of limbe and every joint
He was, and cared not for God or man a point.

13

He had a faire companion of his way,
A goodly Lady clad in scarlot red,
Purfled[7] with gold and pearle of rich assay,
And like a *Persian* mitre[8] on her hed
She wore, with crownes and owches[9] garnished,
The which her lavish lovers to her gave;
Her wanton palfrey all was overspred
With tinsell trappings, woven like a wave,
Whose bridle rung with golden bels and bosses[10] brave.

14

With faire disport[11] and courting dalliaunce
She intertainde her lover all the way:
But when she saw the knight his speare advaunce,
She soone left off her mirth and wanton play,
And bad her knight addresse him to the fray:
His foe was nigh at hand. He prickt with pride
And hope to winne his Ladies heart that day,
Forth spurred fast: adowne his coursers side
The red bloud trickling staind the way, as he did ride.

15

The knight of the *Redcrosse* when him he spide,
Spurring so hote with rage dispiteous,[12]
Gan fairely couch his speare, and towards ride:
Soone meete they both, both fell[13] and furious,
That daunted with their forces hideous,[14]
Their steeds do stagger, and amazed stand,
And eke themselves too rudely rigorous,
Astonied[15] with the stroke of their owne hand,
Do backe rebut,[16] and each to other yeeldeth land.

16

As when two rams stird with ambitious pride,
Fight for the rule of the rich fleeced flocke,
Their horned fronts so fierce on either side
Do meete, that with the terrour of the shocke
Astonied both, stand senceless as a blocke,
Forgetfull of the hanging victory:
So stood these twaine, unmoved as a rocke,
Both staring fierce, and holding idely
The broken reliques of their former cruelty.

17

The *Sarazin* sore daunted with the buffe[17]
Snatcheth his sword, and fiercely to him flies;
Who well it wards, and quyteth cuff[18] with cuff:
Each others equall puissance envies,
And through their iron sides with cruell spies
Does seeke to perce: repining[19] courage yields

---

1 *jolly* gallant, brave.
2 *addrest* well-ordered, accomplished.
3 *Saint George* patron saint of England.
4 *semblaunt* appearance.
5 *Sarazin* infidel.
6 *Sans foy* French, "without faith" (i.e., faithlessness or false faith).
7 *Purfled* embroidered.
8 *Persian mitre* papal triple crown. The mitre was also a sign of lasciviousness and effeminacy (*Variorum*).
9 *owches* jewels.
10 *bosses* studs.
11 *disport* merriment.
12 *dispiteous* spiteful, cruel.
13 *fell* fierce.
14 *hideous* huge, immense.
15 *Astonied* stunned, dazed.
16 *rebut* repel, drive back.
17 *buffe* blow.
18 *cuff* stroke.
19 *repining* discontented.

No foote to foe. The flashing fier flies
As from a forge out of their burning shields,
And streames of purple bloud new dies the verdant[1] fields.

18

"Curse on that Crosse," quoth then the *Sarazin*,
"That keepes thy body from the bitter fit;
Dead long ygoe I wote thou haddest bin,
Had not that charme from thee forwarned it:
But yet I warne thee now assured sitt,
And hide thy head." Therewith upon his crest
With rigour so outrageous he smitt,[2]
That a large share it hewd out of the rest,
And glauncing downe his shield, from blame him fairely blest.

19

Who thereat wondrous wroth, the sleeping spark
Of native vertue[3] gan eftsoones revive,
And at his haughtie helmet making mark,
So hugely stroke, that it the steele did rive,
And cleft his head. He tumbling downe alive,
With bloody mouth his mother earth did kis,
Greeting his grave: his grudging ghost did strive
With the fraile flesh; at last it flitted is,
Whither the soules do fly of men, that live amis.

20

The Lady when she saw her champion fall,
Like the old ruines of a broken towre,
Staid not to waile his woefull funerall,
But from him fled away with all her powre;
Who after her as hastily gan scowre,
Bidding the Dwarfe with him to bring away
The *Sarazins* shield, signe of the conqueroure.
Her soone he overtooke, and bad to stay,
For present cause was none of dread her to dismay.

21

She turning backe with ruefull countenance,
Cride, "Mercy mercy Sir vouchsafe[4] to show
On silly Dame, subject to hard mischaunce,
And to your mighty will." Her humblesse low
In so ritch weedes and seeming glorious show,
Did much emmoue his stout heroïcke heart,
And said, "Deare dame, your suddein overthrow
Much rueth me; but now put feare apart,
And tell, both who ye be, and who that tooke your part."

22

Melting in teares, then gan she thus lament;
"The wretched woman, whom unhappy howre
Hath now made thrall[5] to your commandment,
Before that angry heavens list to lowre,
And fortune false betraide me to your powre,
Was, (O what now availeth that I was!)
Borne the sole daughter of an Emperour,
He that the wide West under his rule has,
And high hath set his throne, where *Tiberis*[6] doth pas.

23

He in the first flowre of my freshest age,
Betrothed me unto the onely haire[7]
Of a most mighty king, most rich and sage;
Was never Prince so faithfull and so faire,
Was never Prince so meeke and debonaire;
But ere my hoped day of spousall shone,
My dearest Lord fell from high honours staire,
Into the hands of his accursed fone,[8]
And cruelly was slaine, that shall I ever mone.

---

1 *verdant* green.
2 *smitt* struck.
3 *vertue* power.
4 *vouchsafe* grant.
5 *thrall* slave.
6 *Tiberis* The Tiber runs through Rome, linking the Western Empire of the lady's father to Roman Catholicism.
7 *haire* heir.
8 *fone* foes.

24

His blessed body spoild of lively breath,
Was afterward, I know not how, convaid
And fro me hid: of whose most innocent death
When tidings came to me unhappy maid,
O how great sorrow my sad soule assaid.
Then forth I went his woefull[1] corse[2] to find,
And many yeares throughout the world I straid,
A virgin widow, whose deepe wounded mind
With love, long time did languish as the striken hind.

25

At last it chaunced this proud *Sarazin*
To meete me wandring, who perforce me led
With him away, but yet could never win
The Fort, that Ladies hold in soveraigne dread.
There lies he now with foule dishonour dead,
Who whiles he liv'de, was called proud *Sans foy*,
The eldest of three brethren, all three bred
Of one bad sire, whose youngest is *Sans joy*,
And twixt them both was borne the bloudy bold *Sans loy*.[3]

26

In this sad plight, friendlesse, unfortunate,
Now miserable I *Fidessa*[4] dwell,
Craving of you in pitty of my state,
To do none ill, if please ye not do well."
He in great passion all this while did dwell,
More busying his quicke eyes, her face to view,
Then his dull eares, to heare what she did tell;
And said, "Faire Lady hart of flint would rew
The undeserved woes and sorrowes, which ye shew.

27

Henceforth in safe assuraunce may ye rest,
Having both found a new friend you to aid,
And lost an old foe, that did you molest:
Better new friend then an old foe is said."
With chaunge of cheare the seeming simple maid
Let fall her eyen, as shamefast to the earth,
And yeelding soft, in that she nought gain-said,
So forth they rode, he feining seemely merth,
And she coy lookes: so dainty they say maketh derth.

28

Long time they thus together traveiled,
Till weary of their way, they came at last,
Where grew two goodly trees, that faire did spred
Their armes abroad, with gray mosse overcast,
And their greene leaves trembling with every blast,
Made a calme shadow far in compasse round:
The fearefull Shepheard often there aghast[5]
Under them never sat, ne wont there sound
His mery oaten pipe, but shund th'unlucky ground.

29

But this good knight soone as he them can spie,
For the coole shade him thither hastly got:
For golden *Phœbus* now ymounted hie,
From fiery wheeles of his faire chariot
Hurled his beame so scorching cruell hot,
That living creature mote it not abide;
And his new Lady it endured not.
There they alight, in hope themselves to hide
From the fierce heat, and rest their weary limbs a tide.[6]

---

[1] *woefull* afflicted.

[2] *corse* body.

[3] *Sans joy* … *Sans loy* meaning, respectively, "Joylessness" and "Lawlessness." See Galatians 5:22-23: "But the fruit of the spirit is love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, gentleness, self-control; against such there is no law."

[4] *Fidessa* Faithful, from the Latin "fides" (faith) combined with "esse" (to be); thus, "being faithful," which implies appearance rather than substance.

[5] *aghast* frightened.

[6] *a tide* a while.

30

Faire seemely pleasaunce each to other makes,
With goodly purposes there as they sit:
And in his falsed fancy[1] he her takes
To be the fairest wight, that lived yit;[2]
Which to expresse, he bends his gentle wit,
And thinking of those braunches greene to frame
A girlond for her dainty forehead fit,
He pluckt a bough; out of whose rift there came
Small drops of gory bloud, that trickled downe the same.

31

Therewith a piteous yelling voyce was heard,
Crying, "O spare with guilty hands to teare
My tender sides in this rough rynd embard,[3]
But fly, ah fly far hence away, for feare
Least[4] to you hap, that happened to me heare,
And to this wretched Lady, my deare love,
O too deare love, love brought with death too deare."
Astond[5] he stood, and up his haire did hove,[6]
And with that suddein horror could no member[7] move.

32

At last whenas the dreadfull passion
Was overpast, and manhood well awake,
Yet musing at the straunge occasion,
And doubting much his sence, he thus bespake;
"What voyce of damned Ghost from *Limbo*[8] lake,
Or guilefull spright[9] wandring in empty aire,
Both which fraile men do oftentimes mistake,
Sends to my doubtfull[10] eares these speaches rare,
And ruefull plaints,[11] me bidding guiltlesse bloud to spare?"

33

Then groning deepe, "Nor damned Ghost," quoth he,
"Nor guilefull sprite to thee these wordes doth speake,
But once a man *Fradubio*,[12] now a tree,
Wretched man, wretched tree; whose nature weake,
A cruell witch her cursed will to wreake,
Hath thus transformed, and plast in open plaines,
Where *Boreas*[13] doth blow full bitter bleake,
And scorching Sunne does dry my secret vaines:
For though a tree I seeme, yet cold and heat me paines."

34

"Say on *Fradubio* then, or man, or[14] tree,"
Quoth then the knight, "by whose mischievous[15] arts
Art thou misshaped thus, as now I see?
He oft finds med'cine, who his griefe imparts;
But double griefs afflict concealing harts,
As raging flames who striveth to suppresse."
"The author then," said he, "of all my smarts,
Is one *Duessa*[16] a false sorceresse,
That many errant[17] knights hath brought to wretchedness.

---

1 *fancy* delusive imagination.
2 *yit* yet.
3 *embard* imprisoned.
4 *Least* lest.
5 *Astond* stunned.
6 *hove* rise.
7 *member* limb.
8 *Limbo* place of punishment for lost or unbaptized souls.
9 *spright* supernatural being.
10 *doubtfull* uncertain.
11 *plaints* lamentations.
12 *Fradubio* meaning "amid doubt," because Fidessa's appearance causes him to doubt Fraelissa's beauty (*Spenser Encycl.*, p. 318a).
13 *Boreas* god of the north wind.
14 *or … or* either ... or.
15 *mischievous* harmful.
16 *Duessa* doubleness or duplicity, from the Latin "duo" + "esse" (i.e., "being two").
17 *errant* wandering.

35

In prime of youthly yeares, when corage hot
The fire of love and joy of chevalree
First kindled in my brest, it was my lot
To love this gentle Lady, whom ye see,
Now not a Lady, but a seeming tree;
With whom as once I rode accompanyde,
Me chaunced of a knight encountred bee,
That had a like faire Lady by his syde,
Like a faire Lady, but did fowle *Duessa* hyde.

36

Whose forged beauty he did take in hand,
All other Dames to have exceeded farre;
I in defence of mine did likewise stand,
Mine, that did then shine as the Morning starre:
So both to battell fierce arraunged arre,
In which his harder fortune was to fall
Under my speare: such is the dye[1] of warre:
His Lady left as a prise martiall,
Did yield her comely person, to be at my call.

37

So doubly lov'd of Ladies unlike faire,
Th'one seeming such, the other such indeede,
One day in doubt I cast for to compare,
Whether in beauties glorie did exceede;
A Rosy girlond was the victors meede:[2]
Both seemde to win, and both seemde won to bee,
So hard the discord was to be agreede.
Frælissa[3] was as faire, as faire mote bee,
And ever false *Duessa* seemde as faire as shee.

38

The wicked witch now seeing all this while
The doubtfull ballaunce equally to sway,
What not by right, she cast to win by guile,
And by her hellish science[4] raisd streight way
A foggy mist, that overcast the day,
And a dull blast, that breathing on her face,
Dimmed her former beauties shining ray,
And with foule ugly forme did her disgrace:
Then was she faire alone, when none was faire in place.

39

Then cride she out, 'Fye, fye, deformed wight,
Whose borrowed beautie now appeareth plaine
To have before bewitched all mens sight;
O leave her soone, or let her soone be slaine.'
Her loathly visage viewing with disdaine,
Eftsoones I thought her such, as she me told,
And would have kild her; but with faigned paine,
The false witch did my wrathfull hand withhold;
So left her, where she now is turnd to treen mould.

40

Thens forth I tooke *Duessa* for my Dame,
And in the witch unweeting joyd long time,
Ne ever wist, but that she was the same,
Till on a day (that day is every Prime,[5]
When Witches wont do penance for their crime)
I chaunst to see her in her proper hew,
Bathing her selfe in origane and thyme:[6]
A filthy foule old woman I did vew,
That ever to have toucht her, I did deadly rew.

41

Her neather partes misshapen, monstruous,
Were hidd in water, that I could not see,
But they did seeme more foule hideous,
Then womans shape man would beleeve to bee.
Thens forth[7] from her most beastly companie
I gan refraine, in minde to slip away,

---

1 *dye* die (i.e., dice).
2 *meede* reward.
3 *Frælissa* meaning, "frailty."
4 *science* knowledge.
5 *Prime* the new moon in spring, also known as the "witches' Sabbath."
6 *origane and thyme* Oregano and thyme were used to heal skin disorders.
7 *Thens forth* thenceforth.

Soone as appeard safe opportunitie:
For danger great, if not assur'd decay
I saw before mine eyes, if I were knowne to stray.

42

The divelish hag by chaunges of my cheare[1]
Perceiv'd my thought, and drownd in sleepie night,
With wicked herbes and ointments did besmeare
My bodie all, through charmes and magicke might,
That all my senses were bereaved quight:
Then brought she me into this desert waste,
And by my wretched lovers side me pight,[2]
Where now enclosd in wooden wals full faste,
Banisht from living wights, our wearie dayes we waste."

43

"But how long time," said then the Elfin knight,
"Are you in this misformed house to dwell?"
"We may not chaunge," quoth he, "this evil plight,
Till we be bathed in a living well;[3]
That is the terme prescribed by the spell."
"O how," said he, "mote I that well out find,
That may restore you to your wonted well?"
"Time and suffised[4] fates to former kynd[5]
Shall us restore, none else from hence may us unbynd."

44

The false *Duessa*, now *Fidessa* hight,[6]
Heard how in vaine *Fradubio* did lament,
And knew well all was true. But the good knight
Full of sad feare and ghastly dreriment,
When all this speech the living tree had spent,
The bleeding bough did thrust into the ground,
That from the bloud he might be innocent,
And with fresh clay did close the wooden wound:
Then turning to his Lady, dead with feare her found.

45

Her seeming dead he found with feigned feare,
As all unweeting[7] of that well she knew,
And payned himselfe with busie care to reare
Her out of carelesse[8] swowne. Her eylids blew
And dimmed sight with pale and deadly hew[9]
At last she up gan lift: with trembling cheare
Her up he tooke, too simple[10] and too trew,
And oft her kist. At length all passed feare,
He set her on her steede, and forward forth did beare.

Canto III

Forsaken Truth long seekes her love,
And makes the Lyon mylde,
Marres blind Devotions mart,[11] *and fals*
In hand of leachour vylde.[12]

1

Nought is there under heav'ns wide hollownesse,
That moves more deare compassion of mind,
Then beautie brought t'unworthy wretchednesse
Through envies snares or fortunes freakes[13] unkind:
I, whether lately through her brightnesse blind,
Or through alleageance and fast fealtie,[14]

---

1 *cheare* expression, countenance.
2 *pight* placed.
3 *living well* a spring of constantly flowing water (*OED*), with allusion to biblical healing waters. Yahweh refers to himself as "the fountain of living waters" (Jeremiah 2:13), while Jesus calls his gift "living water" (John 4:10), and John is shown "the river of the water of life, bright as crystal, flowing from the throne of God and of the Lamb" (Revelation 22:1).
4 *suffised* satisfied.
5 *kynd* nature.
6 *hight* called.
7 *unweeting* unknowing.
8 *carelesse* unconcerned, free from care.
9 *deadly hew* appearance of death.
10 *simple* innocent.
11 *mart* traffic, trade.
12 *vylde* vile.
13 *freakes* sudden causeless changes.
14 *fealtie* obligation of fidelity to lord or ruler.

Which I do owe unto all woman kind,
Feele my heart perst[1] with so great agonie,
When such I see, that all for pittie I could die.

2

And now it is empassioned[2] so deepe,
For fairest *Unaes* sake, of whom I sing,
That my fraile eyes these lines with teares do steepe,
To thinke how she through guilefull handeling,
Though true as touch, though daughter of a king,
Though faire as ever living wight was faire,
Though nor in word nor deede ill meriting,
Is from her knight divorced in despaire
And her due loves deriv'd to that vile witches share.

3

Yet she most faithfull Ladie all this while
Forsaken, wofull, solitarie mayd
Farre from all peoples prease,[3] as in exile,
In wildernesse and wastfull deserts strayd,
To seeke her knight; who subtilly betrayd
Through that late vision, which th'Enchaunter wrought,
Had her abandoned. She of nought affrayd,
Through woods and wastnesse[4] wide him daily sought;
Yet wished tydings none of him unto her brought.

4

One day nigh wearie of the yrkesome way,
From her unhastie beast she did alight,
And on the grasse her daintie limbes did lay
In secret shadow, farre from all mens sight:
From her faire head her fillet[5] she undight,[6]
And laid her stole aside. Her angels face
As the great eye of heaven shyned bright,
And made a sunshine in the shadie place;
Did never mortall eye behold such heavenly grace.[7]

5

It fortuned out of the thickest wood
A ramping[8] Lyon[9] rushed suddainly,
Hunting full greedie after salvage blood;
Soone as the royall virgin he did spy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To have attonce devour'd her tender corse:
But to the pray when as he drew more ny,[10]
His bloudie rage asswaged[11] with remorse,
And with the sight amazd, forgat his furious forse.

6

In stead thereof he kist her wearie feet,
And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tong,
As he her wronged innocence did weet.
O how can beautie maister the most strong,
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong?
Whose yeelded pride and proud submission,
Still dreading death, when she had marked[12] long,
Her hart gan melt in great compassion,
And drizling teares did shed for pure affection.

7

"The Lyon Lord of everie beast in field,"
Quoth she, "his princely puissance doth abate,
And mightie proud to humble weake does yield,
Forgetfull of the hungry rage, which late
Him prickt, in pittie of my sad estate:
But he my Lyon, and my noble Lord,

---

1 *perst* pierced.
2 *empassioned* filled with feeling.
3 *prease* press.
4 *wastnesse* uninhabited or unfrequented region.
5 *fillet* head-band.
6 *undight* unfastened.

7 *Her angels face … heavenly grace* The comparison of Una's face to the sun, "the great eye of heaven," alludes to the "woman clothed with the sun": "And a great portent appeared in heaven, a woman clothed with the sun, with the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars" (Revelation 12:1).
8 *ramping* rearing, fierce.
9 *Lyon* In romance tradition, a lion does no injury to a true virgin.
10 *ny* near.
11 *asswaged* allayed, appeased.
12 *marked* observed.

How does he find in cruell hart to hate
Her that him lov'd, and ever most adord,
As the God of my life? why hath he me abhord?"

8

Redounding[1] teares did choke th'end of her plaint,
Which softly ecchoed from the neighbour wood;
And sad to see her sorrowfull constraint
The kingly beast upon her gazing stood;
With pittie calmd, downe fell his angry mood.
At last in close hart shutting up her paine,
Arose the virgin borne of heavenly brood,
And to her snowy Palfrey got againe,
To seeke her strayed Champion, if she might attaine.

9

The Lyon would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong gard
Of her chast person, and a faithfull mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard:
Still when she slept, he kept both watch and ward,[2]
And when she wakt, he waited diligent,
With humble service to her will prepard:
From her faire eyes he tooke commaundement,
And ever by her lookes conceived her intent.

10

Long she thus traveiled deserts wyde,
By which she thought her wandring knight shold pas,
Yet never shew of living wight espyde;
Till that at length she found the troden gras,
In which the tract of peoples footing was,
Under the steepe foot of a mountaine hore;[3]
The same she followes, till at last she has
A damzell spyde slow footing her before,
That on her shoulders sad a pot of water bore.

11

To whom approching she to her gan call,
To weet,[4] if dwelling place were nigh at hand;
But the rude[5] wench her answer'd nought at all,
She could not heare, nor speake, nor understand;
Till seeing by her side the Lyon stand,
With suddaine feare her pitcher downe she threw,
And fled away: for never in that land
Face of faire Ladie she before did vew,
And that dread Lyons looke her cast in deadly hew.

12

Full fast she fled, ne ever lookt behynd,
As if her life upon the wager lay,
And home she came, whereas her mother blynd
Sate in eternall night: nought could she say,
But suddaine catching hold, did her dismay
With quaking hands, and other signes of feare:
Who full of ghastly fright and cold affray,[6]
Gan shut the dore. By this arrived there
Dame *Una*, wearie Dame, and entrance did requere.[7]

13

Which when none yeelded, her unruly Page
With his rude clawes the wicket[8] open rent,
And let her in; where of his cruell rage
Nigh dead with feare, and faint astonishment,
She found them both in darkesome corner pent;[9]
Where that old woman day and night did pray
Upon her beades[10] devoutly penitent;
Nine hundred *Pater nosters* every day,
And thrise nine hundred *Aves* she was wont to say.

---

1 *Redounding* overflowing.
2 *watch and ward* guard.
3 *mountaine hore* snow-capped mountain.
4 *To weet* to know.
5 *rude* both ignorant and impolite.
6 *affray* terror.
7 *requere* request, entreat.
8 *wicket* small door, gate.
9 *pent* confined.
10 *beades* the rosary with which the woman recites vast numbers of Our Fathers and Hail Marys, a rote devotional performance highly suspect to Protestant reformers.

14

And to augment her painefull pennance more,
Thrise every weeke in ashes she did sit,
And next her wrinkled skin rough sackcloth[1] wore,
And thrise three times did fast from any bit:
But now for feare her beads she did forget.
Whose needlesse dread for to remove away,
Faire *Una* framed words and count'nance fit:
Which hardly doen, at length she gan them pray,
That in their cotage small, that night she rest her may.

15

The day is spent, and commeth drowsie night,
When every creature shrowded is in sleepe;
Sad *Una* downe her laies in wearie plight,
And at her feet the Lyon watch doth keepe:
In stead of rest, she does lament, and weepe
For the late losse of her deare loved knight,
And sighes, and grones, and evermore does steepe
Her tender brest in bitter teares all night,
All night she thinks too long, and often lookes for light.

16

Now when *Aldeboran* was mounted hie
Above the shynie *Cassiopeias* chaire,[2]
And all in deadly sleepe did drowned lie,
One knocked at the dore, and in would fare;
He knocked fast, and often curst, and sware,
That readie entrance was not at his call:
For on his backe a heavy load he bare
Of nightly stelths and pillage[3] severall,
Which he had got abroad by purchase[4] criminall.

17

He was to weete a stout and sturdie[5] thiefe,
Wont to robbe Churches of their ornaments,
And poore mens boxes of their due reliefe,
Which given was to them for good intents;
The holy Saints of their rich vestiments
He did disrobe, when all men carelesse slept,
And spoild the Priests of their habiliments
Whiles none the holy things in safety kept;
Then he by cunning sleights in at the window crept.[6]

18

And all that he by right or wrong could find,
Unto this house he brought, and did bestow
Upon the daughter of this woman blind,
Abessa[7] daughter of *Corceca*[8] slow,
With whom he whoredome usd, that few did know,
And fed her fat with feast of offerings,
And plentie, which in all the land did grow;
Ne spared he to give her gold and rings:
And now he to her brought part of his stolen things.

19

Thus long the dore with rage and threats he bet,[9]
Yet of those fearefull women none durst rize,
The Lyon frayed them, him in to let:
He would no longer stay him to advize,
But open breakes the dore in furious wize,
And entring is; when that disdainfull beast
Encountring fierce, him suddaine doth surprize,
And seizing cruell clawes on trembling brest,
Under his Lordly foot him proudly hath supprest.

---

1 *ashes … sackcloth* forms of penance.

2 *Aldeboran … Cassiopeias chaire* constellations that in this position indicate midnight (*Hamilton*).

3 *pillage* plunder.

4 *purchase* procuring, seizing.

5 *stout and sturdie* fierce and ruthless.

6 *in at the window crept* allusion to John 10:1: "He who does not enter the sheepfold by the door but climbs in by another way, that man is a thief and a robber."

7 *Abessa* both "abbess," which suggests the convents and monasteries sacked by Henry VIII, and the Latin "ab" + "esse" (literally, "out of being") (i.e., separate from the truth that is spiritual life).

8 *Corceca* meaning, "blind heart," with an allusion to Ephesians 4:18: "They are darkened in their understanding, alienated from the life of God because of the ignorance that is in them, due to their hardness of heart."

9 *bet* beat.

20

Him booteth[1] not resist, nor succour call,
His bleeding hart is in the vengers hand,
Who streight him rent in thousand peeces small,
And quite dismembred hath: the thirstie land
Drunke up his life; his corse left on the strand.[2]
His fearefull friends weare out the wofull night,
Ne dare to weepe, nor seeme to understand
The heavie hap, which on them is alight,
Affraid, least to themselves the like mishappen might.

21

Now when broad day the world discovered has,
Up *Una* rose, up rose the Lyon eke,
And on their former journey forward pas,
In wayes unknowne, her wandring knight to seeke,
With paines farre passing that long wandring *Greeke*,[3]
That for his love refused deitie;
Such were the labours of the Lady meeke,
Still seeking him, that from her still did flie,
Then furthest from her hope, when most she weened[4] nie.

22

Soone as she parted thence, the fearefull twaine,
That blind old woman and her daughter deare
Came forth, and finding *Kirkrapine*[5] there slaine,
For anguish great they gan to rend their heare,
And beat their brests, and naked flesh to teare.
And when they both had wept and wayld their fill,
Then forth they ranne like two amazed[6] deare,
Halfe mad through malice, and revenging will,
To follow her, that was the causer of their ill.

23

Whom overtaking, they gan loudly bray,
With hollow howling, and lamenting cry,
Shamefully at her rayling all the way,
And her accusing of dishonesty,
That was the flowre of faith and chastity;
And still amidst her rayling, she did pray,
That plagues, and mischiefs, and long misery
Might fall on her, and follow all the way,
And that in endlesse error she might ever stray.

24

But when she saw her prayers nought prevaile,
She backe returned with some labour lost;
And in the way as she did weepe and waile,
A knight her met in mighty armes embost,
Yet knight was not for all his bragging bost,
But subtill *Archimag*, that *Una* sought
By traynes[7] into new troubles to have tost:
Of that old woman tydings he besought,
If that of such a Ladie she could tellen ought.

25

Therewith she gan her passion to renew,
And cry, and curse, and raile, and rend her heare,
Saying, that harlot she too lately knew,
That causd her shed so many a bitter teare,
And so forth told the story of her feare:
Much seemed he to mone her haplesse chaunce,
And after for that Ladie did inquere;
Which being taught, he forward gan[8] advaunce
His fair enchaunted steed, and eke his charmed launce.

26

Ere long he came, where *Una* traveiled slow,
And that wilde Champion wayting her besyde:
Whom seeing such, for dread he durst not show
Himselfe too nigh at hand, but turned wyde
Unto an hill; from whence when she him spyde,

---

1 *booteth* helped.

2 *strand* shore, in the sense of foreign land.

3 *long wandring Greeke* Odysseus, who refused the immortality offered him by Calypso because of his love for his wife, Penelope (*Odyssey* 5) (*Variorum*).

4 *weened* wish, hope.

5 *Kirkrapine* meaning, "church robber."

6 *amazed* stunned.

7 *traynes* tricks, stratagems.

8 *gan* began.

By his like seeming shield, her knight by name
She weend it was, and towards him gan ryde:
Approching nigh, she wist[1] it was the same,
And with faire fearefull humblesse towards him shee came.

27

And weeping said, "Ah my long lacked Lord,
Where have ye bene thus long out of my sight?
Much feared I to have bene quite abhord,
Or ought have done, that ye displeasen might,
That should as death unto my deare hart light:
For since mine eye your joyous sight did mis,
My chearefull day is turnd to cheareless night,
And eke my night of death the shadow is;
But welcome now my light, and shining lampe of blis."

28

He thereto meeting said, "My dearest Dame,
Farre be it from your thought, and fro my will,
To thinke that knighthood I so much should shame,
As you to leave, that have me loved still,
And chose in Faery court of meere goodwill,
Where noblest knights were to be found on earth:
The earth shall sooner leave her kindly skill
To bring forth fruit, and make eternall derth,[2]
Then I leave you, my liefe,[3] yborne of heavenly berth.

29

And sooth to say, why I left you so long,
Was for to seeke adventure in strange place,
Where *Archimago* said a felon strong
To many knights did daily worke disgrace;
But knight he now shall never more deface:
Good cause of mine excuse; that mote ye please
Well to accept, and evermore embrace
My faithfull service, that by land and seas
Have vowd you to defend, now then your plaint appease."

30

His lovely words her seemd due recompence
Of all her passed paines: one loving howre
For many yeares of sorrow can dispence:
A dram[4] of sweet is worth a pound of sowre:
She has forgot, how many a wofull stowre
For him she late endur'd; she speakes no more
Of past: true is, that true love hath no power
To looken backe; his eyes be fixt before.
Before her stands her knight, for whom she toyld so sore.

31

Much like, as when the beaten marinere,
That long hath wandred in the *Ocean* wide,
Oft soust in swelling *Tethys*[5] saltish teare,
And long time having tand his tawney[6] hide
With blustring breath of heaven, that none can bide,
And scorching flames of fierce *Orions* hound,[7]
Soone as the port from farre he has espide,
His chearefull whistle merrily doth sound,
And *Nereus*[8] crownes with cups; his mates him pledg around.

32

Such joy made *Una*, when her knight she found;
And eke th'enchaunter joyous seemd no lesse,
Then the glad marchant, that does vew from ground
His ship farre come from watrie wildernesse,
He hurles out vowes, and *Neptune*[9] oft doth blesse:

---

1 *wist* knew.
2 *derth* famine.
3 *liefe* beloved.
4 *dram* 1/8 ounce (i.e., a very small amount).
5 *Tethys* sea goddess, whose tears are the salt spray of the sea.
6 *tawney* golden brown.
7 *Orions hound* Sirius, the Dog-Star, which appears in the hottest months of the year.
8 *Nereus* marine deity and eldest child of Pontus and Gaia (*Dict. Gods and Mortals*), whom the mariner toasts when the sight of the port indicates that the journey is safely completed.
9 *Neptune* god of the sea.

So forth they past, and all the way they spent
Discoursing of her dreadfull late distresse,
In which he askt her, what the Lyon ment:
Who told her all that fell in journey as she went.

33

They had not ridden farre, when they might see
One pricking towards them with hastie heat,
Full strongly armd, and on a courser free,
That through his fiercenesse fomed all with sweat,
And the sharpe yron did for anger eat,
When his hot ryder spurd his chauffed side;
His looke was sterne, and seemed still to threat
Cruell revenge, which he in hart did hyde,
And on his shield *Sans loy* in bloudie lines was dyde.

34

When nigh he drew unto this gentle payre
And saw the Red-crosse, which the knight did beare,
He burnt in fire, and gan eftsoones prepare
Himselfe to battell with his couched[1] speare.
Loth[2] was that other, and did faint through feare,
To taste th'untryed dint of deadly steele;
But yet his Lady did so well him cheare,
That hope of new good hap he gan to feele;
So bent his speare, and spurnd[3] his horse with yron heele.

35

But that proud Paynim[4] forward came so fierce,
And full of wrath, that with his sharp-head speare,
Through vainely crossed shield he quite did pierce,
And had his staggering steede not shrunke for feare,
Through shield and bodie eke he should him beare:
Yet so great was the puissance of his push,
That from his saddle quite he did him beare:
He tombling rudely downe to ground did rush,
And from his gored wound a well of bloud did gush.

36

Dismounting lightly from his loftie steed,
He to him lept, in mind to reave[5] his life,
And proudly said, "Lo there the worthie meed[6]
Of him, that slew *Sans foy* with bloudie knife;
Henceforth his ghost freed from repining strife,
In peace may passen over *Lethe*[7] lake,
When morning[8] altars purgd with enemies life,
The blacke infernall *Furies*[9] doen aslake:[10]
Life from *Sans foy* thou tookst, *Sans loy* shall from thee take."

37

Therewith in haste his helmet gan unlace,
Till *Una* cride, "O hold that heavie hand,
Deare Sir, what ever that thou be in place:
Enough is, that thy foe doth vanquisht stand
Now at thy mercy: Mercie not withstand:
For he is one the truest knight alive,
Though conquered now he lie on lowly land,
And whilest him fortune favourd, faire did thrive
In bloudie field: therefore of life him not deprive."

---

1 *couched* lowered.
2 *Loth* reluctant.
3 *spurnd* spurred.
4 *Paynim* heathen, pagan (i.e., Saracen).
5 *reave* take away.
6 *meed* reward.
7 *Lethe* a river in Hades, whose water, when drunk by the dead, caused them to forget the lives they had just left.
8 *morning* mourning.
9 *Furies* female spirits of justice and vengeance born of Night. In Virgil there are three: Alecto ("unceasing"), Megaera ("grudging"), and Tisiphone ("avenging murder"). They persecute people who transgress natural laws (e.g., against fratricide, parricide, etc.) (*Dict. Gods and Mortals*).
10 *aslake* appease.

38

Her piteous words might not abate his rage,
But rudely rending[1] up his helmet, would
Have slaine him straight: but when he sees his age,
And hoarie head of *Archimago* old,
His hastie hand he doth amazed hold,
And halfe ashamed, wondred at the sight:
For the old man well knew he, though untold,
In charmes and magicke to have wondrous might,
Ne ever wont in field, ne in round lists to fight.

39

And said, "Why *Archimago*, lucklesse syre,
What doe I see? what hard mishap is this,
That hath thee hither brought to taste mine yre?[2]
Or thine the fault, or mine the error is,
In stead of foe to wound my friend amis?"
He answered nought, but in a traunce still lay,
And on those guilefull dazed eyes of his
The cloud of death did sit. Which doen away,
He left him lying so, ne would no lenger stay.

40

But to the virgin comes, who all this while
Amased stands, her selfe so mockt to see
By him, who has the guerdon[3] of his guile,
For so misfeigning her true knight to bee:
Yet is she now in more perplexitie,
Left in the hand of that same Paynim bold,
From whom her booteth not at all to flie;
Who by her cleanly garment catching hold,
Her from her Palfrey pluckt, her visage[4] to behold.

41

But her fierce servant full of kingly awe
And high disdaine, wheneas his soveraine Dame
So rudely handled by her foe he sawe,
With gaping jawes full greedy at him came,
And ramping on his shield, did weene the same
Have reft away with his sharpe rending clawes:
But he was stout, and lust did now inflame
His corage[5] more, that from his griping pawes
He hath his shield redeem'd, and foorth his swerd he drawes.

42

O then too weake and feeble was the forse
Of salvage beast, his puissance to withstand:
For he was strong, and of so mightie corse,
As ever wielded speare in warlike hand,
And feates of armes did wisely understand.
Eftsoones he perced through his chaufed[6] chest
With thrilling[7] point of deadly yron brand,
And launcht[8] his Lordly hart: with death opprest
He roar'd aloud, whiles life forsooke his stubborne brest.

43

Who now is left to keepe the forlorne maid
From raging spoile of lawlesse victors will?
Her faithfull gard remov'd, her hope dismaid,
Her selfe a yeelded pray to save or spill.
He now Lord of the field, his pride to fill,
With foule reproches, and disdainfull spight
Her vildly entertaines, and will or nill,
Beares her away upon his courser light:
Her prayers nought prevaile, his rage is more of might.

44

And all the way, with great lamenting paine,
And piteous plaints she filleth his dull eares,
That stony hart could riven have in twaine,[9]
And all the way she wets with flowing teares:
But he enrag'd with rancour,[10] nothing heares.
Her servile beast yet would not leave her so,

---

1 *rending* tearing.
2 *yre* ire.
3 *guerdon* reward, recompense.
4 *visage* face.
5 *corage* mind, nature.
6 *chaufed* chafed, enraged.
7 *thrilling* penetrating.
8 *launcht* pierced, transfixed.
9 *riven ... in twaine* i.e., split ... in two.
10 *rancour* hatred.

But followes her farre off, ne ought he feares,
To be partaker of her wandring woe,
More mild in beastly kind, then that her beastly foe.

Canto IIII

To sinfull house of Pride, Duessa
guides the faithfull knight,
Where brothers death to wreak Sans joy
doth chalenge him to fight.

1

Young knight, what ever that dost armes professe,
And through long labours huntest after fame,
Beware of fraud, beware of ficklenesse,
In choice, and change of thy deare loved Dame,
Least thou of her beleeve too lightly blame,
And rash misweening[1] doe thy hart remove:
For unto knight there is no greater shame,
Then lightnesse and inconstancie in love;
That doth this *Redcrosse* knights ensample plainly prove.

2

Who after that he had faire *Una* lorne,
Through light misdeeming[2] of her loialtie,
And false *Duessa* in her sted had borne,
Called *Fidess'*, and so supposd to bee;
Long with her traveiled, till at last they see
A goodly building, bravely garnished,
The house of mightie Prince it seemd to bee:
And towards it a broad high way[3] that led,
All bare through peoples feet, which thither traveiled.

3

Great troupes of people traveild thitherward
Both day and night, of each degree and place,
But few returned, having scaped hard,
With balefull[4] beggerie, or foule disgrace,
Which ever after in most wretched case,
Like loathsome lazars,[5] by the hedges lay.
Thither *Duessa* bad him bend his pace:
For she is wearie of the toilesome way,
And also nigh consumed is the lingring day.

4

A stately Pallace built of squared bricke,
Which cunningly[6] was without morter laid,
Whose wals were high, but nothing strong, nor thick,
And golden foile[7] all over them displaid,
That purest skye with brightnesse they dismaid:
High lifted up were many loftie towres,
And goodly galleries farre over laid,
Full of faire windowes, and delightfull bowres;
And on the top a Diall told the timely howres.

5

It was a goodly heape for to behould,
And spake the praises of the workmans wit;
But full great pittie, that so faire a mould[8]
Did on so weake foundation ever sit:
For on a sandie hill,[9] that still did flit,[10]
And fall away, it mounted was full hie,
That every breath of heaven shaked it:
And all the hinder parts, that few could spie,
Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly.

6

Arrived there they passed in forth right;
For still to all the gates stood open wide,
Yet charge of them was to a Porter hight
Cald *Malvenù*,[11] who entrance none denide:

---

1 *misweening* misjudgement.
2 *misdeeming* supposing mistakenly.
3 *broad high way* See Matthew 7:13: "Enter by the narrow gate; for the gate is wide and the way is easy that leads to destruction, and those who enter by it are many."
4 *balefull* miserable.
5 *lazars* poor and diseased people (i.e., lepers).
6 *cunningly* craftily, cleverly.
7 *golden foile* thin layer of gold.
8 *mould* structure.
9 *sandie hill* allusion to Matthew 7:26: "And every one who hears these words of mine and does not do them will be like a foolish man who built his house upon the sand."
10 *flit* shift, give way.
11 *Malvenù* meaning, "unwelcome."

Thence to the hall, which was on every side
With rich array and costly arras[1] dight:
Infinite sorts of people did abide
There waiting long, to win the wished sight
Of her, that was the Lady of that Pallace bright.

7

By them they passe, all gazing on them round,
And to the Presence mount; whose glorious vew
Their frayle amazed senses did confound:
In living Princes court none ever knew
Such endlesse richesse, and so sumptuous shew;
Ne *Persia* selfe, the nourse of pompous pride
Like ever saw. And there a noble crew
Of Lordes and Ladies stood on every side,
Which with their presence faire, the place much beautifide.

8

High above all a cloth of State[2] was spred,
And a rich throne, as bright as sunny day,
On which there sate most brave embellished
With royall robes and gorgeous array,
A mayden Queene,[3] that shone as *Titans*[4] ray,
In glistring gold, and peerelesse pretious stone:
Yet her bright blazing beautie did assay
To dim the brightnesse of her glorious throne,
As envying her selfe, that too exceeding shone.

9

Exceeding shone, like *Phœbus* fairest childe,[5]
That did presume his fathers firie wayne,[6]
And flaming mouthes of steedes unwonted wilde
Through highest heaven with weaker hand to rayne;
Proud of such glory and advancement vaine,
While flashing beames do daze his feeble eyen,
He leaves the welkin[7] way most beaten plaine,
And rapt with whirling wheeles, inflames the skyen,
With fire not made to burne, but fairely for to shyne.

10

So proud she shyned in her Princely state,
Looking to heaven; for earth she did disdayne,
And sitting high; for lowly she did hate:
Lo underneath her scornefull feete, was layne
A dreadfull Dragon with an hideous trayne,[8]
And in her hand she held a mirrhour[9] bright,
Wherein her face she often vewed fayne,[10]
And in her selfe-lov'd semblance tooke delight;
For she was wondrous faire, as any living wight.

11

Of griesly *Pluto*[11] she the daughter was,
And sad *Proserpina* the Queene of hell;
Yet did she thinke her pearelesse worth to pas
That parentage, with pride so did she swell,
And thundring *Ioue*, that high in heaven doth dwell,
And wield the world, she claymed for her syre,
Or if that any else did *Ioue* excell:
For to the highest she did still aspyre,
Or if ought higher were then that, did it desyre.

12

And proud *Lucifera*[12] men did her call,
That made her selfe a Queene, and crownd to be,
Yet rightfull kingdome she had none at all,

---

1 *arras* hanging tapestry.

2 *cloth of State* canopy.

3 *mayden Queene* See the description of Una at I.iii.5.

4 *Titan* the sun.

5 *Phœbus fairest childe* Phaeton, who tried to drive Apollo's chariot to pull the sun across the sky, but could not control the horses and burned to death when he set sky and earth on fire (Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, Book 2).

6 *wayne* chariot.

7 *welkin* upper atmosphere.

8 *Dragon ... trayne* See Revelation, where the dragon is a symbol of Satan.

9 *mirrhour* In Renaissance emblems, the mirror was associated with Vanitas, or self-love, one of the characteristics of pride.

10 *fayne* with pleasure.

11 *Pluto* god of the Underworld.

12 *Lucifera* meaning,"light"; embodying worldly pride, Lucifera bears a feminized version of one of the names for Satan.

Ne heritage of native soveraintie,
But did usurpe with wrong and tyrannie
Upon the scepter, which she now did hold:
Ne ruld her Realmes with lawes, but pollicie,[1]
And strong advizement of six wisards old,
That with their counsels bad her kingdome did uphold.

13

Soone as the Elfin knight in presence came,
And false *Duessa* seeming Lady faire,
A gentle Husher,[2] *Vanitie* by name
Made rowme, and passage for them did prepaire:
So goodly brought them to the lowest staire
Of her high throne, where they on humble knee
Making obeyssance,[3] did the cause declare,
Why they were come, her royall state to see,
To prove the wide report of her great Majestee.

14

With loftie eyes, halfe loth to looke so low,
She thanked them in her disdainefull wise,
Ne other grace vouchsafed them to show
Of Princesse worthy, scarse them bad arise.
Her Lordes and Ladies all this while devise
Themselves to setten forth to straungers sight:
Some frounce[4] their curled haire in courtly guise,
Some prancke[5] their ruffes,[6] and others trimly dight
Their gay attire: each others greater pride does spight.

15

Goodly they all that knight do entertaine,
Right glad with him to have increast their crew:
But to *Duess'* each one himselfe did paine
All kindnesse and faire courtesie to shew;
For in that court whylome her well they knew:
Yet the stout Faerie mongst the middest crowd
Thought all their glorie vaine in knightly vew,
And that great Princesse too exceeding prowd,
That to strange knight no better countenance allowd.

16

Suddein upriseth from her stately place
The royall Dame, and for her coche doth call:
All hurtlen forth, and she with Princely pace,
As faire *Aurora* in her purple pall,
Out of the East the dawning day doth call:
So forth she comes: her brightnesse brode[7] doth blaze;
The heapes of people thronging in the hall,
Do ride each other, upon her to gaze:
Her glorious glitter and light doth all mens eyes amaze.

17

So forth she comes, and to her coche does clyme,
Adorned all with gold, and girlond gay,
That seemd as fresh as *Flora*[8] in her prime,
And strove to match, in royall rich array,
Great *Iunoes* golden chaire,[9] the which they say
The Gods stand gazing on, when she does ride
To *Ioues* high house through heavens bras-paved way
Drawne of faire Pecocks, that excell in pride,
And full of *Argus* eyes[10] their tailes dispredden[11] wide.

---

1 *pollicie* stratagem, cunning.
2 *Husher* usher.
3 *obeyssance* act of submission or respect.
4 *frounce* frizz, curl.
5 *prancke* fold, pleat.
6 *ruffes* neckwear during the reigns of Elizabeth I and James I.
7 *brode* broad.
8 *Flora* goddess of flowers.
9 *Iunoes golden chaire* Juno, the wife of Jove, drives a chariot drawn by peacocks (*Spenser Encycl.*, p. 413c).
10 *Argus eyes* Argos was a monster with an eye in the back of his head. He was killed by Mercury and turned into a peacock or Juno took his eyes and used them to decorate the peacock's tail (*OCD*).
11 *dispredden* spread.

18

But this was drawne of six unequall beasts,
On which her six sage Counsellors did ryde,
Taught to obay their bestiall beheasts,
With like conditions to their kinds applyde:
Of which the first, that all the rest did guyde,
Was sluggish *Idlenesse* the nourse of sin;
Upon a slouthfull Asse he chose to ryde,
Arayd in habit blacke, and amis[1] thin,
Like to an holy Monck, the service to begin.

19

And in his hand his Portesse still he bare,
That much was worne, but therein little red,
For of devotion he had little care,
Still drownd in sleepe, and most of his dayes ded;
Scarse could he once uphold his heavie hed,
To looken, whether it were night or day:
May seeme the wayne was very evill led,
When such an one had guiding of the way,
That knew not, whether right he went, or else astray.

20

From worldly cares himselfe he did esloyne,[2]
And greatly shunned manly exercise,
From every worke he chalenged essoyne,[3]
For contemplation sake: yet otherwise,
His life he led in lawlesse riotise;
By which he grew to grievous malady;
For in his lustlesse limbs through evill guise
A shaking fever raignd continually:
Such one was *Idlenesse*, first of this company.

21

And by his side rode loathsome *Gluttony*,
Deformed creature, on a filthie swyne,
His belly was up-blowne with luxury,
And eke with fatnesse swollen were his eyne,
And like a Crane[4] his necke was long and fyne,
With which he swallowed up excessive feast,
For want whereof poore people oft did pyne;
And all the way, most like a brutish beast,
He spued up his gorge, that all did him deteast.

22

In greene vine leaves he was right fitly clad;
For other clothes he could not weare for heat,
And on his head an yuie girland had,
From under which fast trickled downe the sweat:
Still as he rode, he somewhat still did eat,
And in his hand did beare a bouzing can,
Of which he supt so oft, that on his seat
His dronken corse he scarse upholden can,
In shape and life more like a monster, then a man.

23

Unfit he was for any worldly thing,
And eke unhable once to stirre or go,
Not meet to be of counsell to a king,
Whose mind in meat and drinke was drowned so,
That from his friend he seldome knew his fo:
Full of diseases was his carcas blew,
And a dry dropsie[5] through his flesh did flow:
Which by misdiet daily greater grew:
Such one was *Gluttony*, the second of that crew.

24

And next to him rode lustfull *Lechery*,
Upon a bearded Goat,[6] whose rugged haire,
And whally eyes[7] (the signe of gelosy,)[8]
Was like the person selfe, whom he did beare:
Who rough, and blacke, and filthy did appeare,
Unseemely man to please faire Ladies eye;

---

1 *amis* oblong piece of white linen worn over a priest's shoulders to symbolize the helmet of salvation.

2 *esloyne* retire to a distance.

3 *chalenged essoyne* claimed exemption.

4 *Crane* The crane's long neck prolongs the pleasure of swallowing, which makes it an emblem of Gluttony.

5 *dry dropsie* thirst, as dropsy is a watery swelling of the body that in turn causes excessive thirst.

6 *Goat* Goats were considered especially lusty.

7 *whally eyes* glaring or showing their whites.

8 *gelosy* jealousy.

Yet he of Ladies oft was loved deare,
When fairer faces were bid standen by:
O who does know the bent of womens fantasy?

25

In a greene gowne he clothed was full faire,
Which underneath did hide his filthinesse,
And in his hand a burning hart he bare,
Full of vaine follies, and new fanglenesse:[1]
For he was false, and fraught with ficklenesse,
And learned had to love with secret lookes,
And well could daunce, and sing with ruefulnesse,
And fortunes tell, and read in loving bookes,
And thousand other wayes, to bait his fleshly hookes.

26

Inconstant man, that loved all he saw,
And lusted after all, that he did love,
Ne would his looser life be tide to law,
But joyd weake wemens hearts to tempt and prove,
If from their loyall loves he might them move;
Which lewdnesse fild him with reprochfull paine
Of that fowle evill, which all men reprove,
That rots the marrow, and consumes the braine:
Such one was *Lecherie*, the third of all this traine.

27

And greedy *Avarice*[2] by him did ride,
Upon a Camell[3] loaden all with gold;
Two iron coffers hong on either side,
With precious mettall full, as they might hold,
And in his lap an heape of coine he told;
For of his wicked pelfe[4] his God he made,
And unto hell him selfe for money sold;
Accursed usurie[5] was all his trade,
And right and wrong ylike in equall ballaunce waide.

28

His life was nigh unto deaths doore yplast,
And thred-bare cote, and cobled shoes he ware,
Ne scarse good morsell all his life did tast,
But both from backe and belly still did spare,
To fill his bags, and richesse to compare;
Yet chylde ne kinsman living had he none
To leave them to; but thorough[6] daily care
To get, and nightly feare to lose his owne,
He led a wretched life unto him selfe unknowne.

29

Most wretched wight, whom nothing might suffise,
Whose greedy lust did lacke in greatest store,
Whose need had end, but no end covetise,[7]
Whose wealth was want, whose plenty made him pore,
Who had enough, yet wished ever more;
A vile disease, and eke in foote and hand
A grievous gout tormented him full sore,
That well he could not touch, nor go, nor stand:
Such one was *Avarice*, the fourth of this faire band.

30

And next to him malicious *Envie* rode,
Upon a ravenous wolfe, and still did chaw
Betweene his cankred[8] teeth a venomous tode,[9]
That all the poison ran about his chaw;
But inwardly he chawed his owne maw

[1] *new fanglenesse* being easily carried away by whatever is new.
[2] *Avarice* inordinate desire to acquire and hoard wealth.
[3] *Camell* See Matthew 19:24: "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God."
[4] *pelfe* wealth, riches.
[5] *usurie* the practice of lending money at excessive rates of interest, a practice illegal in sixteenth-century England.
[6] *thorough* through.
[7] *covetise* excessive desire for the acquisition and possession of what belongs to another, often wealth.
[8] *cankred* infected.
[9] *venomous tode* Toads were widely believed to secrete poison.

At neighbours wealth, that made him ever sad;
For death it was, when any good he saw,
And wept, that cause of weeping none he had,
But when he heard of harme, he wexed[1]
wondrous glad.

31

All in a kirtle[2] of discolourd say[3]
He clothed was, ypainted full of eyes;
And in his bosome secretly there lay
An hatefull Snake, the which his taile uptyes
In many folds, and mortall sting implyes.
Still as he rode, he gnasht his teeth, to see
Those heapes of gold with griple[4] Covetyse,
And grudged at the great felicitie
Of proud *Lucifera*, and his owne companie.

32

He hated all good workes and vertuous deeds,
And him no lesse, that any like did use,
And who with gracious bread the hungry
feeds,
His almes for want of faith he doth accuse;
So every good to bad he doth abuse:
And eke the verse of famous Poets witt
He does backebite, and spightfull poison spues
From leprous mouth on all, that ever writt:
Such one vile *Envie* was, that fifte in row did sitt.

33

And him beside rides fierce revenging *Wrath*,
Upon a Lion, loth[5] for to be led;
And in his hand a burning brond he hath,
The which he brandisheth about his hed;
His eyes did hurle forth sparkles fiery red,
And stared sterne on all, that him beheld,
As ashes pale of hew and seeming ded;
And on his dagger still his hand he held,
Trembling through hasty rage, when choler in
him sweld.

34

His ruffin[6] raiment all was staind with blood,
Which he had spilt, and all to rags yrent,
Through unadvized rashnesse woxen wood;[7]
For of his hands he had no governement,
Ne car'd for bloud in his avengement:
But when the furious fit was overpast,
His cruell facts he often would repent;
Yet willfull man he never would forecast,
How many mischieves should ensue his heedlesse
hast.

35

Full many mischiefes follow cruell *Wrath*;
Abhorred bloudshed, and tumultuous strife,
Unmanly murder, and unthrifty scath,
Bitter despight, with rancours rusty knife,
And fretting griefe the enemy of life;
All these, and many evils moe haunt ire,
The swelling Splene,[8] and Frenzy raging rife,
The shaking Palsey, and Saint *Fraunces* fire:[9]
Such one was *Wrath*, the last of this ungodly tire.

36

And after all, upon the wagon beame
Rode *Sathan*, with a smarting whip in hand,
With which he forward lasht the laesie teme,
So oft as *Slowth*[10] still in the mire did stand.
Huge routs of people did about them band,
Showting for joy, and still before their way
A foggy mist had covered all the land;
And underneath their feet, all scattred lay
Dead sculs and bones of men, whose life had
gone astray.

37

So forth they marchen in this goodly sort,
To take the solace of the open aire,

---

1 *wexed* grew, increased.
2 *kirtle* tunic, coat.
3 *say* woolen cloth.
4 *griple* griping, niggardly.
5 *loth* unwilling.
6 *ruffin* ruffian.
7 *wood* mad, insane.
8 *swelling Splene* outburst of temper, as the spleen was seen as the seat of ill-humour or peevishness.
9 *Saint Fraunces fire* St. Anthony's fire, a disease that leads to violent inflammation of the skin (*Hamilton*).
10 *Slowth* sloth.

And in fresh flowring fields themselves to sport;
Emongst the rest rode that false Lady faire,
The fowle *Duessa*, next unto the chaire
Of proud *Lucifera*, as one of the traine:
But that good knight would not so nigh repaire,
Him selfe estraunging from their joyaunce vaine,
Whose fellowship seemd far unfit for warlike swaine.

38

So having solaced themselves a space
With pleasaunce of the breathing fields yfed,[1]
They backe returned to the Princely Place;
Whereas an errant knight in armes ycled,
And heathnish shield, wherein with letters red
Was writ *Sans joy*, they new arrived find:
Enflam'd with fury and fiers hardy-hed,
He seemd in hart to harbour thoughts unkind,
And nourish bloudy vengeaunce in his bitter mind.

39

Who when the shamed shield of slaine *Sans foy*
He spide with that same Faery champions page,
Bewraying[2] him, that did of late destroy
His eldest brother, burning all with rage
He to him leapt, and that same envious gage[3]
Of victors glory from him snatcht away:
But th'Elfin knight, which ought[4] that warlike wage,[5]
Disdaind to loose the meed he wonne in fray,
And him rencountring fierce, reskewd the noble pray.

40

Therewith they gan to hurtlen greedily,
Redoubted battaile ready to darrayne,[6]
And clash their shields, and shake their swords on hy,
That with their sturre they troubled all the traine;
Till that great Queene upon eternall paine
Of high displeasure, that ensewen might,
Commaunded them their fury to refraine,
And if that either to that shield had right,
In equall lists they should the morrow next it fight.

41

"Ah dearest Dame," quoth then the Paynim bold,
"Pardon the errour of enraged wight,
Whom great griefe made forget the raines to hold
Of reasons rule, to see this recreant knight,
No knight, but treachour full of false despight[7]
And shamefull treason, who through guile hath slayn
The prowest knight, that ever field did fight,
Even stout *Sans foy* (O who can then refrayn?)
Whose shield he beares renuerst,[8] the more to heape disdayn.

42

And to augment the glorie of his guile,
His dearest love the faire *Fidessa* loe
Is there possessed of the traytour vile,
Who reapes the harvest sowen by his foe,
Sowen in bloudy field, and bought with woe:
That brothers hand shall dearely well requight
So be, O Queene, you equall favour showe."
Him litle answerd th'angry Elfin knight;
He never meant with words, but swords to plead his right.

---

1 *yfed* fed.
2 *Bewraying* exposing, betraying.
3 *gage* pledge, prize.
4 *ought* owned.
5 *warlike wage* reward for battle.
6 *darrayne* do battle.
7 *despight* scorn, disdain.
8 *renuerst* upside down.

43

But threw his gauntlet[1] as a sacred pledge,
His cause in combat the next day to try:
So been they parted both, with harts on edge,
To be aveng'd each on his enimy.
That night they pas in joy and jollity,
Feasting and courting both in bowre and hall;
For Steward[2] was excessive *Gluttonie*,
That of his plenty poured forth to all;
Which doen, the Chamberlain[3] *Slowth* did to rest them call.

44

Now whenas darkesome night had all displayd
Her coleblacke curtein over brightest skye,
The warlike youthes on dayntie couches layd,
Did chace away sweet sleepe from sluggish eye,
To muse on meanes of hoped victory.
But whenas *Morpheus* had with leaden mace
Arrested all that courtly company,
Up-rose *Duessa* from her resting place,
And to the Paynims lodging comes with silent pace.

45

Whom broad awake she finds, in troublous fit,
Forecasting, how his foe he might annoy,
And him amoves with speaches seeming fit:
"Ah deare *Sans joy*, next dearest to *Sans foy*,
Cause of my new griefe, cause of my new joy,
Joyous, to see his ymage in mine eye,
And greev'd, to thinke how foe did him destroy,
That was the flowre of grace and chevalrye;
Lo his *Fidessa* to thy secret faith I flye."

46

With gentle wordes he can her fairely greet,
And bad say on the secret of her hart.
Then sighing soft, "I learne that litle sweet
Oft tempred is," quoth she, "with muchell smart:
For since my brest was launcht with lovely dart
Of deare *Sans foy*, I never joyed howre,
But in eternall woes my weaker hart
Have wasted, loving him with all my powre,
And for his sake have felt full many an heavie stowre.

47

At last when perils all I weened past,
And hop'd to reape the crop of all my care,
Into new woes unweeting I was cast,
By this false faytor,[4] who unworthy ware
His worthy shield, whom he with guilefull snare
Entrapped slew, and brought to shamefull grave.
Me silly maid away with him he bare,
And ever since hath kept in darksome cave,
For that I would not yeeld, that to *Sans foy* I gave.

48

But since faire Sunne hath sperst[5] that lowring clowd,
And to my loathed life now shewes some light,
Under your beames I will me safely shrowd,
From dreaded storme of his disdainfull spight:
To you th'inheritance belongs by right
Of brothers prayse, to you eke longs his love.
Let not his love, let not his restlesse spright
Be unreveng'd, that calles to you above
From wandring Stygian shores, where it doth endlesse move."

49

"Thereto," said he, "Faire Dame be nought dismaid
For sorrowes past; their griefe is with them gone:
Ne yet of present perill be affraid;
For needlesse feare did never vantage none,
And helplesse hap it booteth not to mone.
Dead is *Sans-foy*, his vitall paines are past,
Though greeved ghost for vengeance deepe do grone:
He lives, that shall him pay his dewties last,
And guiltie Elfin bloud shall sacrifice in hast."

[1] *gauntlet* glove.
[2] *Steward* official who controls the domestic affairs of a household.
[3] *Chamberlain* chamber attendant.
[4] *faytor* deceiver.
[5] *sperst* dispersed.

50

"O but I feare the fickle freakes,"[1] quoth shee,
"Of fortune false, and oddes of armes in field."
"Why dame," quoth he, "what oddes can ever bee,
Where both do fight alike, to win or yield?"
"Yea but," quoth she, "he beares a charmed shield,
And eke enchaunted armes, that none can perce,
Ne none can wound the man, that does them wield."
"Charmd or enchaunted," answerd he then ferce,
"I no whit reck, ne you the like need to reherce.

51

But faire *Fidessa*, sithens fortunes guile,
Or enimies powre hath now captived you,
Returne from whence ye came, and rest a while
Till morrow next, that I the Elfe subdew,
And with *Sans-foyes* dead dowry you endew."[2]
"Ay me, that is a double death," she said,
"With proud foes sight my sorrow to renew:
Where ever yet I be, my secrete aid
Shall follow you." So passing forth she him obaid.

Canto V

The faithfull knight in equall field[3]
subdewes his faithlesse foe,
Whom false Duessa saves, and for
his cure to hell does goe.

1

The noble hart, that harbours vertuous thought,
And is with child of glorious great intent,
Can never rest, untill it forth have brought
Th'eternall brood of glorie excellent:
Such restlesse passion did all night torment
The flaming corage of that Faery knight,
Devizing, how that doughtie[4] tournament
With greatest honour he atchieven might;
Still did he wake, and still did watch for dawning light.

2

At last the golden Orientall[5] gate
Of greatest heaven gan to open faire,
And *Phœbus* fresh, as bridegrome to his mate,[6]
Came dauncing forth, shaking his deawie haire:
And hurld his glistring beames through gloomie aire.
Which when the wakeful Elfe perceiv'd, streight way
He started up, and did him selfe prepaire,
In sun-bright armes, and battailous array:
For with the Pagan proud he combat will that day.

3

And forth he comes into the commune hall,
Where earely waite him many a gazing eye,
To weet[7] what end to straunger knights may fall.
There many Minstrales maken melody,
To drive away the dull melancholy,
And many Bardes, that to the trembling chord
Can tune their timely[8] voyces cunningly,
And many Chroniclers, that can record
Old loves, and warres for Ladies doen by many a Lord.

4

Soone after comes the cruell Sarazin,
In woven maile all armed warily,
And sternly lookes at him, who not a pin
Does care for looke of living creatures eye.
They bring them wines of *Greece* and *Araby*,[9]

---

1 *fickle freakes* sudden changes of mind.
2 *endew* bestow.
3 *equall field* equal combat.
4 *doughtie* formidable, brave.
5 *Orientall* easterly.
6 *as bridgrome to his mate* allusion to Psalm 19:4-5: "In them he has set a tent for the sun, which comes forth like a bridegroom leaving his chamber, and like a strong man runs its course with joy."
7 *weet* know.
8 *timely* measured, rhythmic.
9 *wines of Greece and Araby* exotic spiced wines.

And daintie spices fetcht from furthest *Ynd*,[1]
To kindle heat of corage privily:
And in the wine a solemne oth they bynd
T'observe the sacred lawes of armes, that are assynd.

5

At last forth comes that far renowmed Queene,
With royall pomp and Princely majestie;
She is ybrought unto a paled[2] greene,
And placed under stately canapee,
The warlike feates of both those knights to see.
On th'other side in all mens open vew
Duessa placed is, and on a tree
Sans-foy his shield is hangd with bloudy hew:
Both those the lawrell[3] girlonds to the victor dew.

6

A shrilling trompet sownded from on hye,
And unto battaill bad them selves addresse:
Their shining shieldes about their wrestes they tye,
And burning blades about their heads do blesse,
The instruments of wrath and heavinesse:
With greedy force each other doth assayle,
And strike so fiercely, that they do impresse
Deepe dinted furrowes in the battred mayle;
The yron walles to ward their blowes are weake and fraile.

7

The Sarazin was stout, and wondrous strong,
And heaped blowes like yron hammers great:
For after bloud and vengeance he did long.
The knight was fiers and full of youthly heat:
And doubled strokes, like dreaded thunders threat:
For all for prayse and honour he did fight.
Both stricken strike, and beaten both do beat,
That from their shields forth flyeth firie light,
And helmets hewen deepe, shew marks of eithers might.

8

So th'one for wrong, the other strives for right:
As when a Gryfon[4] seized of his pray,
A Dragon fiers encountreth in his flight,
Through widest ayre making his ydle way,
That would his rightfull ravine[5] rend away:
With hideous horrour both together smight,
And souce so sore, that they the heavens affray:
The wise Southsayer[6] seeing so sad sight,
Th'amazed vulgar[7] tels of warres and mortall fight.

9

So th'one for wrong, the other strives for right,
And each to deadly shame would drive his foe:
The cruell steele so greedily doth bight
In tender flesh, that streames of bloud down flow,
With which the armes, that earst so bright did show,
Into a pure vermillion[8] now are dyde:
Great ruth in all the gazers harts did grow,
Seeing the gored woundes to gape so wyde,
That victory they dare not wish to either side.

10

At last the Paynim chaunst to cast his eye,
His suddein[9] eye, flaming with wrathfull fyre,
Upon his brothers shield, which hong thereby:
Therewith redoubled was his raging yre,
And said, "Ah wretched sonne of wofull syre,
Doest thou sit wayling by black *Stygian* lake,
Whilest here thy shield is hangd for victors hyre,
And sluggish german[10] doest thy forces slake,[11]
To after-send his foe, that him may overtake?"[12]

---

1 *Ynd* India.
2 *paled* enclosed.
3 *lawrell* an emblem of victory or of distinction.
4 *Gryfon* a fabulous animal usually represented as having the head and wings of an eagle and the body and hind quarters of a lion.
5 *ravine* prey, spoil.
6 *Southsayer* soothsayer.
7 *vulgar* common person.
8 *vermillion* bright red.
9 *suddein* darting.
10 *german* brother.
11 *slake* diminish, weaken.
12 *At last … him may overtake* allusion to Virgil, *Aeneid* 12 (*Variorum*).

11

Goe caytive[1] Elfe, him quickly overtake,
And soone redeeme from his long wandring woe;
Goe guiltie ghost,[2] to him my message make,
That I his shield have quit from dying foe."
Therewith upon his crest he stroke him so,
That twise he reeled, readie twise to fall;
End of the doubtfull battell deemed tho
The lookers on, and lowd to him gan call
The false *Duessa*, "Thine the shield, and I, and all."

12

Soone as the Faerie heard his Ladie speake,
Out of his swowning dreame he gan awake,
And quickning[3] faith, that earst was woxen weake,
The creeping deadly cold away did shake:
Tho mov'd with wrath, and shame, and Ladies sake,
Of all attonce he cast avengd to bee,
And with so'exceeding furie at him strake,
That forced him to stoupe upon his knee;
Had he not stouped so, he should have cloven[4] bee.

13

And to him said, "Goe now proud Miscreant,[5]
Thy selfe thy message doe to german deare,
Alone he wandring thee too long doth want:
Goe say, his foe thy shield with his doth beare."
Therewith his heavie hand he high gan reare,
Him to have slaine; when loe a darksome clowd
Upon him fell: he no where doth appeare,
But vanisht is.[6] The Elfe him cals alowd,
But answer none receives: the darknes him does shrowd.

14

In haste *Duessa* from her place arose,
And to him running said, "O prowest[7] knight,
That ever Ladie to her love did chose,
Let now abate[8] the terror of your might,
And quench the flame of furious despight,
And bloudie vengeance; lo th'infernall powres
Covering your foe with cloud of deadly night,
Have borne him hence to *Plutoes* balefull bowres.
The conquest yours, I yours, the shield, and glory yours."

15

Not all so satisfide, with greedie eye
He sought all round about, his thirstie blade
To bath in bloud of faithlesse enemy;
Who all that while lay hid in secret shade:
He standes amazed, how he thence should fade.
At last the trumpets Triumph sound on hie,
And running Heralds humble homage made,
Greeting him goodly with new victorie,
And to him brought the shield, the cause of enmitie.

16

Wherewith he goeth to that soveraine Queene,
And falling her before on lowly knee,
To her makes present of his service seene:
Which she accepts, with thankes, and goodly gree,[9]
Greatly advauncing[10] his gay chevalree.
So marcheth home, and by her takes the knight,
Whom all the people follow with great glee,
Shouting, and clapping all their hands on hight,
That all the aire it fils, and flyes to heaven bright.

---

1 *caytive* base, mean.
2 *Goe guiltie ghost* This line echoes Virgil, *Aeneid* 2.547-48 (*Variorum*).
3 *quickning* reviving.
4 *cloven* split.
5 *Miscreant* infidel.
6 *darksome clowd … vanisht is* In both the *Iliad*, Books 3 and 5 and the *Aeneid*, Book 5, the gods rescue their favourites by throwing a cloud around them (*Variorum*).
7 *prowest* bravest, worthiest.
8 *abate* diminish.
9 *gree* favour, good will.
10 *advauncing* extolling.

17

Home is he brought, and laid in sumptuous bed:
Where many skilfull leaches[1] him abide,[2]
To salve his hurts, that yet still freshly bled.
In wine and oyle[3] they wash his woundes wide,
And softly can embalme[4] on every side.
And all the while, most heavenly melody
About the bed sweet musicke did divide,[5]
Him to beguile of griefe and agony:
And all the while *Duessa* wept full bitterly.

18

As when a wearie traveller that strayes
By muddy shore of broad seven-mouthed *Nile*,
Unweeting[6] of the perillous wandring wayes,
Doth meet a cruell craftie Crocodile,[7]
Which in false griefe hyding his harmefull guile,
Doth weepe full sore, and sheddeth tender teares:
The foolish man, that pitties all this while
His mournefull plight, is swallowd up unwares,
Forgetfull of his owne, that mindes anothers cares.

19

So wept *Duessa* untill eventide,
That shyning lampes in *Ioues* high house were light:
Then forth she rose, ne lenger would abide,
But comes unto the place, where th'Hethen knight
In slombring swownd nigh voyd of vitall spright,
Lay cover'd with inchaunted cloud all day:
Whom when she found, as she left in plight,
To wayle his woefull case she would not stay,
But to the easterne coast of heaven makes speedy way.

20

Where griesly[8] *Night*, with visage deadly sad,
That *Phœbus* chearefull face durst never vew,
And in a foule blacke pitchie mantle clad,
She findes forth comming from her darkesome mew,[9]
Where she all day did hide her hated hew.
Before the dore her yron charet[10] stood,
Alreadie harnessed for journey new;
And coleblacke steedes yborne of hellish brood,
That on their rustie bits did champ, as they were wood.

21

Who when she saw *Duessa* sunny bright,
Adornd with gold and jewels shining cleare,
She greatly grew amazed[11] at the sight,
And th'unacquainted light began to feare:
For never did such brightnesse there appeare,
And would have backe retyred to her cave,
Untill the witches speech she gan to heare,
Saying, "Yet O thou dreaded Dame, I crave
Abide, till I have told the message, which I have."

22

She stayd, and foorth *Duessa* gan proceede,
"O thou most auncient Grandmother[12] of all,
More old than *Ioue*,[13] whom thou at first didst breede,
Or that great house of Gods cælestiall,
Which wast begot in *Dæmogorgons* hall,
And sawst the secrets of the world unmade,
Why suffredst thou thy Nephewes deare to fall
With Elfin sword, most shamefully betrade?
Lo where the stout *Sans joy* doth sleepe in deadly shade.

---

1 *leaches* physicians.

2 *him abide* stay with him.

3 *wine and oyle* See Luke 10:33-34: "But a Samaritan, as he journeyed, came to where he was; and when he saw him, he had compassion, and went to him and bound up his wounds, pouring on oil and wine."

4 *embalme* salve.

5 *divide* descant.

6 *Unweeting* unknowing.

7 *cruell craftie Crocodile* fabulously said to weep, either to allure a man for the purpose of devouring him, or while (or after) devouring him (*Variorum*).

8 *griesly* grim, ghastly.

9 *mew* den, secret place.

10 *yron charet* Night is traditionally represented driving a black chariot with black horses.

11 *amazed* stunned.

12 *Grandmother* Night was born of Demogorgon, father of all the gods, and Eternity and has many progeny, including Duessa and Sans foy, Sans joy, and Sans loy (*Variorum*).

13 *Ioue* Jupiter.

23

And him before, I saw with bitter eyes
The bold *Sans foy* shrinke underneath his speare;
And now the pray of fowles in field he lyes,
Nor wayld of friends, nor laid on groning beare,
That whylome[1] was to me too dearely deare.
O what of Gods then boots it[2] to be borne,
If old *Aveugles* sonnes[3] so evill heare?
Or who shall not great *Nightes* children scorne,
When two of three her Nephews are so fowle forlorne?

24

Up then, up dreary Dame, of darknesse Queene,
Go gather up the reliques of thy race,
Or else goe them avenge, and let be seene,
That dreaded *Night* in brightest day hath place,
And can the children of faire light deface."[4]
Her feeling speeches some compassion moved
In hart, and chaunge in that great mothers face:
Yet pittie in her hart was never proved[5]
Till then: for evermore she hated, never loved.

25

And said, "Deare daughter rightly may I rew
The fall of famous children borne of mee,
And good successes, which their foes ensew:
But who can turne the streame of destinee,
Or breake the chayne of strong necessitee,[6]
Which fast is tyde to *Ioues* eternall seat?
The sonnes of Day he favoureth, I see,
And by my ruines thinkes to make them great:
To make one great by others losse, is bad excheat.[7]

26

Yet shall they not escape so freely all;
For some shall pay the price of others guilt:
And he the man that made *Sans foy* to fall,
Shall with his owne bloud price that he hath spilt.
But what art thou, that telst of Nephews kilt?"
"I that do seeme not I, *Duessa* am,"
(Quoth she) "how ever now in garments gilt,
And gorgeous gold arayd I to thee came;
Duessa I, the daughter of Deceipt and Shame."

27

Then bowing downe her aged backe, she kist
The wicked witch, saying; "In that faire face
The false resemblance of Deceipt, I wist
Did closely lurke; yet so true-seeming grace
It carried, that I scarse in darkesome place
Could it discerne, though I the mother bee
Of falshood, and root of *Duessaes* race.
O welcome child, whom I have longd to see,
And now have seene unwares. Lo now I go with thee."

28

Then to her yron wagon she betakes,
And with her beares the fowle welfavourd witch:
Through mirkesome[8] aire her readie way she makes.
Her twyfold[9] Teme, of which two blacke as pitch,
And two were browne, yet each to each unlich,[10]
Did softly swim away, ne ever stampe,
Unlesse she chaunst their stubborne mouths to twitch;
Then foming tarre, their bridles they would champe,
And trampling the fine element, would fiercely rampe.

---

1 *whylome* for some time.

2 *boots it* what good is it, what does it matter.

3 *Aveugles sonnes* Sans foy, Sans joy, and Sans loy are the sons of Darkness.

4 *deface* destroy, demolish.

5 *proved* demonstrated.

6 *chayne of strong necessitee* Zeus' golden chain, which binds the universe together (Homer, *Iliad* 8) (*Variorum*).

7 *excheat* inheritance, gain.

8 *mirkesome* dark, dense, heavy.

9 *twyfold* twofold.

10 *unlich* unlike.

29

So well they sped, that they be come at length
Unto the place, whereas the Paynim lay,
Devoid of outward sense, and native strength,
Coverd with charmed cloud from vew of day,
And sight of men, since his late luckelesse fray.
His cruell wounds with cruddy[1] bloud congealed,
They binden up so wisely, as they may,
And handle softly, till they can be healed:
So lay him in her charet, close in night concealed.

30

And all the while she stood upon the ground,
The wakefull dogs did never cease to bay,
As giving warning of th'unwonted sound,
With which her yron wheeles did them affray,
And her darke griesly looke them much dismay;
The messenger of death, the ghastly Owle[2]
With drearie shriekes did also her bewray;
And hungry Wolves continually did howle,
At her abhorred face, so filthy and so fowle.

31

Thence turning backe in silence soft they stole,
And brought the heavie corse with easie pace
To yawning gulfe of deepe *Avernus*[3] hole.
By that same hole an entrance darke and bace
With smoake and sulphure hiding all the place,
Descends to hell: there creature never past,
That backe returned without heavenly grace;
But dreadfull *Furies*, which their chaines have brast,
And damned sprights sent forth to make ill men aghast.

32

By the same way the direfull[4] dames doe drive
Their mournefull charet, fild with rusty blood,
And downe to *Plutoes* house are come bilive:[5]
Which passing through, on every side them stood
The trembling ghosts with sad amazed mood,
Chattring their yron teeth, and staring wide
With stonie eyes; and all the hellish brood
Of feends infernall flockt on every side,
To gaze on earthly wight, that with the Night durst ride.

33

They pas the bitter waves of *Acheron*,
Where many soules sit wailing woefully,
And come to fiery flood of *Phlegeton*,
Whereas the damned ghosts in torments fry,
And with sharpe shrilling shriekes doe bootlesse cry,
Cursing high *Ioue*, the which them thither sent.
The house of endlesse paine is built thereby,
In which ten thousand sorts of punishment
The cursed creatures doe eternally torment.

34

Before the threshold dreadfull *Cerberus*[6]
His three deformed heads did lay along,
Curled with thousand adders venemous,
And lilled[7] forth his bloudie flaming tong:
At them he gan to reare his bristles strong,
And felly gnarre,[8] untill dayes enemy
Did him appease; then downe his taile he hong
And suffered them to passen quietly:
For she in hell and heaven had power equally.

35

There was *Ixion*[9] turned on a wheele,
For daring tempt the Queene of heaven to sin;
And *Sisyphus*[10] an huge round stone did reele

---

1 *cruddy* clotted.

2 *Owle* traditionally a bird of ill-omen (*Hamilton*).

3 *Avernus* A deep lake amid gloomy woods believed to be an entrance to the Underworld (*OCD*).

4 *direfull* dreadful, terrible.

5 *bilive* quickly.

6 *Cerberus* three-headed watchdog who guards the Underworld.

7 *lilled* lolled.

8 *felly gnarre* fiercely snarl.

9 *Ixion* mythical king of Thessaly, who was punished in the Underworld by being fastened to an eternally revolving wheel (*Dict. Gods and Mortals*).

10 *Sisyphus* master of cunning who tricked death and was punished by being forced to roll a great stone up a hill for eternity (*Dict. Gods and Mortals*).

Against an hill, ne might from labour lin;[1]
There thirstie *Tantalus*[2] hong by the chin;
And *Tityus*[3] fed a vulture on his maw;
Typhœus[4] joynts were stretched on a gin,[5]
Theseus[6] condemned to endlesse slouth by law,
And fifty sisters[7] water in leake vessels draw.

36

They all beholding worldly wights in place,
Leave off their worke, unmindfull of their smart,
To gaze on them; who forth by them doe pace,
Till they be come unto the furthest part:
Where was a Cave ywrought by wondrous art,
Deepe, darke, uneasie, dolefull, comfortlesse,
In which sad *Æsculapius*[8] farre a part
Emprisond was in chaines remedilesse,
For that *Hippolytus* rent corse[9] he did redresse.

37

Hippolytus a jolly huntsman was,
That wont in charet chace the foming Bore;[10]
He all his Peeres in beautie did surpas,
But Ladies love as losse of time forbore:
His wanton stepdame loved him the more,
But when she saw her offred sweets refused
Her love she turnd to hate, and him before
His father fierce of treason false accused,
And with her gealous termes his open eares abused.

38

Who all in rage his Sea-god syre[11] besought,
Some cursed vengeance on his sonne to cast:
From surging gulf two monsters straight were brought,
With dread whereof his chasing steedes aghast,
Both charet swift and huntsman overcast.
His goodly corps on ragged cliffs yrent,
Was quite dismembred, and his members chast
Scattered on every mountaine, as he went,
That of *Hippolytus* was left no moniment.[12]

39

His cruell stepdame seeing what was donne,
Her wicked dayes with wretched knife did end,
In death avowing th'innocence of her sonne.
Which hearing his rash Syre, began to rend
His haire, and hastie tongue, that did offend:
Tho gathering up the relicks of his smart
By *Dianes*[13] meanes, who was *Hippolyts* frend,
Them brought to *Æsculape*, that by his art
Did heale them all againe, and joyned every part.

40

Such wondrous science in mans wit to raine
When *Ioue* avized,[14] that could the dead revive,
And fates expired could renew againe,
Of endlesse life he might him not deprive,
But unto hell did thrust him downe alive,
With flashing thunderbolt ywounded sore:

---

[1] *lin* cease, desist.

[2] *Tantalus* king of Phrygia condemned, for revealing the secrets of the gods, to stand in Tartarus up to his chin in water, which constantly receded as he stooped to drink, and with branches of fruit hanging above him which ever fled his grasp.

[3] *Tityus* a giant who attempted to rape Leto, the mother of Apollo, and was punished by being bound to the ground with a pair of vultures pecking at his liver (*OCD*).

[4] *Typhœus* a monster with a hundred heads with as many voices who stole Zeus' thunderbolts. Zeus chased him into the sea and threw an island on top of him, which became Sicily (*OCD*). Typhœus' fiery breath became Mount Aetna. Spenser invented this particular punishment for him (*Hamilton*).

[5] *gin* rack.

[6] *Theseus* hero of Athens who attempted to steal Proserpina to marry a friend. After a respectful reception, the two found themselves locked into their seats, the Chairs of Forgetfulness, where they lost all memory of their identities (*Dict. Gods and Mortals*).

[7] *fifty sisters* the daughters of Danaus who were promised in marriage to the fifty sons of Ægyptus and killed their bridegrooms at the request of their father. In punishment, after death they were condemned to fill a leaky bucket with water (*Dict. Gods and Mortals*).

[8] *Æsculapius* god of healing and son of Apollo (*Dict. Gods and Mortals*).

[9] *rent corse* torn body.

[10] *Hippolytus … Bore* Hippolytus, son of Theseus and favourite of Artemis/Diana, was killed by an animal while out in his chariot after confessing to an affair with his stepmother, Phædra. Artemis bribed Æsculapius to bring him back from the dead (*Dict. Gods and Mortals*).

[11] *Sea-god syre* Poseidon, reputed to be Theseus' father (*Dict. Gods and Mortals*).

[12] *moniment* mark, indication.

[13] *Dianes* Diana, the virgin huntress, used a bow and arrows.

[14] *avized* observed.

Where long remaining, he did alwaies strive
Himselfe with salves to health for to restore,
And slake the heavenly fire, that raged evermore.

41

There auncient Night arriving, did alight
From her nigh wearie waine, and in her armes
To *Æsculapius* brought the wounded knight:
Whom having softly disarayd of armes,
Tho gan to him discover all his harmes,
Beseeching him with prayer, and with praise,
If either salves, or oyles, or herbes, or charmes
A fordonne[1] wight from dore of death mote raise,
He would at her request prolong her nephews daies.

42

"Ah Dame" (quoth he) "thou temptest me in vaine,
To dare the thing, which daily yet I rew,
And the old cause of my continued paine
With like attempt to like end to renew.
Is not enough, that thrust from heaven dew
Here endlesse penance for one fault I pay,
But that redoubled crime with vengeance new
Thou biddest me to eeke? Can Night defray
The wrath of thundring *Ioue*, that rules both night and day?"

43

"Not so" (quoth she) "but sith that heavens king
From hope of heaven hath thee excluded quight,
Why fearest thou, that canst not hope for thing,
And fearest not, that more thee hurten might,
Now in the powre of everlasting Night?
Goe to then, O thou farre renowmed sonne
Of great *Apollo*,[2] shew thy famous might
In medicine, that else hath to thee wonne
Great paines, and greater praise, both never to be donne."

44

Her words prevaild: And then the learned leach
His cunning hand gan to his wounds to lay,
And all things else, the which his art did teach:
Which having seene, from thence arose away
The mother of dread darknesse, and let stay
Aueugles sonne there in the leaches cure,
And backe returning tooke her wonted way,
To runne her timely race, whilst *Phœbus* pure
In westerne waves his wearie wagon did recure.

45

The false *Duessa* leaving noyous[3] Night,
Returnd to stately pallace of dame Pride;
Where when she came, she found the Faery knight
Departed thence, albe his woundes wide
Not throughly heald, unreadie were to ride.
Good cause he had to hasten thence away;
For on a day his wary Dwarfe had spide,
Where in a dongeon deepe huge numbers lay
Of caytive wretched thrals, that wayled night and day.

46

A ruefull sight, as could be seene with eie;
Of whom he learned had in secret wise
The hidden cause of their captivitie,
How mortgaging their lives to *Covetise*,
Through wastfull Pride, and wanton Riotise,
They were by law of that proud Tyrannesse
Provokt with *Wrath*, and *Envies* false surmise,[4]
Condemned to that Dongeon mercilesse,
Where they should live in woe, and die in wretchednesse.

47

There was that great proud king of *Babylon*,[5]
That would compell all nations to adore,
And him as onely God to call upon,
Till through celestiall doome throwne out of dore,

---

[1] *fordonne* exhausted, overcome.

[2] *sonne / Of great Apollo* Æsculapius.

[3] *noyous* troublesome.

[4] *surmise* charge, surmise.

[5] *king of Babylon* Nebuchadnezzar had an image of gold made and commanded that all should worship it (Daniel 3:1-6).

Into an Oxe he was transform'd of yore:
There also was king *Crœsus*,[1] that enhaunst
His heart too high through his great riches store;
And proud *Antiochus*,[2] the which advaunst
His cursed hand gainst God, and on his altar daunst.

48

And them long time before, great *Nimrod*[3] was,
That first the world with sword and fire warrayd:
And after him old *Ninus*[4] farre did pas
In princely pompe, of all the world obayd;
There also was that mightie Monarch layd
Low under all, yet above all in pride,
That name of native syre did fowle upbrayd,
And would as *Ammons* sonne[5] be magnifide,
Till scornd of God and man a shamefull death he dide.

49

All these together in one heape were throwne,
Like carkases of beasts in butchers stall.
And in another corner wide were strowne
The antique ruines of the *Romaines* fall:
Great *Romulus*[6] the Grandsyre of them all,
Proud *Tarquin*,[7] and too lordly *Lentulus*,[8]
Stout *Scipio*,[9] and stubborne *Hanniball*,[10]
Ambitious *Sylla*, and sterne *Marius*,[11]
High *Cæsar*,[12] great *Pompey*,[13] and fierce *Antonius*.[14]

50

Amongst these mighty men were wemen mixt,
Proud wemen, vaine, forgetfull of their yoke:
The bold *Semiramis*,[15] whose sides transfixt
With sonnes owne blade, her fowle reproches spoke;
Faire *Sthenobœa*,[16] that her selfe did choke
With wilfull cord, for wanting of her will;
High minded *Cleopatra*,[17] that with stroke
Of Aspes sting her selfe did stoutly kill:
And thousands moe the like, that did that dongeon fill.

51

Besides the endlesse routs of wretched thralles,
Which thither were assembled day by day,
From all the world after their wofull falles,

[1] *Crœsus* the last king of Lydia (560-546 BCE) ruled all of the Greek cities on the coast of Asia Minor until he was overthrown by Cyrus (*OCD*).

[2] *Antiochus* ruler of Judæa (175-163 BCE) who attempted to hellenize the Jews (*OCD*) and is represented as defiling the Temple in 1 Maccabees 1.

[3] *Nimrod* the first tyrant after the Flood, who founded Babel (Genesis 10).

[4] *Ninus* ancient king of Assyria and founder of Ninevah.

[5] *Ammons sonne* Alexander the Great (356-323 BCE), reputed to be the son of Jupiter Ammon, the Egyptian version of the chief god in Greek and Roman mythology (*OCD*).

[6] *Romulus* legendary founder of Rome.

[7] *Tarquin* last king of Rome (534-510 BCE), who was expelled from the city (*OCD*).

[8] *Lentulus* In 39 CE, Lentulus led a conspiracy to murder the Roman emperor Gaius, who was forewarned of the plot and had Lentulus executed (*OCD*).

[9] *Scipio* Known as Scipio Africanus, he extended the arm of Rome into Africa and ultimately defeated Hannibal at the battle of Zama in 202 BCE (*OCD*).

[10] *Hanniball* Carthaginian general (247-c. 183 BCE) and one of the world's greatest soldiers, who challenged Rome in both Africa and Italy (*OCD*).

[11] *Sylla* Sulla (b. 138 BCE) took Rome by force to become dictator after a civil war with Marius (b. 157 BCE) (*OCD*).

[12] *Cæsar* Julius Caesar (100-44 BCE), general and statesman, consolidated Rome's hold on the known world (*OCD*).

[13] *Pompey* known as the Great (106-48 BCE); general and politician, he was at first an ally of Cæsar's, but later fought an intense, and unsuccessful, civil war against him (*OCD*).

[14] *Antonius* With Octavius Cæsar and Lepidus, Mark Antony (c. 83-32 BCE) made up the triumvirate that governed Rome and its possessions from 43 to 33 BCE. He was famous as a general and, after his legendary affair with Cleopatra, a lover (*OCD*).

[15] *Semiramis* legendary wife of Ninus, king of Assyria, who ruled after his death and founded Babylon (*OCD*).

[16] *Sthenobœa* Zenobia, likely responsible for the death of her husband and stepson, ruled Palmyra and conquered Syria, Egypt, and most of Asia Minor, but was defeated by Aurelianus in 274 CE (*OCD*).

[17] *Cleopatra* Renowned for her affair with Mark Antony, she (69-30 BCE) was joint ruler of Egypt with Ptolemy XIII, who had her expelled in 48. Cæsar helped her regain the throne, but her alliance with Rome collapsed when it appeared that she had consolidated too much power and posed a threat to the Empire. Her famous suicide followed Antony's (*OCD*).

Through wicked pride, and wasted wealthes decay.
But most of all, which in that Dongeon lay
Fell from high Princes courts, or Ladies bowres,
Where they in idle pompe, or wanton play,
Consumed had their goods, and thriftlesse howres,
And lastly throwne themselves into these heavy stowres.

52

Whose case when as the carefull Dwarfe had tould,
And made ensample of their mournefull sight
Unto his maister, he no lenger would
There dwell in perill of like painefull plight,
But early rose, and ere that dawning light
Discovered had the world to heaven wyde,
He by a privie Posterne[1] tooke his flight,
That of no envious eyes he mote be spyde:
For doubtless death ensewd, if any him descryde.[2]

53

Scarse could he footing find in that fowle way,
For many corses, like a great Lay-stall[3]
Of murdred men which therein strowed lay,
Without remorse, or decent funerall:
Which all through that great Princesse pride did fall
And came to shamefull end. And them beside
Forth ryding underneath the castell wall,
A donghill of dead carkases he spide,
The dreadfull spectacle of that sad house of *Pride*.

[1] *privie Posterne* secret back door.
[2] *descryde* saw, discovered.
[3] *Lay-stall* burial place; also, a place where refuse and dung are laid (i.e., another kind of "privy").

Canto VI

From lawlesse lust by wondrous grace
fayre Una is releast:
Whom salvage nation does adore,
and learnes her wise beheast.

1

As when a ship, that flyes faire under saile,
An hidden rocke escaped hath unwares,
That lay in waite her wrack[4] for to bewaile,
The Marriner yet halfe amazed stares
At perill past, and yet in doubt ne dares
To joy at his foole-happie[5] oversight:
So doubly is distrest twixt joy and cares
The dreadlesse[6] courage of the Elfin knight,
Having escapt so sad ensamples[7] in his sight.

2

Yet sad he was that his too hastie speed
The faire *Duess'* had forst him leave behind;
And yet more sad, that *Una* his deare dreed[8]
Her truth had staind with treason so unkind;
Yet crime in her could never creature find,
But for his love, and for her owne selfe sake,
She wandred had from one to other Ynd,[9]
Him for to seeke, ne ever would forsake,
Till her unwares the fierce *Sans loy* did overtake.

3

Who after *Archimagoes* fowle defeat,
Led her away into a forrest wilde,
And turning wrathfull fire to lustfull heat,
With beastly sin thought her to have defilde,
And made the vassall of his pleasures vilde.
Yet first he cast by treatie,[10] and by traynes,[11]
Her to perswade, that stubborne fort to yilde:[12]

[4] *wrack* destruction.
[5] *foole-happie* lucky.
[6] *dreadlesse* fearless.
[7] *sad ensamples* distressing warnings.
[8] *dreed* object of awe or reverence.
[9] *one to other Ynd* East to West Indies.
[10] *treatie* entreaty, persuasion.
[11] *traynes* guile, tricks.
[12] *yilde* yield.

For greater conquest of hard love he gaynes,
That workes it to his will, then he that it constraines.

4

With fawning wordes he courted her a while,
And looking lovely, and oft sighing sore,
Her constant hart did tempt with diverse guile:
But wordes, and lookes, and sighes she did abhore,
As rocke of Diamond stedfast evermore.
Yet for to feed his fyrie lustfull eye,
He snatcht the vele, that hong her face before;
Then gan her beautie shine, as brightest skye,
And burnt his beastly hart t'efforce[1] her chastitye.

5

So when he saw his flatt'ring arts to fayle,
And subtile engines[2] bet from batteree,[3]
With greedy force he gan the fort assayle,
Whereof he weend possessed soone to bee,
And win rich spoile of ransackt chastetee.
Ah heavens, that do this hideous act behold,
And heavenly virgin thus outraged see,
How can ye vengeance just so long withhold,
And hurle not flashing flames upon that Paynim bold?

6

The pitteous maiden carefull comfortlesse,
Does throw out thrilling[4] shriekes, and shrieking cryes,
The last vaine helpe of womens great distresse,
And with loud plaints importuneth the skyes,
That molten starres do drop like weeping eyes;
And *Phœbus* flying so most shamefull sight,
His blushing face in foggy cloud implyes,[5]
And hides for shame. What wit of mortall wight
Can now devise to quit[6] a thrall from such a plight?

7

Eternall providence exceeding thought,
Where none appeares can make her selfe a way:
A wondrous way it for this Lady wrought,
From Lyons clawes to pluck the griped pray.
Her shrill outcryes and shriekes so loud did bray,
That all the woodes and forestes did resownd;
A troupe of *Faunes*[7] and *Satyres*[8] far away
Within the wood were dauncing in a rownd,
Whiles old *Sylvanus*[9] slept in shady arber sownd.

8

Who when they heard that pitteous strained voice,
In hast forsooke their rurall meriment,
And ran towards the far rebownded noyce,
To weet, what wight so loudly did lament.
Unto the place they come incontinent:[10]
Whom when the raging Sarazin espide,
A rude, misshapen, monstrous rablement,
Whose like he never saw, he durst not bide,
But got his ready steed, and fast away gan ride.

9

The wyld woodgods[11] arrived in the place,
There find the virgin dolefull desolate,
With ruffled rayments, and faire blubbred[12] face,

---

1 *efforce* force open, gain by force.

2 *subtile engines* ingenious instruments of warfare (i.e., cunning, tricks).

3 *bet from batteree* beaten from their own beating.

4 *thrilling* piercing.

5 *implyes* enfolds, enwraps.

6 *quit* release, free.

7 *Faunes* one of a class of rural deities; at first represented like men with horns and the tail of a goat, afterwards with goats' legs like the satyrs, to whom they were assimilated because each had a reputation for unrestrained lust.

8 *Satyres* one of a class of woodland gods or demons, in form partly human and partly bestial, supposed to be the companions of Bacchus. They appear in Isaiah 13:21 as part of a prophecy about the the future of Babylon: "Wild beasts will lie down there, and its houses will be full of howling creatures; there ostriches will dwell, and there satyrs will dance."

9 *Sylvanus* ancient wood god.

10 *incontinent* unchaste, lacking (sexual) self-restraint.

11 *woodgods* satyrs and fauns.

12 *blubbred* disfigured from weeping.

As her outrageous foe had left her late,
And trembling yet through feare of former hate;
All stand amazed at so uncouth[1] sight,
And gin to pittie her unhappie state,
All stand astonied at her beautie bright,
In their rude eyes unworthie of so wofull plight.

10

She more amaz'd, in double dread doth dwell;
And every tender part for feare does shake:
As when a greedie Wolfe through hunger fell
A seely Lambe farre from the flocke does take,
Of whom he meanes his bloudie feast to make,
A Lyon spyes fast running towards him,
The innocent pray in hast he does forsake,
Which quit from death yet quakes in every lim
With chaunge of feare, to see the Lyon looke so grim.

11

Such fearefull fit assaid[2] her trembling hart,
Ne word to speake, ne joynt to move she had:
The salvage nation feele her secret smart,
And read her sorrow in her count'nance sad;
Their frowning forheads with rough hornes yclad,
And rusticke horror all a side doe lay,
And gently grenning,[3] shew a semblance glad
To comfort her, and feare to put away,
Their backward bent knees teach her humbly to obay.

12

The doubtfull Damzell dare not yet commit
Her single[4] person to their barbarous truth,
But still twixt feare and hope amazd does sit,
Late learnd what harme to hastie trust ensu'th,
They in compassion of her tender youth,
And wonder of her beautie soveraine,
Are wonne with pitty and unwonted ruth,
And all prostrate upon the lowly plaine,
Do kisse her feete, and fawne on her with count'nance faine.[5]

13

Their harts she ghesseth by their humble guise,
And yieldes her to extremitie of time;[6]
So from the ground she fearelesse doth arise,
And walketh forth without suspect of crime:
They all as glad, as birdes of joyous Prime,
Thence lead her forth, about her dauncing round,
Shouting, and singing all a shepheards ryme,
And with greene braunches strowing all the ground,
Do worship her, as Queene, with olive girlond[7] cround.

14

And all the way their merry pipes they sound,
That all the woods with doubled Eccho ring,
And with their horned feet do weare the ground,
Leaping like wanton kids in pleasant Spring.
So towards old *Sylvanus* they her bring;
Who with the noyse awaked, commeth out,
To weet the cause, his weake steps governing,
And aged limbs on Cypresse stadle[8] stout,
And with an yvie[9] twyne his wast is girt about.

15

Far off he wonders, what them makes so glad,
Or *Bacchus* merry fruit[10] they did invent,
Or *Cybeles* franticke rites[11] have made them mad;
They drawing nigh, unto their God present
That flowre of faith and beautie excellent.
The God himselfe vewing that mirrhour rare,
Stood long amazd, and burnt in his intent;

---

1 *uncouth* unfamiliar, strange.
2 *assaid* assaulted, assailed.
3 *grenning* smiling.
4 *single* used here in many senses, since Una or Truth is one, also alone and unmarried (i.e., chaste).
5 *faine* glad.
6 *extremitie of time* stress of the moment.
7 *olive girlond* The olive branch signifies peace.
8 *stadle* staff.
9 *yvie* plant sacred to Bacchus.
10 *Bacchus merry fruit* grapes (i.e., wine).
11 *Cybeles franticke rites* Asiatic fertility goddess associated with orgiastic rites (*Spenser Encycl.*, p. 202c).

His owne faire *Dryope*[1] now he thinkes not faire,
And *Pholoe*[2] fowle, when her to this he doth
compare.

16

The woodborne people fall before her flat,
And worship her as Goddesse of the wood;
And old *Sylvanus* selfe bethinkes not, what
To thinke of wight so faire, but gazing stood,
In doubt to deeme her borne of earthly brood;
Sometimes Dame *Venus*[3] selfe he seemes to see,
But Venus never had so sober mood;
Sometimes *Diana*[4] he her takes to bee,
But misseth bow, and shaftes, and buskins[5] to
her knee.

17

By vew of her he ginneth to revive
His ancient love, and dearest *Cyparisse*,[6]
And calles to mind his pourtraiture alive,
How faire he was, and yet not faire to this,
And how he slew with glauncing dart amisse
A gentle Hynd, the which the lovely boy
Did love as life, above all worldy blisse;
For griefe whereof the lad n'ould after joy,
But pynd away in anguish and selfe-wild annoy.

18

The wooddy Nymphes, faire *Hamadryades*,[7]
Her to behold do thither runne apace,
And all the troupe of light-foot *Naiades*,[8]
Flocke all about to see her lovely face:
But when they vewed have her heavenly grace,
They envie her in their malitious mind,
And fly away for feare of fowle disgrace:
But all the *Satyres* scorne their woody kind,
And henceforth nothing faire, but her on earth
they find.

19

Glad of such lucke, the luckelesse lucky maid,
Did her content to please their feeble eyes,
And long time with that salvage people staid,
To gather breath in many miseries.
During which time her gentle wit she plyes,
To teach them truth, which worshipt her in
vaine,
And made her th'Image of Idolatryes;[9]
But when their bootlesse zeale she did restraine
From her own worship, they her Asse would
worship fayn.

20

It fortuned a noble warlike knight
By just occasion to the forrest came,
To seeke his kindred, and the lignage[10] right,
From whence he tooke his well deserved name:
He had in armes abroad wonne muchell fame,
And fild far landes with glorie of his might,
Plaine, faithfull, true, and enimy of shame,
And ever lov'd to fight for Ladies right,
But in vaine glorious frayes he litle did delight.

21

A Satyres sonne yborne in forrest wyld,
By straunge adventure as it did betyde,
And there begotten of a Lady myld,
Faire *Thyamis* the daughter of *Labryde*,
That was in sacred bands of wedlocke tyde

---

[1] *Dryope* Apollo's infatuation with, and impregnation of, the nymph led to her transformation into a poplar tree (*Dict. Gods and Mortals*).

[2] *Pholoe* Nymph loved by Pan (*Hamilton*).

[3] *Venus* goddess of love.

[4] *Diana* goddess of chastity.

[5] *buskins* coverings for the feet and legs reaching to the calf, or to the knee.

[6] *Cyparisse* a boy who grieved so much at accidentally killing a pet stag that the gods turned him into the tree of mourning, the cypress (*OCD*).

[7] *Hamadryades* wood-nymphs fabled to live and die with the trees they inhabited.

[8] *Naiades* river nymphs.

[9] *Image of Idolatryes* The satyrs worship the physical Una as an idol, which shows their lack of awareness of both the Old Testament commandment against worshipping other gods (Exodus 20:5) and the Old and New Testament warnings that the invention of idols is the beginning of whoredom or adultery (Wisdom of Solomon 14:11, Ephesians 5:5, Romans 2:22, Colossians 3:5).

[10] *lignage* lineage.

To *Therion*,[1] a loose unruly swayne;
Who had more joy to raunge the forrest wyde,
And chase the salvage beast with busie payne,
Then serve his Ladies love, and wast in pleasures vayne.

22

The forlorne mayd did with loves longing burne,
And coulde not lacke her lovers company,
But to the wood she goes, to serve her turne,
And seeke her spouse, that from her still does fly,
And followes other game and venery:[2]
A Satyre chaunst her wandring for to find,
And kindling coles of lust in brutish eye,
The loyall links of wedlocke did unbind,
And made her person thrall unto his beastly kind.

23

So long in secret cabin there he held
Her captive to his sensuall desire,
Till that with timely fruit her belly sweld,
And bore a boy unto that salvage sire:
Then home he suffred her for to retire,
For ransome leaving him the late borne childe;
Whom till to ryper yeares he gan aspire,
He noursled[3] up in life and manners wilde,
Emongst wild beasts and woods, from lawes of men exilde.

24

For all he taught the tender ymp,[4] was but
To banish cowardize and bastard feare;
His trembling hand he would force him to put
Upon the Lyon and the rugged Beare,
And from the she Beares teats her whelps[5] to teare;
And eke wyld roring Buls he would him make
To tame, and ryde their backes not made to beare;
And the Robuckes in flight to overtake,
That every beast for feare of him did fly and quake.

25

Thereby so fearlesse, and so fell[6] he grew,
That his owne sire and maister[7] of his guise[8]
Did often tremble at his horrid vew,[9]
And oft for dread of hurt would him advise,
The angry beasts not rashly to despise,
Not too much to provoke; for he would learne
The Lyon stoup to him in lowly wise,
(A lesson hard) and make the Libbard[10] sterne
Leave roaring, when in rage he for revenge did earne.[11]

26

And for to make his powre approved more,
Wyld beasts in yron yokes he would compell;
The spotted Panther, and the tusked Bore,
The Pardale[12] swift, and the Tigre cruell;
The Antelope, and Wolfe both fierce and fell;
And them constraine in equall teme to draw.
Such joy he had, their stubborne harts to quell,
And sturdie courage tame with dreadfull aw,
That his beheast they feared, as a tyrans law.

27

His loving mother came upon a day
Unto the woods, to see her little sonne;
And chaunst unwares to meet him in the way,
After his sportes, and cruell pastime donne,
When after him a Lyonesse did runne,
That roaring all with rage, did lowd require
Her children deare, whom he away had wonne:

---

1 *Thyamis … Labryde …Therion Thyamis* Greek, "passion"; *Labryde* Greek, "turbulent/greedy"; *Therion* Greek, "wild beast" (*Hamilton*).
2 *venery* wild animals.
3 *noursled* brought up.
4 *ymp* child, offspring.
5 *whelps* cubs.
6 *fell* fierce, ruthless.
7 *maister* instructor, tutor.
8 *guise* behaviour.
9 *horrid vew* rough appearance.
10 *Libbard* leopard.
11 *earne* yearn.
12 *Pardale* female leopard.

The Lyon whelpes she saw how he did beare,
And lull in rugged armes, withouten childish feare.

28

The fearefull Dame all quaked at the sight,
And turning backe, gan fast to fly away,
Untill with love revokt from vaine affright,
She hardly yet perswaded was to stay,
And then to him these womanish words gan say;
"Ah *Satyrane*, my dearling, and my joy,
For love of me leave off this dreadfull play;
To dally thus with death, is no fit toy,
Go find some other play-fellowes, mine own sweet boy."

29

In these and like delights of bloudy game
He trayned was, till ryper yeares he raught,[1]
And there abode, whilst any beast of name
Walkt in that forest, whom he had not taught
To feare his force: and then his courage haught[2]
Desird of forreine foemen to be knowne,
And far abroad for straunge adventures sought:
In which his might was never overthrowne,
But through all Faery lond his famous worth was blown.

30

Yet evermore it was his manner faire,
After long labours and adventures spent,
Unto those native woods for to repaire,
To see his sire and ofspring auncient.
And now he thither come for like intent;
Where he unwares the fairest *Una* found,
Straunge Lady, in so straunge habiliment,[3]
Teaching the Satyres, which her sat around,
Trew sacred lore, which from her sweet lips did redound.[4]

31

He wondred at her wisedome heavenly rare,
Whose like in womens wit he never knew;
And when her curteous deeds he did compare,
Gan her admire, and her sad sorrowes rew,
Blaming of Fortune, which such troubles threw,
And joyd to make proofe of her crueltie
On gentle Dame, so hurtlesse, and so trew:
Thenceforth he kept her goodly company,
And learnd her discipline of faith and veritie.[5]

32

But she all vowd unto the *Redcrosse* knight,
His wandring perill closely[6] did lament,
Ne in this new acquaintaunce could delight,
But her deare heart with anguish did torment,
And all her wit in secret counsels spent,
How to escape. At last in privie wise
To *Satyrane* she shewed her intent;
Who glad to gain such favour, gan devise,
How with that pensive[7] Maid he best might thence arise.

33

So on a day when Satyres all were gone,
To do their service to *Sylvanus* old,
The gentle virgin left behind alone
He led away with courage stout and bold.
Too late it was, to Satyres to be told,
Or ever hope recover her againe:
In vaine he seekes that having cannot hold.
So fast he carried her with carefull paine,
That they the woods are past, and come now to the plaine.

34

The better part now of the lingring day,
They traveild had, when as they farre espide
A wearie wight forwandring by the way,
And towards him they gan in hast to ride,

[1] *raught* reached.
[2] *haught* noble, lofty.
[3] *habiliment* attire.
[4] *redound* proceed, issue.
[5] *veritie* truth.
[6] *closely* secretly, privately.
[7] *pensive* sorrowful.

To weet of newes, that did abroad betide,
Or tydings of her knight of the *Redcrosse.*
But he them spying, gan to turne aside,
For feare as seemd, or for some feigned losse;
More greedy they of newes, fast towards him do crosse.

35

A silly[1] man, in simple weedes forworne,[2]
And soild with dust of the long dried way;
His sandales were with toilesome travelle torne,
And face all tand with scorching sunny ray,
As he had traveild many a sommers day,
Through boyling sands of *Arabie* and *Ynde*;
And in his hand a *Jacobs* staffe,[3] to stay
His wearie limbes upon: and eke behind,
His scrip[4] did hang, in which his needments he did bind.

36

The knight approching nigh, of him inquerd
Tydings of warre, and of adventures new;
But warres, nor new adventures none he herd.
Then *Una* gan to aske, if ought he knew,
Or heard abroad of that her champion trew,
That in his armour bare a croslet[5] red.
"Aye me, Deare dame," quoth he, "well may I rew
To tell the sad sight, which mine eies have red:
These eyes did see that knight both living and eke ded."

37

That cruell word her tender hart so thrild,[6]
That suddein cold did runne through every vaine,
And stony horrour all her sences fild
With dying fit, that downe she fell for paine.
The knight her lightly reared up againe,
And comforted with curteous kind reliefe:
Then wonne from death, she bad him tellen plaine
The further processe of her hidden griefe;
The lesser pangs can beare, who hath endur'd the chiefe.

38

Then gan the Pilgrim thus, "I chaunst this day,
This fatall day, that shall I ever rew,
To see two knights in travell on my way
(A sory sight) arraung'd in battell new,
Both breathing vengeance, both of wrathfull hew:
My fearefull flesh did tremble at their strife,
To see their blades so greedily imbrew,[7]
That drunke with bloud, yet thirsted after life:
What more? the *Redcrosse* knight was slaine with Paynim knife."

39

"Ah dearest Lord," quoth she, "how might that bee,
And he the stoutest knight, that ever wonne?"
"Ah dearest dame," quoth he, "how might I see
The thing, that might not be, and yet was donne?"
"Where is," said *Satyrane*, "that Paynims sonne,
That him of life, and us of joy hath reft?"
"Not far away," quoth he, "he hence doth wonne
Foreby[8] a fountaine, where I late him left
Washing his bloudy wounds, that through the steele were cleft."[9]

40

Therewith the knight thence marched forth in hast,
Whiles *Una* with huge heavinesse opprest,
Could not for sorrow follow him so fast;
And soone he came, as he the place had ghest,

---

1 *silly* simple, humble.
2 *forworne* worn out.
3 *Jacobs staffe* pilgrim's staff (*Hamilton*).
4 *scrip* small bag, satchel.
5 *croslet* small cross.
6 *thrild* pierced.
7 *imbrew* soak or stain with blood.
8 *Foreby* near.
9 *through the steele were cleft* were split by the sword.

Whereas that *Pagan* proud him selfe did rest,
In secret shadow by a fountaine side:
Even he it was, that earst would have suppress
Faire *Una*: whom when *Satyrane* espide,
With fowle reprochfull words he boldly him defide.

41

And said, "Arise thou cursed Miscreaunt,
That hast with knightlesse guile and treacherous train
Faire knighthood fowly shamed, and doest vaunt
That good knight of the *Redcrosse* to have slain:
Arise, and with like treason now maintain
Thy guilty wrong, or else thee guilty yield."
The Sarazin this hearing, rose amain,
And catching up in hast his three square shield,[1]
And shining helmet, soone him buckled to the field.

42

And drawing nigh him said, "Ah misborne[2] Elfe,
In evill houre thy foes thee hither sent,
Anothers wrongs to wreake upon thy selfe:
Yet ill thou blamest me, for having blent
My name with guile and traiterous intent;
That *Redcrosse* knight, perdie,[3] I never slew,
But had he beene, where earst his armes were lent,
Th'enchaunter vaine his errour should not rew:
But thou his errour shalt, I hope now proven trew."

43

Therewith they gan, both furious and fell,
To thunder blowes, and fiersly to assaile
Each other bent his enimy to quell,
That with their force they perst both plate and maile,
And made wide furrowes in their fleshes fraile,
That it would pitty any living eie.
Large floods of bloud adowne their sides did raile;[4]
But floods of bloud could not them satisfie:
Both hungred after death: both chose to win, or die.

44

So long they fight, and fell revenge pursue,
That fainting each, themselves to breathen let,
And oft refreshed, battell oft renue:
As when two Bores with rancling malice met,
Their gory[5] sides fresh bleeding fiercely fret,
Til breathlesse both them selves aside retire,
Where foming wrath, their cruell tuskes they whet,[6]
And trample th'earth, the whiles they may respire;[7]
Then backe to fight againe, new breathed and entire.[8]

45

So fiersly, when these knights had breathed once,
They gan to fight returne, increasing more
Their puissant force, and cruell rage attonce,
With heaped strokes more hugely, then before,
That with their drerie[9] wounds and bloudy gore
They both deformed, scarsely could be known.
By this sad *Una* fraught with anguish sore,
Led with their noise, which through the aire was thrown,
Arriv'd, where they in erth their fruitles bloud had sown.

46

Whom all so soone as that proud Sarazin
Espide, he gan revive the memory
Of his lewd lusts, and late attempted sin,

---

1 *three square shield* shield with three equal sides (*Variorum*).
2 *misborne* base-born (i.e., of unlawful union).
3 *perdie* by God (i.e., indeed).
4 *raile* gush.
5 *gory* both gored and bloody.
6 *whet* sharpen.
7 *respire* breathe.
8 *entire* fresh.
9 *drerie* bloody, gory.

And left the doubtfull battell hastily,
To catch her, newly offred to his eie:
But *Satyrane* with strokes him turning, staid
And sternely bad him other businesse plie,[1]
Then hunt the steps of pure unspotted Maid:
Wherewith he all enrag'd, these bitter speaches said.

47

"O foolish faeries sonne, what furie mad
Hath thee incenst, to hast thy dolefull fate?
Were it not better, I that Lady had,
Then that thou hadst repented it too late?
Most sencelesse man he, that himselfe doth hate,
To love another. Lo then for thine ayd
Here take thy lovers token on thy pate."[2]
So they to fight; the whiles the royall Mayd
Fled farre away, of that proud Paynim sore afrayd.

48

But that false *Pilgrim*, which that leasing[3] told,
Being in deed old *Archimage*, did stay
In secret shadow, all this to behold,
And much rejoyced in their bloudy fray:
But when he saw the Damsell passe away
He left his stond, and her pursewd apace,[4]
In hope to bring her to her last decay.
But for to tell her lamentable cace,
And eke this battels end, will need another place.

Canto VII

The Redcrosse knight is captive made
By Gyaunt proud opprest,
Prince Arthur meets with Una great-
ly with those newes distress.

1

What man so wise, what earthly wit so ware,[5]
As to descry the crafty cunning traine,
By which deceipt doth maske in visour[6] faire,
And cast her colours dyed deepe in graine,
To seeme like Truth, whose shape she well can faine,
And fitting gestures to her purpose frame,
The guiltlesse man with guile to entertaine?
Great maistress of her art was that false Dame,
The false *Duessa*, cloked with *Fidessaes* name.

2

Who when returning from the drery *Night*,
She fownd not it that perilous house of *Pryde*,
Where she had left, the noble *Redcrosse* knight,
Her hoped pray, she would no lenger bide,
But forth she went, to seeke him far and wide.
Ere long she fownd, whereas he wearie sate,
To rest him selfe, foreby a fountaine side,
Disarmed all of yron-coted Plate,
And by his side his steed the grassy forage[7] ate.

3

He feedes upon the cooling shade, and bayes
His sweatie forehead in the breathing wind,
Which through the trembling leaves full gently playes
Wherein the cherefull birds of sundry kind
Do chaunt sweet musick, to delight his mind:
The Witch approching gan him fairely greet,
And with reproch of carelesnesse unkind

[1] *plie* practice, apply himself to.
[2] *pate* head.
[3] *leasing* lie, falsehood.
[4] *apace* at once.
[5] *ware* alert.
[6] *visour* outward appearance.
[7] *forage* fodder.

Upbrayd,[1] for leaving her in place unmeet,
With fowle words tempring faire, soure gall with hony sweet.

4

Unkindnesse past, they gan of solace[2] treat,[3]
And bathe in pleasaunce of the joyous shade,
Which shielded them against the boyling heat,
And with greene boughes decking a gloomy glade,
About the fountaine like a girlond made;
Whose bubbling wave did ever freshly well,
Ne ever would through fervent sommer fade:
The sacred Nymph,[4] which therein wont to dwell,
Was out of *Dianes* favour, as it then befell.

5

The cause was this: one day when *Phœbe* fayre
With all her band was following the chace,
This Nymph, quite tyr'd with heat of scorching ayre
Sat downe to rest in middest of the race:
The goddesse wroth gan fowly her disgrace,
And bad the waters, which from her did flow,
Be such as she her selfe was then in place.
Thenceforth her waters waxed dull and slow,
And all that drunke thereof, did faint and feeble grow.

6

Hereof this gentle knight unweeting was,
And lying downe upon the sandie graile,[5]
Drunke of the streame, as cleare as cristall glas;
Eftsoones his manly forces gan to faile,
And mightie strong was turnd to feeble fraile.
His chaunged powres at first them selves not felt,
Til crudled cold his corage gan assaile,
And chearefull bloud in faintnesse chill did melt,
Which like a fever fit through all his body swelt.[6]

7

Yet goodly court he made still to his Dame,
Pourd out in loosnesse on the grassy grownd,
Both carelesse of his health, and of his fame:
Till at the last he heard a dreadfull sownd,
Which through the wood loud bellowing, did rebownd,
That all the earth for terrour seemd to shake,[7]
And trees did tremble. Th'Elfe therewith astownd,
Upstarted lightly from his looser make,[8]
And his unready weapons gan in hand to take.

8

But ere he could his armour on him dight,
Or get his shield, his monstrous enemy
With sturdie[9] steps came stalking in his sight,
An hideous Geant horrible and hye,
That with his talnesse seemd to threat the skye,
The ground eke groned under him for dreed;
His living like saw never living eye,
Ne durst behold: his stature did exceed
The hight of three the tallest sonnes of mortall seed.

9

The greatest Earth his uncouth mother was,
And blustring *Æolus*[10] his boasted sire,
Who with his breath, which through the world doth pas,
Her hollow womb did secretly inspire,[11]

---

1 *Upbrayd* reprove, censure.

2 *solace* pleasure.

3 *treat* speak.

4 *sacred Nymph* Salmacis was a water nymph in Artemis' train who preferred to admire her own beauty, rather than engage in the hunt. Hermaphroditus, the lovely son of Hermes and Aphrodite and equally entranced by beauty, appeared by her pool and Salmacis fell passionately in love. As he attempted to flee, Salmacis wrapped her arms around him and begged that they never be separated. As the two tumbled into the water, their bodies became one and formed a figure simultaneously male and female (Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, Book 4).

5 *graile* gravel.

6 *swelt* burned.

7 *all the earth for terrour seemd to shake* See Revelation 6:12, 11:19, and 16:18 for the earthquakes that accompany the apocalypse.

8 *make* companion.

9 *sturdie* violent, furious.

10 *Æolus* god of the wind.

11 *inspire* blow into, breathe life into.

And fild her hidden caves with stormie yre,
That she conceiv'd; and trebling the dew time,
In which the wombes of women do expire,[1]
Brought forth this monstrous masse of earthly slime,
Puft up with emptie wind, and fild with sinfull crime.

10

So growen great through arrogant delight
Of th'high descent, whereof he was yborne,
And through presumption of his matchlesse might,
All other powres and knighthood he did scorne.
Such now he marcheth to this man forlorne,
And left to losse: his stalking steps are stayde[2]
Upon a snaggy[3] Oke, which he had torne
Out of his mothers bowelles, and it made
His mortall mace, wherewith his foemen he dismayde.

11

That when the knight he spide, he gan advance
With huge force and insupportable mayne,[4]
And towardes him with dreadfull fury praunce;
Who haplesse, and eke hopelesse, all in vaine
Did to him pace, sad battaile to darrayne,[5]
Disarmd, disgrast, and inwardly dismayde,
And eke so faint in every joynt and vaine,
Through that fraile fountaine, which him feeble made,
That scarsely could he weeld his bootlesse single blade.

12

The Geaunt strooke so maynly mercilesse,
That could have overthrowne a stony towre,
And were not heavenly grace, that him did blesse,
He had been pouldred[6] all, as thin as flowre:
But he was wary of that deadly stowre,[7]
And lightly lept from underneath the blow:
Yet so exceeding was the villeins powre,
That with the wind it did him overthrow,
And all his sences stound, that still he lay full low.

13

As when that divelish yron Engin[8] wrought
In deepest Hell, and framd by *Furies* skill,
With windy Nitre[9] and quick Sulphur[10] fraught,
And ramd with bullet round, ordaind to kill,
Conceiveth fire, the heavens it doth fill
With thundring noyse, and all the ayre doth choke,
That none can breath, nor see, nor heare at will,
Through smouldry cloud of duskish stincking smoke,
That th'onely breath him daunts, who hath escapt the stroke.

14

So daunted when the Geaunt saw the knight,
His heavie hand he heaved up on hye,
And him to dust thought to have battred quight,
Untill *Duessa* loud to him gan crye;
"O great *Orgoglio*,[11] greatest under skye,
O hold thy mortall hand for Ladies sake,
Hold for my sake, and do him not to dye,
But vanquisht thine eternall bondslave make,
And me thy worthy meed unto thy Leman[12] take."

15

He hearkned,[13] and did stay from further harmes,
To gayne so goodly guerdon,[14] as she spake:
So willingly she came into his armes,
Who her as willingly to grace did take,

---

1 *expire* come to an end (i.e., reach full term and give birth; also, exhale).
2 *stayde* supported, sustained.
3 *snaggy* knotty, jagged.
4 *mayne* force, power.
5 *darrayne* engage in.
6 *pouldred* powdered, pulverized.
7 *stowre* pole; also, assault.
8 *yron Engin* cannon.
9 *Nitre* saltpetre, a constituent of gunpowder.
10 *quick Sulphur* brimstone.
11 *Orgoglio* Italian, "pride."
12 *Leman* lover.
13 *hearkned* listened.
14 *guerdon* reward.

And was possessed of his new found make.[1]
Then up he tooke the slombred senceless corse,
And ere he could out of his swowne awake,
Him to his castle brought with hastie forse,
And in a Dongeon deepe him threw without remorse.

16

From that day forth *Duessa* was his deare,
And highly honourd in his haughtie eye,
He gave her gold and purple pall to weare,
And triple crowne set on her head full hye,
And her endowd with royall majestye:
Then for to make her dreaded more of men,
And peoples harts with awfull terrour tye,
A monstrous beast[2] ybred in filthy fen[3]
He chose, which he had kept long time in darksome den.

17

Such one it was, as that renowmed Snake
Which great *Alcides*[4] in *Stremona* slew,
Long fostred in the filth of *Lerna* lake,
Whose many heads out budding ever new,
Did breed him endlesse labour to subdew:
But this same Monster much more ugly was;
For seven great heads out of his body grew,
An yron brest, and backe of scaly bras,
And all embrewd in bloud, his eyes did shine as glas.

18

His tayle was stretched out in wondrous length,
That to the house of heavenly gods it raught,
And with extorted[5] powre, and borrow'd strength,
The ever-burning lamps from thence it brought,
And prowdly threw to ground, as things of nought;
And underneath his filthy feet did tread
The sacred things,[6] and holy heasts foretaught.
Upon this dreadfull Beast with sevenfold head[7]
He set the false *Duessa*, for more aw and dread.

19

The wofull Dwarfe, which saw his maisters fall,
Whiles he had keeping of his grasing steed,
And valiant knight become a caytive thrall,
When all was past, tooke up his forlorne weed,
His mightie armour, missing most at need;
His silver shield, now idle maisterlesse;
His poynant[8] speare, that many made to bleed,
The ruefull moniments of heavinesse,
And with them all departes, to tell his great distresse.

20

He had not travaild long, when on the way
He wofull Ladie, wofull *Una* met,
Fast flying from the Paynims greedy pray,
Whilest *Satyrane* him from pursuit did let:
Who when her eyes she on the Dwarfe had set,
And saw the signes, that deadly tydings spake,
She fell to ground for sorrowfull regret,
And lively breath her sad brest did forsake,
Yet might her pitteous hart be seene to pant and quake.

---

1 *make* mate.

2 *gold and purple pall … triple crowne … monstrous beast* allusion to Revelation 17:3-5: "And I saw a woman sitting on a scarlet beast which was full of blasphemous names, and it had seven heads and ten horns. The woman was arrayed in purple and scarlet, and bedecked with gold and jewels and pearls, holding in her hand a golden cup full of abominations and the impurities of her fornication; and on her forehead was written a name of mystery: 'Babylon the great mother of harlots and of earth's abominations.'"

3 *fen* marsh.

4 *Alcides* Heracles or Hercules, whose second labour was the slaying of the Hydra of Lerna, a multi-headed water-serpent with the body of a hound (*OCD*).

5 *extorted* wrongfully obtained.

6 *underneath … sacred things* allusion to Daniel 7:23: "Thus he said: 'As for the fourth beast, there shall be a fourth kingdom on the earth, which shall be different from all the kingdoms, and it shall devour the whole earth, and trample it down, and break it to pieces.'" See also Daniel 8:10: "It grew great, even to the host of heaven; and some of the host of the stars it cast down to the ground and trampled upon them."

7 *Beast with sevenfold head* See Revelation 17:3.

8 *poynant* sharp-pointed.

21

The messenger of so unhappie newes
Would faine have dyde: dead was his hart within,
Yet outwardly some little comfort shewes:
At last recovering hart, he does begin
To rub her temples, and to chaufe[1] her chin,
And every tender part does tosse and turne:
So hardly he the flitted[2] life does win,
Unto her native prison to retourne:
Then gins her grieved ghost thus to lament and mourne.

22

"Ye dreary instruments of dolefull sight,
That doe this deadly spectacle behold,
Why do ye lenger feed on loathed light,
Or liking find to gaze on earthly mould,
Sith cruell fates the carefull threeds unfould,
The which my life and love together tyde?
Now let the stony dart of senselesse cold
Perce to my hart, and pas through every side,
And let eternall night so sad sight fro me hide.

23

O lightsome day, the lampe of highest *Ioue*,
First made by him,[3] mens wandring wayes to guyde,
When darknesse he in deepest dongeon drove,
Henceforth thy hated face for ever hyde,
And shut up heavens windowes shyning wyde:
For earthly sight can nought but sorrow breed,
And late repentance, which shall long abyde.
Mine eyes no more on vanitie shall feed,
But seeled up with death, shall have their deadly meed."

24

Then downe againe she fell unto the ground;
But he her quickly reared up againe:
Thrise did she sinke adowne in deadly swownd,
And thrise he her reviv'd with busie paine:
At last when life recover'd had the raine,
And over-wrestled his strong enemie,
With foltring[4] tong, and trembling every vaine,
"Tell on," quoth she, "the wofull Tragedie,
The which these reliques sad present unto mine eie.

25

Tempestuous fortune hath spent all her spight,
And thrilling sorrow throwne his utmost dart;
The sad tongue cannot tell more heavy plight,
Then that I feele, and harbour in mine hart:
Who hath endur'd the whole, can beare each part.
If death it be, it is not the first wound,
That launched hath my brest with bleeding smart.
Begin, and end the bitter balefull stound;[5]
If lesse, then that I feare, more favour I have found."

26

Then gan the Dwarfe the whole discourse declare,
The subtill traines of *Archimago* old;
The wanton loves of false *Fidessa* faire,
Bought with the bloud of vanquisht Paynim bold:
The wretched payre transform'd to treen mould;[6]
The house of Pride, and perils round about;
The combat, which he with *Sans joy* did hould;
The lucklesse conflict with the Gyant stout,
Wherein captiv'd, of life or death he stood in doubt.

27

She heard with patience all unto the end,
And strove to maister sorrowfull assay,
Which greater grew, the more she did contend,
And almost rent her tender hart in tway;
And love fresh coles unto her fire did lay:

---

[1] *chaufe* chafe.

[2] *flitted* slipping away.

[3] *O lightsome day … First made by him* i.e., God in Genesis 1:3-4.

[4] *foltring* faltering.

[5] *stound* time.

[6] *treen mould* the shape of trees.

For greater love, the greater is the losse.
Was never Ladie loved dearer day,
Then she did love the knight of the *Redcrosse*;
For whose deare sake so many troubles her did tosse.

28

At last when fervent sorrow slaked was,
She up arose, resolving him to find
A live or dead: and forward forth doth pas,
All as the Dwarfe the way to her assynd:
And evermore in constant carefull mind
She fed her wound with fresh renewed bale;
Long tost with stormes, and bet with bitter wind,
High over hils, and low adowne the dale,
She wandred many a wood, and measurd many a vale.

29

At last she chaunced by good hap to meet
A goodly knight, faire marching by the way
Together with his Squire, arayed meet:
His glitterand armour shined farre away,
Like glauncing light of *Phœbus* brightest ray;
From top to toe no place appeared bare,
That deadly dint of steele endanger may:
Athwart[1] his brest a bauldrick[2] brave he ware,
That shynd, like twinkling stars, with stons most pretious rare.

30

And in the midst thereof one pretious stone
Of wondrous worth, and eke of wondrous mights,
Shapt like a Ladies head, exceeding shone,
Like *Hesperus* emongst the lesser lights,
And strove for to amaze the weaker sights;
Thereby his mortall blade full comely[3] hong
In yvory sheath, ycarv'd with curious slights;
Whose hilts were burnisht gold, and handle strong
Of mother pearle, and buckled with a golden tong.

31

His haughtie[4] helmet, horrid[5] all with gold,
Both glorious brightnesse, and great terrour bred;
For all the crest a Dragon[6] did enfold
With greedie pawes, and over all did spred
His golden wings: his dreadfull hideous hed
Close couched[7] on the bever,[8] seem'd to throw
From flaming mouth bright sparkles fierie red,
That suddeine horror to faint harts did show;
And scaly tayle was stretcht adowne his backe full low.

32

Upon the top of all his loftie crest,
A bunch of haires discolourd diversly,[9]
With sprincled pearle, and gold full richly drest,
Did shake, and seem'd to daunce for jollity,
Like to an Almond tree[10] ymounted hye
On top of greene *Selinis*[11] all alone,
With blossomes brave bedecked daintily;
Whose tender locks do tremble every one
At every little breath, that under heaven is blowne.

33

His warlike shield all closely cover'd was,
Ne might of mortall eye be ever seene;
Not made of steele, nor of enduring bras,
Such earthly mettals soone consumed bene:
But all of Diamond[12] perfect pure and cleene

---

1 *Athwart* across.
2 *bauldrick* a belt worn to support a sword.
3 *comely* properly.
4 *haughtie* high.
5 *horrid* bristling.
6 *Dragon* referring to Arthur's father, Uther Pendragon.
7 *couched* a heraldic term meaning "lying down."
8 *bever* lower portion of the face-guard of a helmet.
9 *discolourd diversly* See the description of Redcrosse above at I.ii.11.6.
10 *Almond tree* allusion to Numbers 17:8: "And on the morrow Moses went into the tent of the testimony; and behold, the rod of Aaron for the house of Levi had sprouted and put forth buds, and produced blossoms, and it bore ripe almonds."
11 *Selinis* Selinus, a city on the SW coast of Sicily.
12 *Diamond* Renaissance lapidaries associated it with invincibility and magical power. Thus, Arthur's shield cannot be pierced or broken, reveals falsity, and repels pagan horses and soldiers. Its light also overcomes Duessa and Orgoglio (*Spenser Encycl.*, p. 673c).

It framed was, one massive entire mould,
Hewen out of Adamant[1] rocke with engines keene,
That pointe of speare it never percen could,
Ne dint of direfull sword divide the substance would.

34

The same to wight he never wont disclose,
But when as monsters huge he would dismay,
Or daunt unequall armies of his foes,
Or when the flying heavens he would affray;
For so exceeding shone his glistring ray,
That *Phœbus* golden face it did attaint,
As when a cloud his beames doth over-lay;
And silver *Cynthia* wexed pale and faint,
As when her face is staynd with magicke arts constraint.

35

No magicke arts hereof had any might,
Nor bloudie wordes of bold Enchaunters call,
But all that was not such, as seemd in sight,
Before that shield did fade, and suddeine fall:
And when him list the raskall routes appall,[2]
Men into stones therewith he could transmew,[3]
And stones to dust, and dust to nought at all;
And when him list the prouder lookes subdew,
He would them gazing blind, or turne to other hew.

36

Ne let it seeme, that credence this exceedes,
For he that made the same, was knowne right well
To have done much more admirable deedes.
It *Merlin*[4] was, which whylome did excell
All living wightes in might of magicke spell:
Both shield, and sword, and armour all he wrought
For this young Prince, when first to armes he fell:
But when he dyde, the Faerie Queene it brought
To Faerie lond, where yet it may be seene, if sought.

37

A gentle youth, his dearely loved Squire
His speare of heben wood[5] behind him bare,
Whose harmefull head, thrice heated in the fire,
Had riven many a brest with pikehead[6] square;
A goodly person, and could menage[7] faire
His stubborne steed with curbed canon bit,[8]
Who under him did trample as the aire,
And chauft, that any on his backe should sit;
The yron rowels[9] into frothy fome he bit.

38

When as this knight nigh to the Ladie drew,
With lovely court he gan her entertaine;
But when he heard her answeres loth, he knew
Some secret sorrow did her heart distraine:[10]
Which to allay, and calme her storming paine,
Faire feeling words he wisely gan display,
And for her humour fitting purpose faine,
To tempt the cause it selfe for to bewray;[11]
Wherewith emmov'd, these bleeding words she gan to say.

39

"What worlds delight, or joy of living speech
Can heart, so plung'd in sea of sorrowes deepe,
And heaped with so huge misfortunes, reach?
The carefull cold beginneth for to creepe,
And in my heart his yron arrow steepe,
Soone as I thinke upon my bitter bale:
Such helplesse harmes yts better hidden keepe,

---

1 *Adamant* rock in which diamond is found.
2 *raskall routes appall* quell rabble mobs.
3 *transmew* convert.
4 *Merlin* the magician who makes Arthur's arms and armour, not in this case his tutor or teacher (*Spenser Encycl.*, p. 470c).
5 *heben wood* ebony, known to be extremely hard.
6 *pikehead* metal tip of a spear.
7 *menage* handle.
8 *curbed canon bit* smooth round bit fastened at the ends with a chain (*Hamilton*).
9 *rowels* knobs on the bit.
10 *distraine* oppress, tear apart.
11 *bewray* divulge, reveal.

Then rip up griefe, where it may not availe,
My last comfort is, my woes to weepe and waile."

40

"Ah Ladie deare," quoth then the gentle knight,
"Well may I weene, your griefe is wondrous great;
For wondrous great griefe groneth in my spright,
Whiles this I heare you of your sorrowes treat.
But wofull Ladie let me you intrete,[1]
For to unfold the anguish of your hart:
Mishaps are maistred by advice discrete,
And counsell mittigates[2] the greatest smart;
Found never helpe, who never would his hurts impart."

41

"O but," quoth she, "great griefe will not be tould,
And can more easily be thought, then said."
"Right so," quoth he, "but he, that never would,
Could never: will to might gives greatest aid."
"But griefe," quoth she, "does greater grow displaid,
If then it find not helpe, and breedes despaire."
"Despaire breedes not," quoth he, "where faith is staid."
"No faith so fast," quoth she, "but flesh does paire."
"Flesh may empaire," quoth he, "but reason can repaire."[3]

42

His goodly reason, and well guided speech
So deepe did settle in her gratious thought,
That her perswaded to disclose the breach,[4]
Which love and fortune in her heart had wrought
And said; "Faire Sir, I hope good hap hath brought
You to inquire the secrets of my griefe,
Or that your wisedome will direct my thought,
Or that your prowesse can me yield reliefe:
Then heare the storie sad, which I shall tell you briefe.

43

The forlorne Maiden, whom your eyes have seene
The laughing stocke of fortunes mockeries,
Am th'only daughter of a King and Queene,
Whose parents deare, whilest equall destinies
Did runne about, and their felicities
The favourable heavens did not envy,
Did spread their rule through all the territories,
Which *Phison* and *Euphrates* floweth by,
And *Gehons*[5] golden waves doe wash continually.

44

Till that their cruell cursed enemy,
An huge great Dragon horrible in sight,
Bred in the loathly lakes of *Tartary*,[6]
With murdrous ravine, and devouring might
Their kingdome spoild, and countrey wasted quight:
Themselves, for feare into his jawes to fall,
He forst to castle strong to take their flight,
Where fast embard in mightie brasen wall,
He has them now foure yeres besiegd to make them thrall.

45

Full many knights adventurous and stout
Have enterprizd that Monster to subdew;
From every coast that heaven walks about,
Have thither come the noble Martiall crew,
That famous hard atchievements still pursew,
Yet never any could that girlond win,
But all still shronke, and still he greater grew:
All they for want of faith, or guilt of sin,
The pitteous pray of his fierce crueltie have bin.

---

1 *intrete* entreat.

2 *mittigates* alleviates.

3 *paire … empaire … repaire* Wordplay shows the psychology of despair and recovery. The flesh undermines faith (pair, empaire), but it can be remedied (repaired) through its opposite, reason, which is not just intellectual but also spiritual.

4 *breach* injury.

5 *Phison … Euphrates … Gehon* three of the rivers in Eden, indicating that Una's parents are Adam and Eve.

6 *Tartary* the Greek hell (*Dict. Gods and Mortals*).

46

At last yledd with farre reported praise,
Which flying fame throughout the world had spred,
Of doughtie knights, whom Faery land did raise,
That noble order hight of Maidenhed,
Forthwith to court of *Gloriane* I sped,
Of *Gloriane* great Queene of glory bright,
Whose kingdomes seat *Cleopolis*[1] is red,
There to obtaine some such redoubted knight,
That Parents deare from tyrants powre deliver might.

47

It was my chance (my chance was faire and good)
There for to find a fresh unproved knight
Whose manly hands imbrew'd[2] in guiltie blood
Had never bene, ne ever by his might
Had throwne to ground the unregarded right:
Yet of his prowesse proofe he since hath made
(I witnesse am) in many a cruell fight;
The groning ghosts of many one dismaide
Have felt the bitter dint of his avenging blade.

48

And ye the forlorne[3] reliques of his powre,
His byting sword, and his devouring speare,
Which have endured many a dreadfull stowre,
Can speake his prowesse, that did earst you beare,
And well could rule: now he hath left you heare,
To be the record of his ruefull losse,
And of my dolefull disaventurous[4] deare:
O heavie record of the good *Redcrosse*,
Where have you left your Lord, that could so well you tosse?

49

Well hoped I, and faire beginnings had,
That he my captive languor[5] should redeeme,
Till all unweeting, and Enchaunter bad
His sence abusd, and made him to misdeeme[6]
My loyalty, not such as it did seeme;
That rather death desire, then such despight.
Be judge ye heavens, that all things right esteeme,
How I him lov'd, and love with all my might,
So thought I eke of him, and thinke I thought aright.

50

Thenceforth me desolate he quite forsooke,
To wander, where wilde fortune would me lead,
And other bywaies he himselfe betooke,
Where never foot of living wight did tread,
That brought not backe the balefull body dead;
In which him chaunced false *Duessa* meete,
Mine onely foe, mine onely deadly dread,
Who with her witchcraft and misseeming sweete,
Inveigled[7] him to follow her desires unmeete.

51

At last by subtill sleights she him betraid
Unto his foe, a Gyant huge and tall,
Who him disarmed, dissolute,[8] dismaid,[9]
Unwares surprised, and with mightie mall[10]
The monster mercilesse him made to fall,
Whose fall did never foe before behold;
And now in darkesome dungeon, wretched thrall,
Remedilesse, for aie he doth him hold;
This is my cause of griefe, more great, then may be told."

52

Ere she had ended all, she gan to faint:
But he her comforted and faire bespake,
"Certes, Madame, ye have great cause of plaint,

---

1 *Cleopolis* Greek, meaning "City of fame"; the capital of Fairyland where Gloriana resides (*Spenser Encycl.*, pp. 168c-169a).

2 *imbrew'd* stained.

3 *forlorne* abandoned.

4 *disadventurous* unfortunate.

5 *languor* distress.

6 *misdeeme* misjudge, mistake.

7 *Inveigled* enticed, beguiled.

8 *dissolute* infeebled, weakened.

9 *dismaid* faint-hearted, also "un-made" (i.e., undone).

10 *mall* club.

That stoutest heart, I weene, could cause to quake.
But be of cheare, and comfort to you take:
For till I have acquit[1] your captive knight,
Assure your selfe, I will not you forsake."
His chearefull words reviv'd her chearelesse spright,
So forth they went, the Dwarfe them guiding ever right.

Canto VIII

Faire virgin to redeeme[2] her deare
brings Arthur to the fight:
Who slayes the Gyant, wounds the beast,
and strips Duessa quight.

1

Ay me, how many perils doe enfold
The righteous man, to make him daily fall?[3]
Were not, that heavenly grace[4] doth him uphold,
And stedfast truth[5] acquite[6] him out of all.
Her love is firme, her care continuall,
So oft as he through his owne foolish pride,
Or weaknesse is to sinfull bands[7] made thrall:
Else should this *Redcrosse* knight in bands have dyde,
For whose deliverance she this Prince doth thither guide.

2

They sadly traveild thus, untill they came
Nigh to a castle builded strong and hie:
Then cryde the Dwarfe, "lo yonder is the same,
In which my Lord my liege doth lucklesse lie,
Thrall to that Gyants hatefull tyrannie:
Therefore, deare Sir, your mightie powres assay."
The noble knight alighted by and by
From loftie steed, and bad the Ladie stay,
To see what end of fight should him befall that day.

3

So with the Squire, th'admirer of his might,
He marched forth towards that castle wall;
Whose gates he found fast shut, ne living wight
To ward the same, nor answere commers call.
Then tooke that Squire an horne of bugle small,[8]
Which hong adowne his side in twisted gold,
And tassels gay. Wyde wonders over all
Of that same hornes great vertues weren told,
Which had approved bene in uses manifold.[9]

4

Was never wight, that heard that shrilling sound,
But trembling feare did feele in every vaine;
Three miles[10] it might be easie heard around,
And Ecchoes three answerd it selfe againe:
No false enchauntment, nor deceiptfull traine
Might once abide the terror of that blast,
But presently was voide and wholly vaine:
No gate so strong, no locke so firme and fast,
But with that percing noise flew open quite, or brast.[11]

5

The same before the Geants gate he blew,
That all the castle quaked from the ground,
And every dore of freewill open flew.
The Gyant selfe dismaied with that sownd,
Where he with his *Duessa* dalliance fownd,

---

[1] *acquit* delivered.

[2] *redeeme* save or rescue; also in a religious sense, "to deliver from sin."

[3] *perils … daily fall* In a fallen world, sin is inevitable, but can be redeemed by grace.

[4] *heavenly grace* both Arthur and divine grace.

[5] *stedfast truth* Una.

[6] *acquite* absolve of blame. See John 8:32: "And you will know the truth, and the truth will make you free."

[7] *sinfull bands* bondage to sin.

[8] *horne of bugle small* small hunting-horn, originally made of the horn of a "bugle" or wild ox.

[9] *manifold* varied, many.

[10] *Three miles* A number of Biblical horns are heard over great distances: the horn of salvation (Luke 1:69); the horn that brings down the walls of Jericho (Joshua 6:3-20); the trumpets of the apocalypse (Revelation 8:2, 6-13).

[11] *brast* burst.

In hast came rushing forth from inner bowre,
With staring countenance sterne, as one astownd,
And staggering steps, to weet, what suddein stowre
Had wrought that horror strange, and dar'd his dreaded powre.

6

And after him the proud *Duessa* came,
High mounted on her manyheaded beast,
And every head with fyrie tongue did flame,
And every head was crowned on his creast,
And bloudie mouthed with late cruell feast.
That when the knight beheld, his mightie shild
Upon his manly arme he soone addrest,
And at him fiercely flew, with courage fild,
And eger greedinesse through every member thrild.

7

Therewith the Gyant buckled him to fight,
Inflam'd with scornefull wrath and high disdaine,
And lifting up his dreadfull club on hight,
All arm'd with ragged snubbes[1] and knottie graine,
Him thought at first encounter to have slaine.
But wise and warie was that noble Pere,
And lightly leaping from so monstrous maine,[2]
Did faire avoide the violence him nere;
It booted nought, to thinke, such thunderbolts to beare.

8

Ne shame he thought to shunne so hideous might:
The idle stroke, enforcing furious way,
Missing the marke of his misaymed sight
Did fall to ground, and with his heavie sway
So deepely dinted in the driven clay,
That three yardes deepe a furrow up did throw:
The sad earth wounded with so sore assay,[3]
Did grone full grievous underneath the blow,
And trembling with strange feare, did like an earthquake show.

9

As when almightie Ioue in wrathfull mood,
To wreake the guilt of mortall sins is bent,
Hurles forth his thundring dart with deadly food,[4]
Enrold in flames, and smouldring[5] dreriment,[6]
Through riven cloudes and molten firmament;[7]
The fierce threeforked engin[8] making way,
Both loftie towres and highest trees hath rent,
And all that might his angrie passage stay,
And shooting in the earth, casts up a mount of clay.

10

His boystrous[9] club, so buried in the ground,
He could not rearen up againe so light,
But that the knight him at avantage found,
And whiles he strove his combred clubbe to quight
Out of the earth, with blade all burning bright
He smote off his left arme, which like a blocke
Did fall to ground, depriv'd of native might;
Large streames of bloud out of the truncked[10] stocke
Forth gushed, like fresh water streame from riven rocke.[11]

11

Dismaied with so desperate deadly wound,
And eke impatient of unwonted paine,
He loudly brayd with beastly yelling sound,

---

1 *snubbes* snag or stub.
2 *maine* force, power.
3 *assay* attack, assault.
4 *food* feud (i.e., hostility).
5 *smouldring* smothering, suffocating.
6 *dreriment* gloom or darkness (*Hamilton*).
7 *firmament* sky.
8 *threeforked engin* machine or instrument used in warfare; from what follows, apparently a battering ram.
9 *boystrous* massive.
10 *truncked* truncated.
11 *fresh water … riven rocke* allusion to Numbers 20:11: "And Moses lifted up his hand and struck the rock with his rod twice; and water came forth abundantly, and the congregation drank, and their cattle."

That all the fields rebellowed againe;
As great a noyse, as when in Cymbrian plaine[1]
An heard of Bulles, whom kindly rage doth sting,
Do for the milkie mothers want complaine,
And fill the fields with troublous bellowing,
The neighbour woods around with hollow murmur ring.

12

That when his deare *Duessa* heard, and saw
The evill stownd,[2] that daungerd her estate,
Unto his aide she hastily did draw
Her dreadfull beast, who swolne with bloud of late
Came ramping forth with proud presumpteous gate,
And threatned all his heads like flaming brands.
But him the Squire made quickly to retrate,
Encountring fierce with single sword in hand,
And twixt him and his Lord did like a bulwarke stand.

13

The proud *Duessa* full of wrathfull spight,
And fierce disdaine, to be affronted so,
Enforst her purple beast with all her might
That stop out of the way to overthroe,
Scorning the let of so unequall foe:
But nathemore[3] would that courageous Swayne
To her yeeld passage, gainst his Lord to goe,
But with outrageous[4] strokes did him restraine,
And with his bodie the bard the way atwixt them twaine.

14

Then tooke the angrie witch her golden cup,[5]
Which still she bore, replete with magick artes;
Death and despeyre did many thereof sup,
And secret poyson through their inner parts,
Th'eternall bale[6] of heavie wounded harts;
Which after charmes and some enchauntments said,
She lightly sprinkled on his weaker parts;
Therewith his sturdie courage soone was quayd,[7]
And all his senses were with suddeine dread dismayd.

15

So downe he fell before the cruell beast,
Who on his necke his bloudie clawes did seize,
That life nigh crusht out of his panting brest:
No powre he had to stirre, nor will to rize.
That when the carefull knight gan well avize,[8]
He lightly left the foe, with whom he fought,
And to the beast gan turne his enterprise;
For wondrous anguish in his hart it wrought,
To see his loved Squire into such thraldome[9] brought.

16

And high advauncing his bloud-thirstie blade,
Stroke one of those deformed heads so sore,
That of his puissance proud ensample made;
His monstrous scalpe downe to his teeth it tore,
And that misformed shape mis-shaped more:
A sea of bloud gusht from the gaping wound,
That her gay garments staynd with filthy gore,
And overflowed all the field around;
That over shoes in bloud he waded on the ground.

17

Thereat he roared for exceeding paine,
That to have heard, great horror would have bred,
And scourging[10] th'emptie ayre with his long traine,

---

1 *Cymbrian plaine* Jutland, the NW peninsula of Denmark, formerly known as Cimbria.

2 *stownd* time of trial.

3 *nathemore* never the more.

4 *outrageous* violent, furious.

5 *golden cup* allusion to the whore of Babylon in Revelation 17:3: "holding in her hand a golden cup full of abominations and the impurityies of her fornications."

6 *bale* torment.

7 *quayd* subdued.

8 *avize* observe.

9 *thraldome* bondage, captivity.

10 *scourging* whipping, flailing.

Through great impatience of his grieved hed,
His gorgeous ryder from her loftie sted
Would have cast downe, and trod in durtie myre,
Had not the Gyant soone her succourd;
Who all enrag'd with smart and franticke yre,
Came hurtling in full fierce, and forst the knight retyre.

18

The force, which wont in two to be disperst,
In one alone left hand he now unites,
Which is through rage more strong then both were erst;
With which his hideous club aloft he dites,[1]
And at his foe with furious rigour smites,
That strongest Oake might seeme to overthrow:
The stroke upon his shield so heavie lites,
That to the ground it doubleth him full low:
What mortall wight could ever beare so monstrous blow?

19

And in his fall his shield, that covered was,
Did loose his vele[2] by chaunce, and open flew:
The light whereof, that heavens light did pas,
Such blazing brightnesse through the aier threw,
That eye mote not the same endure to vew.
Which when the Gyaunt spyde with staring eye,
He downe let fall his arme, and soft withdrew
His weapon huge, that heaved was on hye
For to have slaine the man, that on the ground did lye.

20

And eke the fruitfull-headed[3] beast, amaz'd
At flashing beames of that sunshiny shield,
Became starke blind, and all his senses daz'd,
That downe he tumbled on the durtie field,
And seem'd himselfe as conquered to yield.
Whom when his maistresse proud perceiv'd to fall,
Whiles yet his feeble feet for faintnesse reeld,
Unto the Gyant loudly she gan call,
"O helpe *Orgoglio*, helpe, or else we perish all."

21

At her so pitteous cry was much amoov'd
Her champion stout, and for to ayde his frend,
Againe his wonted angry weapon proov'd:
But all in vaine: for he has read his end
In that bright shield, and all their forces spend
Themselves in vaine: for since that glauncing sight,
He hath no powre to hurt, nor to defend;
As where th'Almighties lightning brond[4] does light,
It dimmes the dazed eyen, and daunts the senses quight.

22

Whom when the Prince, to battell new addrest,
And threatning high his dreadfull stroke did see,
His sparkling blade about his head he blest,
And smote off quite his right leg by the knee,
That downe he tombled; as an aged tree,[5]
High growing on the top of rocky clift,
Whose hartstrings with keene steele nigh hewen[6] be,
The mightie trunck halfe rent, with ragged rift
Doth roll adowne the rocks, and fall with fearefull drift.[7]

23

Or as a Castle reared high and round,
By subtile engins and malitious slight
Is undermined from the lowest ground,
And her foundation forst, and feebled quight,
At last downe falles, and with her heaped hight
Her hastie ruine does; more heavie make,
And yields it selfe unto the victours might;

---

1 *dites* lifts, raises.

2 *vele* covering, veil.

3 *fruitfull-headed* abundantly headed (i.e., multi-headed).

4 *lightning brond* lightening bolt.

5 *as an aged tree* See *Aeneid*, Book 2, in which the fall of Troy is compared to the felling of a tree (*Hamilton*).

6 *hewen* cut.

7 *drift* impetus.

Such was this Gyaunts fall, that seemd to shake
The stedfast globe of earth, as it for feare did quake.

24

The knight then lightly leaping to the pray,
With mortall steele him smot againe so sore,
That headlesse his unweldy bodie lay,
All wallowd in his owne fowle bloudy gore,
Which flowed from his wounds in wondrous store.
But soone as breath out of his breast did pas,
That huge great body, which the Gyaunt bore,
Was vanisht quite, and of that monstrous mas
Was nothing left, but like an emptie bladder was.

25

Whose grievous fall, when false *Duessa* spide,
Her golden cup she cast unto the ground,
And crowned mitre rudely threw aside;
Such percing griefe her stubborne hart did wound,
That she could not endure that dolefull stound,
But leaving all behind her, fled away:
The light-foot Squire her quickly turnd around,
And by hard meanes enforcing her to stay,
So brought unto his Lord, as his deserved pray.

26

The royall Virgin, which beheld from farre,
In pensive plight,[1] and sad perplexitie,[2]
The whole atchievement of this doubtfull warre,
Came running fast to greet his victorie,
With sober gladnesse, and myld[3] modestie,
And with sweet joyous cheare him thus bespake;
"Faire braunch of noblesse, flowre of chevalrie,
That with your worth the world amazed make,
How shall I quite the paines, ye suffer for my sake?

27

And you fresh bud of vertue springing fast,
Whom these sad eyes saw nigh unto deaths dore,
What hath poore Virgin for such perill past,
Wherewith you to reward? Accept therefore
My simple selfe, and service evermore;
And he that high does sit, and all things see
With equall[4] eyes, their merites to restore,
Behold what ye this day have done for mee,
And what I cannot quite, requite with usuree.

28

But sith the heavens, and your faire hándeling
Have made you maister of the field this day,
Your fortune maister eke with governing,
And well begun end all so well, I pray,
Ne let that wicked woman scape away;
For she it is, that did my Lord bethrall,
My dearest Lord, and deepe in dongeon lay,
Where he his better dayes hath wasted all.
O heare, how piteous he to you for ayd does call."

29

Forthwith he gave in charge unto his Squire,
That scarlot whore[5] to keepen carefully;
Whiles he himselfe with greedie great desire
Into the Castle entred forcibly,
Where living creature none he did espye;
Then gan he lowdly through the house to call:
But no man car'd to answere to his crye.
There raignd a solemne silence over all,
Nor voice was heard, nor wight was seene in bowre[6] or hall.

30

At last with creeping crooked pace forth came
An old old man, with beard as white as snow,
That on a staffe his feeble steps did frame,

[1] *pensive plight* anxious state.
[2] *perplexitie* distress.
[3] *myld* gracious.
[4] *equall* impartial, just.
[5] *scarlot whore* Duessa is again compared to the whore of Babylon (Revelation 17:4-5).
[6] *bowre* chamber.

And guide his wearie gate[1] both too and fro:
For his eye sight him failed long ygo,
And on his arme a bounch of keyes[2] he bore,
The which unused rust did overgrow:
Those were the keyes of every inner dore,
But he could not them use, but kept them still in store.

31

But very uncouth sight was to behold,
How he did fashion his untoward[3] pace,
For as he forward moov'd his footing old,
So backward still was turnd his wrincled face,
Unlike to men, who ever as they trace,
Both feet and face one way are wont to lead.
This was the auncient keeper of that place,
And foster father of the Gyant dead;
His name *Ignaro*[4] did his nature right aread.

32

His reverend haires and holy gravitie
The knight much honord, as beseemed well,
And gently askt, where all the people bee,
Which in that stately building wont to dwell.
Who answerd him full soft, he could not tell.
Againe he askt, where that same knight was layd,
Whom great *Orgoglio* with his puissaunce fell
Had made his caytive thrall; againe he sayde,
He could not tell: ne ever other answere made.

33

Then asked he, which way he in might pas:
He could not tell, againe he answered.
Thereat the curteous knight displeased was,
And said, "Old sire, it seemes thou hast not red[5]
How ill it sits with that same silver hed
In vaine to mocke, or mockt in vaine to bee:
But if thou be, as thou art pourtrahed
With natures pen, in ages grave degree,
Aread in graver wise, what I demaund of thee."

34

His answere likewise was, he could not tell.
Whose senceless speach, and doted[6] ignorance
When as the noble Prince had marked well,
He ghest his nature by his countenance,
And calmd his wrath with goodly temperance.
Then to him stepping, from his arme did reach
Those keyes, and made himselfe free enterance.
Each dore he opened without any breach;
There was no barre to stop, nor foe him to empeach.[7]

35

There all within full rich arayd he found,
With royall arras and resplendent gold.
And did with store of every thing abound,
That greatest Princes presence might behold.
But all the floore (too filthy to be told)
With bloud of guiltlesse babes, and innocents trew,
Which there were slaine, as sheepe out of the fold,
Defiled was, that dreadfull was to vew,
And sacred ashes over it was strowed new.

36

And there beside of marble stone was built
An Altare, carv'd with cunning imagery,
On which true Christians bloud was often spilt,
And holy Martyrs often doen to dye,
With cruell malice and strong tyranny:
Whose blessed sprites from underneath the stone
To God for vengeance cryde continually,

---

1 *gate* gait.

2 *keyes* allusion to Revelation 9:1-2: "And the fifth angel blew his trumpet, and I saw a star fallen from heaven to earth, and he was given the key of the shaft of the bottomless pit; he opened the shaft of the bottomless pit, and from the shaft rose smoke like the smoke of a great furnace, and the sun and the air were darkened with the smoke from the shaft." See also Revelation 20:1: "Then I saw an angel coming down from heaven, holding in his hand the key of the bottomless pit and a great chain."

3 *untoward* awkward, clumsy.

4 *Ignaro* meaning, "ignorance"; his backward look alludes to Isaiah 44:25, where God "turns wise men back, and makes their knowledge foolish."

5 *red* discerned, understood.

6 *doted* stupid.

7 *empeach* hinder.

And with great griefe were often heard to grone,[1]
That hardest heart would bleede, to heare their piteous mone.

37

Through every rowme he sought, and every bowr,
But no where could he find that wofull thrall:
At last he came unto an yron doore,
That fast was lockt, but key found not at all
Emongst that bounch, to open it withall;
But in the same a little grate was pight,[2]
Through which he sent his voyce, and lowd did call
With all his powre, to weet, if living wight
Were housed therewithin, whom he enlargen[3] might.

38

Therewith an hollow, dreary, murmuring voyce
These piteous plaints and dolours[4] did resound;
"O who is that, which brings me happy choice
Of death, that here lye dying every stound,
Yet live perforce[5] in balefull darkenesse bound?
For now three Moones have changed thrice[6] their hew,
And have beene thrice hid underneath the ground,
Since I the heavens chearefull face did vew,
O welcome thou, that doest of death bring tidings trew."

39

Which when that Champion heard, with percing point
Of pitty deare his hart was thrilled sore,
And trembling horrour ran through every joynt,
For ruth of gentle knight so fowle forlore:
Which shaking off, he rent that yron dore,
With furious force, and indignation fell;
Where entred in, his foot could find no flore,
But all a deepe descent, as darke as hell,
That breathed ever forth a filthie banefull smell.

40

But neither darkenesse fowle, nor filthy bands,
Nor noyous smell his purpose could withhold,
(Entire affection hateth nicer hands)
But that with constant zeale, and courage bold,
After long paines and labours manifold,
He found the meanes that Prisoner up to reare;
Whose feeble thighes, unhable to uphold
His pined[7] corse, him scarse to light could beare,
A ruefull spectacle of death and ghastly drere.

41

His sad dull eyes deepe sunck in hollow pits,
Could not endure th'unwonted sunne to view;
His bare thin cheekes for want of better bits,[8]
And empty sides deceived of their dew,
Could make a stony hart his hap to rew;
His rawbone armes, whose mighty brawned bowrs[9]
Were wont to rive steele plates, and helmets hew,
Were cleane consum'd, and all his vitall powres
Decayd, and all his flesh shronk up like withered flowres.

42

Whom when his Lady saw, to him she ran
With hasty joy: to see him made her glad,
And sad to view his visage pale and wan,

---

1 *Altare … heard to grone* See Revelation 6:9-10: "I saw under the altar the souls of those who had been slain for the word of God and for the witness they had borne; they cried out with a loud voice, 'O Sovereign Lord, holy and true, how long before thou wilt judge and avenge our blood on those who dwell upon the earth?'"

2 *pight* placed.

3 *enlargen* release, free.

4 *dolours* lamentations.

5 *perforce* by necessity.

6 *three Moones … thrice* i.e., nine months or the period of human gestation.

7 *pined* wasted, exhausted.

8 *better bits* proper bites of food.

9 *bowrs* muscles.

Who earst in flowres of freshest youth was clad.
Tho when her well of teares she wasted had,
She said, "Ah dearest Lord, what evill starre
On you hath fround, and pourd his influence bad,
That of your selfe ye thus berobbed arre,
And this misseeming hew your manly looks doth marre?

43

But welcome now my Lord, in wele[1] or woe,
Whose presence I have lackt too long a day;
And fie on Fortune mine avowed foe,
Whose wrathfull wreakes them selves do now alay.
And for these wrongs shall treble penaunce pay
Of treble good: good growes of evils priefe."[2]
The chearelesse man, whom sorrow did dismay,
Had no delight to treaten of his griefe;
His long endured famine needed more reliefe.

44

"Faire Lady," then said that victorious knight,
"The things, that grievous were to do, or beare,
Them to renew, I wote, breeds no delight;
Best musicke breeds delight in loathing eare:
But th'onely good, that growes of passed feare,
Is to be wise, and ware of like agein.
This dayes ensample hath this lesson deare[3]
Deepe written in my heart with yron pen,[4]
That blisse may not abide in state of mortall men."

45

"Henceforth sir knight, take to you wonted strength,
And maister these mishaps with patient might;
Loe where your foe lyes stretcht in monstrous length,
And loe that wicked woman in your sight,
The roote of all your care, and wretched plight,
Now in your powre, to let her live, or dye.
To do her dye," quoth *Una*, "were despight,[5]
And shame t'avenge so weake an enimy;
But spoile her of her scarlot robe, and let her fly."

46

So as she bad, that witch they disaraid,[6]
And robd of royall robes, and purple pall,
And ornaments that richly were displaid;[7]
Ne spared they to strip her naked all.
Then when they had despoiled[8] her tire and call,[9]
Such as she was, their eyes might her behold,
That her misshaped parts did them appall,
A loathly, wrinckled hag, ill favoured, old,
Whose secret filth good manners biddeth not be told.

47

Her craftie head was altogether bald,
And as in hate of honourable eld,[10]
Was overgrowne with scurfe and filthy scald;[11]
Her teeth out of her rotten gummes were feld,[12]
And her sowre breath abhominably smeld;
Her dried dugs,[13] like bladders lacking wind,
Hong downe, and filthy matter from them weld;
Her wrizled[14] skin as rough, as maple rind,[15]
So scabby was, that would have loathd all womankind.

---

1 *wele* prosperity.

2 *priefe* test.

3 *deare* dire.

4 *yron pen* See Job 19:23-24: "Oh that my words were written! Oh that they were inscribed in a book! Oh that with an iron pen and lead they were graven in the rock for ever!"

5 *despight* malicious.

6 *that witch they disaraid* See Revelation 17:16: "They and the beast will hate the harlot; they will make her desolate and naked, and devour her flesh and burn her up with fire."

7 *royall robes … richly were displaid* See Revelation 18:16-17: "Alas, alas, for the great city that was clothed in fine linen, in purple and scarlet, bedecked with gold, with jewels, and with pearls! In one hour all this wealth has been laid waste."

8 *despoiled* stripped.

9 *tire and call* apparel and headdress.

10 *in hate of honourable eld* in contempt of honourable age (*Hamilton*).

11 *scurfe … scald* scabby ... scaly.

12 *feld* fallen.

13 *dugs* breasts.

14 *wrizled* wrinkled.

15 *maple rind* bark of a maple tree.

48

Her neather[1] parts, the shame of all her kind,[2]
My chaster Muse for shame doth blush to write;
But at her rompe[3] she growing had behind
A foxes taile,[4] with dong all fowly dight;
And eke her feete most monstrous were in sight;
For one of them was like an Eagles claw,
With griping talaunts[5] armd to greedy fight,
The other like a Beares uneven paw:[6]
More ugly shape yet never living creature saw.

49

Which when the knights beheld, amazd they were,
And wondred at so fowle deformed wight.
"Such then," said *Una*, "as she seemeth here,
Such is the face of falshood, such the sight
Of fowle Duessa, when her borrowed light
Is laid away, and counterfesaunce[7] knowne."
Thus when they had the witch disrobed quight,
And all her filthy feature open showne,
They let her goe at will, and wander wayes unknowne.

50

She flying fast from heavens hated face,
And from the world that her discovered wide,
Fled to the wastfull wildernesse apace,
From living eyes her open shame to hide,
And lurkt in rocks and caves long unespide.
But that faire crew of knights, and *Una* faire
Did in that castle afterwards abide,
To rest them selves, and weary powres repaire,
Where store they found of all, that dainty was and rare.

[1] *neather* nether.

[2] *Then … shame of all her kind* Much of the description here alludes to Isaiah 3:17-24, where the Lord promises to punish the pride of the daughters of Zion by stripping them and revealing their truth.

[3] *rompe* rump.

[4] *foxes taile* alluding to Duessa's craftiness and cowardice (*Variorum*).

[5] *talaunts* talons.

[6] *Beares uneven paw* See Revelation 13:2: "And the beast that I saw was like a leopard, its feet were like a bear's, and its mouth was like a lion's mouth. And to it the dragon gave his power and his throne and great authority."

[7] *counterfesaunce* deceit, fraud.

Canto IX

His loves and lignage Arthur tells:
The knights knit friendly bands:
Sir Trevisan flies from Despayre,
Whom Redcrosse knight withstands.

1

O Goodly golden chaine,[8] wherewith yfere
The vertues linked are in lovely wize:
And noble minds of yore[9] allyed were,
In brave poursuit of chevalrous emprize,
That none did others safety despize,
Nor aid envy to him, in need that stands,
But friendly each did others prayse devize
How to advaunce with favourable hands,
As this good Prince redeemed the *Redcrosse* knight from bands.

2

Who when their powres, empaird through labour long,
With dew repast they had recured well,
And that weake captive wight now wexed strong,
Them list no lenger there at leasure dwell,
But forward fare, as their adventures fell,
But ere they parted, *Una* faire besought
That straunger knight his name and nation tell;
Least so great good, as he for her had wrought,
Should die unknown, and buried be in thanklesse thought.

3

"Faire virgin," said the Prince, "ye me require
A thing without the compas[10] of my wit:
For both the lignage and the certain Sire,
From which I sprong, from me are hidden yit.
For all so soone as life did me admit
Into this world, and shewed heavens light,

[8] *Goodly golden chaine* the chain that joins heaven and earth in Homer, also in Boethius' *Comsolation of Philosophy* (*Variorum*).

[9] *yore* a long time ago.

[10] *compas* bounds.

From mothers pap[1] I taken was unfit:
And streight delivered to a Faery knight,
To be upbrought in gentle thewes[2] and martiall might.

4

Unto old *Timon*[3] he me brought bylive,[4]
Old *Timon*, who in youthly yeares hath beene
In warlike feates th'expertest man alive,
And is the wisest now on earth I weene;
His dwelling is low in a valley greene,
Under the foot of *Rauran*[5] mossy hore,[6]
From whence the river *Dee*[7] as silver cleene
His tombling billowes rolls with gentle rore:
There all my dayes he traind me up in vertuous lore.

5

Thither the great Magicien *Merlin* came,
As was his use, ofttimes to visit me:
For he had charge my discipline to frame,[8]
And Tutours nouriture[9] to oversee.
Him oft and oft I askt in privitie,[10]
Of what loines and what lignage I did spring:
Whose aunswere bad me still assured bee,
That I was sonne and heire unto a king,
As time in her just terme the truth to light should bring."

6

"Well worthy impe," said then the Lady gent,
"And Pupill fit for such a Tutours hand.
But what adventure, or what high intent
Hath brought you hither into Faery land,
Aread Prince *Arthur*, crowne of Martiall band?"
"Full hard it is," quoth he, "to read aright
The corse of heavenly cause,[11] or understand
The secret meaning of th'eternall might,
That rules mens wayes, and rules the thoughts of living wight.

7

For whither he through fatall deepe foresight[12]
Me hither sent, for cause to me unghest,
Or that fresh bleeding wound,[13] which day and Night
Whilome doth rancle[14] in my riven brest,
With forced fury following his behest,[15]
Me hither brought by wayes yet never found,
You to have helpt I hold my selfe yet blest."
"Ah curteous knight," quoth she, "what secret wound
Could ever find, to grieve the gentlest hart on ground?"

8

"Deare Dame," quoth he, "you sleeping sparkes awake,
Which troubled once, into huge flames will grow,
Ne ever will their fervent fury slake,
Till living moysture into smoke do flow,
And wasted life do lye in ashes low.
Yet sithens silence lesseneth not my fire,
But told it flames, and hidden it does glow,
I will revele, what ye so much desire:
Ah Love, lay downe thy bow, the whiles I may respire.[16]

9

It was the freshest flowre of youthly yeares,
When courage first does creepe in manly chest,
Then first the coale of kindly heat appears
To kindle love in every living brest;

---

[1] *pap* breast.
[2] *thewes* habits, customs.
[3] *Timon* honour (*Variorum*).
[4] *bylive* immediately.
[5] *Rauran* Rauran-Vaur hill in Merioneth (*Hamilton*), where Mount Snowdon, the spiritual heart of Wales, is located.
[6] *mossy hore* moss-covered.
[7] *Dee* The river Dee is on the border between Wales and England.
[8] *frame* direct, shape.
[9] *nouriture* nurture, upbringing (i.e., Arthur's upbringing by his tutor).
[10] *privitie* private.
[11] *corse of heavenly cause* divine providence.
[12] *fatall deepe foresight* insight into what is fated or destined.
[13] *fresh bleeding wound* i.e., the one made by Cupid's arrow.
[14] *rancle* fester.
[15] *behest* command.
[16] *respire* breathe.

But me had warnd old *Timons* wise behest,
Those creeping flames by reason to subdew,
Before their rage grew to so great unrest,
As miserable lovers use to rew,
Which still wex[1] old in woe, whiles woe still wexeth new.

10

That idle name of love, and lovers life,
As losse of time, and vertues enemy
I ever scornd, and joyd to stirre up strife,
In middest of their mournfull Tragedy,
Ay wont to laugh, when them I heard to cry,
And blow the fire, which them to ashes brent:
Their God himselfe, griev'd at my libertie,
Shot many a dart at me with fiers intent,
But I them warded[2] all with wary government.[3]

11

But all in vaine: no fort can be so strong,
Ne fleshly brest can armed be so sound,
But will at last be wonne with battrie long,
Or unawares at disavantage found;
Nothing is sure, that growes on earthly ground:
And who most trustes in arme of fleshly might,
And boasts, in beauties chaine not to be bound,
Doth soonest fall in disaventrous[4] fight,
And yeeldes his caytive neck to victours most despight.

12

Ensample make of him your haplesse joy,
And of my selfe now mated, as ye see;
Whose prouder vaunt[5] that proud avenging boy
Did soone pluck downe, and curbed my libertie.
For on a day prickt forth with jollitie[6]
Of looser life, and heat of hardiment,[7]
Raunging the forest wide on courser free,
The fields, the floods, the heavens with one consent
Did seeme to laugh on me, and favour mine intent.

13

For-wearied with my sports, I did alight
From loftie steed, and downe to sleepe my layd;
The verdant gras my couch did goodly dight,[8]
And pillow was my helmet faire displayd:[9]
Whiles every sence the humour sweet embayd,[10]
And slombring soft my hart did steale away,
Me seemed, by my side a royall Mayd
Her daintie limbes full softly down did lay:
So faire a creature yet saw never sunny day.

14

Most goodly glee and lovely blandishment[11]
She to me made, and bad me love her deare,
For dearely sure her love was to me bent,
As when just time expired should appeare.
But whether dreames delude, or true it were,
Was never hart so ravisht with delight,
Ne living man like words did ever heare,
As she to me delivered all that night;
And at her parting said, she Queene of Faeries[12] hight.

15

When I awoke, and found her place devoyd,
And nought but pressed gras, where she had lyen,
I sorrowed all so much, as earst I joyd,
And washed all her place with watry eyen.
From that day forth I lov'd that face divine;
From that day forth I cast in carefull mind,
To seeke her out with labour, and long tyne,[13]

---

1 *wex* grow.
2 *warded* fended off.
3 *wary government* cautious conduct.
4 *disaventrous* disastrous.
5 *vaunt* boasting, bragging.
6 *jollitie* pleasure.
7 *hardiment* boldness, daring.
8 *dight* fit out, equip.
9 *displayd* spread out.
10 *embayd* enveloped, surrounded.
11 *blandishment* gently flattering speech.
12 *Queene of Faeries* Gloriana (i.e., Elizabeth I).
13 *tyne* suffering.

And never vow to rest, till her I find,
Nine monethes[1] I seeke in vaine yet ni'll that vow unbind."

16

Thus as he spake, his visage wexed pale,
And chaunge of hew great passion did bewray;
Yet still he strove to cloke his inward bale,
And hide the smoke, that did his fire display,
Till gentle Una thus to him gan say;
"O happy Queene of Faeries, that hast found
Mongst many, one that with his prowesse may
Defend thine honour, and thy foes confound:[2]
True Loves are often sown, but seldom grow on ground."

17

"Thine, O then," said the gentle *Redcrosse* knight,
"Next to that Ladies love, shalbe the place,
O fairest virgin, full of heavenly light,
Whose wondrous faith, exceeding earthly race,
Was firmest fixt in mine extremest case.
And you, my Lord, the Patrone of my life,
Of that great Queene may well gaine worthy grace:
For onely worthy you through prowes priefe[3]
Yf living man mote worthy be, to be her liefe."[4]

18

So diversly discoursing of their loves,
The golden Sunne his glistring head gan shew,
And sad remembraunce now the Prince amoves,
With fresh desire his voyage to pursew:
Als *Una* earnd her traveill to renew.
Then those two knights, fast friendship for to bynd,
And love establish each to other trew,
Gave goodly gifts, the signes of gratefull mynd,
And eke as pledges firme, right hands together joynd.

19

Prince *Arthur* gave a boxe of Diamond sure,[5]
Embowd[6] with gold and gorgeous ornament,
Wherein were closd few drops of liquor pure,[7]
Of wondrous worth, and vertue excellent,
That any wound could heale incontinent:[8]
Which to requite, the *Redcrosse* knight him gave
A booke,[9] wherein his Saveours testament
Was writ with golden letters rich and brave;
A worke of wondrous grace,[10] and able soules to save.

20

Thus beene they parted, *Arthur* on his way
To seeke his love, and th'other for to fight
With *Unaes* foe, that all her realme did pray.
But she now weighing the decayed plight,[11]
And shrunken synewes of her chosen knight,
Would not a while her forward course pursew,
Ne bring him forth in face of dreadfull fight,
Till he recovered had his former hew:
For him to be yet weake and wearie well she knew.

21

So as they traveild, lo they gan espy
An armed knight towards them gallop fast,
That seemed from some feared foe to fly,
Or other griesly thing, that him agast,
Still as he fled, his eye was backward cast,
As if his feare still followed him behind;
Als flew his steed, as he his bands had brast,
And with his winged heeles did tread the wind,
As he had beene a fole of *Pegasus*[12] his kind.

---

[1] *Nine monethes* period of gestation.
[2] *confound* defeat, destroy.
[3] *prowes priefe* demonstrated valour.
[4] *liefe* beloved.
[5] *sure* either, with reference to the material, "sound"; or, in the case of the box, "secure."
[6] *Embowd* encircled.
[7] *liquor pure* Christ's blood which "cleanses us from all sin" (1 John 1:7).
[8] *incontinent* straightaway.
[9] *booke* New Testament.
[10] *wondrous grace* allusion to the twin Protestant doctrines that Scripture provides all things necessary for salvation and that salvation comes through faith alone.
[11] *decayed plight* impaired condition.
[12] *Pegasus* the winged horse who carries the thunderbolt of Zeus. Pegasus helped his rider, Bellerophon, fight a number of enemies, but when he attempted to fly to Heaven, Pegasus threw him off (*Dict. Gods and Mortals*).

22

Nigh as he drew, they might perceive his head
To be unarmed,[1] and curld uncombed heares
Upstaring[2] stiffe, dismayd with uncouth dread;
Nor drop of bloud in all his face appears
Nor life in limbe: and to increase his feares,
In fowle reproch of knighthoods faire degree,
About his neck an hempen rope[3] he weares,
That with his glistring armes does ill agree;
But he of rope or armes has now no memoree.

23

The *Redcrosse* knight toward him crossed fast,
To weet, what mister wight[4] was so dismayd:
There him he finds all senceless and aghast,
That of him selfe he seemd to be afrayd;
Whom hardly he from flying forward stayd,
Till he these wordes to him deliver might;
"Sir knight, aread who hath ye thus arayd,
And eke from whom make ye this hasty flight:
For never knight I saw in such misseeming[5]
plight."

24

He answerd nought at all, but adding new
Feare to his first amazment, staring wide
With stony[6] eyes, and hartlesse[7] hollow hew,
Astonisht stood, as one that had aspide
Infernall furies, with their chaines untide.[8]
Him yet againe, and yet againe bespake
The gentle knight; who nought to him replide,
But trembling every joynt did inly quake,
And foltring tongue at last these words seemd
forth to shake.

25

"For Gods deare love, Sir knight, do me not stay;
For loe he comes, he comes fast after mee."
Eft[9] looking backe would faine have runne
away;
But he him forst to stay, and tellen free
The secret cause of his perplexitie:
Yet nathemore by his bold hartie speach,
Could his bloud-frosen hart emboldned bee,
But through his boldnesse rather feare did
reach,
Yet forst, at last he made through silence suddein
breach.

26

"And am I now in safetie sure," quoth he,
"From him, that would have forced me to dye?
And is the point of death now turnd fro mee,
That I may tell this haplesse history?"
"Feare nought": quoth he, "no daunger now is
nye."[10]
"Then shall I you recount a ruefull cace,"
Said he, "the which with this unlucky eye
I late beheld, and had not greater grace
Me reft from it, had bene partaker of the place.

27

I lately chaunst (Would I had never chaunst)
With a faire knight to keepen companee,
Sir *Terwin* hight, that well himselfe advaunst
In all affaires, and was both bold and free,
But not so happie as mote happie bee:
He lov'd, as was his lot, a Ladie gent,[11]
That him againe lov'd in the least degree:
For she was proud, and of too high intent,
And joyd to see her lover languish and lament.

28

From whom returning sad and comfortlesse,
As on the way together we did fare,
We met that villen (God from him me blesse)

---

[1] *his head / To be unarmed* allusion to 1 Thessalonians 5:8: "But since we belong to the day, let us be sober, and put on the breastplate of faith and love, and for a helmet the hope of salvation."

[2] *Upstaring* standing on end.

[3] *hempen rope* hangman's noose.

[4] *what mister wight* what kind of person.

[5] *misseeming* misbecoming, unseemly.

[6] *stony* fixed, petrified.

[7] *hartlesse* without heart or courage.

[8] *furies … untide* female spirits of vengeance whose effect on their victims is madness and who make their home in the Underworld (*Dict. Gods and Mortals*).

[9] *Eft* again.

[10] *nye* near.

[11] *gent* gentle.

That cursed wight, from whom I scapt whyleare,[1]
A man of hell, that cals himselfe *Despaire*:[2]
Who first us greets, and after faire areedes[3]
Of tydings strange, and of adventures rare:
So creeping close, as Snake in hidden weedes,[4]
Inquireth of our states, and of our knightly deedes.

29

Which when he knew, and felt our feeble harts
Embost with bale, and bitter byting griefe,
Which love had launched[5] with his deadly darts,
With wounding words and termes of foule repriefe
He pluckt from us all hope of due reliefe,
That earst[6] us held in love of lingring life;
Then hopelesse hartlesse, gan the cunning thiefe
Perswade us die, to stint[7] all further strife:
To me he lent this rope, to him a rustie knife.

30

With which sad instrument of hastie death,
That wofull lover, loathing lenger light,
A wide way made to let forth living breath.
But I more fearefull, or more luckie wight,
Dismayd with that deformed[8] dismall[9] sight,
Fled fast away, halfe dead with dying feare:
Ne yet assur'd of life by you, Sir knight,
Whose like infirmitie like chaunce may beare:
But God you never let his charmed speeches heare."

31

"How may a man," said he, "with idle speech
Be wonne, to spoyle the Castle of his health?"
"I wote,"[10] quoth he, "whom triall late did teach,
That like would not for all this worldes wealth:
His subtill tongue, like dropping honny, mealt'th
Into the hart, and searcheth every vaine,
That ere one be aware, by secret stealth
His powre is reft, and weaknesse doth remaine.
O never Sir desire to try his guilefull traine."

32

"Certes," said he, "hence shall I never rest,
Till I that treachours[11] art have heard and tride;
And you Sir knight, whose name mote I request,
Of grace[12] do me unto his cabin guide."
"I that hight *Trevisan*," quoth he, "will ride
Against my liking backe, to doe you grace:
But nor for gold nor glee will I abide
By you, when ye arrive in that same place;
For lever had I die,[13] then see his deadly face."

33

Ere long they come, where that same wicked wight
His dwelling has, low in an hollow cave,
Farre underneath a craggie clift ypight,
Darke, dolefull, drearie, like a greedie grave,
That still for carrion[14] carcases doth crave:
On top whereof aye dwelt the ghastly Owle,[15]
Shrieking his balefull note, which ever drave
Farre from that haunt all other chearefull fowle;
And all about it wandring ghostes did waile and howle.

---

1 *whyleare* a while before.
2 *Despaire* figure for the chief problem that plagues Redcrosse.
3 *areedes* tells.
4 *in hidden weedes* hidden in the weeds.
5 *launched* pierced, wounded.
6 *earst* earlier.
7 *stint* cease, stop.
8 *deformed* hateful.
9 *dismall* dreadful.
10 *wote* know.
11 *treachours* traitor's.
12 *grace* favour or good will, rather than the divine grace needed to dispel despair.
13 *lever had I die* I would more gladly die.
14 *carrion* dead or putrefying; also used to refer to the fleshly nature of humanity by St. Paul.
15 *ghastly Owle* bird of ill-omen, commonly associated with death (*Spenser Encycl.*, p. 94a).

34

And all about old stockes and stubs of trees,
Whereon nor fruit, nor leafe was ever seene,
Did hang upon the ragged rocky knees;
On which had many wretched hanged beene,
Whose carcases were scattered on the greene,
And throwne about the cliffs. Arrived there,
That bare-head[1] knight for dread and dolefull teene,
Would faine have fled, ne durst approchen neare,
But th'other forst him stay, and comforted in feare.

35

That darkesome cave they enter, where they find
That cursed man, low sitting on the ground,
Musing full sadly in his sullein[2] mind;
His griesie lockes, long growen, and unbound,
Disordred hong about his shoulders round,
And hid his face; through which his hollow eyne
Lookt deadly dull, and stared as astound;
His raw-bone cheekes through penurie[3] and pine,[4]
Were shronke into his jawes, as he did never dine.[5]

36

His garment nought but many ragged clouts,[6]
With thornes together pind and patched was,
The which his naked sides he wrapt abouts;[7]
And him beside there lay upon the gras
A drearie corse, whose life away did pas,
All wallowed in his owne yet luke-warme blood,
That from his wound yet welled fresh alas;
In which a rustie knife fast fixed stood,
And made an open passage for the gushing flood.

37

Which piteous spectacle, approving trew
The wofull tale that *Trevisan* had told,
When as the gentle *Redcrosse* knight did vew,
With firie zeale[8] he burnt in courage bold,
Him to avenge, before his bloud were cold,
And to the villein said, "Thou damned wight,
The author of this fact, we here behold,
What justice can but judge against thee right,
With thine owne bloud to price his bloud, here shed in sight?"

38

"What franticke[9] fit," quoth he, "hath thus distraught[10]
Thee, foolish man, so rash a doome to give?
What justice ever other judgement taught,
But he should die, who merites not to live?
None else to death this man despayring drive,
But his owne guiltie mind deserving death.
Is then unjust to each his due to give?
Or let him die, that loatheth living breath?
Or let him die at ease, that liveth here uneath?[11]

---

[1] *bare-head* See Trevisan at 22:2.

[2] *sullein* stubborn and gloomy.

[3] *penurie* poverty.

[4] *pine* pain, distress.

[5] *hollow eyne … did never dine* See the description of Redcrosse at I.viii.41.1-3.

[6] *clouts* cloths.

[7] *His garment … wrapt abouts* These lines are highly allusive. When the prophet Jeremiah is lifted out of the well he wears "old rags and worn-out clothes" (Jeremiah 38:11). In the *Aeneid*, Achaemenides, abandoned and in despair, has a garment pinned with thorns (*Aeneid* 3), while in the Old Testament God's curse on Adam after the Fall refers to thorns: "Cursed is the ground because of you; in toil you shall eat of it all the days of your life; thorns and thistles it shall bring forth to you; and you shall eat the plants of the field" (Genesis 3:17-18) (*Hamilton*).

[8] *zeale* fervour, ardour. In predicting the coming of the messiah, Isaiah says, "Of the increase of his government and of peace there will be no end, upon the throne of David, and over his kingdom, to establish it, and to uphold it with justice and with righteousness from this time forth and for evermore. The zeal of the Lord of hosts will do this" (Isaiah 9:7); and St. Paul instructs: "Never flag in zeal, be aglow with the Spirit, serve the Lord" (Romans 12:11). Here Redcrosse's zeal addresses itself to vengeance and earthly justice, rather than to the spirit.

[9] *franticke* mad.

[10] *distraught* confused.

[11] *uneath* uneasily.

39

Who trauels by the wearie wandring way,
To come unto his wished home in haste,
And meetes a flood, that doth his passage stay,
Is not great grace[1] to helpe him over past,
Or free his feet, that in the myre sticke fast?[2]
Most envious man, that grieves at neighbours good,
And fond, that joyest in the woe thou hast,
Why wilt not let him passe, that long hath stood
Upon the banke, yet wilt thy selfe not passe the flood?

40

He there does now enjoy eternall rest
And happie ease, which thou doest want and crave,
And further from it daily wanderest:
What if some litle paine the passage have,
That makes fraile flesh to feare the bitter wave?
Is not short paine well borne, that brings long ease,
And layes the soule to sleepe in quiet grave?
Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life does greatly please."

41

The knight much wondred at his suddeine wit,[3]
And said, "The terme of life is limited,
Ne may a man prolong, nor shorten it;
The souldier may not move from watchfull sted,
Nor leave his stand, untill his Captaine bed."
"Who life did limit by almightie doome,"
Quoth he, "knowes best the termes established;
And he, that points[4] the Centonell his roome,[5]
Doth license him depart at sound of morning droome.[6]

42

Is not his deed, what ever thing is donne,
In heaven and earth? did not he all create
To die againe? all ends that was begonne.
Their times in his eternall booke of fate
Are written sure, and have their certaine date.
Who then can strive with strong necessitie,
That holds the world in his still chaunging state,
Or shunne the death ordaynd by destinie?
When houre of death is come, let none aske whence, nor why.

43

The lenger life, I wote the greater sin,
The greater sin, the greater punishment:
All those great battels, which thou boasts to win,
Through strife, and bloud-shed, and avengement,[7]
Now praysd, hereafter deare thou shalt repent:
For life must life, and bloud must bloud repay.
Is not enough thy evill life forespent?
For he, that once hath missed the right way,
The further he doth goe, the further he doth stray.

44

Then do no further goe, no further stray,
But here lie downe, and to thy rest betake,
Th'ill to prevent, that life ensewen may.[8]
For what hath life, that may it loved make,
And gives not rather cause it to forsake?
Feare, sicknesse, age, losse, labour, sorrow, strife,
Paine, hunger, cold, that makes the hart to quake;
And ever fickle fortune rageth rife,
All which, and thousands mo[9] do make a loathsome life.

---

1 *grace* again, "favour" rather than "divine grace."

2 *flood … myre sticke fast* See Psalm 69:1-2: "Save me O God! For the waters have come up to my neck. I sink in deep mire, where there is no foothold."

3 *suddeine wit* sharp mind.

4 *points* appoints.

5 *roome* office, station.

6 *droome* drum.

7 *avengement* vengeance.

8 *that … may* that will follow or result from living.

9 *mo* more

45

Thou wretched man, of death hast greatest need,
If in true ballance thou wilt weigh thy state;
For never knight, that dared warlike deede,
More lucklesse disaventures did amate:[1]
Witnesse the dongeon deepe, wherein of late
Thy life shut up, for death so oft did call;
And though good lucke prolonged hath thy date,
Yet death then, would the like mishaps forestall,
Into the which hereafter thou maiest happen fall.

46

Why then doest thou, O man of sin, desire
To draw thy dayes forth to their last degree?
Is not the measure of thy sinfull hire[2]
High heaped up with huge iniquitie,[3]
Against the day of wrath, to burden thee?
Is not enough, that to this Ladie milde
Thou falsed hast thy faith with periurie,[4]
And sold thy selfe to serve *Duessa* vilde,[5]
With whom in all abuse thou hast thy selfe defilde?

47

Is not he just, that all this doth behold
From highest heaven, and beares an equall eye?
Shall he thy sins up in his knowledge fold,
And guiltie be of thine impietie?
Is not his law, Let every sinner die:
Die shall all flesh? what then must needs be donne,
Is it not better to doe willinglie,
Then linger, till the glasse[6] be all out ronne?
Death is the end of woes: die soone, O faeries sonne."

48

The knight was much enmoved with his speach,
That as a swords point through his hart did perse,
And in his conscience[7] made a secret breach,
Well knowing true all, that he did reherse,
And to his fresh remembrance did reverse
The ugly vew of his deformed crimes,
That all his manly powres it did disperse,
As he were charmed with inchaunted rimes,
That oftentimes he quakt, and fainted oftentimes.

49

In which amazement, when the Miscreant[8]
Perceived him to waver weake and fraile,
Whiles trembling horror did his conscience dant,[9]
And hellish anguish did his soule assaile,
To drive him to despaire, and quite to quaile,
He shew'd him painted in a table plaine,
The damned ghosts, that doe in torments waile,
And thousand feends that doe them endlesse paine
With fire and brimstone, which for ever shall remaine.

50

The sight whereof so throughly him dismaid,
That nought but death before his eyes he saw,
And ever burning wrath before him laid,
By righteous sentence of th'Almighties law:
Then gan the villein him to overcraw,[10]
And brought unto him swords, ropes, poison, fire,
And all that might him to perdition draw;
And bad him choose, what death he would desire:
For death was due to him, that had provokt Gods ire.

---

1 *amate* daunt and/or match.

2 *sinfull hire* recompense for sin. Romans 6:23 notes: "For the wages of sin is death." However, Despair cuts the allusion off before its conclusion: "but the free gift of God is eternal life in Christ Jesus our Lord."

3 *iniquitie* wickedness.

4 *periurie* deliberately false statement.

5 *vilde* i.e., vile.

6 *glasse* hourglass.

7 *conscience* consciousness, mind.

8 *Miscreant* unbeliever, heretic.

9 *dant* daunt.

10 *overcraw* overpower, exult over.

51

But when as none of them he saw him take,
He to him raught[1] a dagger sharpe and keene,
And gave it him in hand: his hand did quake,
And tremble like a leafe of Aspin greene,
And troubled bloud through his pale face was seene,
To come, and goe with tydings from the hart,
As it a running messenger had beene.
At last resolv'd to worke his finall smart,
He lifted up his hand, that backe againe did start.

52

Which when as *Una* saw, through every vaine
The crudled cold ran to her well of life,[2]
As in a swowne: but soone reliv'd againe,
Out of his hand she snatcht the cursed knife,
And threw it to the ground, enragd rife,
And to him said, "Fie, fie, faint harted knight,
What meanest thou by this reprochfull strife?
Is this the battell, which thou vauntst[3] to fight
With that fire-mouthed Dragon, horrible and bright?

53

Come, come away, fraile, feeble, fleshly wight,[4]
Ne let vaine words bewitch thy manly hart,
Ne divelish thoughts dismay thy constant spright.
In heavenly mercies hast thou not a part?
Why shouldst thou then despeire, that chosen art?[5]
Where justice growes, there grows eke greater grace,
The which doth quench the brond of hellish smart,
And that accurst hand-writing doth deface.
Arise, Sir knight arise, and leave this cursed place."

54

So up he rose, and thence amounted streight.
Which when the carle[6] beheld, and saw his guest
Would safe depart, for all his subtill sleight,
He chose an halter from among the rest,
And with it hung himselfe, unbid unblest.
But death he could not worke himselfe thereby;
For thousand times he so himselfe had drest,
Yet nathelesse it could not doe him die,
Till he should die his last, that is eternally.

Canto X

Her faithfull knight faire Una brings
to house of Holinesse,
Where he is taught repentance, and
the way to heavenly blesse.

1

What man is he, that boasts of fleshly might,
And vaine assurance of mortality,
Which all so soone, as it doth come to fight,
Against spirituall foes, yeelds by and by,
Or from the field most cowardly doth fly?
Ne let the man ascribe it to his skill,
That thorough grace[7] hath gained victory.
If any strength we have, it is to ill,
But all the good is Gods, both power and eke[8] will.

---

[1] *raught* reached.

[2] *well of life* heart, but also the well of salvation: "With joy you will draw water from the wells of salvation" (Isaiah 12:3).

[3] *vauntst* brag, boast.

[4] *fraile, feeble, fleshly wight* allusion to several biblical passages, including, "Watch and pray that you may not enter into temptation; the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak" (Matthew 26:41) and Romans 8:6: "To set the mind on the flesh is death, but to set the mind on the Spirit is life and peace."

[5] *that chosen art* allusion to "but we are bound to give thanks to God always for you, brethren beloved by the Lord, because God chose you from the beginning to be saved through sanctification by the spirit and belief in the truth" (2 Thessalonians 2:13).

[6] *carle* villain.

[7] *grace* See Ephesians 2:8-10: "For by grace you have been saved through faith; and this is not your own doing, it is the gift of God—not because of works, lest any man should boast. For we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus for good works, which God prepared beforehand that we should walk in them."

[8] *eke* also.

2

By that, which lately hapned, *Una* saw,
That this her knight was feeble, and too faint;
And all his sinews woxen weake and raw,
Through long enprisonment, and hard constraint,
Which he endured in his late restraint,
That yet he was unfit for bloudie fight:
Therefore to cherish him with diets daint,[1]
She cast to bring him, where he chearen might,
Till he recovered had his late decayed plight.

3

There was an auntient[2] house not farre away,
Renowmd throughout the world for sacred lore,
And pure unspotted life: so well they say
It governd was, and guided evermore,
Through wisedome of a matrone grave and hore;
Whose onely joy was to relieve the needes
Of wretched soules, and helpe the helpelesse pore:
All night she spent in bidding of her bedes,
And all the day in doing good and godly deedes.[3]

4

Dame *Cælia*[4] men did her call, as thought
From heaven to come, or thither to arise,
The mother of three daughters, well upbrought
In goodly thewes,[5] and godly exercise:
The eldest two most sober, chast, and wise,
Fidelia and *Speranza* virgins were,
Through spousd, yet wanting wedlocks solemnize;
But faire *Charissa*[6] to a lovely fere
Was lincked, and by him had many pledges dere.

5

Arrived there, the dore they find fast lockt;
For it was warely watched night and day,
For feare of many foes: but when they knockt,
The Porter opened unto them streight way:
He was an aged syre, all hory gray,
With lookes full lowly cast, and gate full slow,
Wont on a staffe his feeble steps to stay,
Hight *Humiltá*.[7] They passe in stouping low;
For streight[8] and narrow was the way, which he did show.

6

Each goodly thing is hardest to begin,
But entred in a spacious court they see,
Both plaine, and pleasant to be walked in,
Where them does meete a francklin[9] faire and free,
And entertaines with comely courteous glee,[10]
His name was *Zele*, that him right well became,
For in his speeches and behaviour hee
Did labour lively to expresse the same,
And gladly did them guide, till to the Hall they came.

7

There fairely them receives a gentle Squire,
Of milde demeanure, and rare courtesie,
Right cleanly clad in comely attire;
In word and deede that shew'd great modestie,
And knew his good to all of each degree,
Hight *Reverence*. He them with speeches meet
Does faire entreat; no courting nicetie,[11]
But simple true, and eke unfained sweet,
As might become a Squire so great persons to greet.

---

1 *daint* dainty, delicate.

2 *auntient* venerable, long-established.

3 *bidding of her bedes … good and godly deedes* She balances prayer and good works. Compare this figure to Corceca at I.iii.13.6.

4 *Cælia* meaning, "heavenly one," from the Latin, "caeles" (heavenly).

5 *thewes* customs, habits.

6 *Fidelia … Speranza …Charissa* i.e., faith, hope, and charity. See 1 Corinthians 13:13: "So faith, hope, love abide, these three; but the greatest of these is love."

7 *Humiltá* humility (i.e., "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven" [Matthew 5:3]).

8 *streight* confined.

9 *francklin* landowner (i.e., host).

10 *glee* joy, delight.

11 *courting nicetie* affected attention.

8

And afterwards them to his Dame he leades,
That aged Dame, the Ladie of the place:
Who all this while was busie at her beades:
Which doen, she up arose with seemely grace,
And toward them full matronely[1] did pace.
Where when that fairest *Una* she beheld,
Whom well she knew to spring from heavenly race,
Her hart with joy unwonted inly sweld,
As feeling wondrous comfort in her weaker eld.

9

And her embracing said, "O happie earth,
Whereon thy innocent feet doe ever tread,
Most vertuous virgin borne of heavenly berth,
That to redeeme thy woefull parents head,
From tyrans rage, and ever-dying dread,
Hast wandred through the world now long a day;
Yet ceasest not thy wearie soles to lead,
What grace hath thee now hither brought this way?
Or doen thy feeble feet unweeting hither stray?

10

Strange thing it is an errant knight to see
Here in this place, or any other wight,
That hither turnes his steps. So few there bee,
That chose the narrow path,[2] or seeke the right:
All keepe the broad high way, and take delight
With many rather for to go astray,
And be partakers of their evill plight,
Then with a few to walke the rightest way;[3]
O foolish men, why haste ye to your owne decay?"

11

"Thy selfe to see, and tyred limbs to rest,
O matrone sage," quoth she, "I hither came,
And this good knight his way with me addrest,
Led with thy prayses and broad-blazed fame,
That up to heaven is blowne." The auncient Dame
Him goodly greeted in her modest guise,
And entertaynd them both, as best became,
With all court'sies, that she could devise,
Ne wanted ought, to shew her bounteous or wise.

12

Thus as they gan of sundry things devise,
Loe two most goodly virgins came in place,
Ylinked arme in arme in lovely wise,
With countenance demure, and modest grace,
They numbred even steps and equall pace:
Of which the eldest, that *Fidelia* hight,
Like sunny beames threw from her Christall face,
That could have dazd the rash[4] beholders sight,
And round about her head did shine like heavens light.

13

She was araied all in lilly white,[5]
And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,
With wine and water fild up to the hight,
In which a Serpent did himselfe enfold,
That horrour made to all, that did behold;
But she no whit did chaunge her constant mood:
And in her other hand she fast did hold
A booke,[6] that was both signd and seald with blood,
Wherein darke things were writ, hard to be understood.

14

Her younger sister, that *Speranza* hight,
Was clad in blew,[7] that her beseemed well;
Not all so chearefull seemed she of sight,

[1] *full matronely* with dignity.

[2] *chose the narrow path* See Matthew 7:14: "for the gate is narrow and the way is hard, that leads to life, and those who find it are few."

[3] *rightest way* the path of righteousness (Psalm 23:3).

[4] *rash* hasty, careless.

[5] *lilly white* colour of purity.

[6] *cup of gold … Serpent … booke* The cup with the serpent in it in one hand with the book in the other is typical of representations of St. John the Evangelist. The snake in the cup alludes to an attempt to kill him with poisoned wine, to the brazen serpent held aloft by Moses in the wilderness as a cure for the plague of fiery serpents (Numbers 21:8-9), and to the pagan physician Æsculapius. Combined, these symbolize Christ the Physician. As the first and eldest of the sisters, Fidelia establishes the priority of faith as the basis for good works (*Spenser Encycl.*, p. 126a-b).

[7] *blew* the colour representing the hope "laid up for you in heaven" (Colossians 1:5).

As was her sister; whether dread did dwell,
Or anguish in her hart, is hard to tell:
Upon her arme a silver anchor[1] lay,
Whereon she leaned ever, as befell:
And ever up to heaven, as she did pray,
Her stedfast[2] eyes were bent, ne swarved[3] other way.

15

They seeing *Una*, towards her gan wend,
Who them encounters with like courtesie;
Many kind speeches they betwene them spend,
And greatly joy each other well to see:
Then to the knight with shamefast[4] modestie
They turne themselves, at *Unaes* meeke request,
And him salute with well beseeming[5] glee;
Who faire them quites, as him beseemed best,
And goodly gan discourse of many a noble gest.

16

Then *Una* thus; "But she your sister deare,
The deare *Charissa* where is she become?
Or wants she health, or[6] busie is elsewhere?"
"Ah no," said they, "but forth she may not come:
For she of late is lightned of her wombe,
And hath encreast the world with one sonne more,
That her to see should be but troublesome."
"Indeede," quoth she, "that should her trouble sore,
But thankt be God, and her encrease so evermore."

17

Then said the aged *Cœlia*, "Deare dame,
And you good Sir, I wote that of your toyle,
And labours long, through which ye hither came,
Ye both forwearied be: therefore a whyle
I read you rest, and to your bowres recoyle."[7]
Then called she a Groome,[8] that forth him led
Into a goodly lodge, and gan despoile[9]
Of puissant armes, and laid in easie bed;
His name was meeke *Obedience* rightfully ared.

18

Now when their wearie limbes with kindly rest,
And bodies were refresht with due repast,
Faire *Una* gan *Fidelia* faire request,
To have her knight into her schoolehouse plaste,
That of her heavenly learning he might taste,
And heare the wisedome of her words divine.
She graunted, and that knight so much agraste,[10]
That she him taught celestiall discipline,
And opened his dull eyes, that light mote in them shine.

19

And that her sacred Booke, with bloud ywrit,
That none could read, except she did them teach,
She unto him disclosed every whit,[11]
And heavenly documents thereout did preach,
That weaker wit of man could never reach,
Of God, of grace, of justice, of free will,[12]
That wonder was to heare her goodly speach:
For she was able, with her words to kill,
And raise againe[13] to life the hart, that she did thrill.

20

And when she list poure out her larger spright,
She would commaund the hastie Sunne to stay,

---

1 *silver anchor* See Hebrews 6:18-19: "we who have fled for refuge might have strong encouragement to seize the hope set before us. We have this as a sure and steadfast anchor of the soul, a hope that enters into the inner shrine behind the curtain."

2 *stedfast* firmly fixed.

3 *swarved* deviated.

4 *shamefast* virtuous.

5 *beseeming* seemly, becoming.

6 *Or … or* either … or.

7 *recoyle* retire.

8 *Groome* man-servant.

9 *despoile* strip.

10 *agraste* favoured.

11 *whit* bit.

12 *grace … justice … free will* doctrines accessible only through divine revelation in Scripture (*Spenser Encycl.*, p. 126b).

13 *kill, And raise againe* echoing the death and resurrection of Christ.

Or backward turne his course from heauens
hight;[1]
Sometimes great hostes of men she could
dismay,[2]
Dry-shod to passe, she parts the flouds[3] in
tway;
And eke huge mountaines from their native seat
She would commaund, themselves to beare
away,[4]
And throw in raging sea with roaring threat.
Almightie God her gave such powre, and
puissance great.

21

The faithfull knight now grew in litle space,[5]
By hearing her, and by her sisters lore,
To such perfection of all heavenly grace,
That wretched world he gan for to abhore,
And mortall life gan loath, as thing forlore,[6]
Greev'd with remembrance of his wicked wayes,
And prick't with anguish of his sinnes so sore,
That he desirde to end his wretched dayes:
So much the dart of sinfull guilt the soule
dismayes.

22

But wise *Speranza* gave him comfort sweet,
And taught him how to take assured hold
Upon her silver anchor, as was meet;[7]
Else had his sinnes so great, and manifold
Made him forget all that *Fidelia* told.
In this distressed doubtfull agonie,
When him his dearest *Una* did behold,
Disdeining life, desiring leave to die,
She found her selfe assayld with great perplexitie.

23

And came to *Cœlia* to declare her smart,
Who well acquainted with that commune[8] plight,
Which sinfull horror workes in wounded hart,
Her wisely comforted all that she might,
With goodly counsell and advisement right;
And streightway sent with carefull diligence,
To fetch a Leach, the which had great insight
In that disease of grieved conscience,
And well could cure the same; His name was
Patience.

24

Who comming to that soule-diseased knight,
Could hardly him intreat, to tell his griefe:
Which knowne, and all that noyd[9] his heavie
spright
Well searcht, eftsoones he gan apply reliefe
Of salves and med'cines, which had passing
priefe,
And thereto added words of wondrous might:
By which to ease he him recured[10] briefe,
And much asswag'd the passion of his plight,
That he his paine endur'd, as seeming now more
light.

25

But yet the cause and root of all his ill,
Inward corruption, and infected sin,
Not purg'd nor heald, behind remained still,
And festring sore did rankle yet within,
Close creeping twixt the marrow and the skin.
Which to extirpe,[11] he laid him privily

---

1 *commaund the hastie Sunne … heauens hight* as Joshua commanded the sun to stand still and Isaiah made it go backward (Joshua 10:12-13; 2 Kings 20:9-11).

2 *great hostes of men she could dismay* as Gideon did with his army of three hundred against the Midianites (Judges 7).

3 *she parts the flouds* as Moses led the Israelites through the Red Sea to escape Egypt (Exodus 14:21-28).

4 *huge mountaines … themselves to beare away* See Matthew 17:20-21: "For truly, I say to you, if you have faith as a grain of mustard seed, you will say to this mountain, 'Move from here to there,' and it will move; and nothing will be impossible to you."

5 *now grew in litle space* allusion to a medieval English Advent carol: "There is no rose of such vertu / As is the rose that bare Jesu, / Alleluia. / For in this rose contained was / Heaven and earth in lytle space, / Res miranda." The carol describes the gestation of Jesus, just as Spenser gives an account of Redcrosse's growth in spirit through his education in faith.

6 *forlore* morally lost, depraved, doomed.

7 *meet* suitable, proper.

8 *commune* common.

9 *noyd* troubled.

10 *recured* remedied.

11 *extirpe* root out.

Downe in a darkesome lowly place farre in,
Whereas he meant his corrosives[1] to apply,
And with streight diet tame his stubborne malady.

26

In ashes and sackcloth he did array
His daintie corse, proud humors to abate,
And dieted with fasting every day,
The swelling of his wounds to mitigate,
And made him pray both earely and eke late:
And ever as superfluous flesh did rot
Amendment[2] readie still at hand did wayt,
To pluck it out with pincers firie whot,
That soone in him was left no one corrupted iot.[3]

27

And bitter *Penance* with an yron whip,
Was wont him once to disple every day:
And sharpe *Remorse* his hart did pricke and nip,
That drops of bloud thence like a well did play;
And sad *Repentance*[4] used to embay[5]
His bodie in salt water smarting sore,
The filthy blots of sinne to wash away.[6]
So in short space they did to health restore
The man that would not live, but earst lay at deathes dore.

28

In which his torment often was so great,
That like a Lyon he would cry and rore,
And rend his flesh, and his owne synewes eat.
His owne deare *Una* hearing evermore
His ruefull shriekes and gronings, often tore
Her guiltlesse garments, and her golden heare,
For pitty of his paine and anguish sore;
Yet all with patience wisely she did beare;
For well she wist, his crime could else be never cleare.

29

Whom thus recover'd by wise Patience,
And trew *Repentance* they to *Una* brought:
Who joyous of his cured conscience,
Him dearely kist,[7] and fairely eke besought
Himselfe to chearish,[8] and consuming thought
To put away out of his carefull brest.
By this *Charissa*,[9] late in child-bed brought,
Was woxen strong, and left her fruitfull nest;
To her faire *Una* brought this unacquainted guest.

30

She was a woman in her freshest age,
Of wondrous beauty, and of bountie rare,
With goodly grace and comely personage,
That was on earth not easie to compare;
Full of great love, but *Cupids* wanton snare
As hell she hated, chast in worke and will;
Her necke and breasts were ever open bare,
That ay thereof her babes might sucke their fill;
The rest was all in yellow robes[10] arayed still.

31

A multitude of babes about her hong,
Playing their sports that joyd her to behold,
Whom still she fed, whiles they were weake and young,
But thrust them forth still, as they wexed old:
And on her head she wore a tyre[11] of gold,

---

1 *corrosives* caustic remedies.

2 *Amendment* correction, reformation.

3 *iot* i.e., jot or point, very little bit.

4 *Penance … Remorse … Repentance* the three stages of addressing sin: punishment for the present state of sin, sorrow for sins past, and determination to sin no more (*Hamilton*).

5 *embay* bathe, envelop.

6 *His bodie … wash away* See, for example, Psalm 51:2-3: "Wash me thoroughly from my iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin! For I know my transgressions, and my sin is ever before me." See also Isaiah 1:16.

7 *him dearely kist* allusion to the injunction to "greet one another with the kiss of love" (1 Peter 5.14).

8 *chearish* cheer, encourage.

9 *Charissa* meaning, "love," the virtue most essential to Christian life, for "if I have prophetic powers, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but have not love, I am nothing" (1 Corinthians 13:2).

10 *yellow robes* Hymen, the god of marriage, was traditionally garbed in yellow (Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, Book 10).

11 *tyre* head-dress (i.e., "when the Chief Shepherd is manifested you will obtain the unfading crown of glory" [1 Peter 5:4]).

Adornd with gemmes and owches[1] wondrous faire,
Whose passing price uneath was to be told;
And by her side there sate a gentle paire
Of turtle doves,[2] she sitting in an yvorie chaire.

32

The knight and *Una* entring, faire her greet,
And bid her joy of that her happie brood;
Who them requites with court'sies seeming meet,
And entertaines with friendly chearefull mood.
Then Una her besought, to be so good,
As in her vertuous rules to schoole her knight,
Now after all his torment well withstood,
In that sad house of *Penaunce*, where his spright
Had past the paines of hell, and long enduring night.

33

She was right joyous of her just request,
And taking by the hand that Faeries sonne,
Gan him instruct in every good behest,
Of love, and righteousnesse, and well to donne,
And wrath, and hatred warely to shonne,[3]
That drew on men Gods hatred, and his wrath,
And many soules in dolours[4] had fordonne:
In which when him she well instructed hath,
From thence to heaven she teacheth him the ready path.

34

Wherein his weaker wandring steps to guide,
An auncient matrone she to her does call,
Whose sober lookes her wisedome well descride:
Her name was *Mercie*,[5] well knowne over all,
To be both gratious, and eke liberall:
To whom the carefull charge of him she gave,
To lead aright, that he should never fall
In all his wayes through this wide worldes wave,
That Mercy in the end his righteous soule might save.

35

The godly Matrone[6] by the hand him beares
Forth from her presence, by a narrow way,
Scattred with bushy thornes, and ragged breares,[7]
Which still before him she remov'd away,
That nothing might his ready passage stay:
And ever when his feet encombred[8] were,
Or gan to shrinke, or from the right to stray,
She held him fast, and firmely did upbeare,
As carefull Nourse her child from falling oft does reare.

36

Eftsoones unto an holy Hospitall,[9]
That was fore by the way, she did him bring,
In which seven Bead-men[10] that had vowed all
Their life to service of high heavens king
Did spend their dayes in doing godly thing:
Their gates to all were open evermore,
That by the wearie way were traveiling,
And one sate wayting ever them before,
To call in commers-by, that needy were and pore.

---

[1] *owches* jewels.

[2] *turtle doves* symbols of chaste Venus (i.e., of true love).

[3] *shonne* shun.

[4] *dolours* grief, distress.

[5] *Mercie* See Psalm 145:9: "The Lord is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works."

[6] *Matrone* married woman considered as having expert knowledge in matters of pregnancy and childbirth.

[7] *breares* briars.

[8] *encombred* tangled, hampered.

[9] *Hospitall* a hostel for the reception of pilgrims, travellers, and strangers; also, a charitable institution for the housing and maintenance of the needy.

[10] *seven Bead-men* pensioners paid to pray for the welfare of others. Spenser transforms mechanical prayer into action as the list of good works here originates in the Sermon on the Mount (Matthew 25:34-46): welcoming strangers, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, healing the sick, freeing prisoners. While good works alone cannot ensure salvation, it is necessary for faith to act in the world (*Spenser Encycl.*, pp. 80c-81a).

37

The first of them that eldest was, and best,
Of all the house had charge and governement,
As Guardian and Steward of the rest:
His office was to give entertainement
And lodging, unto all that came, and went:
Not unto such, as could him feast againe,
And double quite, for that he on them spent,
But such, as want of harbour did constraine:
Those for Gods sake his dewty was to entertaine.

38

The second was as Almner[1] of the place,
His office was, the hungry for to feed,
And thirsty give to drinke, a worke of grace:
He feard not once him selfe to be in need,
Ne car'd to hoord for those, whom he did breede:
The grace of God he layd up still in store,
Which as a stocke he left onto his seede;
He had enough, what need him care for more?
And had he lesse, yet some he would give to the pore.

39

The third had of their wardrobe custodie,
In which were not rich tyres, nor garments gay,
The plumes of pride, and wings of vanitie,
But clothes meet to keepe keene could away,
And naked nature seemely to aray;
With which bare wretched wights he dayly clad,
The images of God in earthly clay;[2]
And if that no spare cloths to give he had,
His owne coate he would cut, and it distribute glad.

40

The fourth appointed by his office was,
Poore prisoners to relieve with gratious ayd,
And captives to redeeme with price of bras,[3]
From Turkes and Sarazins, which them had stayd;
And though they faultie were, yet well he wayd,
That God to us forgiveth every howre
Much more then that, why they in bands were layd,
And he that harrowd hell[4] with heavie stowre,
The faultie[5] soules from thence brought to his heavenly bowre.

41

The fift had charge sicke persons to attend,
And comfort those, in point of death which lay;
For them most needeth comfort in the end,
When sin, and hell, and death do most dismay
The feeble soule departing hence away.
All is but lost, that living we bestow,
If not well ended at our dying day.
O man have mind of that last bitter throw;
For as the tree does fall, so lyes it ever low.

42

The sixt had charge of them now being dead,
In seemely sort[6] their corses to engrave,[7]
And deck with dainty flowres their bridall bed,
That to their heavenly spouse both sweet and brave
They might appeare, when he their soules shall save.[8]
The wondrous workemanship of Gods owne mould,
Whose face he made, all beasts to feare, and gave
All in his hand, even dead we honour should.
Ah dearest God me graunt, I dead be not defould.[9]

---

1 *Almner* distributor of alms.

2 *images of God in earthly clay* a reference to God's creation of humanity: "So God created man in his own image, in the image of God he created him; male and female he created them" (Genesis 1:27).

3 *captives to redeeme with price of bras* ransoming prisoners with money.

4 *he that harrowd hell* The popular story of Christ descending to hell and rescuing its inhabitants is found in the apocryphal Gospel of Nicodemus (*Variorum*).

5 *faultie* imperfect.

6 *sort* manner.

7 *engrave* bury, entomb.

8 *And deck … soules shall save* See Revelation 21:2: "And I saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband."

9 *defould* defiled, profaned.

43

The seventh now after death and buriall done,
Had charge the tender Orphans of the dead
And widowes ayd,[1] least they should be undone:[2]
In face of judgement he their right would plead,
Ne ought the powre of mighty men did dread
In their defence, nor would for gold or fee
Be wonne their rightfull causes downe to tread:
And when they stood in most necessitee,
He did supply their want, and gave them ever free.

44

There when the Elfin knight arrived was,
The first and chiefest of the seven, whose care
Was guests to welcome, towardes him did pas:
Where seeing *Mercie*, that his steps up bare,
And alwayes led, to her with reverence rare
He humbly louted[3] in meeke lowlinesse,
And seemely welcome for her did prepare:
For of their order she was Patronesse,
Albe *Charissa* were their chiefest founderesse.

45

There she awhile him stayes, him selfe to rest,
That to the rest more able he might bee:
During which time, in every good behest
And godly worke of Almes and charitee
She him instructed with great industree;
Shortly therein so perfect he became,
That from the first unto the last degree,
His mortall life he learned had to frame
In holy righteousnesse, without rebuke or blame.

46

Thence forward by that painfull way they pas,
Forth to an hill, that was both steepe and hy;
On top whereof a sacred chappell was,
And eke a litle Hermitage[4] thereby,
Wherein an aged holy man did lye,
That day and night said his devotion,
Ne other worldly busines did apply;
His name was heavenly *Contemplation*;[5]
Of God and goodnesse was his meditation.

47

Great grace that old man to him given had;
For God he often saw from heavens hight,
All were his earthly eyen both blunt and bad,
And through great age had lost their kindly sight,
Yet wondrous quick and persant was his spright,
As Eagles eye,[6] that can behold the Sunne:
That hill they scale with all their powre and might,
That his frayle thighes nigh wearie and fordonne
Gan faile, but by her helpe the top at last he wonne.

48

There they do finde that godly aged Sire,
With snowy lockes adowne his shoulders shed,
As hoarie frost with spangles doth attire
The mossy braunches of an Oke halfe ded.
Each bone might through his body well be red,[7]
And every sinew seene through his long fast:
For nought he car'd his carcas long unfed;
His mind was full of spirituall repast,
And pyn'd his flesh, to keepe his body low and chast.[8]

49

Who when these two approching he aspide,
At their first presence grew agrieved sore,
That forst him lay his heavenly thoughts aside;
And had he not that Dame repected more,

---

1 *tender Orphans … widowes ayd* allusion to James 1:27: "Religion that is pure and undefiled before God and the Father is this: to visit orphans and widows in their affliction and to keep oneself unstained from the world."

2 *undone* brought to ruin.

3 *louted* bowed.

4 *Hermitage* Compare Archimago's hermitage at I.i.34.

5 *Contemplation* state of vision (from the Latin "contemplare" or "to see") (*Hamilton*).

6 *Eagles eye* Eagles were thought to strengthen their vision by staring at the sun.

7 *red* read (i.e., seen).

8 *pyn'd his flesh, to keepe his body low and chast* See Romans 8:13: "for if you live according to the flesh you will die, but if by the spirit you put to death the deeds of the body you will live."

Whom highly he did reverence and adore,
He would not once have moved for the knight.
They him saluted standing far afore;
Who well them greeting, humbly did requight,[1]
And asked, to what end they clomb that tedious[2] height.

50

"What end," quoth she, "should cause us take such paine,
But that same end, which every living wight
Should make his marke,[3] high heaven to attaine?
Is not from hence the way, that leadeth right
To that most glorious house, that glistreth bright
With burning starres, and everliving fire,
Whereof the keyes[4] are to thy hand behight[5]
By wise *Fidelia*? she doth thee require,
To shew it to this knight, according his desire."

51

"Thrise happy man," said then the father grave,
"Whose staggering steps thy steady hand doth lead,
And shewes the way, his sinfull soule to save.
Who better can the way to heaven aread,
Then thou thy selfe, that was both borne and bred
In heavenly throne, where thousand Angels shine?[6]
Thou doest the prayers of the righteous sead[7]
Present before the majestie divine,
And his avenging wrath to clemencie incline.

52

Yet since thou bidst, thy pleasure shalbe donne.
Then come thou man of earth,[8] and see the way,
That never yet was seene of Faeries sonne,
That never leads the traveiler astray,
But after labours long, and sad delay,
Brings them to joyous rest and endlesse blis.
But first thou must a season fast and pray,
Till from her bands the spright assoiled[9] is,
And have her strength recur'd from fraile infirmitis."

53

That done, he leads him to the highest Mount;[10]
Such one, as that same mighty man of God,[11]
That bloud-red billowes like a walled front
On either side disparted with his rod,
Till that his army dry-foot through them yod,[12]
Dwelt fortie dayes upon; where writ in stone
With bloudy letters by the hand of God,
The bitter doome of death and balefull mone
He did receive, whiles flashing fire about him shone.

54

Or like that sacred hill,[13] whose head full hie,
Adornd with fruitfull Olives all arownd,
Is, as it were for endlesse memory
Of that deare Lord, who oft thereon was fownd,

---

1 *requight* salute them in return.

2 *tedious* tiring.

3 *marke* goal, target.

4 *keyes* See Matthew 16:19: "I will give you the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and whatever you bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatever you loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven."

5 *behight* granted, delivered.

6 *heavenly throne … Angels shine* See Revelation 5:11: "Then I looked, and I heard around the throne and the living creatures and the elders the voice of many angels, numbering myriads of myriads and thousands of thousands."

7 *righteous sead* the saved.

8 *thou man of earth* meant literally, as Redcrosse will be revealed to be St. George, from "ge" (Greek, "earth") and "ergon" (Greek, "labour") (*Spenser Encycl.*, p. 329c), and with reference to Genesis 2:7: "Then the Lord God formed man of dust from the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living being." A further allusion indicates Redcrosse's transformation: "The first man was from the earth, a man of dust; the second man is from heaven" (1 Corinthians 15:47).

9 *assoiled* absolved, set free.

10 *Mount* introduces a list of a number of mountains linked to vision and revelation.

11 *mighty man of God* Mount Sinai, where Moses spent 40 days and received the tablets of the law containing the ten commandments (Exodus 14:21-2, 24:18).

12 *yod* went.

13 *sacred hill* the Mount of Olives where Jesus retreated and preached the Sermon on the Mount (Matthew 24).

For ever with a flowring girlond crownd:
Or like that pleasaunt Mount,[1] that is for ay
Through famous Poets verse each where renownd,
On which the thrise three learned Ladies play
Their heavenly notes, and make full many a lovely lay.[2]

55

From thence, far off he unto him did shew
A litle path, that was both steepe and long,
Which to a goodly Citie led his vew;
Whose wals and towres were builded high and strong
Of perle and precious stone, that earthly tong
Cannot describe, nor wit of man can tell;
Too high a ditty for my simple song;
The Citie of the great king[3] hight it well,
Wherein eternall peace and happinesse doth dwell.

56

As he thereon stood gazing, he might see
The blessed Angels to and fro descend[4]
From highest heaven, in gladsome companee,
And with great joy into that Citie wend,
As commonly as friend does with his frend.
Whereat he wondred much, and gan enquere,
What stately building durst so high extend
Her loftie towres unto the starry sphere,
And what unknowen nation there empeopled were.

57

"Faire knight," quoth he, "*Hierusalem* that is,
The new *Hierusalem*,[5] that God has built
For those to dwell in, that are chosen his,
His chosen people purg'd from sinfull guilt,
With pretious bloud, which cruelly was spilt
On cursed tree, of that unspotted lam,
That for the sinnes of all the world was kilt:[6]
Now are they Saints all in that Citie sam,[7]
More deare unto their God, then younglings to their dam."

58

"Till now," said then the knight, "I weened well,
That great *Cleopolis*,[8] where I have beene,
In which that fairest *Faerie Queene* doth dwell,
The fairest Citie was, that might be seene;
And that bright towre all built of christall cleene,
Panthea,[9] seemd the brightest thing, that was:
But now by proofe all otherwise I weene;
For this great Citie that does far surpas,
And this bright Angels towre quite dims that towre of glas."[10]

59

"Most trew," then said the holy aged man;
"Yet is *Cleopolis* for earthly frame,
The fairest peece, that eye beholden can:
And well beseemes all knights of noble name,
That covet in th'immortall booke of fame
To be eternized, that same to haunt,
And doen their service to that soveraigne Dame,[11]

---

[1] *pleasaunt Mount* Parnassus, the home of the nine Muses who govern the arts and learning.

[2] *lay* song.

[3] *Citie of the great king* Mount Zion.

[4] *blessed Angels to and fro descend* Jacob's vision in which "he dreamed that there was a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven; and behold, the angels of God were ascending and descending on it!" (Genesis 28:12-13).

[5] *new Hierusalem* See Revelation 21:10-21.

[6] *His chosen people … was kilt* See 1 John 2:2: "and he is the expiation for our sins, and not for ours only but also for the sins of the whole world."

[7] *Now are they Saints all in that Citie sam* allusion to Ephesians 2:19: "So then you are no longer strangers and sojourners, but you are fellow citizens with the saints and members of the household of God."

[8] *Cleopolis* city of glory or earthly fame, identified with London (*Variorum*).

[9] *Panthea* meaning, "All the gods" (i.e., the Greek Pantheon), identified with Westminster Abbey (*Variorum*).

[10] *towre of glas* possibly Windsor Castle, but more likely Elizabeth I's palace at Richmond whose old name was the Palace of Shene (*Variorum*).

[11] *that soveraigne Dame* Gloriana.

That glorie does to them for guerdon[1] graunt:
For she is heavenly borne, and heaven may justly vaunt.[2]

60

And thou faire ymp, sprong out from English race,
How ever now accompted[3] Elfins sonne,
Well worthy doest thy service for her grace,
To aide a virgin desolate foredonne.
But when thou famous victorie hast wonne,
And high emongst all knights hast hong thy shield,
Thenceforth the suit of earthly conquest shonne,
And wash thy hands from guilt of bloudy field:
For bloud can nought but sin, and wars but sorrowes yield.

61

Then seeke this path, that I to thee presage,[4]
Which after all to heaven shall thee send;
Then peaceably thy painefull pilgrimage
To yonder same *Hierusalem* do bend,
Where is for thee ordaind a blessed end:
For thou emongst those Saints, whom thou doest see,
Shalt be a Saint, and thine owne nations frend
And Patrone: thou Saint *George*[5] shalt called bee,
Saint *George* of mery England, the signe of victoree."

62

"Unworthy wretch," quoth he, "of so great grace,
How dare I thinke such glory to attaine?"
"These that have it attaind, were in like cace,"
Quoth he, "as wretched, and liv'd in like paine."
"But deeds of armes must I at last be faine,[6]
And Ladies love to leave so dearely bought?"
"What need of armes, where peace doth ay remaine,"
Said he, "and battailes none are to be fought?
As for loose loves are vaine, and vanish into nought."

63

"O let me not," quoth he, "then turne againe
Backe to the world, whose joyes so fruitlesse are;
But let me here for aye in peace remaine,
Or streight way on that last long voyage fare,
That nothing may my present hope empare."[7]
"That may not be," said he, "ne maist thou yit
Forgo that royall maides bequeathed care,
Who did her cause into thy hand commit,
Till from her cursed foe thou have her freely quit."

64

"Then shall I soone," quoth he, "so God me grace,
Abet[8] that virgins cause disconsolate,
And shortly backe returne unto this place,
To walke this way in Pilgrims poore estate.
But now aread, old father, why of late
Didst thou behight me borne of English blood,

---

1 *guerdon* reward, recompense.

2 *vaunt* boast.

3 *accompted* accounted.

4 *presage* point out, make known.

5 *Saint George* patron saint of England, whose story can be found in Jacopus Voragine's *Golden Legend.* While he became a popular figure like King Arthur or Robin Hood, he was originally an eastern saint who killed a dragon threatening the citizens of Silene, Libya. However, he did so after the citizens indicated their willingness to be baptized by him. Thus he represents a type of Christ as soldier/victor (*Spenser Encycl.*, p. 329c) and encapsulates Redcrosse's transformation from the earthly man to the spiritual man.

6 *faine* well-disposed, content.

7 *empare* impair.

8 *Abet* support, uphold.

Whom all a Faeries sonne doen nominate?"[1]
"That word shall I," said he, "auouchen[2] good,
Sith to thee is unknowne the cradle of thy brood.

65

For well I wote, thou springst from ancient race
Of *Saxon* kings, that have with mightie hand
And many bloudie battailes fought in place
High reard their royall throne in Britane land,
And vanquisht them, unable to withstand:
From thence a Faerie thee unweeting reft,[3]
There as thou slepst in tender swadling band,
And her base Elfin brood there for thee left.
Such men do Chaungelings call, so chaungd by Faeries theft.

66

Thence she thee brought into this Faerie lond,
And in an heaped furrow did thee hyde,
Where thee a Ploughman all unweeting fond,
As he his toylesome teme that way did guyde,
And brought thee up in ploughmans state to byde,
Whereof *Georgos*[4] he thee gave to name;
Till prickt with courage, and thy forces pryde,
To Faery court thou cam'st to seeke for fame,
And prove thy puissant armes, as seemes thee best became."

67

"O holy Sire," quoth he, "how shall I quight[5]
The many favours I with thee have found,
That hast my name and nation red aright,
And taught the way that does to heaven bound?"
This said, adowne he looked to the ground,
To have returnd, but dazed were his eyne,
Through passing brightnesse, which did quite confound
His feeble sence, and too exceeding shyne.
So darke are earthly things compard to things divine.

68

At last whenas himselfe he gan to find,
To *Una* back he cast him to retire;
Who him awaited still with pensive mind.
Great thankes and goodly meed to that good syre,
He thence departing gave for his paines hyre.
So came to *Una*, who him joyd to see,
And after litle rest, gan him desire,
Of her adventure mindfull for to bee.
So leave they take of *Cœlia*, and her daughters three.

Canto XI

The knight with that old Dragon[6] *fights two dayes incessantly: The third him overthrowes, and gayns most glorious victory.*

1

High time now gan it wex for *Una* faire,
To thinke of those her captive Parents[7] deare,
And their forwasted kingdome to repaire:
Whereto whenas they now approched neare,
With hartie[8] words her knight she gan to cheare,
And in her modest manner thus bespake;
"Deare knight, as deare, as ever knight was deare,
That all these sorrowes suffer for my sake,
High heaven behold the tedious toyle, ye for me take.

---

1 *nominate* designate.
2 *auouchen* confirm, vouch for.
3 *reft* taken.
4 *Georgos* For the name's etymology, see I.x.52, note 8. His identity as a labourer links St. George to the title figure of Langland's *Piers Plowman*, a very popular medieval allegory of the ideal Christian life.
5 *quight* repay, requite.
6 *that old Dragon* See Revelation 20:2: "And he seized the dragon, that ancient serpent, who is the Devil and Satan, and bound him for a thousand years."
7 *Parents* Una's parents, thrown out of their ideal kingdom by an invading serpent, are types for Adam and Eve.
8 *hartie* encouraging.

2

Now are we come unto my native soyle,
And to the place, where all our perils dwell;
Here haunts that feend, and does his dayly spoyle,
Therefore henceforth be at your keeping well,
And ever ready for your foeman fell.
The sparke of noble courage now awake,
And strive your excellent selfe to excell;
That shall ye evermore renowmed make,
Above all knights on earth, that batteill undertake.

3

And pointing forth, lo yonder is," said she,
"The brasen towre in which my parents deare
For dread of that huge feend emprisond be,
Whom I from far see on the walles appeare,
Whose sight my feeble soule doth greatly cheare:
And on the top of all I do espye
The watchman wayting tydings glad to heare,
That O my parents might I happily
Unto you bring, to ease you of your misery."

4

With that they heard a roaring hideous sound,
That all the ayre with terrour filled wide,
And seemd uneath to shake the stedfast ground.
Eftsoones that dreadfull Dragon they espide,
Where stretcht he lay upon the sunny side
Of a great hill,[1] himselfe like a great hill.
But all so soone, as he from far descried
Those glistring armes, that heaven with light did fill,
He rousd himselfe full blith,[2] and hastned them untill.[3]

5

Then bad the knight his Lady yede[4] aloofe,[5]
And to an hill her selfe with draw aside,
From whence she might behold that battailes proof
And eke be safe from daunger far descryde:[6]
She him obayd, and turnd a little wyde.
Now O thou sacred Muse,[7] most learned Dame,
Faire ympe of *Phœbus*, and his aged bride,
The Nourse of time, and everlasting fame,
That warlike hands ennoblest with immortall name;

6

O gently come into my feeble brest,
Come gently, but not with that mighty rage,
Wherewith the martiall troupes thou doest infest,[8]
And harts of great Heroës doest enrage,
That nought their kindled courage may aswage,
Soone as thy dreadfull trompe[9] begins to sownd;
The God of warre with his fiers equipage[10]
Thou doest awake, sleepe never he so sownd,
And scared nations doest with horrour sterne astownd.

7

Faire Goddesse lay that furious fit aside,
Till I of warres and bloudy *Mars* do sing,[11]
And Briton fields with Sarazin bloud bedyde,
Twixt that great faery Queene and Paynim king,[12]

---

1 *great hill* Traditionally, Eden is a great hill (*Hamilton*).

2 *blith* cheerful.

3 *untill* to (i.e., hastened to them).

4 *yede* go.

5 *aloofe* away, at a distance.

6 *descryde* observed, seen.

7 *sacred Muse* Clio, the Muse of history, here identified as the daughter of Apollo and Mnemonsyne, the goddess of memory. This new invocation heralds the Redcrosse Knight's most significant battle.

8 *infest* attack, assail.

9 *trompe* trumpet.

10 *equipage* equipment.

11 *Till … sing* adaptation of Virgil's "arma virumque cano" ("I sing of arms and a man") that opens the *Aeneid*.

12 *great faery Queene and Paynim king* Elizabeth I and the Roman Catholic Philip II of Spain (*Hamilton*).

That with their horrour heaven and earth did ring,
A worke of labour long, and endlesse prayse:
But now a while let downe that haughtie string,[1]
And to my tunes thy second tenor[2] rayse,
That I this man of God his godly armes may blaze.

8

By this the dreadfull Beast drew nigh to hand,
Halfe flying, and halfe footing in his hast,
That with his largenesse measured much land,
And made wide shadow under his huge wast;
As mountaine doth the valley overcast.
Approching nigh, he reared high afore
His body monstrous, horrible, and vast,
Which to increase his wondrous greatnesse more,
Was swolne, with wrath, and poyson, and with bloudy gore.

9

And over, all with brasen[3] scales was armd,
Like plated coate of steele, so couched neare,
That nought mote perce, ne might his corse be harmd
With dint of sword, nor push of pointed speare;[4]
Which as an Eagle, seeing pray appeare,
His aery plumes doth rouze, full rudely dight,
So shaked he, that horrour was to heare,
For as the clashing of an Armour bright,
Such noyse his rouzed scales did send unto the knight.

10

His flaggy[5] wings when forth he did display,
Were like two sayles, in which the hollow wynd
Is gathered full, and worketh speedy way:
And eke the pennes,[6] that did his pineons[7] bynd,
Were like mayne-yards,[8] with flying canvas lynd,
With which whenas him list the ayre to beat,
And there by force unwonted passage find,
The cloudes before him fled for terrour great,
And all the heavens stood still amazed with his threat.

11

His huge long tayle[9] wound up un hundred foldes,
Does overspred his long bras-scaly backe,
Whose wreathed boughts[10] when ever he unfoldes,
And thicke entangled knots adown does slacke,
Bespotted as with shields of red and blacke,
It sweepeth all the land behind him farre,
And of three furlongs[11] does but litle lacke;
And at the point two stings in-fixed arre,
Both deadly sharpe, that sharpest steele exceeden farre.

12

But stings and sharpest steele did far exceed
The sharpnesse of his cruell rending clawes;
Dead was it sure, as sure as death in deed,
What ever thing does touch his ravenous pawes,
Or what within his reach he ever drawes.
But his most hideous head my toung to tell
Does tremble: for his deepe devouring jawes

---

1 *let downe that haughtie string* loosen the high-pitched string to lower the pitch.

2 *second tenor* lower strain or pitch.

3 *brasen* brassy.

4 *Like plated … pointed speare* The dragon looks like Leviathan: "His back is made of rows of shields, shut up closely as with a seal. One is so near to another that no air can come between them. They are joined one to another; they clasp each other and cannot be separated" (Job 41:15-17).

5 *flaggy* drooping, pendulous.

6 *pennes* feathers.

7 *pineons* shafts of the feathers.

8 *mayne-yards* yard arms.

9 *huge long tayle* The "great red dragon" of Revelation has a tail that "swept down a third of the stars in heaven, and cast them to the earth" (12:3-4).

10 *boughts* coils, folds.

11 *three furlongs* three eighths of a mile.

Wide gaped, like the griesly mouth of hell,[1]
Through which into his darke abisse all ravin[2] fell.

13

And that more wondrous was, in either jaw
Three ranckes of yron teeth[3] enraunged were,
In which yet trickling bloud and gobbets raw
Of late devoured bodies did appeare,
That sight thereof bred cold congealed feare:
Which to increase, and all atonce to kill,
A cloud of smoothering smoke and sulphur seare
Out of his stinking gorge forth steemed still,
That all the ayre about with smoke and stench did fill.

14

His blazing eyes, like two bright shining shields,
Did burne with wrath, and sparkled living fyre;
As two broad Beacons, set in open fields,
Send forth their flames farre off to every shyre,[4]
And warning give, that enemies conspyre,
With fire and sword the region to invade;
So flam'd his eyne with rage and rancorous yre:
But farre within, as in a hollow glade,
Those glaring lampes were set, that made a dreadfull shade.

15

So dreadfully he towards him did pas,[5]
Forelifting up aloft his speckled brest,
And often bounding on the brused gras,
As for great joyance of his newcome guest.
Eftsoones he gan advaunce his haughtie crest,
As chauffed Bore[6] his bristles doth upreare,
And shoke his scales to battell readie drest;
That made the *Redcrosse* knight nigh quake for feare,
As bidding bold defiance to his foeman neare.

16

The knight gan fairely couch his steadie speare,
And fiercely ran at him with rigorous might:
The pointed steele arriving rudely theare,[7]
His harder hide would neither perce, nor bight,
But glauncing by forth passed forward right;
Yet sore amoved with so puissant push,
The wrathfull beast about him turned light,
And him so rudely passing by, did brush
With his long tayle, that horse and man to ground did rush.

17

Both horse and man up lightly rose againe,
And fresh encounter towards him addrest:
But th'idle stroke yet backe recoyld in vaine,
And found no place his deadly point to rest.
Exceeding rage enflam'd the furious beast,
To be avenged of so great despight;
For never felt his imperceable brest
So wondrous force, from hand of living wight;
Yet had he prov'd the powre of many a puissant knight.

18

Then with his waving wings displayed wyde,
Himselfe up high he lifted from the ground,
And with strong flight did forcibly divide[8]
The yielding aire, which nigh too feeble found
Her flitting partes, and element unsound,[9]
To beare so great a weight: he cutting way
With his broad sayles, about him soared round:
At last low stouping with unweldie sway,[10]
Snatcht up both horse and man, to beare them quite away.

---

[1] *griesly mouth of hell* Traditionally, in medieval mystery plays for example, hellmouth is represented as the gaping mouth of a fish or dragon (*Variorum*).

[2] *ravin* plunder, prey.

[3] *Three ranckes of yron teeth* See the description of Leviathan (Job 41:14) and the beast in Daniel's vision: "and it had great iron teeth" (Daniel 7:7).

[4] *shyre* region (county).

[5] *pas* pace.

[6] *chauffed Bore* When a wild boar is cornered, it mounts a last enraged charge at the hunters.

[7] *theare* there.

[8] *divide* pass through.

[9] *unsound* lacking solidity.

[10] *unweldie sway* massive force.

19

Long he them bore above the subject plaine,
So farre as Ewghen bow[1] a shaft may send,
Till struggling strong did him at last constraine,
To let them downe before his flightes end:
As hagard[2] hauke presuming to contend
With hardie fowle, above his hable might,[3]
His wearie pounces all in vaine doth spend,
To trusse[4] the pray too heavie for his flight;
Which comming downe to ground, does free it selfe by fight.

20

He so desseized[5] of his gryping grosse,[6]
The knight his thrillant[7] speare againe assayd
In his bras-plated body to embosse,
And three mens strength unto the stroke he layd;
Wherewith the stiffe beame quaked, as affrayd,
And glauncing from his scaly necke, did glyde
Close under his left wing, then broad displayd.
The percing steele there wrought a wound full wyde,
That with the uncouth smart the Monster lowdly cryde.

21

He cryde, as raging seas are wont to rore,
When wintry storme his wrathfull wreck does threat,
The rolling billowes beat the ragged shore,
As they the earth would shoulder from her seat,
And greedie gulfe does gape, as he would eat
His neighbour element[8] in his revenge:
Then gin the blustring brethen boldly threat,
To move the world from off his stedfast henge,[9]
And boystrous battell make, each other to avenge.

22

The steely head stucke fast still in his flesh,
Till with his cruell clawes he snatcht the wood,
And quite a sunder broke. Forth flowed fresh
A gushing river of blacke goarie blood,
That drowned all the land, whereon he stood;
The streame thereof would drive a water-mill.
Trebly augmented was his furious mood
With bitter sense of his deepe rooted ill,
That flames of fire he threw forth from his large nose thrill.[10]

23

His hideous tayle then hurled he about,
And therewith all enwrapt the nimble thyes
Of his froth-fomy steed, whose courage stout
Striving to loose the knot, that fast him tyes,
Himselfe in streighter[11] bandes too rash implyes,[12]
That to the ground he is perforce constraynd
To throw his rider: who can quickly ryse
From off the earth, with durty bloud distaynd,
For that reprochfull fall right fowly he disdaynd.

24

And fiercely tooke his trenchand[13] blade in hand,
With which he stroke so furious and so fell,
That nothing seemd the puissance could withstand:
Upon his crest the hardned yron fell,
But his more hardned crest was armd so well,
That deeper dint therein it would not make;
Yet so extremely did the buffe[14] him quell,
That from thenceforth he shund the like to take,
But when he saw them come, he did them still forsake.

---

1 *Ewghen bow* bow made of yew, a strong wood that is also a symbol of sadness.
2 *hagard* untamed hawk.
3 *hable might* proper power or strength.
4 *trusse* carry away.
5 *desseized* dispossessed, a legal term (*Hamilton*).
6 *gryping grosse* rough grasping.
7 *thrillant* piercing.
8 *neighbour element* i.e., the earth.
9 *henge* axis.
10 *nose thrill* nostril.
11 *streighter* narrower, tighter.
12 *implyes* entangles.
13 *trenchand* sharp.
14 *buffe* stroke, blow.

25

The knight was wrath to see his stroke beguyld,
And smote againe with more outrageous might;
But backe againe the sparckling steele recoyld,
And left not any marke, where it did light;
As if in Adamant rocke it had bene pight.[1]
The beast impatient of his smarting wound,
And of so fierce and forcible despight,[2]
Thought with his wings to stye[3] above the ground;
But his late wounded wing unserviceable found.

26

Then full of griefe and anguish vehement,
He lowdly brayd, that like was never heard,
And from his wide devouring oven sent
A flake of fire, that flashing in his beard,
Him all amazd, and almost made affeard:
The scorching flame sore swinged all his face,
And through his armour all his bodie seard,
That he could not endure so cruell cace,
But thought his armes to leave, and helmet to unlace.

27

Not that great Champion[4] of the antique world,
Whom famous Poetes verse so much doth vaunt,
And hath for twelve huge labours high extold,
So many furies and sharpe fits did haunt,
When him the poysoned garment did enchaunt
With *Centaures* bloud, and bloudie verses charm'd,
As did this knight twelve thousand dolours daunt,
Whom fyrie steele now burnt, that earst him arm'd,
That erst him goodly arm'd, now most of all him harm'd.

28

Faint, wearie, sore, emboyled, grieved, brent
With heat, toyle, wounds, armes, smart, and inward fire
That never man such mischiefes did torment;
Death better were, death did he oft desire,
But death will never come, when needes require.
Whom so dismayd when that his foe beheld,
He cast to suffer him no more respire,
But gan his sturdie sterne about to weld,
And him so strongly stroke, that to the ground him feld.

29

If fortuned (as faire it then befell)
Behind his backe unweeting, where he stood,
Of auncient time there was a springing well,
From which fast trickled forth a silver flood,
Full of great vertues, and for med'cine good.
Whylome,[5] before that cursed Dragon got
That happie land, and all with innocent blood
Defyld those sacred waves, it rightly hot
The well of life,[6] ne yet his vertues had forgot.

30

For unto life the dead it could restore,[7]
And guilt of sinfull crimes cleane wash away,
Those that with sicknesse were infected sore,
It could recure, and aged long decay
Renew, as one were borne that very day.
Both *Silo*[8] this, and *Jordan*[9] did excell,
And th'English *Bath*,[10] and eke the german *Spau*,[11]

---

1 *pight* thrust.

2 *despight* injury.

3 *stye* ascend.

4 *great Champion* Hercules, whose wife gave him a poisoned shirt, thinking the poison was a love potion, after he returned home with a second wife. It killed him and she later killed herself (*Dict. Gods and Mortals*).

5 *Whylome* at one time.

6 *The well of life* See John 4:14: "Whoever drinks of the water I shall give him will never thirst; the water that I shall give him will become in him a spring of water welling up to eternal life."

7 *unto life the dead it could restore* See John 3:5: "Unless one is born of water and the Spirit, he cannot enter the kingdom of God."

8 *Silo* Siloam, a pool of healing water.

9 *Jordan* the river in which Naaman's leprosy was cured (2 Kings 5:10) and in which Jesus was baptized by John (Matthew 3:16).

10 *Bath* a city in England with a number of natural hot springs, reputedly of therapeutic value.

11 *Spau* a curative mineral spring in Belgium.

Ne can *Cephise*,[1] nor *Hebrus*[2] match this well:
Into the same the knight backe overthrowen, fell.

31

Now gan the golden *Phœbus* for to steepe
His fierie face in billowes of the west,
And his faint steedes watred in Ocean deepe,
Whiles from their journall labours they did rest,
When that infernall Monster, having kest[3]
His wearie foe into that living well,
Can high advaunce his broad discoloured brest,
Above his wonted pitch,[4] with countenance fell,[5]
And clapt his yron wings, as victor he did dwell.

32

Which when his pensive Ladie saw from farre,
Great woe and sorrow did her soule assay,
As weening that the sad end of the warre,
And gan to highest God entirely pray,
That feared chance from her to turne away;
With folded hands and knees full lowly bent
All night she watcht, ne once adowne would lay
Her daintie limbs in her sad dreriment,
But praying still did wake,[6] and waking did lament.

33

The morrow next gan early to appeare,
That *Titan*[7] rose to runne his daily race;
But early ere the morrow next gan reare
Out of the sea faire *Titans* deawy face,
Up rose the gentle virgin from her place,
And looked all about, if she might spy
Her loved knight to move his manly pace:
For she had great doubt of his safety,
Since late she saw him fall before his enemy.

34

At last she saw, where he upstarted brave
Out of the well, wherein he drenched lay;
As Eagle[8] fresh out of the Ocean wave,
Where he hath left his plumes all hoary gray,
And deckt himselfe with feathers youthly gay,
Like Eyas hauke[9] up mounts unto the skies,
His newly budded pineons to assay,
And marveiles at himselfe, still as he flies:
So new the new-borne knight to battell new did rise.

35

Whom when the damned feend so fresh did spy,
No wonder if he wondred at the sight,
And doubted, whether his late enemy
It were, or other new supplied knight.
He, now to prove his late renewed might,
High brandishing his bright deaw-burning[10] blade,
Upon his crested scalpe so sore did smite,
That to the scull a yawning wound it made:
The deadly dint his dulled senses all dismaid.

36

I wote not, whether the revenging steele
Were hardned with that holy water dew,
Wherein he fell, or sharper edge did feele,
Or his baptized hands now greater grew;
Or other secret vertue did ensew;
Else never could the force of fleshly arme,
Ne molten mettall in his bloud embrew:
For till that stownd could never wight him harme,
By subtilty, nor slight, nor might, nor mighty charme.

---

[1] *Cephise* a river in Boetia, on whose banks stood the temple to Themis (*OCD*).

[2] *Hebrus* a river in Thrace, into which the head of Orpheus was thrown by the Bacchantes after they tore him to bits (*OCD*).

[3] *kest* cast.

[4] *pitch* height.

[5] *fell* fierce, savage.

[6] *All night … did wake* See Matthew 26:41: "Watch and pray that you may not enter into temptation; the spirit is indeed willing, but the flesh is weak."

[7] *Titan* the sun.

[8] *Eagle* See Psalm 103:5: "Your youth is renewed like an eagle." It was believed that every ten years the eagle soars into the sun and then plunges into the sea to moult the old feathers and acquire new ones (*Variorum*).

[9] *Eyas hauke* young, untamed hawk.

[10] *deaw-burning* shining with water.

37

The cruell wound enraged him so sore,
That loud he yelded for exceeding paine;
As hundred ramping Lyons seem'd to rore,
Whom ravenous hunger did thereto constraine:
Then gan he tosse aloft his stretched traine,
And therewith scourge the buxome[1] aire so sore,
That to his force to yeelden it was faine;
Ne ought his sturdie strokes might stand afore,
That high trees overthrew, and rocks in peeces tore.

38

The same advauncing high above his head,
With sharpe intended[2] sting so rude him smot,[3]
That to the earth him drove, as stricken dead,
Ne living wight would have him life behot:[4]
The mortall sting his angry needle shot
Quite through his shield, and in his shoulder seasd,[5]
Where fast it stucke, ne would there out be got:
The griefe thereof him wondrous sore diseasd,
Ne might his ranckling paine with patience be appeasd.

39

But yet more mindfull of his honour deare,
Then of the grievous smart, which him did wring,
From loathed soile he can him lightly reare,
And strove to loose the farre infixed sting:
Which when in vaine he tryde with struggeling,
Inflam'd with wrath, his raging blade he heft,
And strooke so strongly, that the knotty string
Of his huge taile he quite a sunder cleft,
Five joynts thereof he hewd, and but the stump him left.

40

Hart cannot thinke, what outrage, and what cryes,
With foule enfouldred[6] smoake and flashing fire,
The hell-bred beast threw forth into the skyes,
That all was covered with darknesse dire:
Then fraught with rancour, and engorgd ire,
He cast at once him to avenge for all,
And gathering up himselfe out of the mire,
With his uneven wings did fiercely fall
Upon his sunne-bright shield, and gript it fast withall.

41

Much was the man encombred with his hold,
In feare to lose his weapon in his paw,
Ne wist yet, how his talents to unfold;
Nor harder was from *Cerberus* greedie jaw
To plucke a bone, then from his cruell claw
To reave[7] by strength the griped gage[8] away:
Thrise he assayd it from his foot to draw,
And thrise in vaine to draw it did assay,
It booted nought to thinke, to robbe him of his pray.

42

Tho when he saw no power might prevaile,
His trustie sword he cald to his last aid,
Wherewith he fiercely did his foe assaile,
And double blowes about him stoutly laid,
That glauncing fire out of the yron plaid;
As sparckles from the Andvile[9] use to fly,
When heavie hammers on the wedge are swaid;
Therewith at last he forst him to unty
One of his grasping feete, him to defend thereby.

43

The other foot, fast fixed on his shield,
Whenas no strength, nor stroks mote him constraine

---

1 *buxome* unresisting.
2 *intended* outstretched, extended.
3 *smot* smote.
4 *behot* promised, warranted.
5 *seasd* fixed.
6 *enfouldred* black as a thundercloud.
7 *reave* steal, rob.
8 *gage* pawn, pledge over which they fight.
9 *Andvile* anvil.

To loose, ne yet the warlike pledge to yield,
He smot thereat with all his might and maine,
That nought so wondrous puissance might sustaine;
Upon the joynt the lucky steele did light,
And made such way, that hewd it quite in twaine;
The paw yet missed not his minisht might,
But hong still on the shield, as it first was pight.

44

For griefe thereof, and divelish despight,
From his infernall fournace forth he threw
Huge flames, that dimmed all the heavens light,
Enrold in duskish smoke and brimstone blew;
As burning *Aetna*[1] from his boyling stew
Doth belch out flames, and rockes in peeces broke,
And ragged ribs of mountaines molten new,
Enwrapt in coleblacke clouds and filthy smoke,
That all the land with stench, and heaven with horror choke.

45

The heate whereof, and harmefull pestilence
So sore him noyd, that forst him to retire
A little backward for his best defence,
To save his bodie from the scorching fire,
Which he from hellish entrailes did expire.
It chaunst (eternall God that chaunce did guide)
As he recoyled backward, in the mire
His nigh forwearied feeble feet did slide,
And downe he fell, with dread of shame sore terrifide.

46

There grew a goodly tree[2] him faire beside,
Loaden with fruit and apples rosie red,
As they in pure vermilion[3] had beene dide,
Whereof great vertues over all were red:
For happie life to all, which thereon fed,
And life eke everlasting did befall:
Great God it planted in that blessed sted
With his almightie hand, and did it call
The tree of life,[4] the crime of our first fathers fall.

47

In all the world like was not to be found,
Save in that soile, where all good things did grow,
And freely sprong out of the fruitfull ground,
As incorrupted Nature did them sow,
Till that dread Dragon all did overthrow.
Another like faire tree eke grew thereby,
Whereof who so did eat, eftsoones did kno
Both good and ill: O mornefull memory:
That tree through one mans fault hath doen us all to dy.

48

From that first tree forth flowd, as from a well,
A trickling streame of Balme,[5] most soveraine
And daintie deare, which on the ground still fell,
And overflowed all the fertill plaine,
As it had deawed bene with timely raine:
Life and long health that gratious ointment gave,
And deadly woundes could heale, and reare againe
The senselesse corse appointed for the grave.
Into that same he fell: which did from death him save.

49

For nigh thereto the ever damned beast
Durst not approch, for he was deadly made,
And all that life preservd, did detest:
Yet he it oft adventur'd to invade.
By this the drouping day-light gan to fade,
And yeeld his roome to sad succeeding night,

---

[1] *Aetna* volcano in Italy, allusion to Virgil, *Aeneid* 3.5716-17 (*Variorum*).

[2] *a goodly tree* allusion to Revelation 2:7: "To him who conquers I will grant to eat of the tree of life, which is in the paradise of God" (i.e., in Eden).

[3] *vermilion* bright red.

[4] *tree of life* Because Adam and Eve had already eaten from the Tree of Knowledge, God cast them out of the garden to keep them from also eating from the Tree of Life, which grants eternal life. See Genesis 3:22-23.

[5] *Balme* healing ointment.

Who with her sable mantle gan to shade
The face of earth, and wayes of living wight,
And high her burning torch set up in heaven bright.

50

When gentle *Una* saw the second fall[1]
Of her deare knight, who wearie of long fight,
And faint through losse of bloud, mov'd not at all,
But lay as in a dreame of deepe delight,
Besmeard with pretious Balme,[2] whose virtuous might
Did heale his wounds, and scorching heat alay,
Againe she stricken was with sore affright,
And for his safetie gan devoutly pray;
And watch the noyous night, and wait for joyous day.

51

The joyous day gan early to appeare,
And faire *Aurora*[3] from the deawy bed
Of aged *Tithone* gan her selfe to reare,
With rosie cheekes, for shame as blushing red;
Her golden lockes for haste were loosely shed
About her eares, when Una her did marke
Clymbe to her charet, all with flowers spred,
From heaven high to chase the chearelesse darke;
With merry note her loud salutes the mounting larke.

52

Then freshly up arose the doughtie[4] knight,
All healed of his hurts and woundes wide,
And did himselfe to battell readie dight;[5]
Whose early foe awaiting him beside
To have devourd, so soone as day he spyde,
When now he saw himselfe so freshly reare,
As if late fight had nought him damnifyde,[6]
He woxe dismayd, and gan his fate to feare;
Nathlesse with wonted rage he him advaunced neare.

53

And in his first encounter, gaping wide,
He thought attonce him to have swallowd quight,
And rusht upon him with outragious pride;
Who him r'encountring fierce, as hauke in flight,
Perforce rebutted backe. The weapon bright
Taking advantage of his open jaw,
Ran through his mouth with so importune[7] might,
That deepe emperst his darksome hollow maw,
And back retyrd, his life bloud forth with all did draw.

54

So downe he fell, and forth his life did breath,
That vanisht into smoke and cloudes swift;
So downe he fell,[8] that th'earth him underneath
Did grone, as feeble so great load to lift;
So downe he fell, as an huge rockie clift,
Whose false foundation waves have washt away,
With dreadfull poyse is from the mayneland rift,
And rolling downe, great *Neptune* doth dismay;
So downe he fell, and like an heaped mountaine lay.

55

The knight himselfe even trembled at his fall,
So huge and horrible a masse it seem'd;
And his deare Ladie, that beheld it all,
Durst not approch for dread, which she misdeem'd,

---

1 *second fall* See Revelation 2:11: "He who has an ear, let him hear what the Spirit says to the churches. He who conquers shall not be hurt by the second death."

2 *pretious Balme* See Revelation 22:2: "... the tree of life with its twelve kinds of fruit, yielding its fruit each month; and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations."

3 *Aurora* dawn; see *Odyssey*, Book 5.

4 *doughtie* valiant, brave.

5 *dight* prepare, equip.

6 *damnifyde* injured.

7 *importune* grievous, heavy.

8 *So downe he fell … So downe he fell* See Revelation 14:8: "Fallen, fallen is Babylon the great, she who made all nations drink the wine of her impure passion."

But yet at last, when as the direfull feend
She saw not stirre, off-shaking vaine affright,
She nigher drew, and saw that joyous end:
Then God she praysd, and thankt her faithfull knight,
That had atchiev'd so great a conquest by his might.

Canto XII

Faire Una to the Redcrosse knight
betrouthed is with joy:
Though false Duessa it to barre
her false sleights[1] *doe imploy.*

1

Behold I see the haven nigh at hand,
To which I meane my wearie course to bend;
Vere[2] the maine shete,[3] and beare up with the land,
The which afore is fairely to be kend,
And seemeth safe from stormes, that may offend;
There this faire virgin wearie of her way
Must landed be, now at her journeys end:
There eke my feeble barke[4] a while may stay,
Till merry wind and weather call her thence away.

2

Scarsely had *Phœbus* in the glooming East
Yet harnessed his firie-footed teeme,
Ne reard above the earth his flaming creast,
When the last deadly smoke aloft did steeme,
That signe of last outbreathed life did seeme,
Unto the watchman on the castle wall;
Who thereby dead that balefull Beast did deeme,
And to his Lord and Ladie lowd gan call,
To tell, how he had seene the Dragons fatall fall.

3

Uprose with hastie joy, and feeble speed
That aged Sire, the Lord of all that land,
And looked forth, to weet, if true indeede
Those tydings were, as he did understand,
Which whenas true by tryall he out fond,
He bad to open wyde his brazen gate,
Which long time had bene shut, and out of hond
Proclaymed joy and peace through all his state;
For dead now was their foe, which them forrayed[5] late.

4

Then gan triumphant Trompets sound on hie,
That sent to heaven the ecchoed report
Of their new joy, and happie victorie
Gainst him, that had them long opprest with tort,[6]
And fast imprisoned in sieged fort.
Then all the people, as in solemne feast,
To him assembled with one full consort,[7]
Rejoycing at the fall of that great beast,
From whose eternall bondage now they were releast.

5

Forth came that auncient Lord and aged Queene,
Arayd in antique robes downe to the ground,
And sad habiliments[8] right well beseene;
A noble crew about them waited round
Of sage and sober Peres, all gravely gownd;
Whom farre before did march a goodly band
Of tall young men, all hable armes to sownd,
But now they laurell[9] braunches bore in hand;
Glad signe of victorie and peace in all their land.

6

Unto that doughtie Conquerour they came,
And him before themselves prostrating low,
Their Lord and Patrone loud did him proclame,

---

1 *sleights* tricks, deceits.
2 *Vere* let out a sail so that it holds less wind (*Hamilton*).
3 *maine shete* main sail.
4 *barke* small ship.
5 *forrayed* raided, pillaged.
6 *tort* wrong, injury.
7 *consort* accord, with the musical connotation of "ensemble."
8 *habiliments* attire, clothes.
9 *laurell* emblem of victory.

And at his feet their laurell boughes did throw.[1]
Soone after them all dauncing on a row
The comely virgins came, with girlands dight,
As fresh as flowres in medow greene do grow,
When morning deaw upon their leaves doth light:
And in their hands sweet Timbrels[2] all upheld on hight.

7

And them before, the fry[3] of children young
Their wanton sports and childish mirth did play,
And to the Maydens sounding tymbrels sung
In well attuned notes, a joyous lay,
And made delightfull musicke all the way,
Untill they came, where that faire virgin[4] stood;
As faire *Diana* in fresh sommers day
Beholds her Nymphes, enraung'd in shadie wood,
Some wrestle, some do run, some bathe in christall flood.

8

So she beheld those maydens meriment
With chearefull vew; who when to her they came,
Themselves to ground with gratious humblesse bent,
And her ador'd by honorable name,
Lifting to heaven her everlasting fame:
Then on her head they set a girland[5] greene,
And crowned her twixt earnest and twixt game;
Who in her selfe-resemblance well beseene,
Did seeme such, as she was, a goodly maiden Queene.

9

And after, all the raskall many ran,
Heaped together in rude rablement,
To see the face of that victorious man:
Whom all admired, as from heaven sent,
And gazd upon with gaping wonderment.
But when they came, where that dead Dragon lay,
Stretcht on the ground in monstrous large extent,
The sight with idle feare did them dismay,
Ne durst approch him nigh, to touch, or once assay.[6]

10

Some feard, and fled; some feard and well it faynd;
One that would wiser seeme, then all the rest,
Warnd him not touch, for yet perhaps remaynd
Some lingring life within his hollow brest,
Or in his wombe might lurke some hidden nest
Of many Dragonets,[7] his fruitfull seed;
Another said, that in his eyes did rest
Yet sparckling fire, and bad thereof take heed;
Another said, he saw him move his eyes indeed.

11

One mother, when as her foolehardie child
Did come too neare, and with his talants play,
Halfe dead through feare, her litle babe revyld,
And to her gossips gan in counsell say;
How can I tell, but that his talants may
Yet scratch my sonne, or rend his tender hand?
So diversly themselves in vaine they fray;
Whiles some more bold, to measure him nigh stand,
To prove how many acres he did spread of land.

12

Thus flocked all the folke him round about,
The whiles that hoarie king, with all his traine,
Being arrived, where that champion stout

---

1 *And him before … laurell boughes did throw* allusion to John 12:12-13: "The next day a great crowd who had come to the feast heard that Jesus was coming to Jerusalem. So they took branches of palm trees and went out to meet him, crying, 'Hosanna! Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord, even the King of Israel!'"

2 *Timbrels* tambourines.

3 *fry* swarm, crowd (of the young).

4 *that faire virgin* Una.

5 *girland* garland.

6 *But when they came … or once assay* See Virgil, *Aeneid* Book 8, where a monster is killed by Hercules, also Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, Book 8 where a crowd avoids the slain Caledonian boar (*Variorum*).

7 *Dragonets* young dragons.

After his foes defeasance[1] did remaine,
His goodly greetes, and faire does entertaine,
With princely gifts of yvorie and gold,[2]
And thousand thankes him yeelds for all his paine.
Then when his daughter deare he does behold,
Her dearely doth imbrace, and kisseth manifold.

13

And after to his Pallace he them brings,
With shaumes,[3] and trompets, and with Clarions[4] sweet;
And all the way the joyous people sings,[5]
And with their garments strowes the paved street:[6]
Whence mounting up, they find purveyance[7] meet
Of all, that royall Princes court became,
And all the floore was underneath their feet
Bespred with costly scarlot of great name,
On which they lowly sit, and fitting purpose frame.

14

What needs me tell their feast and goodly guize,
In which was nothing riotous nor vaine?
What needs of daintie dishes to devize,
Of comely services, or courtly trayne?
My narrow leaves cannot in them containe
The large discourse of royall Princes state.
Yet was their manner then but bare and plaine:
For th'antique world excesse and pride did hate;
Such proud luxurious pompe is swollen up but late.

15

Then when with meates and drinkes of every kinde
Their fervent appetites they quenched had,
That auncient Lord gan fit occasion finde,
Of straunge adventures, and of perils sad,
Which in his travell him befallen had,
For to demound of his renowmed guest:
Who then with utt'rance grave, and count'nance sad,
From point to point, as is before exprest,
Discourst his voyage long, according his request.

16

Great pleasure mixt with pittifull regard,
That godly King and Queene did passionate,
Whiles they his pittifull adventures heard,
That oft they did lament his lucklesse state,
And often blame the too importune fate,
That heapd on him so many wrathfull wreakes:
For never gentle knight, as he of late,
So tossed was in fortunes cruell freakes;[8]
And all the while salt teares bedeawd the hearers cheaks.

17

Then said that royall Pere[9] in sober wise;
"Deare Sonne, great beene the evils, which ye bore
From first to last in your late enterprise,
That I note, whether prayse, or pitty more:
For never living man, I weene, so sore
In sea of deadly daungers was distrest;
But since now safe ye seised have the shore,
And well arrived are, (high God be blest)
Let us devize of ease and everlasting rest."

18

"Ah dearest Lord," said then that doughty knight,
"Of ease or rest I may not yet devize;[10]
For by the faith, which I to armes have plight,

---

1 *defeasance* defeat, overthrow.

2 *gifts of yvorie and gold* See Virgil, *Aeneid*, Book 3.

3 *shaumes* medieval double-reed instruments, like oboes.

4 *Clarions* brass instruments used as a signal in war.

5 *With shaumes … people sings* See Psalm 98:6: "With trumpets and the sound of the horn make a joyful noise before the King, the Lord!"

6 *And with their garments strowes the paved street* allusion to Christ entering Jerusalem: "And as he rode along, they spread their garments on the road" (Luke 19:36).

7 *purveyance* preparations.

8 *freakes* tricks.

9 *Pere* peer (i.e., noble).

10 *devize* conceive, think.

I bounden am streight after this emprize,
As that your daughter can ye well advize,
Backe to returne to that great Faerie Queene,
And her to serve six yeares[1] in warlike wize,
Gainst that proud Paynim king, that workes her teene:
Therefore I ought crave pardon, till I there have beene."

19

"Unhappie falles that hard necessitie,"
Quoth he, "the troubler of my happie peace,
And vowed foe of my felicitie;
Ne I against the same can justly preace:
But since that band ye cannot now release,
Nor doen undo; (for vowes may not be vaine)
Soone as the terme of those six yeares shall cease,
Ye then shall hither backe returne againe,
The marriage to accomplish vowd betwixt you twain.[2]

20

Which for my part I covet to performe,
In sort as through the world I did proclame,
That who so kild that monster most deforme,
And him in hardy battaile overcame,
Should have mine onely daughter to his Dame,
And of my kingdome heire apparaunt bee:
Therefore since now to thee perteines the same,
By dew desert of noble chevalree,
Both daughter and eke kingdome, lo I yield to thee."

21

Then forth he called that his daughter faire,
The fairest *Un'* his onely daughter deare,
His onely daughter, and his onely heyre;
Who forth proceeding with sad sober cheare,
As bright as doth the morning starre appeare
Out of the East, with flaming lockes bedight,
To tell that dawning day is drawing neare,
And to the world does bring long wished light;
So faire and fresh that Lady shewd her selfe in sight.

22

So faire and fresh, as freshest flowre in May;
For she had layd her mournefull stole aside,
And widow-like sad wimple throwne away,
Wherewith her heavenly beautie she did hide,
Whiles on her wearie journey she did ride;
And on her now a garment she did weare,
All lilly white, withoutten spot, or pride,[3]
That seemd like silke and silver woven neare,
But neither silke nor silver therein did appeare.

23

The blazing brightnesse of her beauties beame,
And glorious light of her sunshyny face
To tell, were as to strive against the streame.
My ragged rimes are all too rude and bace,
Her heavenly lineaments for to enchace.[4]
Ne wonder; for her owne deare loved knight,
All were she dayly with himselfe in place,
Did wonder much at her celestiall sight:
Oft had he seene her faire, but never so faire dight.

24

So fairely dight, when she in presence came,
She to her Sire made humble reverence,
And bowed low, that her right well became,
And added grace unto her excellence:
Who with great wisedome, and grave eloquence
Thus gan to say. But eare[5] he thus had said,
With flying speede, and seeming great pretence,

---

1 *six yeares* possibly an allusion to the six days of creation (Genesis 1), also to the six-year reign of the Roman Catholic Mary I and her Spanish husband Philip (1553-59) that preceded Elizabeth I (*Hamilton*).

2 *marriage …betwixt you twain* an allusion to Revelation 19:7 ("Let us rejoice and exult and give him the glory, for the marriage of the Lamb has come, and his Bride has made herself ready"), referring to the mystical union between Christ and the Church (*Variorum*).

3 *All lilly white, withoutten spot, or pride* an allusion to Song of Solomon 4:7: "You are all fair my love; there is no flaw in you." See also Revelation 19:7-8.

4 *to enchace* to serve as a setting for (her heavenly lineaments).

5 *eare* ere.

Came running in, much like a man dismaid,
A Messenger with letters, which his message said.

25

All in the open hall amazed stood,
At suddeinnesse of that unwarie[1] sight,
And wondred at his breathlesse hastie mood.
But he for nought would stay his passage right,
Till fast before the king he did alight;
Where falling flat, great humblesse[2] he did make,
And kist the ground, whereon his foot was pight;
Then to his hands that writ he did betake,
Which he disclosing, red thus, as the paper spake.

26

"To thee, most mighty king of *Eden* faire,
Her greeting sends in these sad lines addrest,
The wofull daughter, and forsaken heire
Of that great Emperour of all the West;
And bids thee be advized for the best,
Ere thou thy daughter linck in holy band
Of wedlocke to that new unknowen guest:
For he already plighted his right hand
Unto another love, and to another land.

27

To me sad mayd, or rather widow sad,
He was affiaunced long time before,
And sacred pledges he both gave, and had,
False erraunt knight, infamous, and forswore:[3]
Witnesse the burning Altars, which he swore,
And guiltie heavens of his bold perjury,
Which though he hath polluted oft of yore,
Yet I to them for judgement just do fly,
And them conjure t'avenge this shamefull injury.

28

Therefore since mine he is, or free or bond,
Or false or trew, or living or else dead,
Withhold, O soveraine Prince, your hasty hond
From knitting league with him, I you aread;
Ne weene my right with strength adowne to tread,
Through weakenesse of my widowhed, or woe:
For truth is strong, her rightfull cause to plead,
And shall find friends, if need requireth soe,
So bids thee well to fare, Thy neither friend, nor foe."

29

When he these bitter byting words had red,
The tydings straunge did him abashed make,
That still he sate long time astonished
As in great muse, ne word to creature spake.
At last his solemne silence thus he brake,
With doubtfull eyes fast fixed on his guest;
"Redoubted[4] knight, that for mine onely sake
Thy life and honour late adventurest,
Let nought be hid from me, that ought to be exprest.

30

What meane these bloudy vowes, and idle threats,
Throwne out from womanish impatient mind?
What heavens? what altars? what enraged heates
Here heaped up with termes of love unkind,[5]
My conscience cleare with guilty bands would bind?
High God be witnesse, that I guiltlesse ame.
But if your selfe, Sir knight, ye faultie find,
Or wrapped be in loves of former Dame,
With crime do not it cover, but disclose the same."

31

To whom *the Redcrosse* knight this answere sent,
"My Lord, my King, be nought hereat dismayd,
Till well ye wote by grave intendiment,[6]
What woman, and wherefore doth me upbrayd
With breach of love, and loyalty betrayd.
It was in my mishaps, as hitherward

[1] *unwarie* unexpected.
[2] *humblesse* humbleness, humility.
[3] *forswore* falsely sworn, perjured.
[4] *Redoubted* dread.
[5] *unkind* unsuitable, unnatural.
[6] *intendiment* attention, consideration.

I lately traveild, that unwares I strayd
Out of my way, through perils straunge and hard;
That day should faile me, ere I had them all declard.

32

There did I find, or rather I was found
Of this false woman, the *Fidessa* hight,
Fidessa hight the falsest Dame on ground,
Most false *Duessa*, royall richly dight,
That easie was t'invegle[1] weaker sight:
Who by her wicked arts, and wylie skill,
Too false and strong for earthly skill or might,
Unwares me wrought unto her wicked will,
And to my foe betrayd, when least I feared ill."

33

Then stepped forth the goodly royall Mayd,
And on the ground her selfe prostrating low,
With sober countenaunce thus to him sayd;
"O pardon me, my soveraigne Lord, to show
The secret treasons, which of late I know
To have bene wroght by that false sorceresse.
She onely she it is, that earst did throw
This gentle knight into so great distresse,
That death him did awaite in dayly wretchednesse.

34

And now it seemes, that she suborned hath
This craftie messenger with letters vaine,
To worke new woe and improvided scath,
By breaking of the band betwixt us twaine;
Wherein she used hath the practicke[2] paine
Of this false footman, clokt with simplenesse,
Whom if ye please for to discover plaine,
Ye shall him *Archimago* find, I ghesse,[3]
The falsest man alive; who tries shall find no lesse."

35

The king was greatly moved at her speach,
And all with suddein indignation fraight,
Bad on that Messenger rude hands to reach.
Eftsoones the Gard, which on his state did wait,
Attacht that faitor[4] false, and bound him strait:
Who seeming sorely chauffed at his band,
As chained Beare,[5] whom cruell dogs do bait,
With idle force did faine them to withstand,
And often semblaunce made to scape out of their hand.

36

But they him layd full low in dungeon deepe,
And bound him hand and foote with yron chains.
And with continuall watch did warely keepe;
Who then would thinke, that by his subtile trains[6]
He could escape fowle death or deadly paines?
Thus when that Princes wrath was pacifide,
He gan renew the late forbidden banes,[7]
And to the knight his daughter deare he tyde,
With sacred rites and vowes for ever to abyde.

37

His owne two hands the holy knots did knit,
That none but death for ever can devide;
His owne two hands, for such a turne most fit,
The housling fire did kindle and provide,
And holy water thereon sprinckled wide;
At which the bushy Teade[8] a groome did light,
And sacred lampe in secret chamber hide,
Where it should not be quenched day nor night,
For feare of evill fates, but burnen ever bright.

---

1 *invegle* deceive, trick.
2 *practicke* crafty, cunning.
3 *ghesse* i.e., guess.
4 *faitor* deceiver.
5 *chained Beare* Bear-baiting, in which a bear was chained in the centre of a ring to be attacked by dogs, with survival determining the winner, was a popular pastime.
6 *trains* treacheries.
7 *banes* banns: a proclamation of intention to marry, typically announced three times.
8 *Teade* torch.

38

Then gan they sprinckle all the posts with wine,[1]
And made great feast to solemnize that day;
They all perfumde with frankincense divine,
And precious odours fetcht from far away,
That all the house did sweat with great aray:
And all the while sweete Musicke did apply
Her curious[2] skill, the warbling notes to play,
To drive away the dull Melancholy;
The whiles one sung a song of love and jollity.[3]

39

During the which there was an heavenly noise
Heard sound through all the Pallace pleasantly,
Like as it had bene many an Angels voice,
Singing before th'eternall majesty,[4]
In their trinall triplicities[5] on hye;
Yet wist no creature, whence that heavenly sweet
Proceeded, yet eachone felt secretly
Himselfe thereby reft of his sences meet,
And ravished with rare impression in his sprite.

40

Great joy was made that day of young and old,
And solemne feast proclaimd throughout the land,
That their exceeding merth may not be told:
Suffice it heare by signes to understand
The usuall joyes at knitting of loves band.
Thrise happy man the knight himselfe did hold,
Possessed of his Ladies hart and hand,
And ever, when his eye did her behold,
His heart did seeme to melt in pleasures manifold.

41

Her joyous presence and sweet company
In full content he there did long enjoy,
Ne wicked envie, ne vile gealosy
His deare delights were able to annoy:
Yet swimming in that sea of blisfull joy,
He nought forgot, how he whilome had sworne,
In case he could that monstrous beast destroy,
Unto his Farie Queene backe to returne:
The which he shortly did, and *Una* left to mourne.

42

Now strike your sailes ye jolly Mariners,
For we be come unto a quiet rode,
Where we must land some of our passengers,
And light this wearie vessell of her lode.
Here she a while may make her safe abode,
Till she repaired have her tackles[6] spent,
And want supplide. And then againe abroad
On the long voyage whereto she is bent:
Well may she speede and fairely finish her intent.

—1590, 1596

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[1] *sprinckle all the posts with wine* a Roman custom, in which the bride anoints the doorposts of her new home. See "Epithalamion," lines 253-54 (*Hamilton*).

[2] *curious* elaborate, skillful.

[3] *song of love and jollity* epithalamium (marriage song).

[4] *heavenly noise … eternall majesty* See Revelation 19:6-7: "Then I heard what seemed to be the voice of a great multitude, like the sound of many waters and like the sound of many thunderpeals, crying, 'Halleluja! For the Lord our God the Almighty reigns. Let us rejoice and exult and give him the glory, for the marriage of the Lamb has come.'"

[5] *trinall triplicities* the nine orders of angels, divided into three groups of three: seraphim, cherubim and thrones; dominations, virtues, and powers; princedoms, archangels, and angels (*Variorum*).

[6] *tackles* gear, rigging.

Thomas Nashe

1567-?1601

Thomas Nashe was educated at Cambridge and made his living as a writer in London. One of a circle of young writers which included Christopher Marlowe, Nashe was a clever satirist, and his writings occasionally brought him trouble. The play *The Isle of Dogs* resulted in Nashe fleeing London (and in Ben Jonson being briefly imprisoned). While some of his satires attacked specific individuals, many were more general in nature, pointing out the hypocrisy of his society. *The Unfortunate Traveller* (1594) tells the story of Jack Wilton, a sometime soldier and servant, as he travels around England and Europe from 1513 to the 1530s. Though the story is fictional, Nashe incorporates real historical situations and people, making many satirical comments on recent religious and political events and attitudes. Nashe also contributes to and parodies a number of literary genres, including the travel narrative, the romance, the courtly love tale, the sonnet, the revenge tale, the jest book and historical fiction. Nashe was a very popular writer, and many of his texts went into multiple editions during his lifetime.

EDITION: *The unfortunate traveller. Or, The life of Jacke Wilton. Newly corrected and augmented.* London: Imprinted by Thomas Scarlet for Cuthbert Burby, 1594. STC 18381.

from *The Unfortunate Traveller*

[...]

So it fell out that, it being a vehement hot summer when I was a sojourner there,[1] there entered such a hotspurred plague as hath not been heard of. Why, it was but a word and a blow, "Lord have mercy upon us," and he was gone. Within three quarters of a year in that one city there died of it a hundred thousand; look in Lanquet's chronicle[2] and you shall find it. To smell of a nosegay[3] that was poisoned, and turn your nose to a house that had the plague, it was all one. The clouds, like a number of cormorants that keep their corn till it stink and is musty, kept in their stinking exhalations till they had almost stifled all Rome's inhabitants. Physicians' greediness of gold made them greedy of their destiny. They would come to visit those with whose infirmity their art had no affinity, and even as a man with a fee should be hired to hang himself, so would they quietly go home and die presently after they had been with their patients. All day and all night long car-men[4] did nothing but go up and down the streets with their carts and cry, "Have you any dead bodies to bury?" and had many times out of one house their whole loading: one grave was the sepulchre of sevenscore;[5] one bed was the altar whereon whole families were offered.

The walls were hoared[6] and furred with the moist scorching steam of their desolation. Even as, before a gun is shot off, a stinking smoke funnels out and prepares the way for him, so before any gave up the ghost, Death, arrayed in a stinking smoke, stopped his nostrils and crammed itself full into his mouth that closed up his fellow's eyes, to give him warning to prepare for his funeral. Some died sitting at their meat, others as they were asking counsel of the physician for their friends. I saw at the house where I was hosted a maid bring her master warm broth for to comfort him, and she sink down dead herself ere he had half eat it up.

---

1 *there* Rome.

2 *Lanquet's chronicle* Thomas Lanquet's *Chronicle of the World* was continued by Bishop Thomas Cooper and published in 1549. The plague mentioned occurred in 1522.

3 *nosegay* a bouquet of sweet-smelling flowers.

4 *car-men* carters, men who drive wagons or carts.

5 *sevenscore* one hundred and forty.

6 *hoared* made grey or white; frosted over; moldy.

During this time of visitation, there was a Spaniard, one Esdras of Granado, a notable bandetto,[1] authorized by the Pope because he had assisted him in some murders. This villain, colleagued with one Bartol, a desperate Italian, practised to break into those rich men's houses in the night where the plague had most reigned, and if there were none but the mistress and maid left alive, to ravish them both and bring away all the wealth they could fasten on. In a hundred chief citizens' houses where the hand of God had been, they put this outrage in ure.[2] Though the women so ravished cried out, none durst come near them for fear of catching their deaths by them, and some thought they cried out only with the tyranny of the malady. Amongst the rest, the house where I lay he invaded, where all being snatched up by sickness but the good wife of the house, a noble and chaste matron called Heraclide, and her zany,[3] and I and my courtesan, he, knocking at the door late in the night, ran in to the matron and left me and my love to the mercy of his companion, who, finding me in bed (as the time required), ran at me full with his rapier, thinking I would resist him, but, as good luck was, I escaped him and betook me to my pistol in the window uncharged.[4] He, fearing it had been charged, threatened to run her through if I once offered but to aim at him. Forth the chamber he dragged her, holding his rapier at her heart, whilst I cried out, "Save her, kill me, and I'll ransom her with a thousand ducats." But lust prevailed; no prayers would be heard. Into my chamber I was locked, and watchmen charged (as he made semblance when there was none there) to knock me down with their halberds[5] if I stirred but a foot down the stairs. So threw I myself pensive again on my pallet,[6] and dared all the devils in hell, now I was alone, to come and fight with me one after another in defence of that detestable rape. I beat my head against the walls and called them bawds because they would see such a wrong committed and not fall upon him.

To return to Heraclide below, whom the ugliest of all bloodsuckers, Esdras of Granado, had under shrift.[7] First he assailed her with rough means, and slew her zany at her foot that stepped before her in rescue. Then when all armed resist[8] was put to flight, he assayed[9] her with honey speech and promised her more jewels and gifts than he was able to pilfer in a hundred years after. He discoursed unto her how he was countenanced and borne out by the Pope, and how many execrable murders with impunity he had executed on them that displeased him. "This is the eightscore[10] house," quoth he, "that has done homage unto me, and here I will prevail, or I will be torn in pieces." "Ah," quoth Heraclide (with a heartrending sigh), "art thou ordained to be a worse plague to me than the plague itself? Have I escaped the hands of God to fall into the hands of man? Hear me, Jehovah, and be merciful in ending my misery. Dispatch me incontinent, dissolute homicide, death's usurper. Here lies my husband stone-cold on the dewy floor.[11] If thou be of more power than God to strike me speedily, strike home, strike deep, send me to Heaven with my husband. Aye me, it is the spoil of my honour thou seekest in my soul's troubled departure; thou art some devil sent to tempt me. Avoid from me, Satan; my soul is my Saviour's; to him I have bequeathed it, from him can no man take it. Jesu, Jesu, spare me undefiled for thy spouse; Jesu, Jesu, never fail those that put their trust in thee."

With that she fell in a swoon, and her eyes in their closing seemed to spawn forth in their outward sharp corners new-created seed pearl, which the world before never set eye on. Soon he rigorously revived her and told her that he had a charter

---

1 *bandetto* bandit.

2 *in ure* into effect.

3 *zany* attendant, companion; perhaps, a fool or jester.

4 *uncharged* not loaded with powder and shot.

5 *halberds* A halberd is a type of combined spear and battle-axe.

6 *pallet* mattress or straw bed.

7 *under shrift* at his mercy (perhaps readying herself for death by confessing).

8 *resist* resistance.

9 *assayed* tempted, attacked.

10 *eightscore* one hundred and sixty.

11 I.e., he is dead of the plague.

above Scripture; she must yield, she should yield, see who durst remove her out of his hands. Twixt life and death thus she faintly replied, "How thinkest thou, is there a power above thy power? If there be, he is here present in punishment, and on thee will take present punishment if thou persist in thy enterprise. In the time of security every man sins, but when death substitutes one friend his special baily[1] to arrest another by infection, and disperses his quiver into ten thousand hands at once, who is it but looks[2] about him? A man that has an inevitable huge stone hanging only by a hair over his head, which he looks every paternoster[3] while to fall and pash[4] him in pieces, will not he be submissively sorrowful for his transgressions, refrain himself from the least thought of folly, and purify his spirit with contrition and penitence? God's hand like a huge stone hangs inevitably over thy head. What is the plague but death playing the provost marshal[5] to execute all those that will not be called home by any other means? This my dear knight's body is a quiver of his arrows, which already are shot into thee invisibly. Even as the age of goats is known by the knots on their horns, so think the anger of God apparently visioned or shown unto thee in the knitting of my brows. A hundred have I buried out of my house, at all whose departures I have been present. A hundred's infection is mixed with my breath; lo, now I breathe upon thee, a hundred deaths come upon thee. Repent betimes,[6] imagine there is a Hell though not a Heaven; that Hell thy conscience is thoroughly acquainted with, if thou hast murdered half so many as thou unabashedly braggest. As Maecenas in the latter end of his days was seven years without sleep,[7] so these seven weeks have I took no slumber; my eyes have kept continual watch against the Devil, my enemy. Death I deemed my friend (friends fly from us in adversity); death, the Devil, and all the ministering spirits of temptation are watching about thee to entrap thy soul (by my abuse) to eternal damnation. It is thy soul thou mayst save, only by saving mine honour. Death will have thy body infallibly for breaking into my house that he had selected for his private habitation. If thou ever camest of a woman, or hopest to be saved by the seed of a woman, pity a woman. Deers oppressed with dogs, when they cannot take soil,[8] run to men for succour. To whom should women in their disconsolate and desperate estate run but to men (like the deer) for succour and sanctuary? If thou be a man, thou wilt succour me, but if thou be a dog and a brute beast, thou wilt spoil me, defile me, and tear me. Either renounce God's image or renounce the wicked mind thou bearest."

These words might have moved a compound heart of iron and adamant, but in his heart they obtained no impression, for he, sitting in his chair of state against the door all the while that she pleaded, leaning his overhanging gloomy eyebrows on the pommel[9] of his unsheathed sword, he never looked up or gave her a word. But when he perceived she expected his answer of grace or utter perdition, he start[ed] up and took her currishly by the neck, asking how long he should stay for her ladyship. "Thou tells me," quoth he, "of the plague and the heavy hand of God, and thy hundred infected breaths in one. I tell thee I have cast the dice a hundred times for the galleys[10] in Spain, and yet still missed the ill chance. Our order of casting is this: if there be a general or captain new come home from the wars and hath some four or five hundred crowns[11] overplus of the King's in his hand, and his soldiers all paid, he makes proclamation that whatsoever two resolute men will go to dice for it and win the bridle or lose the saddle, to such a place let them repair and it

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1 *baily* bailiff, officer of justice or chief magistrate.

2 *but looks* who does not look.

3 *paternoster* the "Our Father," the Lord's Prayer.

4 *pash* crush, smash.

5 *provost marshal* an officer whose duty it is to preserve order.

6 *betimes* before it is too late.

7 *Maecenas ... without sleep* Gaius Maecenas was a Roman knight, friend of Octavian Augustus and patron of Horace and Virgil; he is a symbol of a patron of the arts.

8 *take soil* find refuge.

9 *pommel* the ornamental knob on the end of the sword.

10 *galleys* ships, often filled with slaves and criminals.

11 *crowns* coins worth five shillings each.

shall be ready for them. Thither go I and find another such needy squire resident. The dice run, I win, he is undone. I winning have the crowns; he losing is carried to the galleys. This is our custom, which a hundred times and more hath paid me custom of crowns when the poor fellows have gone to gehenna,[1] had coarse bread and whipping cheer[2] all their life after. Now, thinkest thou that I, who so oft have escaped such a number of hellish dangers, only depending upon the turning of a few pricks,[3] can be scare-bugged with the plague? What plague canst thou name worse than I have had? Whether diseases, imprisonment, poverty, banishment, I have passed through them all. My own mother gave I a box of the ear to and broke her neck down a pair of stairs, because she would not go in to a gentleman when I bade her. My sister I sold to an old leno[4] to make his best of her. Any kinswoman that I have, knew I she were not a whore, myself would make her one. Thou art a whore, thou shalt be a whore, in spite of religion or precise ceremonies."

Therewith he flew upon her and threatened her with his sword, but it was not that he meant to wound her with. He grasped her by the ivory throat and shook her as a mastiff[5] would shake a young bear, swearing and staring he would tear out her weasand[6] if she refused. Not content with that savage constraint, he slipped his sacrilegious hand from her lily lawn-skinned neck, and enscarfed[7] it in her long silver locks, which with struggling were unrolled. Backward he dragged her, even as a man backward would pluck a tree down by the twigs, and then, like a traitor that is drawn to execution on a hurdle, he trailed her up and down the chamber by those tender untwisted braids and, setting his barbarous foot on her bare snowy breast, bade her yield or have her wind stamped out. She cried, "Stamp, stifle me in my hair, hang me up by it on a beam, and so let me die rather than I should go to Heaven with a beam in my eye."[8] "No," quoth he, "nor stamped, nor stifled, nor hanged, nor to Heaven shalt thou go till I have had my will of thee. Thy busy arms in these silken fetters I'll enfold." Dismissing her hair from his fingers and pinioning her elbows therewithal, she struggled, she wrested, but all was in vain. So struggling and so resisting, her jewels did sweat, signifying there was poison coming towards her. On the hard boards he threw her, and used his knee as an iron ram to beat ope the two-leaved gate of her chastity. Her husband's dead body he made a pillow to his abomination.

Conjecture the rest. My words stick fast in the mire and are clean tired. Would I had never undertook this tragical tale. Whatsoever is born is born to have an end. Thus ends my tale. His boorish lust was glutted, his beastly desire satisfied. What in the house of any worth was carriageable, he put up and went his way.

Let not your sorrow die, you that have read the proem and narration of this elegiacal[9] history. Show you have quick wits in sharp conceit of compassion. A woman that has viewed all her children sacrificed before her eyes and, after the first was slain, wiped the sword with her apron to prepare it for the cleanly murder of the second, and so on forward till it came to the empiercing of the seventeenth of her loins, will you not give her great allowance of anguish? This woman, this matron, this forsaken Heraclide, having buried fourteen children in five days, whose eyes she howlingly closed and caught many wrinkles with funeral kisses—besides having her husband within a day after laid forth as a comfortless corse,[10] a carrionly block that could neither eat with her, speak with her, nor weep with her—is she not to be borne withal though her body swells with a tympany[11] of tears, though her speech be as impa-

[1] *gehenna* a prison or place of torture.

[2] *whipping cheer* an ironic statement: an entertainment or reception of whipping.

[3] *pricks* i.e., the dots on the dice.

[4] *leno* from the Latin "to pander"; a pimp.

[5] *mastiff* a large, powerful dog.

[6] *weasand* the throat generally, the esophagus specifically.

[7] *enscarfed* wrapped.

[8] *beam in my eye* great sin; see Matthew 7:3.

[9] *elegiacal* lamentable.

[10] *corse* corpse, carrion.

[11] *tympany* an excess causing a swelling or tumour.

tient as unhappy Hecuba's,[1] though her head raves and her brain dotes? Devise with yourselves that you see a corse rising from his hearse after he is carried to church, and such another suppose Heraclide to be, rising from the couch of enforced adultery.

Her eyes were dim, her cheeks bloodless, her breath smelt earthy, her countenance was ghastly. Up she rose after she was deflowered, but loath she arose, as a reprobate soul rising to the Day of Judgement. Looking on the t'one side as she rose, she spied her husband's body lying under her head. Ah, then she bewailed, as Cephalus when he had killed Procris unwittingly, or Oedipus when ignorantly he had slain his father and known his mother incestuously.[2] This was her subdued reason's discourse: "Have I lived to make my husband's body the bier to carry me to Hell? Had filthy pleasure no other pillow to lean upon but his spreaded limbs? On thy flesh my fault shall be imprinted at the Day of Resurrection. O beauty, the bait ordained to ensnare the irreligious. Rich men are robbed for their wealth; women are dishonested[3] for being too fair. No blessing is beauty, but a curse: cursed be the time that ever I was begotten; cursed be the time that my mother brought me forth to tempt. The serpent in Paradise did no more; the serpent in Paradise is damned sempiternally.[4] Why should not I hold myself damned (if predestination's opinions be true) that am predestinate to this horrible abuse? The hog dies presently if he loses an eye; with the hog have I wallowed in the mire. I have lost my eye of honesty; it is clean plucked out with a strong hand of unchastity. What remains but I die? Die I will, though life be unwilling. No recompense is there for me to redeem my compelled offence but with a rigorous compelled death. Husband, I'll be thy wife in Heaven. Let not thy pure deceased spirit despise me when we meet because I am tyrannously polluted. The Devil, the belier[5] of our frailty and common accuser of mankind, cannot accuse me, though he would, of unconstrained submitting. If any guilt be mine, this is my fault: that I did not deform my face ere it should so impiously allure." Having passioned thus awhile, she hastily ran and looked herself in her glass to see if her sin were not written on her forehead. With looking she blushed, though none looked upon her but her own reflected image.

Then she began again: "*Heu quam difficile est crimen non prodere vultu*: 'how hard is it not to bewray a man's fault by his forehead.' Myself do but behold myself and yet I blush; then, God beholding me, shall not I be ten times more ashamed? The angels shall hiss at me, the saints and martyrs fly from me, yea, God himself shall add to the Devil's damnation because he suffered such a wicked creature to come before him. Agamemnon, thou wert an infidel, yet when thou went'st to the Trojan War, thou left'st a musician at home with thy wife who, by playing the foot *spondaeus*[6] till thy return, might keep her in chastity. My husband, going to war with the Devil and his enticements, when he surrendered left no musician with me but mourning and melancholy. Had he left any, as Aegisthus killed Agamemnon's musician ere he could be successful, so surely would he have been killed ere this Aegisthus surceased.[7] My distressed heart, as the hart when as he loses his horns is astonied[8] and sorrowfully runs to hide himself, so be thou afflicted and distressed. Hide thyself under the Almighty's wings of mercy. Sue, plead, entreat: grace is never denied to them that ask. It may be denied; I may be a vessel ordained to dishonour.

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1 *Hecuba* Most of Hecuba's many children were slain.

2 *as Cephalus … incestuously* In Greek mythology, Procris, jealous of her husband Cephalus, hid in a bush to watch him as he hunted. Thinking he heard an animal in the bush, Cephalus killed his wife. Oedipus slew his father and married his mother, only later finding out who they were.

3 *dishonested* dishonoured, or made dishonest.

4 *sempiternally* everlastingly.

5 *belier* deceiver or misrepresenter.

6 *spondaeus* a metrical foot consisting of two long syllables.

7 *Aegisthus surceased* Aegisthus seduced Agamemnon's wife while Agamemnon led the Greek expedition to Troy.

8 *astonied* astonished, literally "turned to stone"; stunned and rendered powerless.

"The only repeal we have from God's undefinite[1] chastisement is to chastise ourselves in this world, and so I will. Nought but death be my penance; gracious and acceptable may it be. My hand and my knife shall manumit[2] me out of the horror of mind I endure. Farewell, life, that hast lent me nothing but sorrow. Farewell, sin-sowed flesh, that hast more weeds than flowers, more woes than joys. Point, pierce; edge, enwiden: I patiently afford thee a sheath. Spur forth my soul to mount post[3] to Heaven. Jesu, forgive me; Jesu, receive me."

So (throughly stabbed) fell she down and knocked her head against her husband's body, wherewith he, not having been aired his full four and twenty hours,[4] starts as out of a dream, whiles I, through a cranny[5] of my upper chamber unsealed, had beheld all this sad spectacle. Awaking, he rubbed his head to and fro and, wiping his eyes with his hand, began to look about him. Feeling something lie heavy on his breast, he turned it off and, getting upon his legs, lighted a candle.

Here begins my purgatory. For he, good man, coming into the hall with the candle and spying his wife with her hair about her ears, defiled and massacred, and his simple zany Capestrano run through, took a halberd in his hand and, running from chamber to chamber to search who in his house was likely to do it, at length found me lying on my bed, the door locked to me on the outside and my rapier unsheathed in the window. Wherewith he straight conjectured it was I and, calling the neighbours hard by, said I had caused myself to be locked into my chamber after that sort, sent away my courtesan whom I called my wife, and made clean my rapier because I would not be suspected.

Upon this was I laid in prison, should have been hanged, was brought to the ladder, had made a ballad for my farewell in a readiness called "Wilton's Wantonness," and yet for all that 'scaped dancing in a hempen circle. He that has gone through many perils and returned safe from them makes but a merriment to dilate them. I had the knot under my ear, there was fair play, the hangman had one halter, another about my neck was fastened to the gallows, the riding device was almost thrust home, and his foot on my shoulder to press me down, when I made my saint-like confession as you have heard before: that such and such men at such an hour broke into my house, slew the zany, took my courtesan, locked me into my chamber, ravished Heraclide, and finally how she slew herself.

Present at the execution was there a banished English earl who, hearing that a countryman of his was to suffer for such a notable murder, came to hear his confession and see if he knew him. He had not heard me tell half of that I have recited but he craved audience and desired the execution might be stayed.

"Not two days since it is, gentlemen and noble Romans," said he, "since, going to be let blood in a barber's shop against the infection, all on sudden in a great tumult and uproar was there brought in one Bartol, an Italian, grievously wounded and bloody. I, seeming to commiserate his harms, courteously questioned him with what ill debtors he had met, or how or by what casualty he came to be so arrayed. 'Oh,' quoth he, 'long have I lived sworn brothers in sensuality with one Esdras of Granado. Five hundred rapes and murders have we committed betwixt us. When our iniquities were grown to the height and God had determined to countercheck our amity, we came to the house of Johannes de Imola (whom this young gentleman has named); there did he justify all those rapes in manner and form as the prisoner here has confessed. But lo, an accident after, which neither he nor this audience is privy to: Esdras of Granado, not content to have ravished the matron Heraclide and robbed her, after he had betook him from thence to his heels, lighted on his companion Bartol with his courtesan, whose pleasing face he had scarce winkingly glanced on but he picked a quarrel with Bartol to have her

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1 *undefinite* indefinite, unlimited.

2 *manumit* release from bondage, set free.

3 *post* quickly.

4 *aired ... hours* It was traditional to air a body for 24 hours before burying it.

5 *cranny* small hole.

from him. On this quarrel they fought; Bartol was wounded to the death, Esdras fled, and the fair dame left to go whither she would. This Bartol in the barber's shop freely acknowledged, as both the barber and his man and other here present can amply depose."'[1] Deposed they were; their oaths went for current; I was quit by proclamation.

[...]

[...] prepare your ears and your tears, for never till this thrust I any tragical matter upon you. Strange and wonderful are God's judgements; here shine they in their glory. Chaste Heraclide, thy blood is laid up in Heaven's treasury, not one drop of it was lost, but lent out to usury;[2] water poured forth sinks down quietly into the earth, but blood spilt on the ground sprinkles up to the firmament. Murder is wide-mouthed and will not let God rest till he grant revenge. Not only the blood of the slaughtered innocent but the soul ascends to his throne and there cries out and exclaims for justice and recompense. Guiltless souls that live every hour subject to violence, and with your despairing fears do much impair God's providence, fasten your eyes on this spectacle that will add to your faith. Refer all your oppressions, afflictions, and injuries to the even-balanced eye of the Almighty. He it is that, when your patience sleeps, will be most exceeding mindful of you.

This is but a gloze upon the text. Thus Cutwolf[3] begins his insulting oration: "Men and people that have made holiday to behold my pained flesh toil on the wheel,[4] expect not of me a whining penitent slave that shall do nothing but cry and say his prayers and so be crushed in pieces. My body is little, but my mind is as great as a giant's. The soul which is in me is the very soul of Julius Caesar by reversion.[5] My name is Cutwolf, neither better nor worse by occupation than a poor cobbler of Verona; cobblers are men, and kings are no more. The occasion of my coming hither at this present is to have a few of my bones broken (as we are all born to die) for being the death of the emperor of homicides, Esdras of Granado. About two years since in the streets of Rome he slew the only and eldest brother I had, named Bartol, in quarrelling about a courtesan. The news brought to me as I was sitting in my shop under a stall, knocking in of tacks, I think, I raised up my bristles, sold pritch-awl,[6] sponge, blacking tub, and punching iron, bought me rapier and pistol, and to go I went. Twenty months together I pursued him, from Rome to Naples, from Naples to Chieti passing over the river, from Chieti to Siena, from Siena to Florence, from Florence to Parma, from Parma to Pavia, from Pavia to Sion, from Sion to Geneva, from Geneva back again towards Rome, where in the way it was my chance to meet him in the nick[7] here at Bologna, as I will tell you how. I saw a great fray in the streets as I passed along and many swords[8] walking, whereupon drawing nearer and enquiring who they were, answer was returned me it was that notable bandetto, Esdras of Granado. Oh, so I was tickled in the spleen with that word. My heart hopped and danced, my elbows itched, my fingers frisked; I wist[9] not what should become of my feet, nor knew what I did for joy. The fray parted, I thought it not convenient to single him out (being a sturdy knave) in the street, but to stay till I had got him at more advantage. To his lodging I dogged him, lay at the door all night where he entered for fear he should give me the slip any way. Betimes in the morning I rung the bell and craved to speak with him. Now to his chamber door I was brought, where knocking, he rose in his shirt and let me in and, when I was entered, bade

[1] *depose* testify.

[2] *usury* i.e., make a profit.

[3] *Cutwolf* As explained previously in Nashe's text, Cutwolf is "a wearish dwarfish writhen-faced cobbler, brother to Bartol the Italian," and is about to be executed for murder; *cobbler* shoemaker.

[4] *the wheel* an instrument of torture.

[5] *by reversion* by right of succession or inheritance.

[6] *pritch-awl* pritchel, a sharp, pointed instrument especially used for punching the nail holes in horseshoes; the tools listed here are all associated with the cobbler's trade.

[7] *in the nick* at a critical moment.

[8] *swords* people carrying swords.

[9] *wist* knew.

me lock the door and declare my errand, and so he slipped to bed again.

"'Marry this,' quoth I, 'is my errand. Thy name is Esdras of Granado, is it not? Most treacherously thou slew'st my brother Bartol about two years ago in the streets of Rome. His death am I come to revenge. In quest of thee ever since, above three thousand miles have I travelled. I have begged to maintain me the better part of the way only because I would intermit no time from my pursuit in going back for money. Now have I got thee naked in my power; die thou shalt, though my mother and my grandmother dying did intreat for thee. I have promised the Devil thy soul within this hour; break my word I will not. In thy breast I intend to bury a bullet. Stir not, quinch[1] not, make no noise, for if thou dost it will be worse for thee.'

"Quoth Esdras, 'Whatever thou beest at whose mercy I lie, spare me and I will give thee as much gold as thou wilt ask. Put me to any pains, my life reserved, and I willingly will sustain them. Cut off my arms and legs and leave me as a lazar[2] to some loathsome spital,[3] where I may but live a year to pray and repent me. For thy brother's death, the despair of mind that has ever since haunted me, the guilty gnawing worm of conscience, I feel may be sufficient penance. Thou canst not send me to such a hell as already there is in my heart. To dispatch me presently is no revenge; it will soon be forgotten. Let me die a lingering death; it will be remembered a great deal longer. A lingering death may avail[4] my soul, but it is the illest of ills that can befortune my body. For my soul's health I beg my body's torment. Be not thou a devil to torment my soul and send me to eternal damnation. Thy overhanging sword hides Heaven from my sight. I dare not look up, lest I embrace my death's wound unawares. I cannot pray to God and plead to thee both at once. Aye me, already I see my life buried in the wrinkles of thy brows. Say but I shall live, though thou meanest to kill me. Nothing confounds like to sudden terror; it thrusts every sense out of office. Poison wrapped up in sugared pills is but half a poison; the fear of death's looks are more terrible than his stroke. The whilst I view death my faith is deaded;[5] where a man's fear is, there his heart is. Fear never engenders hope; how can I hope that Heaven's Father will save me from the Hell everlasting when he gives me over to the hell of thy fury?

"'Heraclide, now think I on thy tears sown in the dust (thy tears, that my bloody mind made barren). In revenge of thee, God hardens this man's heart against me. Yet I did not slaughter thee, though hundreds else my hand has brought to the shambles.[6] Gentle sir, learn of me what it is to clog your conscience with murder, to have your dreams, your sleeps, your solitary walks troubled and disquieted with murder. Your shadow by day will affright you; you will not see a weapon unsheathed, but immediately you will imagine it is predestinate for your destruction.

"'This murder is a house divided within itself; it suborns[7] a man's own soul to inform against him. His soul (being his accuser) brings forth his two eyes as witnesses against him, and the least eyewitness is irrefutable. Pluck out my eyes if thou wilt and deprive my traitorous soul of her two best witnesses. Dig out my blasphemous tongue with thy dagger; both tongue and eyes will I gladly forgo to have a little more time to think on my journey to Heaven.

"'Defer a while thy resolution. I am not at peace with the world, for even but yesterday I fought and in my fury threatened further vengeance. Had I a face to ask forgiveness, I should think half my sins were forgiven. A hundred devils haunt me daily for my horrible murders. The devils when I die will be loath to go to Hell with me, for they desired of Christ he

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1 *quinch* move or make noise.

2 *lazar* diseased person, leper; an application of the name Lazarus (Luke 16:20).

3 *spital* hospital or shelter for the sick.

4 *avail* help.

5 *deaded* made dead.

6 *shambles* slaughterhouse, or more generally, a place of slaughter, destruction.

7 *suborns* bribes.

would not send them to Hell before their time. If they go not to Hell, into thee they will go, and hideously vex thee for turning them out of their habitation. Wounds I contemn, life I prize light; it is another world's tranquillity which makes me so timorous: everlasting damnation, everlasting howling and lamentation. It is not from death I request thee to deliver me, but from this terror of torment's eternity. Thy brother's body only I pierced unadvisedly; his soul meant I no harm to at all. My body and soul both shalt thou cast away quite if thou doest at this instant what thou mayst. Spare me, spare me, I beseech thee. By thy own soul's salvation I desire thee, seek not my soul's utter perdition. In destroying me, thou destroyest thyself and me.'

"Eagerly I replied after this long suppliant oration: 'Though I knew God would never have mercy upon me except I had mercy on thee, yet of thee no mercy would I have. Revenge in our tragedies is continually raised from Hell; of Hell do I esteem better than Heaven if it afford me revenge. There is no Heaven but revenge. I tell thee, I would not have undertook so much toil to gain Heaven as I have done in pursuing thee for revenge. Divine revenge, of which (as of the joys above) there is no fullness or satiety. Look how my feet are blistered with following thee from place to place. I have riven[1] my throat with overstraining it to curse thee. I have ground my teeth to powder with grating and grinding them together for anger when any has named thee. My tongue with vain threats is bollen[2] and waxen too big for my mouth. My eyes have broken their strings with staring and looking ghastly as I stood devising how to frame or set my countenance when I met thee. I have near spent my strength in imaginary acting on stone walls what I determined to execute on thee. Entreat not; a miracle may not reprieve thee. Villain, thus march I with my blade into thy bowels.'

"'Stay, stay,' exclaimed Esdras, 'and hear me but one word further. Though neither for God nor man thou carest, but placest thy whole felicity in murther, yet of thy felicity learn how to make a greater felicity. Respite me a little from thy sword's point and set me about some execrable enterprise that may subvert the whole state of Christendom and make all men's ears tingle that hear of it. Command me to cut all my kindred's throats, to burn men, women, and children in their beds in millions by firing their cities at midnight. Be it pope, emperor, or Turk that displeases thee, he shall not breathe on the earth. For thy sake will I swear and forswear, renounce my Baptism, and all the interest I have in any other sacrament. Only let me live how miserable soever, be it in a dungeon amongst toads, serpents, and adders, or set up to the neck in dung. No pains I will refuse, however prorogued,[3] to have a little respite to purify my spirit. Oh, hear me, hear me, and thou canst not be hardened against me!'

"At this his importunity I paused a little, not as retiring from my wreakful resolution, but going back to gather more forces of vengeance. With myself I devised how to plague him double for his base mind. My thoughts travelled in quest of some notable new Italianism, whose murderous platform[4] might not only extend on his body, but his soul also. The groundwork of it was this: that whereas he had promised for my sake to swear and forswear and commit Julian-like[5] violence on the highest seals of religion, if he would but this far satisfy me he should be dismissed from my fury. First and foremost, he should renounce God and his laws, and utterly disclaim the whole title or interest he had in any covenant of salvation. Next, he should curse him to his face, as Job was willed by his wife,[6] and write an absolute firm obligation of his soul to the Devil without condition or exception. Thirdly and lastly (having done this), he should pray to God fervently never to have mercy upon him or pardon him.

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1 *riven* torn asunder, split.

2 *bollen* swollen.

3 *prorogued* extensive.

4 *platform* plan.

5 *Julian-like* Julian the apostate (331-363 CE), a Roman emperor who gave up Christianity for paganism.

6 *as Job was willed by his wife* Job 2:9; *him* God.

"Scarce had I propounded these articles unto him but he was beginning his blasphemous abjurations. I wonder the earth opened not and swallowed us both, hearing the bold terms he blasted forth in contempt of Christianity. Heaven has thundered when half less contumelies[1] against it have been uttered. Able they were to raise saints and martyrs from their graves and pluck Christ himself from the right hand of his Father. My joints trembled and quaked with attending them; my hair stood upright and my heart was turned wholly to fire. So affectionately and zealously did he give himself over to infidelity, as if Satan had gotten the upper hand of our High Maker. The vein in his left hand that is derived from the heart with no faint blow he pierced and with the full blood that flowed from it writ a full obligation of his soul to the Devil. Yea, he more earnestly prayed unto God never to forgive his soul than many Christians do to save their souls. These fearful ceremonies brought to an end, I bade him ope his mouth and gape wide. He did so (as what will not slaves do for fear?). Therewith made I no more ado, but shot him full into the throat with my pistol. No more spoke he after, so did I shoot him that he might never speak after or repent him. His body being dead looked as black as a toad; the Devil presently branded it for his own. This is the fault that has called me hither. No true Italian but will honour me for it. Revenge is the glory of arms and the highest performance of valour. Revenge is whatsoever we call law or justice. The farther we wade in revenge, the nearer come we to the throne of the Almighty. To his sceptre it is properly ascribed; his sceptre he lends unto man when he lets one man scourge another. All true Italians imitate me in revenging constantly and dying valiantly. Hangman, to thy task, for I am ready for the utmost of thy rigour."

Herewith all the people (outrageously incensed) with one conjoined outcry yelled mainly, "Away with him, away with him. Executioner, torture him, tear him, or we will tear thee in pieces if thou spare him."

The executioner needed no exhortation hereunto, for of his own nature was he hackster good enough; old excellent he was at a bone-ache. At the first chop with his wood-knife would he fish for a man's heart, and fetch it out as easily as a plum from the bottom of a porridge pot. He would crack necks as fast as a cook cracks eggs. A fiddler cannot turn his pin[2] so soon as he would turn a man off the ladder. Bravely did he drum on this Cutwolf's bones, not breaking them outright, but, like a saddler knocking in of tacks, jarring on them quaveringly with his hammer a great while together. No joint about him but with a hatchet he had for the nonce[3] he disjointed half, and then with boiling lead soldered up the wounds from bleeding. His tongue he pulled out, lest he should blaspheme in his torment. Venomous stinging worms he thrust into his ears to keep his head ravingly occupied. With cankers scruzed[4] to pieces he rubbed his mouth and his gums. No limb of his but was lingeringly splintered in shivers.[5] In his horror left they him on the wheel as in Hell, where, yet living, he might behold his flesh legacied amongst the fowls of the air.[6] Unsearchable is the book of our destinies. One murder begets another; was never yet bloodshed barren from the beginning of the world to this day. Mortifiedly abjected and daunted was I with this trunculent[7] tragedy of Cutwolf and Esdras. To such straight life did it thence-forward incite me that ere I went out of Bologna I married my courtesan, performed many alms-deeds, and hasted so fast out of the Sodom of Italy that within forty days I arrived at the King of England's camp twixt Ardes and Guines[8] in France, where he with great tri-

[1] *contumelies* abuses, insults.

[2] *turn his pin* the peg which, turned, tunes the string.

[3] *for the nonce* for that purpose.

[4] *scruzed* squeezed.

[5] *shivers* fragments.

[6] *legacied amongst the fowls of the air* i.e., carried off by the birds.

[7] *trunculent* possibly truculent or fierce; perhaps with an ironic sense of truncated, or shortened.

[8] *Ardes and Guines* The French King and English King met to discuss an alliance in the countryside between these two places for the Field of the Cloth of Gold meeting in 1520; the meeting was so-called to reflect the ostentatious display of both monarchs.

umphs met and entertained the Emperor and the French King and feasted many days. And so as my story began with the King at Turney and Turwin,[1] I think meet here to end it with the King at Ardes and Guines. All the conclusive epilogue I will make is this: that if herein I have pleased any, it shall animate me to more pains in this kind. Otherwise I will swear upon an English chronicle never to be outlandish chronicler more while I live. Farewell as many as wish me well.

FINIS.

—1594

[1] *Turney and Turwin* Henry VIII captured Thérouanne and Tournai in 1513.

Lady Margaret Hoby
1571-1633

The author of the earliest extant diary by an Englishwoman, Margaret Hoby was the sole heir of Thomasin and Arthur Dakins, a wealthy and well-connected Yorkshire landowner. Margaret spent some of her childhood in the countess of Huntingdon's Puritan household (it was common practice among the gentry and aristocracy for young adults to improve their education and social training by spending time among the upper classes). At the Huntingdon's household Margaret encountered two men whom she would later wed: Walter Devereux, brother of the earl of Essex, and Thomas Sidney, brother of Sir Philip Sidney.[1] The direction of Margaret's early life, however, was largely dictated by her position as a wealthy heiress, this status making her a valuable marital prize fought over by the members and allies of some of the most prominent families in England. In 1589, at the age of 18, Margaret married Walter Devereux, but this match was short-lived, with Walter dying at the siege of Rouen in 1591.[2] With the countess of Huntingdon enthusiastically promoting the match, Margaret found herself married again, having been a widow for a little more than three months.[3] Her second husband was the countess' nephew, Thomas Sidney, whose connections were powerful enough to defeat his main rival, Thomas Posthumous Hoby, son of the learned and forceful Lady Elizabeth Hoby, later Lady Russell.[4] When Lady Russell discovered that Margaret had been spirited away to London to marry Sidney, she urged her son Posthumous to call on the aid of his friends to stop the marriage, and failing that to "steal her away."[5] Although the match went ahead, Thomas Sidney's death in 1595 cleared the way for Thomas Hoby, who wed Margaret in 1596. Margaret's motives in this final match were clearly mixed: she had initially resisted it,[6] but relented under a combination of pressure from powerful friends, relatives, and acquaintances, and anxiety produced by a lawsuit that threatened to strip her of her estates at Hackness.[7] In 1633, after a life devoted to religious and domestic duties, Margaret Hoby died. Her memorial in the parish church of Hackness celebrates her religious piety and acts of charity.

Margaret Hoby's diary may puzzle modern readers, since it consistently refuses to engage in the self-revelation that is widely considered this genre's raison d'être. We learn nothing directly about Margaret's relationships with or her feelings about family, friends, and neighbours. Her inner life remains a mystery. The diary does reveal, however, the shaping influence of Puritanism's emphasis on the believer's self-examination and the search for providential signs in the world that spoke to the believer's spiritual development.

EDITION: *The Private Life of an Elizabethan Lady: The Diary of Lady Margaret Hoby, 1599-1605*. Ed. Joanna Moody (Phoenix Mill, Gloucestershire: Sutton, 1998). Text and selected notes are reproduced by kind permission of the editor.

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1 J. Moody, "Introduction," *The Private Life of an Elizabethan Lady: The Diary of Lady Margaret Hoby, 1599-1605*, ed. J. Moody (Phoenix Mill, Gloucestershire, 1998), xvi-xviii.

2 D.M. Meads, "Introduction," *The Diary of Lady Margaret Hoby, 1599-1605*, ed. D.M. Meads (London, 1930), pp. 8-11.

3 Ibid., pp. 11-12.

4 Ibid., p. 12.

5 Quoted in Meads, p. 27.

6 Ibid., p. 29.

7 Ibid., pp. 30-31.

from *The Diary of Lady Hoby*

Friday [August 17, 1599]

After private prayers, I went about the house and read of the Bible and wrought[1] till dinner time;[2] and after dinner it pleased for a just punishment to correct my sins to send me feebleness of stomach and pain of my head that kept me upon my bed till 5 o'clock, at which time I arose, having release of my sickness according to the wonted kindness of the Lord, who, after he had let me see how I had offended that so I might take better heed to my body and soul hereafter, with a gentle correction let me feel he was reconciled to me; at which time I went to private prayer, and praises, examination, and so to work till supper time;[3] which done I heard the lector[4] and, after I had walked an hour with Master Hoby, I went to bed.[5]

[...]

Monday 20

After I was ready, I prayed privately. Then I walked with Master Hoby till 8 o'clock, at which time I broke my fast and so to work; and at 11 of the clock I took a lector of Master Rhodes[6] and went to dinner. After dinner I wound yarn till 3, and then walked with Master Hoby about the town[7] to spy out the best places where cottages might be built. After I came home, I wrought till 6, and gave order for supper, and then I betook me to private prayer and examination, in which I found myself a-lacking in performing my duty I soon perceived, and therefore besought [*illegible: soiled*] Lord for pardon; then I went to supper, after which I walked awhile, and because there [*illegible: torn and soiled*] not Master Rhodes to pray publicly, I prayed privately, and, after I had helped Master Hoby to look over some papers, I went to bed.

[...]

Wednesday 22

After I was ready, I prayed, and, after I had gone a little about the house, I wrote out notes in my Testament, and then broke my fast and walked abroad till dinner, before which I prayed, according to my wont; and after dinner I was busy dispacting[8] one away to Linton[9] till 3 o'clock; then I wrote notes out into my Bible, and after went a-walking with Master Hoby, and then returned into examination and prayer; after, I read of the Bible, and walked alone, and then went into the kitchen, where Master Rhodes and myself had some speech with

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[1] *wrought* worked, here specifically, the work of sewing or embroidering. Apart from constituting a necessary household task, women's sewing and embroidering was an ideologically freighted activity in the period, often symbolizing a woman's ideal virtues: chastity, industry, enclosure within the domestic sphere, service to the family, etc.

[2] *dinner time* Dinner was the main meal of the day for noble, gentry, and middle-class households; it was usually eaten between eleven and noon, and, in a household like Lady Hoby's, would consist of several courses.

[3] *supper time* Supper, the final meal of the day, was generally eaten around 6 pm; it was a smaller and less formal meal than dinner.

[4] "Lector" here is clearly a form of "lecture," meaning a sermon, formal talk, or lecture. The *OED* defines "lecture" as the lection or lesson which is read aloud, or a sermon, but one less formal in style or delivered on occasions other than during church services.

[5] after priuate prairs I went about the house and read of the bible and wrought tell dinner time and after dinner it pleased for a Iust punishment to corricte my sinnes to send me febelnis of stomak and paine of my head that kept me vpon my bed tell 5: a clock at which time I arose haveinge release of my sickness according to the wonted kindnes of the Lord who after he had Let me se how I had offended that so I might take better heed to my body and soule hereafter with a gentle corriction Let me feele he was reconsiled To me at which time I went to priuat praier and praises examenation and so to work tell supper time which done I hard the Lector and after I had walked an Hower with Mr Hoby I wente to bed.

[6] Appearing many times in the diary, Rhodes seems to have been the Hoby household's chaplain, and he clearly performed the functions of this office, as well as spiritual guide and advisor to Margaret. Given that he is not available to pray with Margaret later this day, it is perhaps implied that he does not actually live in the Hoby household. For more on Rhodes and his position in Margaret's household and his relationship with her, see Moody, xxxvi-xxxvii.

[7] *the town* Hackness, the village near Hoby's estate.

[8] *dispacting* perhaps, "dispatching": getting someone ready to travel.

[9] *Linton* In Yorkshire, approximately 20 miles from Hackness, Linton was Margaret Hoby's birthplace.

the poor and ignorant of the sum[1] principles of religion; and I had walked a little after in the court, Master Hoby came, and so to supper and after to lector and then to bed.

[...]

Saturday 25

In the morning I prayed and then I wrote a letter to Doctor Brewer[2] and so to breakfast, after which I talked privately with Master Hoby, matters concerning conscience and our estates, which, being concluded of between us, I took my coach and came home to Hackness,[3] where, after I was welcomed, I praise God, I went to prayer and meditation; then I went about the house till supper time; after supper I talked with Master Rhodes in the garden, and then to public prayers,[4] and soon after to bed.

The Lord's Day 26

In the morning, after private prayers, I talked a little with Master Rhodes and then to breakfast, soon after which I went to church, and, when the sermon was ended, I meditated of that I heard and prayed till almost dinner. After dinner, I talked awhile with Mistress Brutnell,[5] and then heard a chapter whereof Master Rhodes spoke, and so to church, where at catechizing[6] and sermon I stayed till 4 o'clock. Then I came home and took order for supper, and wrote out notes in my Bible, and then went to walk. And after my coming home, prayed, after which I went to supper and soon after that to prayers and thence to bed. This day, as ever, the Devil laboureth to hinder my profitable hearing of the word and calling upon God, but the Lord, for his mercy's sake, strengthen his children to resist and overcome.

[...]

Tuesday 28

In the morning, after private prayer, I read of the Bible, and then wrought till 8 o'clock, and then I ate my breakfast, after which done, I walked into the fields till 10 o'clock; then I prayed, and not long after I went to dinner; and about one o'clock I gathered my apples till 4; then I came home, and wrought till almost 6, and then I went to private prayer and examination, in which it pleased the Lord to bless me; and beseech the Lord, for Christ his sake, to increase the power of this spirit in me daily, Amen. Amen. Till supper time I heard Master Rhodes read of Cartwright,[7] and soon after supper I went to prayers, after which I wrote to Master Hoby, and so to bed.

Wednesday 29

After private prayer, I read of the Bible and wrought till dinner time, before which I prayed; and, after dinner, I continued my ordinary course of working, reading, and disposing of business in the house, till after 5; at which time I prayed, read a sermon, and examined myself; and then, going to supper, it pleased God to send me ease of the toothache where with I was troubled. Soon after I went to prayers, and, after some talk with some of the servants of household matters, I went to bed.

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[1] *sum* used adjectivally, meaning "the most important or significant."

[2] *Doctor Brewer* Clearly a local physician and Hoby's doctor. Brewer's death from an accidental "overdose" is discussed in the entry for the 31st of the month.

[3] In the entry for Thursday the 23rd, Hoby mentions that she has gone to Linton to visit her mother. See p. 939, note 9.

[4] *public prayers* i.e., prayers for which the entire household would gather.

[5] *Brutnell* Moody identifies her tentatively as one of Hoby's waiting gentlewomen.

[6] *catechizing* a method of religious instruction that involved the asking and answering of questions; there were several printed catechisms available for private use in the period.

[7] Thomas Cartwright (1534/35-1603), Puritan theologian, minister, and author of a number of works. Unlike the other Puritan writers that Hoby mentions, Cartwright's main output before 1599 consisted of works of religious controversy. There is also *The Holy Exercise of a True Fast* (1580), although Cartwright's authorship is uncertain.

Thursday 30

After private prayer in the morning, I took order for dinner, and then wrought till breakfast time; after that I walked, and then came home and wrote of my commonplace book;[1] then I prayed, and so to dinner. After dinner, I trifled the time about the house and in the town till 2 o'clock; then I came in, and wrought, and instructed some of my family;[2] at which time I found my mind much and altogether eased of some trouble it had before. Then I was busy and heard Master Rhodes read his catechism[3] till 5; then I went to private prayers, meditation, and ordering something in the house, and so to supper; after that to lector, and not long after to bed.

Friday 31

After private prayers, I wrote notes in my Testament after I had taken order in the house; then I ate my breakfast, and then wrought till and walked till dinner; then I prayed privately, and, when I had dined, wrought till 3 o'clock; then I went a little about the house and read of *The Diet of the Soul*[4] till 5, and then returned to private prayer and meditation, and so to reading of the Bible and walking till supper; after which I heard of the sudden death of Doctor Brewer,[5] procured by a medicine he ministered to himself to cause him to sleep. I was much grieved for it, because of the familiarity I had with him, and good I had received from, but, after better advice, I found the mercy and power of God showed in opening his eyes touching me, and shutting them against himself, by causing him to have great care of ministering unto me, and so little for his own safety. Therefore, I may truly conclude it is the Lord, and not the physician, who both ordains the medicine for our health and ordereth the ministering of it for the good of his children, closing and unclosing the judgments of men at his pleasure. Therefore, let everyone—physician and patient—call upon the Lord for a blessing. And then, after lector, I went to bed.

September 1599, 1 Saturday

After prayer in the morning, I, being not well, did hear Master Rhodes read of Gifford upon the Song of Solomon.[6] Soon after, I went to breakfast, and so walked almost till dinner time; then I came in, and prayed, and so to dinner, after which I walked about the house, barn, and fields, and, when I came home, I prayed private with Master Rhodes, wherein I had more comfort than ever I received in my life before, I praise God. Then I went to take[7] my bees, and, after that, I returned to private prayer myself and examination. Then I went to see my honey ordered,[8] and so to supper, after which I went to lector, and soon after to bed.

[...]

Thursday 6

After I had prayed, I did go about into the house, and then ate my breakfast, and after did see my

[1] *commonplace book* a book in which "commonplaces" or passages important for reference were collected, usually under general headings; hence, a book in which one records passages or matters to be especially remembered or referred to, with or without arrangement. In Hoby's case, these passages would probably have come largely from Scripture, sermons (heard or read), and religious treatises generally, although given her interest in medicine (she served, as did many mistresses of country estates, as the doctor for her family and tenants) and agriculture, there may have also been passages relevant to these pursuits as well. Hoby's commonplace book does not seem to have survived.

[2] *family* here, meaning her household.

[3] See p. 940, note 6 above.

[4] unidentified, although a book called *A Diet for the Christian Soul, Constantly to Be Observed Every Day* was published the following year (1600); there were also four editions between 1520 and 1527 of a treatise called *The Dietary of Ghostly Health*. A dietary is literally a book or treatise wherein a course of diet is prescribed or marked out.

[5] See p. 940, note 2 above.

[6] *Gifford ... Solomon* George Gifford (d. 1620), Puritan minister, preacher, and writer. In addition to *Fifteen Sermons upon the Song of Solomon* (1598; three more editions, 1600-20), he published other sermons, treatises on witchcraft, as well as works of religious controversy. He published 20 titles between 1581 and 1598.

[7] *to take* to assume responsibility for or take charge of.

[8] *to see my honey ordered* i.e., to see the preparation of my honey properly undertaken.

honey ordered, and then to dinner, after which I wrought, and walked about with Master Hoby, nothing reading nor profiting myself or any, the Lord pardon my omissions and commitions,[1] and give me his spirit to be watchful to redeem the time. Then I went to private prayer and examination, after to supper and lector, and so to bed.

Friday 7

After private prayers, I wrote my notes in my Testament, which I gathered out of the lector the night before. Then I did eat my breakfast; then I walked abroad and talked of good things, so that I found much comfort; after I came home, I wrote my sermon[2] that was preached the Sabbath day before; then I went to private prayer and so to dinner, after which I talked a little with some of my friends, and exercised my body at bowls[3] a while, of which I found good. Then I came home and wrought till 4; then I prayed with Master Rhodes, and after walked abroad; and when I came home, I prayed privately, and soon after went to supper, after which I went to the lector, and then to bed.

[...]

Monday 10

After private prayers, I went about the house, and then ate my breakfast. Then I walked to the church with Master Hoby; after that, I wrought a little, and neglected my custom of prayer, for which, as for many other sins, it pleased the Lord to punish me with an inward assault. But I know the Lord hath pardoned it, because he is true of his promise, and, if I had not taken this course of examination, I think I had forgotten it. After dinner, I walked with Master Hoby and, after he was gone, I went to get tithe apples;[4] after I came home, I prayed with Master Rhodes, and, after that, privately by myself, and took examination of myself, and so, after I walked awhile, I went to supper, after that to the lector, and so to bed.

[...]

Wednesday the 19

After prayer, I went to breakfast, and so took coach and came to York, to Master Skidmore's house[5] there, where, after much time spent there with some friends, I went to private prayer; and, having supped, I was at public prayers very sick; the Lord pardon the sin for which I was so punished, it being the will of God often to punish one sin with another, for I had little profit by that prayer, by reason of my sickness; yet presently I was well with means,[6] and so went to bed.

[...]

The Lord's Day 23

After private prayer, I walked and did eat my breakfast. Then I read a chapter of the Bible to my mother, and repeated the doctrines which from thence I had heard Master Rhodes collect.[7] Then I went to the church, where I heard Master Palmer[8] speak, but to small profit to any; thence I returned and privately prayed, lamenting the misery of God's visible Church, and praising his goodness to myself about others. Then soon after I went to dinner; after that, I talked with Master

[1] *commitions* things that one has committed or done.

[2] *I wrote my sermon* i.e., Hoby wrote down a summary of the sermon she had earlier heard.

[3] *bowls* a Renaissance version of lawn bowling.

[4] *tithe apples* i.e., part of the payment (here, a payment in kind) enjoined upon members of a parish for the support of the local minister.

[5] *Master Skidmore's house* Lady Hoby's lodging (Moody, p. 20, note 50).

[6] *with means* i.e., through the use of medicine.

[7] *collect* deduce, infer, gather.

[8] *Master Palmer* "William Palmer, Chancellor of York Minster (1571-1605)" (Moody, p. 21, note 55).

Hoby, and so went to my Cousin Bouser's[1] child christening, and heard a sermon something better than that in the morning; which ended, with all ceremonies, I returned to my lodging, and examined myself and prayed; then I went to supper to Master Nevell's;[2] after, I went to my lodging, and so went to bed.

[...]

Monday the 1st of October, 1599

After private prayer I wrought awhile and heard Master Rhodes read; then I broke my fast; then I walked. When I came in, I took a lector, prayed, and went to dinner; after that, I walked abroad. Then I came in and wrought, heard Master Rhodes read; then I prayed with Master Rhodes; then I went about the house and examined myself, prayed, and studied my lector, then to supper. After the lector, I heard Helurn[3] read of the *Book of Martyrs*,[4] and talked with Master Rhodes, and so went to bed.

[...]

Tuesday the 9th day

After private prayers, I did eat my breakfast with Master Hoby; then I walked abroad, and took a lector; after, I came in and prayed, and then went to dinner. Then I went about and delivered corn; then I came into my chamber, and wrote notes in my Testament, and after received rents, and walked awhile, and then examined myself and prayed; after, I walked awhile, and read of Babington,[5] and then went to supper, and soon after went to bed, Master Hoby coming home late.

Wednesday the 10th day

After private prayers, I went about and did eat my breakfast; then I wrote some notes in my Bible, then went to dinner; after, I walked and preserved some sweetmeat;[6] then I wrote notes again in my Bible; then I walked, and then came in and examined myself and prayed; then I went to supper, and, after, paid servants' wages, and so went to bed.

[...]

The Lord's Day the 28th

After private prayers, I wrote notes in my Testament, and did eat my breakfast; then, to church; after I came home, to prayer and so to dinner; after which, I talked with a woman that was to be divorced from her husband with whom she lived incestuously;[7] then I went to church, and, after catechizing and sermon, I walked abroad; then I meditated of the sermons, and read and spoke to Mistress Ormstone of the chapter that was read in the morning, and so went to private prayer; after, to supper, then to prayers, and soon after to bed.

[...]

Wednesday the 15th [of November]

After private prayer, I wrought till dinner time; after, I wrought and did business in the house till

[1] "Possibly of the Bourchier family, cousins through Lady Russell, Lady Hoby's mother-in-law" (Moody, p. 20, note 53).

[2] "Master Neville, possibly related to Lady Burghley" (Moody, p. 21, note 56).

[3] Neither Moody nor Meads identifies Helurn, although he may have been a servant, and certainly Hoby records in an earlier entry (Friday 28 Sept.) that "one of the men read of the *Book of Martyrs*."

[4] *the Book of Martyrs* John Foxe's *Acts and Monuments of These Latter and Perilous Days* (popularly known as the *Book of Martyrs*) (1563; 2nd edition, revised and enlarged, 1570), a popular and influential collection of stories of the English Protestant martyrs from the fourteenth century to Foxe's own time.

[5] Gervase Babington (1550-1610), bishop, and prolific author of many religious works (including sermons, expositions of Scripture, and sacred dialogues), and participant in the Hampton Court Conference.

[6] *sweetmeat* preserved or candied fruit, sugared nuts, etc.

[7] *a woman … incestuously* i.e., this woman and her husband had been married within the forbidden degrees of consanguinity (kinship) set out in the Church of England.

almost supper time; then I prayed and examined myself, when I found what it was to want[1] the continual preaching of the word by my coldness to all spiritual exercises, but I beseech the Lord pardon my several defects and restore me to my former life, for thy mercy's sake, with increase of his spirit, and so much more spiritual comfort as now is a-wanting. After supper, I walked till bedtime, and then I prayed, and so went to bed.

[...]

[1603]

[The 23rd of March: Which Day the Queen Departed This Life]

Master Hoby received letters which came from the Privy Council to the lord president and all the justices of peace, that our Queen was sick, which wrought great sorrow and dread in all good subjects' hearts. These letters were dated the 16th of March.

[March, 1603, the 26th]

This day, being the Lord's day, was the death of the Queen published, and our now King, James of Scotland, proclaimed king to succeed her. God send him a long and happy reign. Amen.

[The 27th]

Went Master Hoby and myself towards York, thinking to continue there until all things were established, but he received letters from the Council at York. We both returned from Linton the 29th day to Hackness where we found all quiet, God be praised.

[...]

—1599-1603

[1] *want* lack.

Samuel Daniel
1562/1563-1619

Samuel Daniel wrote in a variety of genres, including history, drama, lyric, and narrative poetry, as well as non-fictional prose (of particular note is his influential essay *A Defence of Rhyme*). Many of his works were dedicated to or commissioned by nobility and royalty. In 1592, he was under the patronage of the sister of Sir Philip Sidney, Mary Sidney Herbert, countess of Pembroke, and he would later join the literary circle at Wilton, Mary and her husband's Pembroke estate. A number of his works are dedicated to various members of this family. *Delia* (1592) contributed to the vogue in sonnet sequences; published alongside *Delia* was the long and dramatic poem, *The Complaint of Rosamond*, which draws on Petrarchan tropes to create the tragic lament of a murdered mistress. Daniel's *Panegyric Congratulatory to the King's Majesty* welcomed King James to England in 1603; while the poem failed to gain James's favour, Daniel was under Queen Anne's patronage by 1604 and wrote the first of four dramatic works for the Court.

EDITIONS: *Delia*. London: Printed by I.C. for Simon Waterson, 1592. STC 6243.2; "The Complaint of Rosamond" in *Delia and Rosamond augmented. Cleopatra*. London: [By James Roberts and Edward Allde] for Simon Waterson, 1594. STC 6243.4; "To the Lady Lucy, Countess of Bedford," "To the Lady Anne Clifford," "A Panegyric Congratulatory to the King's Most Excellent Majesty," and "A Defence of Rhyme" in *A panegyrike congratulatorie delivered to the Kings most excellent Majestie … Also certaine epistles, with a defence of ryme …* London: Imprinted [by V. Simmes] for Edward Blount, 1603. STC 6259.

from *Delia*

To the Right Honourable the Lady Mary, Countess of Pembroke.

Right Honourable, although I rather desired to keep in the private passions of my youth from the multitude, as things uttered to myself and consecrated to silence, yet seeing I was betrayed by the indiscretion of a greedy printer, and had some of my secrets bewrayed[1] to the world uncorrected, doubting[2] the like of the rest, I am forced to publish that which I never meant. But this wrong was not only done to me, but to him whose unmatchable lines have endured the like misfortune,[3] ignorance sparing not to commit sacrilege upon so holy relics. Yet Astrophil, flying with the wings of his own fame a higher pitch than the gross-sighted can discern, hath registered his own name in the annals of eternity and cannot be disgraced, howsoever disguised. And for myself, seeing I am thrust out into the world, and that my unboldened Muse is forced to appear so rawly in public, I desire only to be graced by the countenance of your protection, whom the fortune of our time hath made the happy and judicial patroness of the Muses (a glory hereditary to your house) to preserve them from those hideous beasts, Oblivion and Barbarism. Whereby you do not only possess the honour of the present, but also do bind posterity to an ever grateful memory of your virtues, wherein you must survive yourself. And if my lines hereafter better laboured shall purchase grace in the world, they must remain the monuments of your honourable favour, and record the zealous duty of me, who am vowed to your honour in all observancy forever,

Samuel Daniel.

[1] *bewrayed* revealed, betrayed.

[2] *doubting* fearing.

[3] *But this wrong … like misfortune* Sir Philip Sidney's sonnet sequence *Astrophil and Stella* was first printed in 1591 in three versions, none of which was authorized by Sidney, who had died in 1586, or by his unofficial literary executor, his sister Mary Sidney Herbert, countess of Pembroke; one edition of 1591 included twenty-seven of Daniel's *Delia* sonnets and one sonnet to the author.

Sonnet VI

Fair is my love, and cruel as sh'is fair;
Her brow shades frowns, although her eyes are sunny;
Her smiles are lightning, though her pride dispair;
And her disdains are gall, her favours honey.
A modest maid, deckt with a blush of honour,
Whose feet do tread green paths of youth and love,
The wonder of all eyes that look upon her,
Sacred on earth, design'd a saint above.
Chastity and Beauty, which were deadly foes,
Live reconciled friends within her brow:
And had she pity to conjoin with those,[1]
Then who had heard the plaints I utter now?
Oh had she not been fair, and thus unkind,
My Muse had slept, and none had known my mind.

Sonnet IX

If this be love, to draw a weary breath,
Paint[2] on floods, till the shore, cry to th'air,
With downward looks, still reading on the earth,
The sad memorials of my love's despair;
If this be love, to war against my soul,
Lie down to wail, rise up to sigh and grieve me,
The never-resting stone of care to roll,[3]
Still to complain my griefs, and none relieve me;
If this be love, to clothe me with dark thoughts,
Haunting untrodden paths to wail apart,
My pleasures horror, music tragic notes,
Tears in my eyes, and sorrow at my heart;
If this be love, to live a living death,
Oh then love I, and draw this weary breath.

Sonnet XV

If that a loyal heart and faith unfeigned,
If a sweet languish with a chaste desire,
If hunger-starven thoughts so long retained,
Fed but with smoke, and cherisht but with fire;
And if a brow with cares' characters painted,
Bewrays my love, with broken words half spoken,
To her that sits in my thoughts' temple sainted,
And lays to view my vulture-gnawn heart open;
If I have done due homage to her eyes,
And had my sighs still tending on her name,
If on her love my life and honour lies,
And she th'unkindest maid still scorns the same;
Let this suffice, the world yet may see,[4]
The fault is hers, though mine the hurt must be.

Sonnet XVIII

Restore thy tresses to the golden ore,
Yield Cithereas' son those arks of love,[5]
Bequeath the heavens the stars that I adore,
And to th'Orient do thy pearls remove.
Yield thy hands' pride unto th'ivory white,
T'Arabian odours[6] give thy breathing sweet,
Restore thy blush unto Aurora[7] bright,
To Thetis[8] give the honour of thy feet.

---

1 *had she … those* i.e., if she would join pity to chastity and beauty.

2 *Paint* "pant" has been proposed as an alternate, but to "paint on floods"—and to "till the shore"—are examples of futile endeavours.

3 *The never-resting … roll* Sisyphus was condemned eternally to roll a rock up a hill, only to have it roll back down before reaching the summit.

4 The end of this line was later revised to amend the meter: "that all the world may see."

5 *Cithereas' … love* Aphrodite, a goddess of war and love, landed on the island of Cythera and so is referred to as "Cytherean." Both Aeneas and Eros were her sons. The "arks of love" are the mistress's eyebrows.

6 *T'Arabian odours* spices were imported from Arabia.

7 *Aurora* the dawn.

8 *Thetis* Thetis, a sea nymph and one of the Nereids, is the mother of Achilles.

Let Venus[1] have thy graces, her resigned,
And thy sweet voice give back unto the spheres,[2]
But yet restore thy fierce and cruel mind,
To Hyrcan[3] tigers, and to ruthless bears.
Yield to the marble thy hard heart again;
So shalt thou cease to plague, and I to pain.

Sonnet XXX

I once may see when years shall wreck my wrong,[4]
When golden hairs shall change to silver wire,
And those bright rays, that kindle all this fire
Shall fail in force, their working not so strong.
Then beauty, now the burthen[5] of my song,
Whose glorious blaze the world doth so admire,
Must yield up all to tyrant Time's desire:
Then fade those flowers which deckt her pride so long.
When if she grieve to gaze her in her glass,
Which then presents her winter-withered hue,
Go you my verse, go tell her what she was,
For what she was she best shall find in you.
Your fiery heat lets not her glory pass,
But phoenix-like[6] shall make her live anew.

Sonnet XXXV

Thou canst not die whilst any zeal abound
In feeling hearts, that can conceive these lines:
Though thou a Laura hast no Petrarch[7] found,
In base attire, yet clearly Beauty shines.
And I, though born [with]in a colder clime,
Do feel mine inward heat as great, I know it:
He never had more faith, although more rhyme,
I love as well, though he could better show it.
But I may add one feather to thy fame,
To help her flight throughout the fairest isle:
And if my pen could more enlarge thy name,
Then shouldst thou live in an immortal style.
But though that Laura better limned[8] be,
Suffice, thou shalt be lov'd as well as she.

Sonnet XLIX

Unhappy pen and ill-accepted papers,
That intimate in vain my chaste desires,
My chaste desires, the ever burning tapers,
Enkindled by her eyes' celestial fires.
Celestial fires and unrespecting powers,
That deign not view the glory of your might,
In humble lines the work of careful hours,
The sacrifice I offer to her sight.
But sith[9] she scorns her own, this rests for me:
I'll moan my self, and hide the wrong I have,
And so content me that her frowns should be
To my'infant style the cradle, and the grave.
What though myself no honour get thereby,
Each bird sings t'herself, and so will I.

—1592

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1 *Venus* goddess of love.

2 *sweet … the spheres* a reference to "the music of the spheres," that harmonious music produced by the turning of the heavenly bodies on their fixed spheres.

3 *Hyrcan* The Hyrcanian region on the Caspian Sea was known for its wildness.

4 *wreck my wrong* cause my ruin.

5 *burthen* weighty matter as in "burden," but the "burthen" also refers to the refrain or chorus of a song.

6 *phoenix-like* The phoenix is a mythic bird, one of a kind, that lives for up to 600 years and is consumed by flames of its own making, only to be reborn with renewed vigour and beauty.

7 *Petrarch* The Italian poet Francesco Petrarch (1304-74) greatly influenced English love poetry, especially the sonnet. Laura is the beloved in Petrarch's lyric sequence.

8 *limned* to illuminate or embellish with gold or bright colours; to paint or portray.

9 *sith* since.

from *The Complaint of Rosamond*[1]

Out from the horror of infernal deeps,
My poor afflicted ghost comes here to plain it,[2]
Attended with my shame that never sleeps,
The spot wherewith my kind, and youth did stain it.
My body found a grave where to contain it:
A sheet could hide my face, but not my sin,
For Fame finds never tomb t'enclose it in.

And which is worse, my soul is now denied
Her transport to the sweet Elysian[3] rest,
The joyful bliss for ghosts repurified,
The ever-springing gardens of the blest:
Caron denies me wastage[4] with the rest,
And says my soul can never pass the river,
Till lovers' sighs on earth shall it deliver.

So shall I never pass, for how should I
Procure this sacrifice amongst the living?
Time hath long since worn out the memory
Both of my life, and life's unjust depriving:
Sorrow for me is dead for aye reviving.
Rosamond hath little left her but her name,
And that disgrac'd, for time hath wrong'd the same.

No Muse suggests the pity of my case,
Each pen doth overpass my just complaint,
Whilst others are preferred, though far more base:
Shore's wife[5] is grac'd, and passes for a saint;
Her legend justifies her foul attaint;
Her well-told tale did such compassion find,
That she is pass'd, and I am left behind.

Which seen with grief, my miserable ghost,
(Whilom[6] invested in so fair a veil,
Which whilst it liv'd, was honoured of the most,
And being dead, gives matter to bewail)
Comes to solicit thee (since others fail)
To take this task, and in thy woeful song
To form my case, and register my wrong.

Although I know thy just lamenting Muse,
Toil'd in th'affliction of thine own distress,[7]
In others' cares hath little time to use,
And therefore may'st esteem of mine the less:
Yet as thy hopes attend happy redress,
Thy joys depending on a woman's grace,
So move thy mind a woeful woman's case.

Delia may hap to deign to read our story,
And offer up her sigh among the rest,
Whose merit would suffice for both our glory,
Whereby thou might'st be grac'd, and I be blest:
That indulgence would profit me the best.
Such power she hath by whom thy youth is led,
To joy the living and to bless the dead.

So I (through beauty) made the woefull'st wight,
By beauty might have comfort after death:
That dying fairest, by the fairest might
Find life above on earth, and rest beneath.

---

[1] The *Complaint* was published along with *Delia* in 1592 and again, revised and augmented, in 1594. This version is based on the 1594 edition. The poem is, for the most part, in the voice of Rosamond, who begs the poet to tell the story, and alludes to Delia as the poet's Muse. Rosamond Clifford (1133-76) appears to have been a distant relative of Anne Clifford (to whom Daniel was a tutor and also wrote a verse letter, included here). Anne Clifford married Philip Herbert, earl of Pembroke; the *Complaint* is dedicated to Lady Mary Sidney Herbert, countess of Pembroke.

[2] *plain it* complain, lament.

[3] *Elysian* Elysium is the abode of the blessed after death in Greek mythology.

[4] *Caron* Chiron is the ferryman who conveys the shades across the river Styx; *wastage* loss or diminution by decay.

[5] *Shore's wife* Jane Shore (c. 1445-c. 1527), mistress to both Edward IV and Thomas Grey, first marquess of Dorset, was accused by Richard III of sorcery, imprisoned, and forced to do public penance. She is the subject of a number of poems, including a pair of epistles by Michael Drayton.

[6] *Whilom* at some past time, or at times.

[7] I.e., in writing sonnets to Delia.

She that can bless us with one happy breath,
Give comfort to thy Muse to do her best,
That thereby thou may'st joy, and I might rest.

Thus said, forthwith mov'd with a tender care[1]
And pity (which myself could never find),[2]
What she desir'd, my Muse deigned to declare,
And therefore will'd her boldly tell her mind:
And I (more willing) took this charge assigned,
Because her griefs were worthy to be known,
And telling hers, might hap forget mine own.

Then write (quoth she) the ruin of my youth,
Report the downfall of my slippery state:
Of all my life reveal the simple truth,
To teach to others, what I learnt too late.
Exemplify my frailty, tell how fate
Keeps in eternal dark our fortunes hidden,
And ere they come, to know them 'tis forbidden.

For whilst the sunshine of my fortune lasted,
I joy'd the happiest warmth, the sweetest heat
That ever yet imperious beauty tasted,
I had what glory ever flesh could get:
But this fair morning had a shameful set.
Disgrace darkt honour, sin did cloud my brow,
As note the sequel, and I'll tell thee how.

The blood I stain'd was good and of the best,
My birth had honour, and my beauty fame:
Nature and fortune join'd to make me blest,
Had I had grace t'have known to use the same.
My education show'd from whence I came,
And all concur'd to make me happy first,
That so great hap[3] might make me more accurst.

Happy liv'd I, whilst parents' eye did guide
The indiscretion of my feeble ways,
And country home kept me from being eyed,
Where best unknown I spent my sweetest days;
Till that my friends mine honour sought to raise
To higher place, which greater credit yields,
Deeming such beauty was unfit for fields.

From country then to court I was preferr'd,
From calm to storms, from shore into the deeps:
There where I perish'd, where my youth first err'd,
There where I lost the flower which honour keeps,
There where the worser thrives, the better weeps;
Ah me (poor wench) on this unhappy shelf[4]
I grounded me, and cast away my self.[5]

For thither com'd,[6] when years had arm'd my youth,
With rarest proof of beauty ever seen:
When my reviving eye had learnt the truth,
That it had power to make the winter green,
And flower affections whereas none had been,
Soon could I teach my brow to tyrannize,
And make the world do homage to mine eyes.

For age I saw (though years with cold conceit
Congealed their thoughts against a warm desire)

[1] This stanza is in the voice of the poet; Rosamond continues in the next stanza.

[2] I.e., from Delia.

[3] *hap* some editions say "hope."

[4] *shelf* a sandbank or submerged ledge of rock, which continues the ship and sea imagery.

[5] In the fourth edition, in 1601, the following stanza was inserted:

There whereas frail and tender beauty stands,
With all assaulting powers environed,
Having but prayers and weak, feeble hands
To hold their honour's fort unvanquished,
There where to stand, and be unconquered,
Is to b'above the nature of our kind,
That cannot long for pity be unkind.

[6] *For thither com'd* i.e., "There I came."

Yet sigh their want, and look at such a bait;
I saw how youth was wax before the fire;
I saw by stealth, I fram'd my look a lyre.[1]
Yet well perceiv'd how fortune made me then
The envy of my sex, and wonder unto men.

Look how a comet at the first appearing,
Draws all men's eyes with wonder to behold it;
Or as the saddest tale at sudden hearing,
Makes silent list'ning unto him that told it:
So did my speech when rubies did unfold it,
So did the blazing of my blush appear,
T'amaze the world, that holds such sights so dear.

Ah beauty Siren,[2] fair enchanting good,
Sweet silent rhetoric of persuading eyes:
Dumb eloquence, whose power doth move the blood,
More than the words or wisdom of the wise:
Still harmony, whose diapason[3] lies
Within a brow, the key which passions move,
To ravish sense, and play a world in love.

What might I then not do whose power was such?
What cannot women do that know their power?
What women knows it not (I fear too much)
How bliss or bale lies in their laugh or lour?[4]
Whilst they enjoy their happy blooming flower,
Whilst Nature decks her with her proper fair
Which cheers the world, joys each sight, sweetens th'air.[5]

Such one was I, my beauty was mine own,
No borrowed blush which bank-rot[6] beauties seek:
That newfound-shame, a sin to us unknown,
Th'adulterate beauty of a falsed cheek:
Vild stain to honour and to women eke,[7]
Seeing that time our fading must detect,
Thus with defect to cover our defect.

Impiety of times, chastity's abater,[8]
Falsehood, wherein thyself thyself deniest:
Treason, to counterfeit the seal of Nature,
The stamp of Heaven, impressed by the highest.
Disgrace unto the world, to whom thou liest,
Idol unto thyself, shame to the wise,
And all that honour thee idolatrise.

Far was that sin from us whose age was pure,
When simply beauty was accounted best,
The time when women had no other lure
But modesty, pure cheeks, a virtuous breast;
This was the pomp wherewith my youth was blest;
These were the weapons which mine honour won
In all the conflicts that mine eyes begun.

Which were not small; I wrought on no mean object;
A crown was at my feet, sceptres obeyed me;
Whom fortune made my king, love made my subject;

---

1 There are two possibilities: a "lyre," the instrument whose music entices men, or a "liar."

2 *Siren* a mythical creature, part woman, part bird, who lures sailors to their deaths with enchanted singing. In one edition, this word is "sired" (produced).

3 *diapason* a note of concord, harmony.

4 *lour* frown.

5 These last two lines were later amended: "Whilst Nature decks them in their best attires / Of youth and beauty, which the world admires."

6 *bank-rot* bankrupt; this section condemns cosmetics.

7 *Vild* vile; *eke* also.

8 *abater* to beat down.

Who did command the land, most humbly
prayed me;
Henry the second, that so highly weigh'd[1] me,
Found well (by proof) the privilege of beauty,
That it hath power to countermand all duty.

For after all his victories in France,
Triumphing in the honour of his deeds,
Unmatch'd by sword, was vanquished by a glance,
And hotter wars within his bosom breeds:
Wars whom whole legions of desires feeds,
Against all which my chastity opposes,
The field of honour, virtue never loses.

No armour might be found that could defend
Transpiercing rays of crystal-pointed eyes:
No stratagem, no reason could amend,
No not his age (yet old men should be wise):
But shows deceive, outward appearance lies;
Let none for seeming so, think saints of others,
For all are men, and all have suckt their mothers.

Who would have thought a monarch would have
ever
Obeyed his handmaid, of so mean estate,
Vulture ambition feeding on his liver,
Age having worn his pleasures out of date.
But hap comes never or it comes too late,
For such a dainty which his youth found not,
Unto his feeble age did chance allot.

Ah fortune, never absolutely good,
For that some cross still counterchecks our luck,
As here behold th'incompatible blood,
Of age and youth was that whereon we stuck:
Whose loathing, we from nature's breasts do suck,
As opposite to what our blood requires,
For equal age doth equal like desires.

But mighty men in highest honour sitting,
Nought but applause and pleasure can behold:
Sooth'd in their liking, careless what is fitting,
May not be suffred once to think the'are old,
Not trusting what they see, but what is told.
Miserable fortune to forget so far
The state of flesh, and what our frailties are.

Yet must I needs excuse so great defect,
For drinking of the Lethe[2] of mine eyes,
H'is forc'd forget himself, and all respect
Of majesty whereon his state relies,
And now of loves and pleasures must devise.
For thus reviv'd again, he serves and su'th,[3]
And seeks all means to undermine my youth.

Which never by assault he could recover,
So well encamp'd in strength of chaste desires:
My clean-arm'd thoughts repell'd an unchaste
lover.
The crown that could command what it requires,
I lesser priz'd than chastity's attires:
Th'unstained veil, which innocents adorns,
Th'ungathred rose, defended with the thorns.

And safe mine honour stood, till that in truth,
One of my sex, of place and nature bad,
Was set in ambush to entrap my youth,
One in the habit of like frailty clad,
One who the liv'ry[4] of like weakness had.
A seeming matron, yet a sinful monster,
As by her words the chaster sort may conster.[5]

[...]

[1] *Henry the second* Henry II, reigned 1154-89; *weigh'd* prized.

[2] *Lethe* a river in Hades, whose water causes forgetfulness.

[3] *su'th* sues, seeks.

[4] *liv'ry* livery or a suit of clothes, here "appearance."

[5] *conster* construe.

"Daughter" (saith she) "behold thy happy chance,
That hast the lot cast down into thy lap,
Whereby thou maist thy honour great advance,
Whilst thou (unhappy) wilt not see thy hap:
Such fond respect thy youth doth so enwrap,
To'oppose thy self against thine own good fortune,
That points thee out, and seems thee to importune.

"Dost thou not see how that thy king (thy Jove),[1]
Lightens forth glory on thy dark estate,
And showers down gold and treasure from above,
Whilst thou dost shut thy lap against thy fate?
Fie fondling fie, thou wilt repent too late
The error of thy youth, that canst not see
What is the fortune that doth follow thee.

[...]

"The subtle city-women, better learned,
Esteem them chaste enough that best seem so;
Who though they sport, it shall not be discerned,
Their face bewrays not what their bodies do;
'Tis wary walking that doth safeliest go,
With show of virtue, as the cunning knows:
Babes are beguiled with sweets, and men with shows.

"Then use thy talent, youth shall be thy warrant,
And let not honour from thy sports detract:
Thou must not fondly think thyself transparent,
That those who see thy face can judge thy fact;
Let her have shame that cannot closely[2] act,
And seem thee chaste, which is the chiefest art,
For what we seem each sees: none knows our heart.

"The mighty, who can with such sins dispense,
Instead of shame do honours great bestow:
A worthy author doth redeem th'offence,
And makes the scarlet sin as white as snow.
The Majesty that doth descend so low,
Is not defiled, but pure remains therein,
And being sacred, sanctifies the sin."

[...]

Here interrupt she leaves me in a doubt,
When lo began the combat in my blood,
Seeing my youth environ'd round about,
The ground uncertain where my reasons stood;
Small my defence to make my party good,
Against such powers which were so surely laid,
To overthrow a poor unskillful maid.

Treason was in my bones, myself conspiring
To sell myself to lust, my soul to sin:
Pure-blushing shame was even in retiring,
Leaving the sacred hold it gloried in.
Honour lay prostrate for my flesh to win,
When cleaner thoughts my weakness gan upbray[3]
Against myself, and shame did force me say:

"Ah Rosamond, what doth thy flesh prepare?
Destruction to thy days, death to thy fame.
Wilt thou betray that honour held with care,
T'entomb with black reproach a spotted name,
Leaving thy blush the colours of thy shame?
Opening thy feet to sin, thy soul to lust,
Graceless to lay thy glory in the dust?

Nay, first let th'earth gape wide to swallow thee,
And shut thee up in bosom with her dead,
Ere serpent tempt thee taste forbidden tree,
Or feel the warmth of an unlawful bed,
Suff'ring thyself by lust to be misled,

[1] *Jove* the supreme deity.
[2] *closely* secretly.
[3] *upbray* upbraid, censure.

So to disgrace thyself and grieve thine heirs,
That Clifford's race should scorn thee one of theirs.

[...]

But what? he is my king and may constrain me,
Whether I yield or not I live defamed.
The world will think authority did gain me,
I shall be judg'd his love, and so be shamed.
We see the fair condemn'd, that never gamed.
And if I yield, 'tis honourable shame,
If not, I live disgrac'd, yet thought the same."

[...]

Thus stood I balanc'd equally precise,
Till my frail flesh did weigh me down to sin:
Till world and pleasure made me partialize,[1]
And glittering pomp my vanity did win.
When to excuse my fault my lusts begin,
And impious thoughts alleg'd this wanton clause,
That though I sinn'd, my sin had honest cause.

[...]

Thus wrought to sin, soon was I trained[2] from Court,
T'a solitary grange,[3] there to attend
The time the King should thither make resort,
Where he love's long-desired work should end.
Thither he daily messages doth send,
With costly jewels (orators of love),
Which (ah too well men know) do women move.

[...]

I saw the sin wherein my foot was ent'ring,
I saw how that dishonour did attend it,
I saw the shame whereon my flesh was vent'ring,[4]
Yet had I not the power for to defend it,
So weak is sense when error hath condemn'd it.
We see what's good, and thereto we consent,
But yet we choose the worst, and soon repent.

And now I come to tell the worst of illness,
Now draws the date of mine affliction near,
Now when the dark had wrapt up all in stillness,
And dreadful black had dispossess'd the clear,
Com'd was the night (mother of sleep and fear),
Who with her sable mantle friendly covers,
The sweet-stol'n sports of joyful meeting lovers.

When lo, I joyed my lover, not my love,
And felt the hand of lust most undesired:
Enforc'd th'unproved bitter sweet to prove,
Which yields no mutual pleasure when 'tis hired.
Love's not constrain'd, nor yet of due required.
Judge they who are unfortunately wed,
What 'tis to come unto a loathed bed.

But soon his age receiv'd his short contenting,
And sleep sealed up his languishing desires,
When he turns to his rest, I to repenting,
Into myself my waking thought retires:
My nakedness had prov'd my senses liars.
Now opened were mine eyes to look therein,
For first we taste the fruit, then see our sin.

Now did I find myself unparadis'd,
From those pure fields of my so clean beginning:
Now I perceiv'd how ill I was advis'd,
My flesh gan loathe the new-felt touch of sinning:
Shame leaves us by degrees, not at first winning.

---

1 *partialize* became biased.

2 *trained* drawn.

3 *T'a* to a; *grange* a country house.

4 *vent'ring* venturing.

For nature checks a new offence with loathing,
But use of sin doth make it seem as nothing.

And use of sin did work in me a boldness,
And love in him incorporates such zeal,
That jealousy increas'd with age's coldness,
Fearing to lose the joy of all his weal.
Or doubting time his stealth might else reveal,
H'is driven to devise some subtle way,
How he might safeliest keep so rich a prey.

A stately palace he forthwith did build,
Whose intricate innumerable ways,
With such confused errors so beguil'd
Th'unguided ent'rers with uncertain strays,
And doubtful turnings kept them in delays,
With bootless labour leading them about,
Able to find no way, nor in, nor out.

Within the closed bosom of which frame,
That serv'd a centre to that goodly round,
Were lodgings, with a garden to the same,
With sweetest flowers that ev'r adorn'd the ground,
And all the pleasures that delight hath found,
T'entertain the sense of wanton eyes,
Fuel of love, from whence lust's flames arise.

Here I enclos'd from all the world asunder,
The Minotaur[1] of shame kept for disgrace,
The monster of fortune, and the world's wonder,
Liv'd cloistered in so desolate a case:
None but the king might come into the place,
With certain maids that did attend my need,
And he himself came guided by a threed.[2]

[...]

Yet would to God my foot had never moved
From country safety, from the fields of rest,
To know the danger to be highly loved,
And live in pomp to brave[3] among the best;
Happy for me, better had I been blest,
If I unluckily had never strayed,
But liv'd at home a happy country maid.

Whose unaffected innocency thinks
No guileful fraud, as doth the courtly liver:
She's deckt with truth; the river where she drinks
Doth serve her for her glass, her counsel giver:
She loves sincerely, and is loved ever.
Her days are peace, and so she ends her breath
(True life that knows not what's to die till death).

So should I never have been registered,
In the black book of the unfortunate:
Nor had my name enrolled with maids misled,
Which bought their pleasures at so high a rate.
Nor had I taught (through my unhappy fate),
This lesson (which myself learnt with expense),
How most it hurts that most delights the sense.

Shame follows sin, disgrace is duly given,
Impiety will out, never so closely done:
No walls can hide us from the eyes of Heaven,
For shame must end what wickedness begun,
Forth breaks reproach when we least think
thereon.
And this is ever proper unto courts:
That nothing can be done but fame reports.

[...]

[1] *Minotaur* The Minotaur—half bull, half man—was hidden in a labyrinth and fed young sacrifices. It was killed by Theseus.

[2] *threed* thread.

[3] *to brave* to glory, to dress splendidly.

And this our stealth she[1] could not long conceal,
From her whom such a forfeit most concerned:
The wronged Queen, who could so closely deal,
That she the whole of all our practice learned,
And watched a time when least it was discerned,
In absence of the King, to wreak her wrong,
With such revenge as she desired long.

The labyrinth she ent'red by that threed
That serv'd a conduct to my absent lord,
Left there by chance, reserv'd for such a deed,
Where she surpris'd me whom she so abhorred.
Enrag'd with madness, scarce she speaks a word,
But flies with eager fury to my face,
Off'ring me most unwomanly disgrace.

[...]

And after all her vile reproaches used,
She forc'd me take the poison she had brought,
To end the life that had her so abused,
And free her fears, and ease her jealous thought.
No cruelty her wrath would leave unwrought,
No spiteful act that to revenge is common
(For no beast fiercer than a jealous woman).

"Here take" (saith she) "thou impudent unclean,
Base graceless strumpet, take this next your heart;
Your lovesick heart, that overcharg'd hath been
With pleasure's surfeit, must be purg'd with art.
This potion hath a power that will convart[2]
To naught, those humours that oppress you so.
And (girl) I'll see you take it ere I go.

"What, stand you now amaz'd, retire you back?
Tremble you (minion)? Come, dispatch with speed.
There is no help, your champion now you lack,
And all these tears you shed will nothing steed;[3]
Those dainty fingers needs must do the deed.
Take it, or I will drench you else by force,
And trifle not, lest that I use you worse."

Having this bloody doom from hellish breath,
My woeful eyes on every side I cast:
Rigour about me, in my hand my death,
Presenting me the horror of my last,
All hope of pity and of comfort past.
No means, no power, no forces to contend,
My trembling hands must give myself my end.

Those hands that beauty's ministers had been,[4]
They must give death, that me adorn'd of late:
That mouth that newly gave consent to sin,
Must now receive destruction in thereat.
That body which my lust did violate,
Must sacrifice itself t'appease the wrong
(So short is pleasure, glory lasts not long).

And she no sooner saw I had it taken,
But forth she rushes (proud with victory),
And leaves m'alone, of all the world forsaken,
Except of death, which she had left with me
(Death and myself alone together be),
To whom she did her full revenge refer.
Ah poor weak conquest both for him and her.

Then straight my conscience summons up my sin,
T'appear before me in a hideous face;
Now doth the terror of my soul begin,
When ev'ry corner of that hateful place
Dictates mine error, and reveals disgrace;
Whilst I remain opprest in every part,
Death in my body, horror at my heart.

[1] *she* i.e., fame.
[2] *convart* convert.
[3] *steed* stead: i.e., the tears will do you no good.
[4] *been* pronounced "bin."

Down on my bed my loathsome self I cast,
The bed that likewise gives in evidence
Against my soul, and tells I was unchast,[1]
Tells I was wanton, tells I followed sense.
And therefore cast, by guilt of mine offence,
Must here the right of Heaven needs satisfy,
And where I wanton lay, must wretched die.

Here I began to wail my hard mishap,
My sudden, strange unlooked for misery,
Accusing them that did my youth entrap,
To give me such a fall of infamy.
"And poor distressed Rosamond (said I),
Is this thy glory got, to die forlorn
In deserts where no ear can hear thee mourn?

Nor any eye of pity to behold
The woeful end of thy sad tragedy,
But that thy wrongs unseen, thy tale untold,
Must here in secret silence buried lie,
And with thee, thine excuse together die.
Thy sin reveal'd, but thy repentance hid,
Thy shame alive, but dead what thy death did.

[...]

O you that proud with liberty and beauty
(And oh may well be proud that you be so),
Glitter in court, lov'd and observ'd of duty,
Oh that I might to you but ere I go
Speak what I feel, to warn you by my woe,
To keep your feet in pure clean paths of shame,
That no enticing may divert the same.

See'ng how against your tender weakness still,
The strength of wit, of gold, and all is bent;
And all th'assaults that ever might or skill
Can give against a chaste and clean intent;

Ah let not greatness work you to consent.
The spot is foul, though by a monarch made,
Kings cannot privilege a sin[2] forbade.

[...]

And fly (Oh fly) these bed-brokers unclean,
(The monsters of our sex) that make a prey
Of their own kind, by an unkindly mean;
And even (like vipers) eating out a way
Through th'womb of their own shame, accursed they
Live by the death of fame, the gain of sin,
The filth of lust, uncleanness wallows in.

Oh is it not enough that we (poor we)
Have weakness, beauty, gold and men our foes,
But we must have some of ourselves to be
Traitors unto ourselves, to join with those?
Such as our feeble forces do disclose,
And still betray our cause, our shame, our youth,
To lust, to folly, and to men's untruth?"

[...]

But now, the poison spread through all my veins,
Gan dispossess my living senses quite,
And naught-respecting death (the last of pains),
Plac'd his pale colours (th'ensign[3] of his might),
Upon his new-got spoil before his right;
Thence chas'd my soul, setting my day ere noon,
When I least thought my joys could end so soon.

And as conveyed t'untimely funerals,
My scarce cold corse[4] not suff'red longer stay,
Behold the King (by chance) returning, falls
T'encounter with the same upon the way,

[1] *unchast* unchaste.

[2] *a sin* The 1601 edition has "what God."

[3] *th'ensign* the banner or sign.

[4] *corse* corpse, body.

As he repaired to see his dearest joy.
Not thinking such a meeting could have been,
To see his love, and seeing been unseen.

Judge those whom chance deprives of sweetest treasure,
What 'tis to lose a thing we hold so dear:
The best delight, wherein our soul takes pleasure,
The sweet of life, that penetrates so near.
What passions feels that heart, enforc'd to bear
The deep impression of so strange a sight?
Tongue, pen, nor art, can never show aright.

[...]

"O heavens" (quoth he) "why do mine eyes behold,
The hateful rays of this unhappy sun?
Why have I light to see my sins controlled,
With blood of mine own shame thus vildly done?
How can my sight endure to look thereon?
Why doth not black eternal darkness hide
That from mine eyes, my heart cannot abide?"

[...]

Thus as these passions do him overwhelm,
He draws him near my body to behold it:
And as the vine married unto the elm
With strict embraces, so doth he enfold it.
And as he in his careful arms doth hold it,
Viewing the face that even death commends,
On senseless lips, millions of kisses spends.

[...]

"Wonder of beauty, oh receive these plaints,
These obsequies, the last that I shall make thee:
For lo, my soul that now already faints
(That lov'd thee living, dead will not forsake thee)
Hastens her speedy course to over-take thee.
I'll meet my death, and free myself thereby,
For (ah) what can he do that cannot die?

"Yet ere I die, thus much my soul doth vow,
Revenge shall sweeten death with ease of mind,
And I will cause posterity shall know,
How fair thou wert above all women kind.
And after-ages monuments shall find,
Showing thy beauty's title, not thy name,
Rose of the world[1] that sweet'ned so the same."

[...]

Then were my funerals not long deferred,
But done with all the rites pomp could devise,
At Godstow, where my body was interred,
And richly tomb'd in honourable wise.
Where yet as now scarce any note descries
Unto these times, the memory of me,
Marble and brass so little lasting be.

[...]

And were it not thy favourable lines,
Re-edified the wrack of my decays,
And that thy accents willingly assigns
Some farther date, and give me longer days,
Few in this age had known my beauty's praise.
But thus renewed, my fame redeems some time,
Till other ages shall neglect thy rhyme.

Then when confusion in her course shall bring
Sad desolation on the times to come,
When mirthless Thames shall have no swan to sing,
All music silent, and the Muses dumb,
And yet even then it must be known to some,

[1] *Rose of the world* her name: Rose-a-mond.

That once they flourisht, though not cherisht so,
And Thames had swans as well as ever Po.[1]

But here an end, I may no longer stay thee,
I must return t'attend at Stygian[2] flood,
Yet ere I go, this one word more I pray thee,
Tell Delia now her sigh may do me good,
And will her note the frailty of our blood.
And if I pass unto those happy banks,
Then she must have her praise, thy pen her
thanks.

So vanisht she, and left me to return,[3]
To prosecute the tenor of my woes:
Eternal matter for my Muse to mourn,
But (ah) the world hath heard too much of those;[4]
My youth such errors must no more disclose.
I'll hide the rest, and grieve for what hath been;
Who made me known, must make me live unseen.

—1592

To the Lady Lucy, Countess of Bedford[5]

Though virtue be the same when low she stands
In th'humble shadows of obscurity
As when she either sweats in martial bands,
Or sits in court clad with authority,
Yet, madam, doth the strictness of her room
Greatly detract from her ability:
For as inwalled within a living tomb,
Her hands and arms of action labour not,
Her thoughts, as if abortive from the womb,
Come never born, though happily begot.
But where she hath mounted in open sight
An eminent and spacious dwelling got,
Where she may stir at will, and use her might,
There is she more herself, and more her own:
There in the fair attire of honour dight,[6]
She sits at ease and makes her glory known:
Applause attends her hands, her deeds have
grace,
Her worth new-born is straight as if full grown,
With such a goodly and respected face
Doth virtue look, that's set to look from high,
And such a fair advantage by her place
Hath state and greatness to do worthily.
And therefore well did your high fortunes meet
With her, that gracing you, comes grac't thereby,
And well was let into a house so sweet
So good, so fair; so fair, so good a guest,
Who now remains as blessed in her seat,
As you are with her residency blest.
And this fair course of knowledge whereunto
Your studies, learned lady, are addressed,
Is th'only certain way that you can go
Unto true glory, to true happiness:
All passages on earth besides are so
Encumbered with such vain disturbances,
As still we lose our rest in seeking it,
Being but deluded with appearances.
And no key had you else that was so fit
T'unlock that prison of your sex, as this,
To let you out of weakness, and admit
Your powers into the freedom of that bliss
That sets you there where you may oversee
This rolling world, and view it as it is,
And apprehend how th'outsides do agree
With th'inward being of the things we deem
And hold in our ill-cast accounts to be
Of highest value and of best esteem.
Since all the good we have rests in the mind,
By whose proportions only we redeem

[1] *Po* the river Po, in northern Italy.

[2] *Stygian* pertaining to the River Styx, over which the dead are ferried by Charon.

[3] This stanza is in the voice of the poet.

[4] *those* the "Delia" sonnets.

[5] *the Lady Lucy, Countess of Bedford* the daughter of John Harrington, married to the third earl of Bedford, and a patroness of the arts. The exact dating of these two verse epistles to Lady Lucy and Lady Anne is uncertain, but they were included in a 1603 publication with the *Panegyric Congratulatory*.

[6] *dight* dressed.

Our thoughts from out confusion, and do find
The measure of our selves, and of our powers,
And that all happiness remains confined
Within the kingdom of this breast of ours,
Without whose bounds, all that we look on, lies
In others' jurisdictions, others' powers,
Out of the circuit of our liberties.
All glory, honour, fame, applause, renown,
Are not belonging to our royalties,
But t'others' wills, wherein th'are only grown.
And that unless we find us all within,
We never can without us[1] be our own,
Nor call it right our life that we live in,
But a possession held for others' use,
That seem to have most interest therein,
Which we do so dissever, part, traduce,
Let out to custom, fashion, and to show,
As we enjoy but only the abuse,
And have no other deed at all to show.
How oft are we constrained to appear
With other countenance than that we owe,[2]
And be ourselves far off, when we are near?
How oft are we forc't, on a cloudy heart,
To set a shining face, and make it clear,
Seeming content to put ourselves apart,
To bear a part of others' weaknesses:
As if we only were compos'd by art,
Not nature, and did all our deeds address
T'opinion, not t'a conscience, what is right:
As fram'd b'example, not advisedness,
Into those forms that entertain our sight.
And though books, madam, cannot make this mind,
Which we must bring apt to be set aright,
Yet do they rectify it in that kind,
And touch it so, as that it turns that way
Where judgement lies. And though we cannot find
The certain place of truth, yet do they stay,
And entertain us near about the same,
And give the soul the best delight that may
Encheer it most, and most our spirits inflame
To thoughts of glory, and to worthy ends.

[1] *without us* on the outside.

[2] *owe* own.

And therefore in a course that best became
The clearness of your heart, and best commends
Your worthy powers, you run the rightest way
That is on earth, that can true glory give,
By which when all consumes, your fame shall live.

—1603

To the Lady Anne Clifford[3]

Unto the tender youth of those fair eyes
The light of judgement can arise but new,
And young the world appears t'a young conceit,
Whilst through th'unacquainted faculties
The late invested[4] soul doth rawly view
Those objects which on that discretion wait.
Yet you that such a fair advantage have,
Both by your birth, and happy powers t'out-go,
And be before your years, can fairly guess
What hue of life holds surest without stain,
Having your well-wrought heart full furnished so
With all the images of worthiness,
As there is left no room at all t'invest
Figures of other form but sanctity:
Whilst yet those clean-created thoughts, within
The garden of your innocency's rest,
Where are no notions of deformity
Nor any door at all to let them in.
With so great care doth she, that hath brought forth
That comely body, labour to adorn
That better part, the mansion of your mind,
With all the richest furniture of worth,
To make y'as highly good as highly born,
And set your virtues equal to your kind.
She tells you how that honour only is
A goodly garment put on fair deserts,
Wherein the smallest stain is greatest seen,

[3] *Lady Anne Clifford* was the daughter of George Clifford, third earl of Cumberland, and Margaret Russell. Her first marriage was to Richard Sackville, the earl of Dorset, her second to Philip Herbert, earl of Pembroke and Montgomery. Daniel was her tutor when she was between the ages of nine and 12.

[4] *invested* established.

And that it cannot grace unworthiness,
But more apparent shows defective parts,
How gay soever they are decked therein.
She tells you too how that it bounded is,
And kept enclosed with so many eyes,
As that it cannot stray and break abroad
Into the private ways of carelessness,
Nor ever may descend to vulgarize,
Or be below the sphere of her abode.
But like to those supernal bodies set
Within their orbs, must keep the certain course[1]
Of order, destin'd to their proper place,
Which only doth their note of glory get.
Th'irregular appearances enforce
A short respect, and perish without grace:
Being meteors seeming high, but yet low plac't,
Blazing but while their dying matters last.
Nor can we take the just height of the mind,
But by that order which her course doth show,
And which such splendour to her actions gives;
And thereby men her eminency find,
And thereby only do attain to know
The region, and the orb wherein she lives.
For low in th'air of gross uncertainty,
Confusion only rolls; Order sits high.
And therefore since the dearest thing on earth,
This honour, madam, hath his stately frame
From th'heav'nly order, which begets respect,
And that your nature, virtue, happy birth,
Have therein highly interplac'd your name,
You may not run the least course of neglect.
For where, not to observe, is to profane
Your dignity, how careful must you be
To be yourself, and though you may to all
Shine fair aspects,[2] yet must the virtuous gain
The best effects of your benignity,
Nor must your common graces cause to fall
The price of your esteem t'a lower rate,
Than doth befit the pitch of your estate.
Nor may you build on your sufficiency,
For in our strongest parts we are but weak,
Nor yet may over-much distrust the same,
Lest that you come to check it so thereby,
As silence may become worse than to speak:
Though silence women never ill became.
And none, we see, were ever overthrown
By others' flattery more than by their own.
For though we live amongst the tongues of praise
And troops of soothing people, that collaud[3]
All that we do, yet 'tis within our hearts
Th'ambushment lies, that evermore betrays
Our judgements, when ourselves become t'applaud
Our own ability and our own parts.
So that we must not only fence this fort
Of ours, against all others' fraud, but most
Against our own, whose danger is the most,
Because we lie the nearest to do hurt,
And soon'st deceive ourselves, and soon'st are lost
By our best powers that do us most transport.
Such are your holy bounds, who must convey
(If God so please) the honourable blood
Of Clifford, and of Russell, led aright
To many worthy stems whose offspring may
Look back with comfort, to have had that good
To spring from such a branch that grew s'upright;
Since nothing cheers the heart of greatness more
Than th'ancestors' fair glory gone before.

—1603

A Panegyric Congratulatory to the King's Most Excellent Majesty

1

Lo here the glory of a greater day
Than England ever heretofore could see
In all her days. When she did most display
The ensigns[4] of her power, or whenas she
Did spread herself the most, and most did sway
Her state abroad, yet could she never be
Thus blest at home, nor ever come to grow
To be entire in her full orb till now.

[1] The planets followed fixed cycles.

[2] *aspects* generally "looks," but also with allusions to the astrological positioning of the planets.

[3] *collaud* praise highly.

[4] *ensigns* signs or banners.

2

And now she is, and now in peace therefore
Shake hands with union, O thou mighty state,
Now thou art all great Britain, and no more,
No Scot, no English now, nor no debate:
No borders but the ocean, and the shore,
No wall of Adrian[1] serves to separate
Our mutual love, nor our obedience,
All subjects now to one imperial prince.

3

What heretofore could never yet be wrought
By all the swords of power, by blood, by fire,
By ruin, and destruction, here is brought
To pass, with peace, with love, with joy, desire:
Our former blessed union[2] hath begot
A greater union that is more entire,
And makes us more ourselves, sets us at one
With nature that ordain'd us to be one.

4

Glory of men, this hast thou brought to us,
And yet hast brought us more than this by far:
Religion comes with thee, peace, righteousness,
Judgement and justice, which more glorious are
Than all thy kingdoms, and art more by this
Than lord and sov'reign, more than emperor
Over the hearts of men that let thee in
To more than all the powers on earth can win.

5

God makes thee king of our estates, but we
Do make thee king of our affection,
King of our love, a passion borne[3] most free,
And most un-subject to dominion:
And know, that England which in that degree
Can love with such a true devotion
Those that are less than kings, to thee must bring
More love, who art so much more than a king.

6

And king of this great nation, populous,
Stout, valiant, powerful, both by sea and land,
Attemptive,[4] able, worthy, generous,
Which joyfully embraces thy command:
A people tractable, obsequious,
Apt to be fashion'd by thy glorious hand
To any form of honour, t'any way
Of high attempts, thy virtues shall assay.

7

A people so inur'd[5] to peace, so wrought
To a successive course of quietness,
As th'have forgot (and Oh b'it[6] still forgot)
The nature of their ancient stubbornness;
Time alt'red hath the form, the means, and
brought
The state to that proportion'd evenness,
As 'tis not like again t'will ever come
(Being used abroad) to draw the sword at home.

8

This people, this great state, these hearts adore
Thy sceptre now, and now turn all to thee,
Touched with as powerful zeal, and if not more
(And yet Oh more, how could there ever be
Than unto her, whom yet we do deplore[7]
Amidst our joy?), and give us leave if we
Rejoice and mourn, that cannot without wrong
So soon forget her we enjoyed so long.

[1] *Adrian* Hadrian's wall was started in 122 CE, to keep northern raiders from invading the settled southern areas. It runs across the width of the country, from Bowness on Solway on the west coast to Wallsend on the east.

[2] *Our former blessed union* the marriage of Margaret, daughter of Henry VII, to James IV of Scotland.

[3] *borne* or perhaps "born."

[4] *Attemptive* adventurous.

[5] *inur'd* accustomed.

[6] *b'it* be it.

[7] *Than unto her* Queen Elizabeth I; *deplore* weep for.

9

Which likewise makes for thee, that yet we hold
True after death, and bring not this respect
To a new prince from hating of the old,
Or from desire of change, or from neglect;
Whereby O mighty sov'reign, thou art told
What thou and thine are likely to expect
From such a faith, that doth not haste to run
Before their time to an arising sun.

10

And let my humble Muse whom she did grace,
Beg this one grace for her that now lies dead,
That no vile tongue may spot her with disgrace,
Nor that her fame become disfigured.
Oh let her rest in peace, that rul'd in peace,
Let not her honour be disquieted
Now after death, but let her grave enclose
All but her good, and that it cannot close.

11

It adds much to thy glory and our grace,
That this continued current of our love
Runs thus to thee, all with so swift a pace;
And that from peace to peace we do remove,
Not as in motion put from out our place,
But in one course, and do not seem to move,
But in more joy than ever heretofore,
And well we may, since thou wilt make us more.

[...]

22

We have an earnest that doth even tie
Thy sceptre to thy word, and binds thy crown
(That else no band can bind) to ratify
What thy religious hand hath there set down,[1]
Wherein thy all-commanding sov'reignty
Stands subject to thy pen and thy renown;
There we behold thee king of thine own heart,
And see what we must be, and what thou art.

[...]

29

Such power hath thy example and respect
As that without a sword, without debate,
Without a noise (or feeling in effect),
Thou wilt dispose,[2] change, form, accommodate
Thy kingdom, people, rule, and all effect,
Without the least convulsion of the state,
That this great passage and mutation will
Not seem a change, but only of our ill.

30

We shall continue one, and be the same
In law, in justice, magistrate, and form,[3]
Thou wilt not touch the fundamental frame
Of this estate thy ancestors did form,
But with a reverence of their glorious fame
Seek only the corruptions to reform,
Knowing that course is best to be observ'd
Whereby a state hath longest been preserv'd.

31

A king of England now most graciously
Remits the injuries that have been done
T'a king of Scots, and makes his clemency[4]
To check them more than his correction;
Th'annointed blood that stained most shamefully
This ill seduced state, he looks thereon
With th'eye of grief, not wrath t'avenge the same,
Since th'authors are extinct that caus'd that shame.

[1] *an earnest … there set down* Daniel is probably referring to James's political tract *Basilikon Doron* (1599), which outlines the responsibilities of monarch and subjects; it was republished in 1603 in London and became a best seller.

[2] *dispose* adjust or distribute.

[3] On his arrival in England, there was fear that James would try to change English laws and traditions, or to impose Scottish ones.

[4] *T'a king of Scots* England and Scotland had a history of antagonism and warfare; *clemency* mercy.

[...]

41

The broken frame of this disjointed state,
Being by the bliss of thy great grandfather,
Henry the seventh,[1] restor'd to an estate
More sound than ever, and far steadfaster,
Owes all it hath to him, and in that rate
Stands bound to thee that art his successor:
For without him it had not been begun,
And without thee, we had been now undone.

42

He, of a private man, became a king,[2]
Having endur'd the weight of tyranny;
Mourn'd with the world, complain'd, and knew
the thing
That good men wish for in their misery
Under ill kings: saw what it was to bring
Order and form to the recovery
Of an unruly state: conceiv'd what cure
Would kill the cause of this distemp'rature.

43

Thou, born a king, hast in thy state endur'd
The sour affronts of private discontent
With subjects' broils;[3] and ever been inur'd
To this great mystery of government:
Whereby thy princely wisdom hath allur'd
A state to peace, left to thee turbulent:
And brought us an addition to the frame
Of his great work, squar'd fitly to the same.

[...]

58

What a great check will this chaste Court be now
To wanton courts debauched with luxury?
Where we no other mistresses shall know
But her to whom we owe our loyalty:
Chaste mother of our princes[4] whence do grow
Those righteous issues, which shall glorify
And comfort many nations with their worth,
To her perpetual grace that brought them forth.

59

We shall not fear to have our wives distain'd,
Nor yet our daughters violated here
By an imperial lust, that being unrein'd
Will hardly be resisted anywhere.
He will not be betrayed with ease, nor train'd
With idle rest, in soft delights to wear
His time of life, but knows whereto he tends,
How worthy minds are made for worthy ends.

[...]

70

Then since we are in this so fair a way
Of restoration, greatness and command,
Cursed be he that causes the least stay
In this fair work, or interrupts thy hand,
And cursed he that offers to betray
Thy graces, or thy goodness to withstand:
Let him be held abhorr'd, and all his race
Inherit but the portion of disgrace.

71

And he that shall, by wicked offices,
Be th'author of the least disturbancy,
Or seek t'avert thy godly purposes,
Be ever held the scorn of infamy:

---

[1] *Henry the seventh* James VI claimed his inheritance through Henry VII, whose daughter Margaret married James IV of Scotland. Henry VII was thus Elizabeth's grandfather and James's great-great grandfather.

[2] Henry VII was not immediately descended from royalty; he is a descendent of John of Gaunt, son to Edward III.

[3] *With subjects' broils* Daniel could be referring to the turbulence of the Scottish Reformation, of James's minority, or of his mother Mary's reign.

[4] *Chaste mother of our princes* Queen Anne was the mother of Henry, Charles, and Elizabeth.

And let men but consider their success
Who princes' loves abus'd presumptuously,
They shall perceive their ends do still relate,
That sure God loves them not whom men do hate.

72

And it is just, that they who make a prey
Of princes' favours, in the end again
Be made a prey to princes, and repay
The spoils of misery with greater gain;
Whose sacrifices ever do allay
The wrath of men, conceiv'd in their disdain:
For that their hatred prosecuteth still,
More than ill princes, those that make them ill.

73

But both thy judgement and estate doth free
Thee from these powers of fear and flattery,
The conquerors of kings, by whom we see
Are wrought the acts of all impiety.
Thou art so set, as th'hast no cause to be
Jealous, or dreadful[1] of disloyalty;
The pedestal whereon thy greatness stands,
Is built of all our hearts, and all our hands.

—1603

from *A Defence of Rhyme*

To William Herbert Earl of Pembroke[2]

The general custom and use of rhyme in this kingdom, noble lord, having been so long (as if from a grant of nature) held unquestionable, made me to imagine that it lay altogether out of the way of contradiction, and was become so natural as we should never have had a thought to cast it off into reproach, or be made to think that it ill-became our language. But now I see, when there is opposition made to all things in the world by words, we must now at length likewise fall to contend for words themselves and make a question, whether they be right or not. For we are told how that our measures go wrong, all rhyming is gross, vulgar, barbarous, which if it be so, we have lost much labour to no purpose: and for mine own particular, I cannot but blame the fortune of the times and mine own genius that cast me upon so wrong a course, drawn with the current of custom, and an unexamined example. Having been first encourag'd or fram'd thereunto by your most worthy and honourable mother, receiving the first notion for the formal ordering of those compositions at Wilton,[3] which I must ever acknowledge to have been my best school, and thereof always am to hold a feeling and grateful memory. Afterward, drawn farther on by the well-liking and approbation of my worthy lord, the fosterer of me and my Muse, I adventured to bestow all my whole powers therein, perceiving it agreed so well, both with the complexion of the times, and mine own constitution, as I found not wherein I might better employ me. But yet now, upon the great discovery of these new measures, threatening to overthrow the whole state of rhyme in this kingdom, I must either stand out to defend, or else be forced to forsake myself, and give over all. [...]

[...]

Every language hath her proper number or measure fitted to use and delight, which, custom entertaining by the allowance of the ear, doth endenize[4] and make natural. All verse is but a frame of words confined within certain measure, differing from the ordinary speech, and introduced, the better to express men's conceits, both for delight

[1] *dreadful* full of dread or fear.

[2] William is Mary Sidney Herbert, countess of Pembroke's eldest son. This defence responded to Thomas Campion's *Observations on the Art of English Poesie* (1602), which attacked rhyme and instead proposed classical, quantitative scansion as a superior model for English poetry. Daniel here has the last word on a debate which had been continuing since Puttenham's *The Art of English Poesy* (1589).

[3] The Pembroke family home, Wilton, became a retreat for a number of writers under the patronage of William's mother, Mary.

[4] *endenize* to naturalize, make a citizen of.

and memory. Which frame of words consisting of *rithmus* or *metrum*, number or measure, are disposed into divers fashions, according to the humour of the composer and the set of the time; and these *rhythmi* as Aristotle saith are familiar amongst all nations, and *è naturali & sponte fusa compositione.*[1] And they fall as naturally already in our language as ever art can make them, being such as the ear of itself doth marshal in their proper rooms, and they of themselves will not willingly be put out of their rank, and that in such a verse as best comports with the nature of our language. And for our rhyme (which is an excellency added to this work of measure, and a harmony far happier than any proportion antiquity could ever show us) doth add more grace, and hath more of delight than ever bare numbers, howsoever they can be forced to run in our slow language, can possibly yield. [...] it is likewise number and harmony of words, consisting of an agreeing sound in the last syllables of several verses, giving both to the ear an echo of a delightful report and to the memory a deeper impression of what is delivered therein.

[...]

Ill customs are to be left,[2] I grant it: but I see not how that can be taken for an ill custom which nature hath thus ratified, all nations received, time so long confirmed, the effects such, as it performs those offices of motion for which it is employed: delighting the ear, stirring the heart, and satisfying the judgement in such sort as I doubt whether ever single numbers will do in our climate, if they show no more work of wonder than yet we see. [...] For this kind acquaintance and continual familiarity ever had betwixt our ear and this cadence is grown to so intimate a friendship, as it will now hardly ever be brought to miss it. For be the verse never so good, never so full, it seems not to satisfy nor breed that delight as when it is met and combined with a like sounding accent.

[...]

And indeed I have wished there were not that multiplicity of rhymes as is used by many in sonnets, which yet we see in some so happily to succeed, and hath been so far from hindering their inventions, as it hath begot conceit beyond expectation, and comparable to the best inventions of the world: for sure in an eminent spirit whom nature hath fitted for that mystery, rhyme is no impediment to his conceit, but rather gives him wings to mount and carries him not out of his course, but as it were beyond his power to a far happier flight. All excellencies being sold us at the hard price of labour, it follows, where we bestow most thereof, we buy the best success: and rhyme being far more laborious than loose measures (whatsoever is objected) must needs, meeting with wit and industry, breed greater and worthier effects in our language. [...] For the body of our imagination, being as an unformed chaos without fashion, without day, if by the divine power of the spirit it be wrought into an orb of order and form, is it not more pleasing to nature, that desires a certainty, and comports not with that which is infinite, to have these closes, rather than not to know where to end, or how far to go, especially seeing our passions are often without measure? And we find the best of the Latins many times either not concluding, or else otherwise in the end than they began. Besides, is it not most delightful to see much excellently ordered in a small room, or little gallantly disposed and made to fill up a space of like capacity, in such sort that the one would not appear so beautiful in a larger circuit, nor the other do well in a less? Which often we find to be so, according to the powers of nature in the workman. And these limited proportions and rests of stanzas, consisting of 6, 7 or 8 lines, are of that happiness, both for the disposition of the matter, the apt planting the sentence where it may best stand to hit; the certain close of delight with the full body of a just period well carried is such as neither the Greeks or Latins ever attained

[1] *è naturali & sponte fusa compositione* a natural and spontaneously flowing composition.

[2] *left* abandoned.

unto. For their boundless running on often so confounds the reader that having once lost himself, must either give off unsatisfied, or uncertainly cast back to retrieve the escaped sense and to find way again into his matter.

Methinks we should not so soon yield our consents captive to the authority of antiquity, unless we saw more reason: all our understandings are not to be built by the square of Greece and Italy. We are the children of nature as well as they; we are not so placed out of the way of judgement, but that the same sun of discretion shineth upon us; we have our portion of the same virtues as well as of the same vices. [...]

[...]

For what ado have we here, what strange precepts of art about the framing of an iambic verse in our language, which when all is done, reaches not by a foot, but falleth out to be the plain ancient verse consisting of ten syllables or five feet, which hath ever been used amongst us time out of mind. And for all this cunning and counterfeit name can or will be any other in nature than it hath been ever heretofore: and this new *dimeter*[1] is but the half of this verse divided in two, and no other than the *caesura* or breathing place in the middest thereof, and therefore it had been as good to have put two lines in one, but only to make them seem diverse. Nay it had been much better for the true English reading and pronouncing thereof, without violating the accent, which now our adversary hath herein most unkindly done: for being as we are to sound it according to our English march, we must make a rest, and raise the last syllable, which falls out very unnatural in *desolate*, *funeral*, *Elizabeth*, *prodigal*, and in all the rest saving the monosyllables. Then follows the English *trochaic*,[2] which is said to be a simple verse, and so indeed it is, being without rhyme; having here no other grace than that in sound it runs like the known measure of our former ancient verse, ending (as we term it according to the French) in a feminine foot,[3] saving that it is shorter by one syllable at the beginning, which is not much missed, by reason it falls full at the last. Next comes the *elegiac*[4] [...] and that likewise is no other than our old accustomed measure of five feet; if there be any difference, it must be made in the reading, and therein we must stand bound to stay where often we would not, and sometimes either break the accent or the due course of the word. And now for the other four kinds of numbers, which are to be employed for odes, they are either of the same measure, or such as have ever been familiarly used amongst us. So that of all these eight several kinds of new promised numbers you see what we have: only what was our own before, and the same but apparelled in foreign titles, which had they come in their kind and natural attire of rhyme, we should never have suspected that they had affected to be other, or sought to degenerate into strange manners, which now we see was the cause why they were turned out of their proper habit, and brought in as aliens, only to induce men to admire them as far-comers. But see the power of nature: it is not all the artificial coverings of wit that can hide their native and original condition, which breaks out through the strongest bands of affectation and will be itself, do singularity what it can. And as for those imagined quantities of syllables, which have been ever held free and indifferent in our language, who can enforce us to take knowledge of them, being *in nullius verba iurati*,[5] and owing fealty to no foreign invention? Especially in such a case where there is no necessity in nature, or that it imports either the matter or form, whether it be so or otherwise. But every versifier that well observes his work finds in our language, without all these unnecessary precepts, what numbers best fit the nature of her idiom, and the proper places destined to such

[1] *dimeter* A *dimeter* is a line containing two metrical sequences; a *caesura* is a "cut" or pause in the line.

[2] *trochaic* A trochaic foot is a stressed syllable followed by an unstressed one.

[3] A feminine ending has the final stress on the penultimate or even antepenultimate syllable. They are common in blank verse.

[4] *elegiac* An elegiac stanza is a quatrain in iambic pentameter.

[5] *being in nullius verba iurati* i.e., having sworn allegiance to nobody.

accents, as she will not let in to any other rooms than into those for which they were born. As for example, you cannot make this fall into the right sound of a verse:

None thinks reward rendred worthie his worth

unless you thus misplace the accent upon *rendrèd* and *worthìe*, contrary to the nature of these words, which showeth that two feminine numbers (or Trochees, if so you will call them) will not succeed in the third and fourth place of the verse. And so likewise in this case:

Though Death doth consume, yet Virtue preserves.

It will not be a verse, though it hath the just syllables, without the same number in the second, and the altering of the fourth place, in this sort:

Thou Death doth ruin, Virtue yet preserves.

[...]

But now for whom hath our adversary taken all this pains? For the learned, or for the ignorant, or for himself, to show his own skill? If for the learned, it was to no purpose, for every grammarian in this land hath learned his *prosodia*,[1] and already knows all this art of numbers. If for the ignorant, it was vain, for if they become versifiers, we are like to have lean numbers, instead of fat rhyme. And if Tully[2] would have his orator skilled in all the knowledges appertaining to God and man, what should they have, who would be a degree above orators? Why then it was to show his own skill, and what himself had observed; so he might well have done, without doing wrong to the fame of the living, and wrong to England, in seeking to lay reproach upon her native ornaments, and to turn the fair stream and full course of her accents into the shallow current of a loose uncertainty, clean out of the way of her known delight. And I had thought it could never have proceeded from the pen of a scholar (who sees no profession free from the impure mouth of the scorner) to say the reproach of others' idle tongues is the curse of nature upon us, when it is rather her curse upon him that knows not how to use his tongue. What, doth he think himself is now gotten so far out of the way of contempt, that his numbers are gone beyond the reach of obloquy,[3] and that how frivolous or idle soever they shall run, they shall be protected from disgrace, as though that light rhymes and light numbers did not weigh all alike in the grave opinion of the wise? And that it is not rhyme, but our idle arguments that hath brought down to so base a reckoning the price and estimation of writing in this kind. When the few good things of this age, by coming together in one throng and press with the many bad, are not discerned from them, but overlooked with them, and all taken to be alike. But when aftertimes shall make a quest of inquiry to examine the best of this age, peradventure[4] there will be found in the now contemned records of rhyme matter not unfitting the gravest divine and severest lawyer in this kingdom. But these things must have the date of antiquity to make them reverent and authentical, for ever in the collation[5] of writers, men rather weigh their age than their merit, *& legunt priscos cum reverentia, quando coetaneos non possunt sine invidia.*[6] And let no writer in rhyme be any way discouraged in his endeavour by this brave alarum, but rather animated to bring up all the best of their powers, and charge with all the strength of nature and industry upon contempt, that the show of their real forces may turn back insolency into her own hold. For, be sure that innovation never works any overthrow but upon the advantage of a careless idle-

[1] *prosodia* Prosody is the study of versification, the rules which govern quantity (length) of syllables in verse.

[2] *Tully* popular name of Marcus Tullius Cicero.

[3] *obloquy* abuse or slander.

[4] *peradventure* perhaps.

[5] *collation* comparison.

[6] *& legunt priscos cum reverentia, quando coetaneos non possunt sine invidia* Latin, "and they respect the ancients with reverence, since they cannot do this to their contemporaries without envy."

ness. And let this make us look the better to our feet, the better to our matter, better to our manners. Let the adversary that thought to hurt us bring more profit and honour by being against us than if he had stood still on our side.

[...]

But yet now notwithstanding all this which I have here delivered in the defence of rhyme, I am not so far in love with mine own mystery, or will seem so froward,[1] as to be against the reformation and the better settling these measures of ours. Wherein there be many things I could wish were more certain and better ordered, though myself dare not take upon me to be a teacher therein, having so much need to learn of others. And I must confess that to mine own ear, those continual cadences of couplets used in long and continued poems are very tiresome and unpleasing, by reason that still, methinks, they run on with a sound of one nature, and a kind of certainty which stuffs the delight rather than entertains it. But yet notwithstanding, I must not out of mine own daintiness condemn this kind of writing, which peradventure to another may seem most delightful, and many worthy compositions we see to have passed with commendation in that kind. Besides, methinks sometimes, to beguile the ear with a running out and passing over the rhyme as no bound to stay us in the line where the violence of the matter will break through, is rather graceful than otherwise. [...] And to avoid this overglutting the ear with that always certain and full encounter of rhyme, I have assayed in some of my epistles to alter the usual place of meeting, and to set it further off by one verse,[2] to try how I could disuse my own ear and to ease it of this continual burden, which indeed seems to surcharge it a little too much, but as yet I cannot come to please myself therein: this alternate or cross rhyme holding still the best place in my affection.

[...]

And I cannot but wonder at the strange presumption of some men that dare so audaciously adventure to introduce any whatsoever foreign words, be they never so strange; and of themselves as it were, without a parliament, without any consent or allowance, establish them as free-denizens[3] in our language. But this is but a character of that perpetual revolution which we see to be in all things that never remain the same, and we must herein be content to submit ourselves to the law of time, which in few years will make all that for which we now contend, *nothing*.

—1603

[1] *froward* adverse, untoward.

[2] *set it ... one verse* See "To the Lady Anne Clifford" for an example.

[3] *free-denizens* free citizens.

Thomas Lodge
1558-1625

Born into a wealthy mercantile family, son of Sir Thomas Lodge (d. 1585), lord mayor of London, and his wife Anne, Thomas Lodge was educated at the Merchant Taylors' School and Trinity College, Oxford (BA, 1577). He also spent some time serving in the household of Henry Stanley, earl of Derby, to whom Lodge later dedicated *A Fig for Momus* (1595). He became one of that group which early twentieth century critics called "the University Wits," a group of well-educated young men who turned their classical, humanist education to the service of the Elizabethan stage and popular press. Although he also attended Lincoln's Inn, entering in 1578, Lodge—like many of his fellow law-students—found the social and literary milieu of the Inns and of the wider circle they gave him access to a far more congenial prospect than that of the law. He does not seem to have ever practiced law, although the title-pages of several of his works continue to advertise his association with the Inn.

Lodge spent the next two decades writing in numerous genres for the burgeoning print market. His first substantial work, the tract usually known as *A Defence of Plays* (1580), was written in response to Stephen Gosson's attack on the stage, plays, and poetry in general (see pp. 446-53). Like many of Lodge's works, it was a "first": in this case, the first full-length defence of poetry and stage-plays in England. Between 1580 and 1596, he published other pamphlets, such as *An Alarum Against Usurers* (1584) and *Wit's Misery and the World's Madness* (1596), as well as a series of prose romances—including *Rosalind: Euphues' Golden Legacy* (1590), *The Famous, True, and Historical Life of Robert, Second Duke of Normandy* [*Robin the Devil*] (1591), *The Life and Death of William Longbeard* (1593), and *A Margarite of America* (1596). This period also saw Lodge produce an Ovidian minor epic (*Scylla's Metamorphosis* [1589]), lyrics (*Phyllis* [1593]), and Horatian satires and epistles (*A Fig for Momus* [1595]). In addition to all this activity, Lodge contributed to the play *The Wounds of Civil War* (printed 1594) and collaborated (probably with Robert Greene) on *A Looking Glass for London and England* (1594).

An adventurer as well, Lodge sailed twice on expeditions against Spanish imperial possessions. On the first of these voyages (sometime between 1584 and 1589), he wrote his most famous prose romance, *Rosalind*, which became the basis for Shakespeare's *As You Like It*. On the second (a journey to Brazil in 1591 commanded by Sir Thomas Cavendish) he wrote *A Margarite of America*. Although critics disagree about exactly when, Lodge had almost certainly converted to Catholicism by 1596, given the "explicitly [...] Catholic sympathies" of his *Prosopopeia*, which "use[s] the figure of Mary to meditate on the sins of the world."[1] After having received his medical degree from the University of Avignon in 1598 (recognized by Oxford University in 1602), Lodge established a successful medical practice in London (as well as in the Low Countries). It was only, however, in 1610 that he was granted a medical license by the College of Physicians, its denial up until this point apparently connected with his Catholicism. Lodge continued to write during his medical career, but he largely restricted himself to the translation of religious works, although he produced important translations of the ancient writers Seneca (1614) and Josephus (1602). His medical works include *A Treatise of the Plague* (1603) and a manuscript volume detailing popular medical knowledge and beliefs, *The Poor Man's Talent*. Listed as a physician who could be called upon in the event of plague, Lodge may well have died of this disease in London in 1625.[2]

EDITIONS: *Rosalynde. Euphues golden legacie.* London: Thomas Orwin for T.G. and John Busbie, 1590. STC 16664; *A fig for Momus.* London: Printed by [T. Orwin] for Clement Knight, 1595. STC 16658.

Additional Online Texts: Thomas Lodge. From *Scylla's Metamorphosis* (1589); from *Robin the Devil* [*The Famous, True, and Historical Life of Robert, Second Duke of Normandy*] (1591); and from *The Life and Death of William Longbeard* (1593).

[1] A. Halasz, "Thomas Lodge," *DNB online*, 2005.

[2] Ibid.

from *Rosalind*

Euphues' Golden Legacy:
found after his death in his cell at Silexedra.

Bequeathed to Philautus' sons,
nursed up with their father in England.[1]

Fetched from the Canaries by T.L., Gent.

London. Imprinted by Thomas Orwin for T.G. and John Busby.[2] 1590.

To the Right Honourable and His Most Esteemed Lord, the Lord of Hunsdon, Lord Chamberlain of Her Majesty's Household, and Governor of Her Town of Berwick: T.L.G. Wisheth Increase of All Honourable Virtues.[3]

Such Romans, Right Honourable, as delighted in martial exploits attempted their actions in the honour of Augustus[4] because he was a patron of soldiers, and Virgil dignified him with his poems as a Maecenas[5] of scholars—both jointly advancing his royalty as a prince warlike and learned. Such as sacrifice to Pallas[6] present her with bays[7] as she is wise and with armour as she is valiant, observing herein that excellent *to prepon*[8] which dedicateth honours according to the perfection of the person. When I entered, Right Honourable, with a deep insight into the consideration of these premises, seeing your lordship to be a patron of all martial men and a Maecenas of such as apply themselves to study, wearing with Pallas both the lance and the bay, and aiming with Augustus at the favour of all by the honourable virtues of your mind, being myself first a student, and after falling from books to arms, even vowed in all my thoughts dutifully to affect your lordship. Having with Captain Clarke made a voyage to the islands of Terceras and the Canaries,[9] to beguile the time[10] with labour I writ this book: rough, as hatched in the storms of the ocean, and feathered in the surges of many perilous seas. But as it is the work of a soldier and a scholar, I presumed to shroud it under your Honour's patronage, as one that is the fautor[11] and favourer of all virtuous actions, and whose honourable loves, grown from the general applause of the whole commonwealth for your higher deserts, may keep it from the malice of every bitter tongue. Other reasons more particular, Right Honourable, challenge in me a

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[1] John Lyly's *Euphues* (1578; 2nd revised edition, 1579) and its sequel *Euphues and His England* (1580) detail the lives and loves of two friends, Euphues and Philautus. At the end of *Euphues and His England*, Philautus marries his beloved in England, while Euphues retires from the world to Mount Silexedra. Throughout *Euphues and His England*, Euphues has counselled his friend Philautus against falling in love too easily, Philautus' "Achilles heel" (at least according to Euphues). The reason for Euphues' decision to take up a hermit-like existence is somewhat unclear, although it is implied that he himself has perhaps fallen in love again, although the object of his devotion remains unspecified. See John Lyly, *Euphues* (2nd edition, 1579), pp. 458-85.

[2] John Busby (fl. 1576-1619), bookseller, freeman of the Stationers' Company from 1585. He had a shop in St Dunston's Churchyard, London (1590-1619), and is most famous for his hand in the publishing of *Henry V* (1600) and *King Lear* (1608). He also published *Robin the Devil* (1591) and *Phyllis* (1593).

[3] Henry Carey, first Baron Hunsdon (1526-96), made lord chamberlain in 1585; he was the patron of the Lord Chamberlain's Men, an early incarnation of Shakespeare's company; *T.L.G.* "Thomas Lodge, Gentleman."

[4] *Augustus* Gaius Julius Caesar Octavianus (63 BCE-14 CE), first Roman emperor (31 BCE-14 CE), and a serious patron of literature and the arts.

[5] *Maecenas* Gaius Maecenas (c. 70-8 BCE), influential Roman aristocrat, statesman, and one of Augustus' most trusted friends; a patron of the arts, Maecenas supported the works of Virgil, Horace, and Propertius; he introduced Virgil to Augustus.

[6] *Pallas* Athena, goddess of wisdom and war.

[7] Wreaths made of the bay tree would be worn by those who had achieved a great victory, often in the arenas of war or poetry.

[8] *to prepon* Greek, decorum, appropriateness.

[9] *Terceras* one of the Azores, an archipelago in the North Atlantic, about 800 miles W of Portugal; *Canaries* a group of islands off the NW coast of Africa (*Topographical Dict.*, p. 40; 95). There are a number of possible voyages to which Lodge may be referring: "a sailing in 1586 of the *Gold Noble*; a voyage in 1585 on the *Roebuck*; and a voyage in 1590 on the *Galleon Dudley*. Of these, the voyages made in 1585 or 1586 are the most likely" (A. Halasz, "Thomas Lodge," *DNB online*, 2005).

[10] *beguile the time* make time pass pleasantly.

[11] *fautor* patron.

special affection to your lordship, as being a scholar with your two noble sons, Master Edmund Carey and Master Robert Carey[1] (two scions worthy of so honourable a tree, and a tree glorious in such honourable fruit), as also being a scholar in the university under that learned and virtuous knight Sir Edward Hoby[2] when he was Bachelor in Arts, a man as well lettered as well born and, after the etymology of his name, soaring as high as the wings of knowledge can mount him, happy every way, and the more fortunate as blessed in the honour of so virtuous a lady.[3] Thus, Right Honourable, the duty that I owe to the sons chargeth me that all my affection be placed on the father, for where the branches are so precious the tree of force[4] must be most excellent. Commanded and emboldened thus with the consideration of these forepassed reasons to present my book to your lordship, I humbly entreat your Honour will vouch of my labours, and favour a soldier's and a scholar's pen with your gracious acceptance; who answers in affection what he wants[5] in eloquence, so devoted to your Honour as his only desire is to end his life under the favour of so martial and learned a patron.

Resting thus in hope of your lordship's courtesy in deigning the patronage of my work, I cease, wishing you as many honourable fortunes as your lordship can desire or I imagine.

Your Honour's soldier, humbly affectionate,

Thomas Lodge.

[1] *Edmund Carey* Edmund Carey (d. 1637), vice-admiral of Lincolnshire; *Robert Carey* (?1560-1639), youngest son of Henry Carey, later first earl of Monmouth, a title bestowed in 1626 by Charles I; he took part in the Armada and was warden-general of the Scottish Marches. Both these young men were students at Oxford along with Thomas Lodge. For more detail about the Careys and Lodge's relationship with them, see D. Beecher, ed., *Rosalind* by Thomas Lodge (Ottawa, 1997), p. 230, note 3 and note 4.

[2] *Sir Edward Hoby* (1560-1617), diplomat and courtier, son of Sir Thomas Hoby, translator of Castiglione's *The Book of the Courtier*. Edward was related to the Careys through his marriage to Henry Carey's daughter, Margaret.

[3] The name "Hoby" is identical to the obsolete form of "hobby," a small species of falcon, once used to hunt larks and other small birds.

[4] *of force* of necessity; necessarily.

[5] *wants* lacks.

To the Gentlemen Readers.

Gentlemen, look not here to find any sprigs of Pallas' bay tree, nor to hear the humour of any amorous laureate,[6] nor the pleasing vein of any eloquent orator: *nolo altum sapere*,[7] they be matters above my capacity. The cobbler's check shall never light on my head: *ne sutor ultra crepidam*;[8] I will go no further than the latchet,[9] and then all is well. Here you may perhaps find some leaves of Venus' myrtle,[10] but hewn down by a soldier with his curtal axe,[11] not bought with the allurement of a filed[12] tongue. To be brief, gentlemen, room for a soldier and a sailor that gives you the fruits of his labours that he wrought in the ocean, when every line was wet with a surge and every humorous passion counterchecked with a storm. If you like it, so; and yet I will be yours in duty, if you be mine in favour. But if Momus[13] or any squint-eyed ass that hath mighty ears to conceive with Midas,[14] and yet little reason to judge, if he come aboard our bark[15] to find fault with the tackling when he

[6] *amorous laureate* love poet.

[7] Latin, "I have no desire to understand high (i.e., profound) matters."

[8] Latin, "Let not the shoemaker go beyond his last" (*Erasmus, Adages* 1.6.16). A "last" is a wooden model of a foot, on which shoemakers shape boots and shoes. In English, it became a very commonly used proverb, meaning that "a man should not seek to involve himself in or offer judgements about matters beyond those in which he has been trained" (*Tilley* C480).

[9] Proverb, essentially a variation on the above saying, where "latchet" is a shoe-lace.

[10] *Venus' myrtle* A plant sacred to Venus, the myrtle is traditionally an emblem of love.

[11] *curtal axe* a type of short, broad sword; a heavy cutting or slashing sword.

[12] *filed* smooth, polished.

[13] *Momus* Greek god of ridicule and severe, excessive censure; Momus was banished from Heaven when he criticized the other gods, and thus his name has come to mean, more generally, a fault-finder or unreasonably severe critic. See selections from Lodge's *A Fig for Momus*, pp. 991-94 in this anthology.

[14] In Greek mythology, Midas was king of Phrygia. Called upon to judge a musical contest between Apollo and Pan, Midas gave the victory to Pan. Apollo punished Midas by giving him the ears of an ass, an emblem of his lack of discernment and judgement.

[15] *bark* ship.

knows not the shrouds,[1] I'll down into the hold and fetch out a rusty poleaxe[2] that saw no sun this seven year, and either well bebaste[3] him or heave the coxcomb[4] overboard to feed cods. But courteous gentlemen that favour most, backbite none, and pardon what is overslipt, let such come and welcome. I'll into the steward's room and fetch them a can of our best beverage. Well, gentlemen, you have *Euphues' Legacy*. I fetched it as far as the islands of Terceras, and therefore read it, censure with favour, and farewell.

Yours,

T.L.

The Schedule[5] Annexed to Euphues' Testament, the Tenor of His Legacy, the Token of His Love.

The vehemency of my sickness, Philautus, hath made me doubtful of life, yet must I die in counselling thee like Socrates, because I love thee. Thou hast sons by Camilla,[6] as I hear, who being young in years have green thoughts, and nobly born have great minds. Bend them in their youth like the willow, lest thou bewail them in their age for their wilfulness.[7] I have bequeathed them a golden legacy because I greatly love thee. Let them read it as Archelaus did Cassander,[8] to profit by it, and in reading let them meditate, for I have approved it the best method. They shall find love anatomized by Euphues with as lively colours as in Apelles' table:[9] roses to whip him when he is wanton, reasons to withstand him when he is wily. Here may they read that virtue is the king of labours, opinion the mistress of fools, that unity is the pride of nature, and contention the overthrow of families. Here is hellebore,[10] bitter in taste, but beneficial in trial. I have nothing to send thee and Camilla but this counsel: that instead of worldly goods, you leave your sons virtue and glory, for better were they to be partakers of your honours than lords of your manors. I feel death that summoneth me to my grave, and my soul desirous of his god. Farewell, Philautus, and let the tenor of my counsel be applied to thy children's comfort.

Euphues dying to live.

If any man find this scroll, send it to Philautus in England.

Rosalind

[The romance opens in France on the scene of Sir John of Bordeaux's death-bed, where he offers advice on brotherhood, love, and marriage

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[1] *tackling* the rigging of a sailing ship; the tackle, equipment, or gear of a ship; *shrouds* a set of ropes, usually in pairs, leading from the head of the mast, and serving to relieve the lateral strain; they form part of the standard rigging of a ship.

[2] *poleaxe* a battle axe used for fighting at close quarters.

[3] *bebaste* beat soundly, thrash.

[4] *coxcomb* fool, simpleton.

[5] *Schedule* here, a codicil to a will (a codicil is a supplement to a will or testament, added by the testator for the purpose of explanation, alteration, or revocation of the original contents). The "Schedule Annexed to Euphues' Testament" was first printed in the second edition (1592).

[6] *Thou hast sons by Camilla* Lodge is in error here. Camilla is the woman whom Philautus initially desires in *Euphues and His England*; she, however, scorns him and marries a gentleman named Surius. Rejected, Philautus turns his attention to the lady Frances: he falls in love with and marries her.

[7] Proverb, "Best to bend while it is a twig" (*Tilley* T632), and "Thraw [twist] the wand while it is green" (W27).

[8] *as Archelaus did Cassander* At the beginning of *Euphues and His England*, Euphues tells Philautus a tale which ostensibly warns against the perils of travel: the rich usurer Cassander is on his death-bed, and he tells his son, Callimachus (not Archelaus), that the key he hands him will unlock a chest containing all the wealth that he is heir to. When Callimachus opens the chest, he finds a letter containing much good and virtuous advice, but no money. His reaction, however, is not to profit from it immediately, since he curses his father and after gathering what money he can goes on an extended and often ill-fated journey.

[9] *Apelles' table* Apelles (fl. 4th century BCE), Greek painter in the time of Alexander the Great; he specialized in historical and mythological subjects, and is generally acknowledged by classical writers as perhaps the greatest painter who ever lived, particularly for the stunningly life-like quality of his works; *table* painting.

[10] *hellebore* a name given by the ancient Greeks and Romans to plants with both poisonous and medicinal qualities, especially those used in the treatment of mental disorders.

to his three sons, Saladine (the eldest), Fernandine, and Rosader. After Sir John dies, Saladine, partly driven by his father's obviously greater love for Rosader and partly by his desire to engross all his father's wealth, denies Rosader an upbringing appropriate for a gentleman's son. (Fernandine, a scholar, drops out of the story almost immediately.) Although Rosader is brought up like a "peasant," he soon shows his inborn aristocratic qualities and martial abilities, rebelling against being treated like a menial servant. Rosader's rebellion leads Saladine to plot his death. Saladine bribes the Norman, a wrestling champion, to kill Rosader in a wrestling contest at a tournament arranged by Torismond, king of France (who has earlier usurped the throne from Rosalind's father, Gerismond, who has fled to the forest of Arden). Not only does Rosader kill the Norman and win the favourable notice of Torismond, but he also first encounters there Rosalind; they fall in love with each other at first sight.]

The death of this champion [...] drew the King and all the peers into a great admiration that so young years and so beautiful a personage should contain such martial excellence. But when they knew him to be the youngest son of Sir John of Bordeaux, the King rose from his seat and embraced him, and the peers entreated him with all favourable courtesy, commending both his valour and his virtues, wishing him to go forward in such haughty deeds that he might attain to the glory of his father's honourable fortunes.

As the King and lords graced him with embracing, so the ladies favoured him with their looks, especially Rosalind, whom the beauty and valour of Rosader had already touched. But she accounted love a toy and fancy a momentary passion, that as it was taken in with a gaze might be shaken off with a wink, and therefore feared not to dally in the flame; and to make Rosader know she affected him, took from her neck a jewel and sent it by a page to the young gentleman. The prize that Venus gave to Paris[1] was not half so pleasing to the Trojan as this gem was to Rosader, for if fortune had sworn to make him sole monarch of the world, he would rather have refused such dignity than have lost the jewel sent him by Rosalind. To return her with the like he was unfurnished, and yet that he might more than in his looks discover his affection, he stepped into a tent and, taking pen and paper, wrote this fancy:

Two suns at once from one fair heaven there shined,
Ten branches from two boughs tipped all with roses,
Pure locks more golden than is gold refined,
Two pearled rows that nature's pride encloses;

Two mounts[2] fair marble-white, down-soft and dainty,
A snow-dyed orb, where love increased by pleasure
Full woeful makes my heart and body fainty:
Her fair, my woe, exceeds all thought and measure.

In lines confused my luckless harm appeareth,
Whom sorrow clouds, whom pleasant smiling cleareth.

This sonnet he sent to Rosalind, which when she read she blushed, but with a sweet content in that she perceived love had allotted her so amorous a servant.

[Rosader, rejoicing over his victory, returns home in triumph accompanied by a group of admiring

[1] *Paris* Son of Priam, king of Troy, and Hecuba, his wife, Paris was called upon to judge the competing claims of Juno, Venus, and Minerva to pre-eminence in beauty. Each goddess appeared before him in turn, naked and unadorned; each offered him inducements to proclaim her the most beautiful of the goddesses: Juno promised him worldly power and kingship; Minerva, glory on the battlefield and fame as a warrior; Venus, the most beautiful woman in the world as his wife, Helen of Troy, wife of Menelaus, king of Sparta.

[2] *mounts* breasts.

young gentlemen. When Saladine attempts to shut them out of the house, Rosader, shamed in front of his new comrades, breaks down the door and, with the help of a loyal old servant, Adam Spencer, raids the pantry, providing the company with food and wine. When the gentlemen have left, Rosader is only prevented from attacking Saladine by Adam. While Saladine pretends to be reconciled with his younger brother, he is busily plotting revenge. Lodge turns at this point back to Rosalind.]

Rosalind, returning home from the triumph, after she waxed solitary, love presented her with the idea of Rosader's perfection, and, taking her at discovert,[1] struck her so deep as she felt herself grow passing passionate. She began to call to mind the comeliness of his person, the honour of his parents, and the virtues that, excelling both, made him so gracious in the eyes of everyone. Sucking in thus the honey of love by imprinting in her thoughts his rare qualities, she began to surfeit with the contemplation of his virtuous conditions. But when she called to remembrance her present estate and the hardness of her fortunes, desire began to shrink and fancy to vail bonnet,[2] that between a chaos of confused thoughts she began to debate with herself in this manner:

Rosalind's Passion.[3]

"Unfortunate Rosalind, whose misfortunes are more than thy years, and whose passions are greater than thy patience! The blossoms of thy youth are mixed with the frosts of envy, and the hope of thy ensuing fruits perish in the bud. Thy father is by Torismond banished from the crown, and thou, the unhappy daughter of a king, detained captive, living as disquieted in thy thoughts as thy father discontented in his exile. Ah, Rosalind, what cares wait upon a crown![4] What griefs are incident to dignity! What sorrows haunt royal palaces! The greatest seas have the sorest storms,[5] the highest birth subject to the most bale,[6] and of all trees the cedars soonest shake with the wind.[7] Small currents are ever calm, low valleys not scorched in any lightnings, nor base[8] men tied to any baleful prejudice. Fortune flies, and if she touch poverty it is with her heel, rather disdaining their want with a frown than envying their wealth with disparagement. Oh, Rosalind, hadst thou been born low, thou hadst not fallen so high, and yet being great of blood thine honour is more if thou brookest[9] misfortune with patience.

"Suppose I contrary[10] fortune with content, yet fates, unwilling to have me any way happy, have forced love to set my thoughts on fire with fancy. Love, Rosalind? Becometh it women in distress to think of love? Tush, desire hath no respect of persons;[11] Cupid is blind and shooteth at random, as soon hitting a rag as a robe, and piercing as soon the bosom of a captive as the breast of a libertine.[12] Thou speakest it, poor Rosalind, by experience, for being every way distressed, surcharged with cares, and overgrown with sorrows, yet amidst the heap of all these mishaps love hath lodged in thy heart the perfection of young Rosader, a man every way absolute as well for his inward life as for his outward lineaments, able to content the eye with beauty and the ear with the report of his virtue.

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1 *at discovert* in an uncovered or exposed condition; off one's guard.

2 *to vail bonnet* to yield, give way.

3 Apart from the obvious meaning (a commanding, vehement, or overpowering feeling), a "passion" is also a literary composition conveying deep or strong emotion.

4 Proverb, "Crowns have cares" (*Tilley* C863).

5 Proverb, "The greatest seas have the sorest storms" (*Tilley* S186); *sorest* most serious or violent.

6 *bale* evil; harm, injury.

7 Proverb, "High cedars fall (are shaken) when low shrubs remain (are scarcely moved)" (*Tilley* C208).

8 *base* in the sense of lower class, or rank.

9 *brookest* endure.

10 *contrary* oppose, strive against, thwart.

11 Proverb, "Love has no respect of persons" (*Tilley* L505); *hath no respect of persons* does not discriminate or show partiality on the basis of rank or status.

12 *libertine* here, simply "freedman, one freed from slavery"; usually means one unrestrained by moral or sexual standards.

"But consider, Rosalind, his fortunes and thy present estate: thou art poor and without patrimony, and yet the daughter of a prince; he a younger brother, and void of such possessions as either might maintain thy dignities or revenge thy father's injuries. And hast thou not learned this of other ladies, that lovers cannot live by looks, that women's ears are sooner content with a dram of 'give me' than a pound of 'hear me,' that gold is sweeter than eloquence, that love is a fire and wealth is the fuel, that Venus' coffers should be ever full? Then, Rosalind, seeing Rosader is poor, think him less beautiful because he is in want, and account his virtues but qualities of course[1] for that he is not endued with wealth. Doth not Horace tell thee what method is to be used in love?

Quaerenda pecunia primum, post nummos virtus.[2]

"Tush, Rosalind, be not over rash, leap not before thou look. Either love such a one as may with his lands purchase thy liberty or else love not at all. Choose not a fair face with an empty purse, but say as most women use to say,[3]

Si nihil attuleris, ibis Homere foras.[4]

"Why, Rosalind, can such base thoughts harbour in such high beauties? Can the degree of a princess, the daughter of Gerismond, harbour such servile conceits as to prize gold more than honour, or to measure a gentleman by his wealth, not by his virtues? No, Rosalind, blush at thy base resolution and say, if thou lovest, either Rosader or none. And why? Because Rosader is both beautiful and virtuous."

Smiling to herself to think of her new-entertained passions, taking up her lute that lay by her, she warbled out this ditty:

Rosalind's Madrigal.[5]

Love in my bosom like a bee
Doth suck his sweet.
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet.
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast,
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest.
Ah wanton, will ye?

And if I sleep, then percheth he
With pretty flight,
And makes his pillow of my knee
The livelong night.
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string,
He music plays if so I sing;
He lends me every lovely thing,
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting.
Whist,[6] wanton, still ye!

Else I with roses every day
Will whip you hence,
And bind you when you long to play,
For your offence.
I'll shut mine eyes to keep you in,
I'll make you fast it for your sin,
I'll count your power not worth a pin;
Alas, what hereby shall I win,
If he gainsay[7] me?

What if I beat the wanton boy
With many a rod?
He will repay me with annoy,
Because a god.

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1 *of course* customary, natural, to be expected.

2 Latin, "Seek money first, virtue after money" (*Epistles*, 1.1.53-54).

3 *use to say* are accustomed or wont to say.

4 Latin, "If you bring nothing, you'll be going right out the doors, Homer" (Ovid, *Art of Love*, 2.279-80). The full verse lines say that even if Homer himself were to visit a beloved, bringing with him all the Muses, if he came carrying no gift, he'd be quickly shown the door.

5 *Madrigal* a short lyric poem usually about love, suitable to be set to music (a part song for three or more voices).

6 *Whist* hush.

7 *gainsay* oppose, hinder; refuse.

Then sit thou safely on my knee,
And let thy bower my bosom be;
Lurk in mine eyes, I like of thee.
O Cupid, so thou pity me,
Spare not but play thee.

Scarce had Rosalind ended her madrigal before Torismond came in with his daughter Alinda and many of the peers of France, who were enamoured of her beauty; which Torismond perceiving, fearing lest her perfection might be the beginning of his prejudice[1] and the hope of his fruit[2] end in the beginning of her blossoms, he thought to banish her from the court: "For," quoth he to himself, "her face is so full of favour that it pleads pity in the eye of every man. Her beauty is so heavenly and divine that she will prove to me as Helen did to Priam.[3] Some one of the peers will aim at her love, end[4] the marriage, and then in his wife's right attempt the kingdom. To prevent, therefore had-I-wist in all these actions,[5] she tarries not about the court, but shall (as an exile) either wander to her father or else seek other fortunes."

In this humour, with a stern countenance full of wrath, he breathed out this censure[6] unto her before the peers, that charged her that that night she were not seen about the court:

"For," quoth he, "I have heard of thy aspiring speeches and intended treasons." This doom was strange[7] unto Rosalind, and presently, covered with the shield of her innocence, she boldly broke out in reverent terms to have cleared herself; but Torismond would admit of no reason, nor durst his lords plead for Rosalind, although her beauty had made some of them passionate, seeing the figure of wrath portrayed in his brow. Standing thus all mute, and Rosalind amazed, Alinda, who loved her more than herself, with grief in her heart and tears in her eyes, falling down on her knees began to entreat her father thus:

Alinda's Oration to Her Father in Defence of Fair Rosalind.

"If, mighty Torismond, I offend in pleading for my friend, let the law of amity crave pardon for my boldness, for where there is depth of affection there friendship alloweth a privilege. Rosalind and I have been fostered up[8] from our infancies, and nursed under the harbour of our conversing together with such private familiarities, that custom had wrought an union of our nature, and the sympathy of our affections such a secret love that we have two bodies and one soul.[9] Then marvel not, great Torismond, if seeing my friend distressed I find myself perplexed with a thousand sorrows, for her virtuous and honourable thoughts (which are the glories that maketh women excellent), they be such as may challenge[10] love and raze out suspicion. Her obedience to your Majesty I refer to the censure of your own eye, that since her father's exile hath smothered all griefs with patience, and in the absence of nature, hath honoured you with all duty as her own father by nurture, not in word uttering any discontent, nor in thought (as far as conjecture may reach) hammering on revenge, only in all her actions seeking to please you and to win my favour. Her wisdom, silence, chastity, and other such rich qualities I need not decipher; only it rests for me to

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1 *prejudice* destruction.

2 *fruit* profit, gain. Torismond's "fruit" may also refer to his daughter and heir, Alinda.

3 *as Helen did to Priam* Helen, the wife of Menelaus, king of Sparta, eloped with Priam's son, Paris; taking refuge with her lover in Priam's central city, Troy, Helen's presence finally resulted in the destruction of Priam's city and kingdom, when Menelaus and his Greek allies after some ten years took the city, burning it to the ground, and slaughtering Priam and what remained of his family and nobility.

4 *end* complete, conclude.

5 *To prevent, therefore had-I-wist … actions* i.e., to prevent, therefore, saying later and in vain, "Oh, had I only known about all these goings-on!"

6 *censure* judgement.

7 *doom* sentence, condemnation; *strange* surprising, unaccountable, astonishing.

8 *fostered up* brought up, raised [together].

9 *we have two bodies and one soul* Marcus Tullius Cicero's dialogue *Laelius: De Amicitia* ("On Friendship") (44 BCE) makes this claim as does Aristotle's *Ethics* (1166A32).

10 *challenge* have a natural right or claim to.

conclude in one word that she is innocent. If then fortune, who triumphs in variety of miseries, hath presented some envious person (as minister of her intended stratagem) to taint Rosalind with any surmise of treason, let him be brought to her face and confirm his accusation by witnesses, which proved, let her die, and Alinda will execute the massacre. If none can avouch any confirmed relation of her intent, use justice, my lord—it is the glory of a king—and let her live in your wonted[1] favour; for if you banish her, myself, as co-partner of her hard fortunes, will participate in exile some part of her extremities."

Torismond, at this speech of Alinda, covered his face with such a frown as tyranny seemed to sit triumphant in his forehead, and checked her up[2] with such taunts as made the lords (that only were hearers) to tremble.

"Proud girl," quoth he, "hath my looks made thee so light of tongue or my favours encouraged thee to be so forward that thou darest presume to preach after thy father? Hath not my years more experience than thy youth and the winter of mine age deeper insight into civil policy than the prime of thy flourishing days? The old lion avoids the toils where the young one leaps into the net; the care of age is provident and foresees much; suspicion is a virtue where a man holds his enemy in his bosom. Thou, fond[3] girl, measurest all by present affection, and as thy heart loves thy thoughts censure. But if thou knewest that in liking Rosalind thou hatchest up a bird to peck out thine own eyes, thou wouldst entreat as much for her absence as now thou delightest in her presence. But why do I allege policy to thee? Sit you down, housewife,[4] and fall to your needle. If idleness make you so wanton or liberty so malapert,[5] I can quickly tie you to a sharper task. And you, maid, this night be packing,[6] either into Arden to your father, or whither best it shall content your humour,[7] but in the court you shall not abide."

This rigorous reply of Torismond nothing amazed[8] Alinda, for still she prosecuted her plea in the defence of Rosalind, wishing her father, if his censure might not be reversed, that he would appoint her partner of her exile, which, if he refused to do, either she would by some secret means steal out and follow her, or else end her days with some desperate kind of death. When Torismond heard his daughter so resolute, his heart was so hardened against her that he set down a definitive and peremptory sentence that they should both be banished, which presently was done, the tyrant rather choosing to hazard the loss of his only child than any ways to put in question the state of his kingdom, so suspicious and fearful is the conscience of an usurper. Well, although his lords persuaded him to retain his own daughter, yet his resolution might not be reversed, but both of them must away from the court without either more company or delay. In he went with great melancholy and left these two ladies alone. Rosalind waxed[9] very sad and sat down and wept. Alinda she smiled and, sitting by her friend, began thus to comfort her:

Alinda's Comfort to Perplexed Rosalind.

"Why, how now, Rosalind, dismayed with a frown of contrary fortune? Have I not oft heard thee say that high minds were discovered in fortune's contempt, and heroical seen in the depth of extremities? Thou wert wont to tell others that complained of distress that the sweetest salve for misery was patience, and the only medicine for want, that precious implaister[10] of content. Being such a good physician to others, wilt thou not

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1 *wonted* usual, customary.

2 *checked her up* rebuked her.

3 *fond* foolish; infatuated.

4 *housewife* In addition to the long-standing meaning—the wife as governor of domestic household matters—this word also refers to a sexually incontinent, worthless, or insolent woman or girl (usually spelled "huswife," whence we get the insult, "hussy").

5 *wanton* rebellious; perhaps, also, "spoiled or petulant"; *malapert* presumptuous, impudent.

6 *be packing* "get going" in haste (a dismissive/contemptuous usage).

7 *humour* governing disposition.

8 *amazed* terrified, alarmed.

9 *waxed* grew.

10 *want* lack; *implaister* plaster, healing salve.

minister receipts[1] to thyself? But perchance thou wilt say:

Consulenti nunquam caput doluit.[2]

"Why, then, if the patients that are sick of this disease can find in themselves neither reason to persuade nor art to cure, yet, Rosalind, admit of the counsel of a friend and apply the salves that may appease thy passions. If thou grievest that being the daughter of a prince and envy thwarteth thee with such hard exigents, think that royalty is a fair mark,[3] that crowns have crosses when mirth is in cottages, that the fairer the rose is the sooner it is bitten with caterpillars, the more orient[4] the pearl is the more apt to take a blemish, and the greatest birth, as it hath most honour so it hath much envy. If, then, fortune aimeth at the fairest, be patient, Rosalind, for first by thine exile thou goest to thy father. Nature is higher prized than wealth, and the love of one's parents ought to be more precious than all dignities. Why then doth my Rosalind grieve at the frown of Torismond, who, by offering her a prejudice,[5] proffers her a greater pleasure? And more, mad lass, to be melancholy when thou hast with thee Alinda, a friend who will be a faithful co-partner of all thy misfortunes, who hath left her father to follow thee, and chooseth rather to brook[6] all extremities than to forsake thy presence. What, Rosalind,

Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.[7]

"Cheerily, woman! As we have been bedfellows in royalty, we will be fellowmates in poverty. I will ever be thy Alinda, and thou shalt ever rest[8] to me Rosalind; so shall the world canonize our friendship, and speak of Rosalind and Alinda as they did of Pylades and Orestes.[9] And if ever fortune smile and we return to our former honour, then folding ourselves in the sweet of our friendship, we shall merrily say (calling to mind our forepassed miseries):

Olim haec meminisse iuvabit."[10]

At this, Rosalind began to comfort her, and after she had wept a few kind tears in the bosom of her Alinda, she gave her hearty thanks, and then they sat them down to consult how they should travel. Alinda grieved at nothing but that they might have no man in their company, saying it would be their greatest prejudice[11] in that two women went wandering without either guide or attendant.

"Tush," quoth Rosalind, "art thou a woman and hast not a sudden shift[12] to prevent a misfortune? I, thou seest, am of a tall stature and would very well become the person and apparel of a page. Thou shalt be my mistress,[13] and I will play the man so properly that, trust me, in what company soever I come I will not be discovered. I will buy me a suit and have my rapier[14] very handsomely at my side, and if any knave offer wrong, your page will show him the point of his weapon."

At this Alinda smiled, and upon this they agreed and presently gathered up all their jewels, which they trussed up in a casket; and Rosalind in all haste provided her of robes, and Alinda from

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1 *receipts* medical formulae or prescriptions.

2 *Latin*, "The head of the counsellor/adviser never aches."

3 *fair mark* attractive target.

4 *orient* lustrous.

5 *prejudice* injury.

6 *brook* endure, tolerate.

7 Latin, "It is a relief or consolation to the miserable or the unfortunate to have had sharers or partakers in affliction." A very common proverbial saying with many variants in the period: "It is good to have company in trouble (misery)" (*Tilley* C571).

8 *rest* remain.

9 *Pylades and Orestes* Brought up and educated together, these cousins became the emblem of total and inviolable friendship. Orestes was the son of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra. When Clytemnestra murdered Agamemnon, Orestes escaped the same fate by fleeing to his uncle, Strophius, king of Phocis. Later, with the aid of Pylades, Orestes avenged his father's death, killing both his mother and her lover and accomplice, Aegisthus.

10 Latin, "... even this distress it will some day be a joy to recall" (Virgil, *Aeneid*, trans. H.R. Fairclough, 1.203).

11 *prejudice* harm; the meaning here is closer to "danger."

12 *sudden shift* ingenious device, subterfuge, or trick.

13 *mistress* a woman who employs others in her service.

14 *rapier* a small sword.

her royal weeds put herself in more homely[1] attire. Thus fitted to the purpose, away go these two friends, having now changed their names, Alinda being called Aliena and Rosalind Ganymede.[2] They travelled along the vineyards and, by many by-ways, at last got to the forest side, where they travelled by the space of two or three days without seeing any creature, being often in danger of wild beasts and pained with many passionate sorrows. Now the black ox began to tread on their feet,[3] and Alinda thought of her wonted royalty. But when she cast her eyes on her Rosalind, she thought every danger a step to honour. Passing thus on along, about midday they came to a fountain compassed with a grove of cypress trees, so cunningly and curiously planted as if some goddess had entreated nature in that place to make her an arbour. By this fountain sat Aliena and her Ganymede, and forth they pulled such victuals as they had and fed as merrily as if they had been in Paris with all the king's delicates.[4]

[Aliena (Alinda) and Ganymede (Rosalind) stop to rest in the forest of Arden and there they find the shepherd Montanus' poem of unrequited love "carved in the bark of a pine tree."]

"No doubt," quoth Aliena, "this poesy is the passion of some perplexed shepherd that, being enamoured of some fair and beautiful shepherdess, suffered some sharp repulse and therefore complained of the cruelty of his mistress."

"You may see," quoth Ganymede, "what mad cattle you women be, whose hearts sometimes are made of adamant[5] that will touch with no impression, and sometimes of wax that is fit for every form. They delight to be courted, and then they glory to seem coy.[6] And when they are most desired, then they freeze with disdain. And this fault is so common to the sex that you see it painted out in the shepherd's passions, who found his mistress as froward[7] as he was enamoured."

"And I pray you," quoth Aliena, "if your robes were off, what mettle are you made of that you are so satirical against women? Is it not a foul bird defiles [its][8] own nest?[9] Beware, Ganymede, that Rosader hear you not, if he do, perchance you will make him leap so far from love that he will anger every vein in your heart."

"Thus," quoth Ganymede, "I keep decorum; I speak now as I am Aliena's page, not as I am Gerismond's daughter, for put me but into a petticoat, and I will stand in defiance to the uttermost that women are courteous, constant, virtuous, and what not."

"Stay[10] there," quoth Aliena, "and no more words, for yonder be characters graven upon the bark of the tall beech tree."

"Let us see," quoth Ganymede, and with that they read a fancy[11] written to this effect:

First shall the heavens want[12] starry light,
The seas be robbed of their waves,
The day want sun, and sun want bright,
The night want shade, the dead men graves,
The April, flowers and leaf and tree,
Before I false my faith to thee.

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1 *weeds* apparel, dress, clothing; *homely* simple, plain.

2 *Aliena* Latin, "stranger, foreigner, alien"; *Ganymede* According to Ovid, Ganymede was a beautiful shepherd. Jupiter, in the guise of an eagle, stole him away to be his cupbearer. Some classical writers say that Jupiter was enamoured of the young man and carried him away to satisfy his sexual desires. In the Renaissance, a "ganymede" is a catamite, a boy kept for the purpose of fulfilling his employer's homosexual desires.

3 Proverb, "The black ox never trod on his foot" (i.e., he has never experienced suffering or misfortune) (*Tilley* O103); thus, here, suffering or misfortune begins to prey upon them.

4 *delicates* choice delicacies.

5 *adamant* a mythic stone, sometimes confused with the diamond in this period, which shares the latter's reputation as impregnably hard.

6 *coy* modestly backwards or reserved.

7 *froward* disposed to go counter to what is demanded or reasonable; perverse.

8 originally "the" in the copytext, clearly a printer's error.

9 A proverb, meaning "it is a foul thing for a man to slander the treasure or things of his own house" (R. Tavener, *Proverbs or Adages*, 1552). See *Tilley* B377.

10 *Stay* stop, cease.

11 *fancy* here, "product of the imagination."

12 *want* lack.

First shall the tops of highest hills
By humble plains be overpried,[1]
And poets scorn the Muses' quills,
And fish forsake the water glide,
And Iris lose her coloured weed,[2]
Before I fail thee at thy need.

First direful hate shall turn to peace,
And love relent in deep disdain,
And death his fatal stroke shall cease,
And envy pity every pain,
And pleasure mourn and sorrow smile,
Before I talk of any guile.[3]

First time shall stay his stayless race,
And winter bless his brows with corn,
And snow bemoisten July's face,
And winter spring, and summer mourn,
Before my pen, by help of fame,
Cease to recite thy sacred name.

Montanus.

"No doubt," quoth Ganymede, "this protestation grew from one full of passions."

"I am of that mind too," quoth Aliena, "but see, I pray, when poor women seek to keep themselves chaste, how men woo them with many feigned promises, alluring with sweet words as the Sirens, and after proving as trothless as Aeneas.[4] Thus promised Demophoön to his Phyllis,[5] but who at last grew more false?"

"The reason was," quoth Ganymede, "that they were women's sons and took that fault of their mother, for if man had grown from man, as Adam did from the earth, men had never been troubled with inconstancy."

"Leave off" quoth Aliena, "to taunt thus bitterly, or else I'll pull off your page's apparel and whip you, as Venus doth her wantons, with nettles."

"So you will," quoth Ganymede, "persuade me to flattery, and that needs not. But come, seeing we have found here by this fount the tract[6] of shepherds by their madrigals and roundelays,[7] let us forward, for either we shall find some folds, sheepcotes, or else some cottages wherein for a day or two to rest."

"Content," quoth Aliena, and with that they rose up and marched forward till towards the even,[8] and then, coming into a fair valley compassed with mountains whereon grew many pleasant shrubs, they might descry where two flocks of sheep did feed.

[The old shepherd, Corydon, and the young shepherd, Montanus, appear. The two sing an eclogue, wherein Corydon tries to counsel Montanus against love, which he terms "a sugared harm, a poison full of pleasure." Montanus cannot accept Corydon's counsel or his characterization of love, and we learn the name of his scornful beloved: the shepherdess Phoebe. They finish their song and then greet Aliena and Ganymede. When Corydon learns that Aliena desires to live simply in the country as a shepherdess, he arranges for her purchase of his landlord's flock and land, which have recently been put up for sale. Meanwhile, Saladine takes his revenge on Rosader by having him chained to a post in the middle of the hall, and refusing him food or drink. Adam Spencer, fearing

[1] *overpried* overlooked.

[2] *Iris* goddess of the rainbow; *weed* article of clothing or apparel.

[3] *guile* trick, deceit.

[4] *Sirens* sea nymphs whose singing was so enthralling that listeners would become entranced, losing themselves in the music and finally starving to death because they forgot to eat. They appear most famously in Homer's *Odyssey*; *Aeneas* In Virgil's national epic the *Aeneid*, Aeneas is a Trojan prince and the founder of the Roman Empire; during his journeys, he and his followers are driven ashore at Carthage and are welcomed there by its queen, Dido. Although Aeneas vows his love to the enamoured Dido, he finally leaves her, obeying the gods' commands to seek out his destiny in Italy; in response to Aeneas' faithlessness and her own abandonment, Dido commits suicide.

[5] *Demophoön* King of Athens, son of Theseus and Phaedra, and participant in the Trojan war, Demophoön treated Phyllis of Thrace with careless faithlessness, accepting her love while he was in Thrace, but forgetting her entirely when he finally returned to Athens. In despair, Phyllis hanged herself (Ovid, *Heroides*, 2).

[6] *tract* path; trace.

[7] *roundelay* a short, simple song with a refrain.

[8] *even* i.e., evening.

that Rosader will die, brings him food secretly and then releases him. Spencer persuades Rosader to remain near the post, however, rather than immediately seeking revenge for his ill treatment. During a banquet the next day, Rosader is insulted by Saladine and his friends, whereat Rosader throws off his chains, lays about him with a poleaxe, hurts some of the guests, kills others, and drives everyone out of the house. When Saladine arrives to retake the house with the sheriff and a troop of men, Rosader breaks through the group and along with Adam flees into the forest of Arden. After five or six days wandering in the forest, Adam is weak from hunger and close to death. Rosader and he come across Gerismond (Rosalind's father and the usurped king of France) and his group of loyal retainers, and Rosader bravely demands food and drink for his servant, which Gerismond provides, later taking Rosader into his service. Meanwhile, Torismond, desirous of possessing John of Bordeaux's lands, has Saladine imprisoned on a pretext; during this brief imprisonment Saladine repents his treatment of Rosader and determines to find him and make amends. Torismond banishes Saladine, and Saladine takes the opportunity to go search for his brother. Meanwhile, Rosader mourns his separation from Rosalind in poetry which he engraves on trees. One day, Aliena and Ganymede overhear Rosader sighing for Rosalind, and they approach him.]

[1]"I pray thee tell me, forester, what is this Rosalind for whom thou pinest away in such passions? Is she some nymph that waits upon Diana's train, whose chastity thou hast deciphered in such epithets? Or is she some shepherdess that haunts these plains whose beauty hath so bewitched thy fancy, whose name thou shadowest in covert under the figure of Rosalind, as Ovid did Julia under the name of Corinna?[2] Or say me forsooth, is it that Rosalind of whom we shepherds have heard talk—she, forester, that is the daughter of Gerismond that once was king and now an outlaw in this forest of Arden?"

At this Rosader fetched a deep sigh and said, "It is she, O gentle swain,[3] it is she. That saint it is whom I serve, that goddess at whose shrine I do bend all my devotions, the most fairest of all fairs, the phoenix[4] of all that sex, and the purity of all earthly perfection."

"And why, gentle forester, if she be so beautiful and thou so amorous, is there such a disagreement in thy thoughts? Haply she resembleth the rose that is sweet but full of prickles? Or the serpent regius that hath scales as glorious as the sun and a breath as infectious as the aconitum[5] is deadly? So thy Rosalind may be most amiable and yet unkind, full of favour and yet froward, coy without wit and disdainful without reason."

"O shepherd," quoth Rosader, "knewest thou her personage, graced with the excellence of all perfection, being a harbour wherein the Graces shroud their virtues, thou wouldst not breathe out such blasphemy against the beauteous Rosalind. She is a diamond, bright but not hard, yet of most chaste operation,[6] a pearl so orient that it can be stained with no blemish, a rose without prickles, and a princess absolute as well in beauty as in virtue. But I, unhappy I, have let mine eye soar with the eagle against so bright a sun that I am quite blind. I have with Apollo enamoured myself of a Daphne,[7] not, as she, disdainful, but far more

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[1] The speaker here is Rosalind in her disguise as Ganymede.

[2] *Ovid* Publius Ovidius Naso (43 BCE-17 CE), a famed Roman poet. His *Amores*, a collection of Latin love poetry, celebrates a woman named Corinna, who traditionally has been identified as Julia (39 BCE-c. 14 CE), only daughter of the emperor Augustus. Traditionally, her affair with Ovid is one of the reasons for Augustus' banishment of Ovid from Rome. For more on Julia and her representation, see Chapman's *Ovid's Banquet of Sense*, p. 1166, note 4.

[3] *swain* shepherd.

[4] *phoenix* a beautiful mythic bird who climbed onto its own funeral pyre every 500 years and was reborn vital and young from its own ashes.

[5] *aconitum* aconite or monk's-head (also known as wolf's-bane), a common and deadly poisonous plant.

[6] *operation* influence, virtue, force.

[7] *Apollo … Daphne* Apollo fell in love with Daphne, a beautiful nymph, daughter of the river god Peneus. Rejecting his advances, she fled from him and when she found she could not escape his pursuit, she prayed to her father to save her. He transformed her into a laurel tree. Apollo made the laurel wreath his sacred symbol.

chaste than Daphne. I have with Ixion laid my love on Juno and shall, I fear, embrace nought but a cloud.[1] Ah shepherd, I have reached at a star, my desires have mounted above my degree, and my thoughts above my fortunes. I, being a peasant, have ventured to gaze on a princess whose honours are too high to vouchsafe such base loves."

"Why, forester," quoth Ganymede, "comfort thyself. Be blithe and frolic, man! Love souseth[2] as low as she soareth high, Cupid shoots at a rag as soon as at a robe, and Venus' eye that was so curious sparkled favour on pole-footed[3] Vulcan. Fear not, man, women's looks are not tied to dignity's feathers, nor make they curious esteem where the stone is found, but what is the virtue.[4] Fear not, forester; faint heart never won fair lady.[5] But where lives Rosalind now? At the court?"

"Oh no," quoth Rosader, "she lives I know not where, and that is my sorrow; banished by Torismond, and that is my hell. For might I but find her sacred personage and plead before the bar[6] of her pity the plaint of my passions, hope tells me she would grace me with some favour, and that would suffice as a recompense of all my former miseries."

[...]

Ganymede, pitying her Rosader, thinking to drive him out of this amorous melancholy, said that now the sun was in his meridional heat and that it was high noon: "Therefore we shepherds say 'tis time to go to dinner, for the sun and our stomachs are shepherds' dials.[7] Therefore, forester, if thou wilt take such fare as comes out of our homely scrips,[8] welcome shall answer whatsoever thou wantest in delicates."[9]

Aliena took the entertainment by the end,[10] and told Rosader he should be her guest. He thanked them heartily and sat with them down to dinner, where they had such cates as country state did allow them, sauced with such content and such sweet prattle as it seemed far more sweet than all their courtly junkets.[11]

As soon as they had taken their repast, Rosader, giving them thanks for his good cheer, would have been gone; but Ganymede, that was loath to let him pass out of her presence, began thus:

"Nay forester," quoth he, "if thy business be not the greater, seeing thou sayest thou art so deeply in love, let me see how thou canst woo. I will represent Rosalind, and thou shalt be as thou art, Rosader. See in some amorous eclogue[12] how if Rosalind were present, how thou couldst court her; and while we sing of love, Aliena shall tune her pipe and play us melody."

"Content," quoth Rosader.

And Aliena, she to show her willingness, drew forth a recorder and began to wind it. Then the loving forester began thus:

The Wooing Eclogue Betwixt Rosalind and Rosader.

Rosader.

I pray thee, nymph, by all the working words,
By all the tears and sighs that lovers know,
Or what or thoughts or falt'ring tongue affords,

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[1] *Ixion … cloud* Ixion, king of Thessaly, shunned and rejected by all mankind because of his treacherous murder of his father-in-law, Deioneus, was pitied by Jupiter, who invited him to one of the gods' banquets. There, Ixion fell in love with Juno, Jupiter's wife and queen of the gods; his attempts to seduce her, however, were prevented by Jupiter who replaced Juno with a cloud shaped like her. Ixion's punishment was to be bound in hell to an eternally spinning wheel.

[2] *souseth* swoops or plunges down.

[3] *curious* fastidious, exacting, precise; *pole-footed* i.e., "polt-footed": club-footed or lame on account of a deformed foot.

[4] *nor make they … the virtue* i.e., women don't give excessively-close or minute examination to the circumstances wherein they find a precious thing (the "stone" or gem), but to the actual quality and value (the "virtue") of the gem itself.

[5] Proverb, "Faint heart ne'er won fair lady" (*Tilley* H302).

[6] *bar* in a judicial court, the barrier or wooden rail marking at which prisoners are stationed for arraignment, trial, or sentence.

[7] *dials* i.e., sundials; thus, time-keepers.

[8] *fare* food; *homely scrips* simple bags or satchels.

[9] *welcome shall answer whatsoever thou wantest in delicates* i.e., warm hospitality shall recompense you for whatever you lack in delicacies.

[10] *by the end* i.e., she took charge of the hospitality [which they were offering].

[11] *junkets* feasts or banquets.

[12] *eclogue* a short poem of any kind, but especially a pastoral dialogue, such as those in Virgil's *Eclogues*.

I crave for mine in ripping up[1] my woe.
Sweet Rosalind, my love (would God, my love),
My life (would God, my life), aye, pity me!
Thy lips are kind and humble like the dove,
And but with beauty pity will not be.
Look on mine eyes made red with rueful tears,
From whence the rain of true remorse descendeth,
All pale in looks am I though young in years,
And nought but love or death my days befriendeth.
Oh let no stormy rigour knit thy brows,
Which love appointed for his mercy seat.
The tallest tree by Boreas'[2] breath it bows,
The iron yields with hammer and to heat.
O Rosalind, then be thou pitiful,
For Rosalind is only beautiful.

Rosalind.
Love's wantons arm their trait'rous suits with tears,
With vows, with oaths, with looks, with showers of gold:
But when the fruit of their affects appears,
The simple heart by subtle sleights is sold.
Thus sucks the yielding ear the poisoned bait,
Thus feeds the heart upon his endless harms,
Thus glut the thoughts themselves on self-deceit,
Thus blind the eyes their sight by subtle charms.
The lovely looks, the sighs that storm so sore,
The dew of deep-dissembled doubleness:
These may attempt, but are of power no more
Where beauty leans to wit and soothfastness.[3]
O Rosader, then be thou witiful,[4]
For Rosalind scorns foolish pitiful.

Rosader.
I pray thee, Rosalind, by those sweet eyes
That stain the sun in shine, the morn in clear,
By those sweet cheeks where Love encamped lies
To kiss the roses of the springing year.
I tempt thee, Rosalind, by ruthful[5] plaints,
Not seasoned with deceit or fraudful guile,[6]
But firm in pain far more than tongue depaints,
Sweet nymph, be kind and grace me with a smile.
So may the heavens preserve from hurtful food
Thy harmless flocks; so may the summer yield
The pride of all her riches and her good
To fat thy sheep, the citizens of field.
Oh, leave to arm thy lovely brows with scorn:
The birds their beak, the lion hath his tail,
And lovers nought but sighs and bitter mourn,
The spotless fort of fancy to assail.
O Rosalind, then be thou pitiful:
For Rosalind is only beautiful.

Rosalind.
The hardened steel by fire is brought in frame.

Rosader.
And Rosalind, my love, than any wool more softer,
And shall not sighs her tender heart inflame?

Rosalind.
Were lovers true, maids would believe them ofter.

Rosader.
Truth and regard and honour guide my love.

Rosalind.
Fain[7] would I trust, but yet I dare not try.

Rosader.
Oh, pity me, sweet nymph, and do but prove.[8]

Rosalind.
I would resist, but yet I know not why.

Rosader.
O Rosalind, be kind, for times will change,
Thy looks ay nill[9] be fair as now they be;
Thine age from beauty may thy looks estrange;
Ah, yield in time, sweet nymph, and pity me.

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1 *ripping up* revealing, disclosing.
2 *Boreas* god of the north wind.
3 *soothfastness* truthfulness.
4 *witiful* full of wit; wise, sensible.
5 *ruthful* that which exacts pity or compassion; lamentably piteous.
6 *guile* insidious cunning, treachery.
7 *Fain* willingly, gladly, with pleasure.
8 *prove* test.
9 *ay nill* will not always.

Rosalind.
O Rosalind, thou must be pitiful,
For Rosader is young and beautiful.

Rosader.
Oh, gain more great than kingdoms or a crown.

Rosalind.
Oh, trust betrayed if Rosader abuse me.

Rosader.
First let the heavens conspire to pull me down,
And heaven and earth as abject quite refuse me.
Let sorrows stream about my hateful bower,
And restless horror hatch within my breast,
Let beauty's eye afflict me with a lower,[1]
Let deep despair pursue me without rest,
Ere Rosalind my loyalty disprove,
Ere Rosalind accuse me for unkind.

Rosalind.
Then Rosalind will grace thee with her love,
Then Rosalind will have thee still in mind.

Rosader.
Then let me triumph more than Tithon's[2] dear,
Since Rosalind will Rosader respect.
Then let my face exile his sorry cheer,[3]
And frolic in the comfort of affect;[4]
And say that Rosalind is only pitiful,
Since Rosalind is only beautiful.

When thus they had finished their courting eclogue in such a familiar clause, Ganymede, as augur of some good fortunes to light upon their affections, began to be thus pleasant:

"How now, forester, have I not fitted your turn? Have I not played the woman handsomely and showed myself as coy in grants, as courteous in desires, and been as full of suspicion as men of flattery? And yet to salve all, jumped I not all up with[5] the sweet union of love? Did not Rosalind content her Rosader?"

The forester, at this smiling, shook his head and, folding his arms, made this merry reply:

"Truth, gentle swain, Rosader hath his Rosalind but as Ixion had Juno, who thinking to possess a goddess only embraced a cloud. In these imaginary fruitions of fancy I resemble the birds that fed themselves with Zeuxis' painted grapes,[6] but they grew so lean with pecking at shadows that they were glad with Aesop's[7] cock to scrape for a barley kernel. So fareth it with me, who, to feed myself with the hope of my mistress's favours, soothe myself in thy suits and only in conceit[8] reap a wished-for content. But if my food be no better than such amorous dreams, Venus at the year's end shall find me but a lean lover. Yet do I take these follies for high fortunes and hope these feigned affections do divine[9] some unfeigned end of ensuing fancies."

"And thereupon," quoth Aliena, "I'll play the priest. From this day forth Ganymede shall call thee husband and thou shalt call Ganymede wife, and so we'll have a marriage."

"Content," quoth Rosader, and laughed.

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1 *lower* rhymes with "bower": to frown, look sullen.

2 *Tithon* or Tithonus was the son of Laomedon, king of Troy. His extraordinary beauty caused Aurora, goddess of the dawn, to fall in love with and have children by him. Having been granted by her his desire for immortality, Tithonus found himself in a sorry situation: having neglected to ask for eternal youth, strength, and vigour along with eternal life, Tithonus finally became old and decrepit, but lacked the ability to die. Taking pity on him, Aurora, although she could not give him the death he craved, transformed him into a grasshopper.

3 *cheer* appearance, expression of the face.

4 *affect* inward disposition, feeling.

5 *jumped I not all up with* i.e., have I not resolved all (the obstacles between the lovers)by.

6 Zeuxis (fl. 430-390 BCE), Greek painter, student of Apollodorus. In a contest with his contemporary Parrhasius, Zeuxis' painting of a man carrying grapes achieved such verisimilitude that birds tried to eat the painted fruit.

7 *Aesop* (fl. 6th century BCE), Greek writer of fables. In the fable of "The Cock and the Precious Stone" (not included any longer among Aesop's complete fables), a cock scratching in a barnyard for something to eat turned up a gem, which he rejected with disappointment, saying he'd far prefer a barley kernel, having no use for the gem at all.

8 *conceit* thought, conception.

9 *divine* predict.

"Content," quoth Ganymede, and changed as red as a rose.

And so with a smile and a blush they made up this jesting match that after proved to a marriage in earnest, Rosader full little thinking he had wooed and won his Rosalind.

But all was well; hope is a sweet string to harp on, and therefore let the forester awhile shape himself to his shadow and tarry[1] Fortune's leisure, till she may make a metamorphosis fit for his purpose.

I digress, and therefore to Aliena, who said the wedding was not worth a pin unless there were some cheer, nor that bargain well made that was not stricken up[2] with a cup of wine. And therefore she willed Ganymede to set out such cates[3] as they had and to draw out her bottle, charging[4] the forester, as he had imagined his loves, so to conceit these cates to be a most sumptuous banquet, and to take a mazer[5] of wine and to drink to his Rosalind—which Rosader did—and so they passed away the day in many pleasant devices. Till at last Aliena perceived time would tarry no man[6] and that the sun waxed very low, ready to set, which made her shorten their amorous prattle and end the banquet with a fresh carouse,[7] which done, they all three rose and Aliena broke off thus:

"Now forester, Phoebus,[8] that all this while hath been partaker of our sports, seeing every woodsman more fortunate in his loves than he in his fancies, seeing thou hast won Rosalind when he could not woo Daphne, hides his head for shame and bids us adieu in a cloud. Our sheep, they (poor wantons) wander towards their folds, as taught by nature their due times of rest, which tells us, forester, we must depart. Marry,[9] though there were a marriage, yet I must carry this night the bride with me, and tomorrow morning, if you meet us here, I'll promise to deliver her as good a maid as I find her."

"Content," quoth Rosader, "'tis enough for me in the night to dream on love, that in the day am so fond to dote on love, and so, till tomorrow, you to your folds and I will to my lodge." And thus the forester and they parted.

He was no sooner gone but Aliena and Ganymede went and folded their flocks and, taking up their hooks,[10] their bags, and their bottles, hied[11] homeward. By the way, Aliena, to make the time seem short, began to prattle with Ganymede thus:

"I have heard them say that what the Fates forepoint that Fortune pricketh down with a period;[12] that the stars are sticklers[13] in Venus' court, and desire hangs at the heel of destiny. If it be so, then by all probable conjectures this match will be a marriage, for if augurism[14] be authentical or the divines' dooms principles,[15] it cannot be but such a shadow portends the issue of a substance, for to that end did the gods force the conceit of this eclogue, that they might discover the ensuing consent of your affections, so that ere it be long I hope in earnest to dance at your wedding."

"Tush," quoth Ganymede, "all is not malt that is cast on the kiln. There goes more words to a bargain than one.[16] Love feels no footing in the air, and fancy holds it slippery harbour to nestle in the tongue. The match is not yet so surely made but he may miss of his market; but if fortune be his friend, I will not be his foe, and so I pray you, gentle mistress Aliena, take it."

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1 *tarry* wait on, wait for.

2 *stricken up* concluded or ratified with.

3 *cates* provisions, victuals.

4 *charging* commanding, instructing.

5 *mazer* drinking cup or goblet.

6 Proverb, "Time stays for no man" (*Tilley* T334).

7 *carouse* a cupful drunk "all out"; a toast.

8 *Phoebus* i.e., the sun, after Phoebus Apollo, the sun god.

9 *Marry* exclamation, "certainly, indeed, to be sure."

10 *hooks* shepherds' staffs.

11 *hied* hastened.

12 *forepoint* ordain; *pricketh* writes; *period* conclusion.

13 *sticklers* agents, instigators (as the stars affect the behaviours and dispositions of human beings).

14 *augurism* i.e., "augury": the practice of divining or predicting the future from a set of signs, portents, or omens, such as the flight of birds, the entrails of sacrificed animals, etc.

15 *or the divines' dooms principles* i.e., or the judgements of learned clerics [be] principles.

16 Proverb, "More words than one go to a bargain" (*Tilley* W819).

"I take all things well," quoth she, "that is your content, and am glad Rosader is yours, for now I hope your thoughts will be at quiet, your eye that ever looked at love will now lend a glance on your lambs, and then they will prove more buxom and you more blithe, for the eyes of the master feeds the cattle."

As thus they were in chat, they spied old Corydon where he came plodding to meet them, who told them supper was ready, which news made them speed them home.

[Rosader comes across Saladine sleeping in the forest, with a lion waiting nearby to devour him if he stirs. After some internal debate, Rosader determines to save his brother from the lion, which he does although he is wounded in the fight. Not recognizing Rosader, Saladine reveals to him his deep repentance over how he has treated his younger brother. Rosader reveals himself, the brothers are perfectly reconciled, and Rosader introduces his brother to Gerismond and his band. A few days later, Rosader goes to visit Aliena and Ganymede, and while he is talking with them, some bandits try to carry off Aliena and Ganymede. Rosader fights valiantly, but there are too many of them, and he is seriously wounded. Saladine arrives and renews the fight and with the help of Rosader kills some and drives off the rest. Aliena and Saladine fall in love at first sight. While Rosader is recovering, Lodge returns to characters introduced earlier: Montanus and Phoebe. When Corydon arranges for Aliena and Ganymede to witness a lyric exchange between Montanus and Phoebe (where Phoebe rejects Montanus' love), Ganymede is so incensed by Phoebe's careless cruelty that he scolds her. Phoebe falls in love with Ganymede at first sight, and soon sends him a letter to this effect. Plotting how to get the love of Phoebe for Montanus, Ganymede and Aliena hit upon a plan, and Ganymede goes to visit Phoebe.]

Phoebe looking as lovely as Venus in her night-gear, tainting her face with as ruddy a blush as Clytia[1] did when she bewrayed her loves to Phoebus, taking Ganymede by the hand began thus:

"Fair shepherd, if love were not more strong than nature, or fancy the sharpest extreme, my immodesty were the more and my virtues the less, for nature hath framed women's eyes bashful, their hearts full of fear, and their tongues full of silence. But love, that imperious love, where his power is predominant, then he perverts all and wresteth the wealth of nature to his own will: an instance in myself, fair Ganymede, for such a fire hath he kindled in my thoughts that to find ease for the flame, I was forced to pass the bounds of modesty and seek a salve at thy hands for my secret harms. Blame me not if I be overbold, for it is thy beauty, and if I be too forward, it is fancy and the deep insight into thy virtues that makes me thus fond.[2] For let me say in a word what may be contained in a volume: Phoebe loves Ganymede."

At this she held down her head and wept, and Ganymede rose, as one that would suffer no fish to hang on his fingers,[3] made this reply:

"Water not thy plants, Phoebe, for I do pity thy plaints, nor seek not to discover thy loves in tears, for I conjecture thy truth by thy passions. Sorrow is no salve for loves, nor sighs no remedy for affection. Therefore frolic, Phoebe, for if Ganymede can cure thee, doubt not of recovery. Yet this let me say without offence, that it grieves me to thwart Montanus in his fancies, seeing his desires have been so resolute and his thoughts so loyal. But thou allegest that thou art forced from

[1] *Clytia* In Greek mythology, her unrequited love for Phoebus Apollo, the sun god, led her to reveal Apollo's relationship with Leucothoe. Leucothoe's father, Orchamus, responded to this revelation by burying his daughter alive. Grief-stricken, Apollo avoided Clytia entirely, and after a long fast during which she did nothing but watch the sun travel through the sky, she was transformed into a flower (like the violet) which always turns its face towards the sun.

[2] *fond* overly affectionate, doting.

[3] The proverb "to find fish on one's fingers" (*Tilley* F326) means "to have plenty of occupation." Thus, here, Lodge means that Ganymede wants to deal as quickly as possible with this unpleasant set of circumstances.

him by fate; so I tell thee, Phoebe, either some star or else some destiny fits my mind rather with Adonis to die in chase than be counted a wanton on Venus' knee. Although I pity thy martyrdom, yet I can grant no marriage, for though I held thee fair yet mine eye is not fettered. Love grows not, like the herb spattana,[1] to his perfection in one night, but creeps with the snail and yet at last attains to the top. *Festina lente*,[2] especially in love, for momentary fancies are ofttimes the fruits of follies. If, Phoebe, I should like thee as the Hyperborei[3] do their dates, which banquet with them in the morning and throw them away at night, my folly should be great and thy repentance more. Therefore, I will have time to turn my thoughts, and my loves shall grow up as the watercresses, slowly but with a deep root. Thus, Phoebe, thou mayst see I disdain not though I desire not, remaining indifferent till time and love makes me resolute. Therefore, Phoebe, seek not to suppress affection, and with the love of Montanus quench the remembrance of Ganymede. Strive thou to hate me as I seek to like of thee, and ever have the duties of Montanus in thy mind, for I promise thee thou mayst have one more wealthy but not more loyal."

These words were corrosives to the perplexed Phoebe, that, sobbing out sighs and straining out tears she blubbered out these words:

"And shall I, then, have no salve of Ganymede but suspense? No hope but a doubtful hazard? No comfort but be posted off[4] to the will of time? Justly have the gods balanced my fortunes, who, being cruel to Montanus, found Ganymede as unkind to myself; so in forcing him perish for love, I shall die myself with overmuch love."

"I am glad," quoth Ganymede, "you look into your own faults and see where your shoe wrings you, measuring now the pains of Montanus by your own passions."

"Truth," quoth Phoebe, "and so deeply I repent me of my frowardness toward the shepherd that could I cease to love Ganymede, I would resolve to like Montanus."

"What, if I can with reason persuade Phoebe to mislike of Ganymede, will she then favour Montanus?"

"When reason," quoth she, "doth quench that love that I owe to thee, then will I fancy him, conditionally, that if my love can be suppressed with no reason, as being without reason, Ganymede will only wed himself to Phoebe."

"I grant it, fair shepherdess," quoth he, "and to feed thee with the sweetness of hope, this resolve on: I will never marry myself to woman but unto thyself."

And with that Ganymede gave Phoebe a fruitless kiss and such words of comfort that, before Ganymede departed, she arose out of her bed and made him and Montanus such cheer as could be found in such a country cottage—Ganymede in the midst of their banquet rehearsing the promises of either in Montanus' favour, which highly pleased the shepherd. Thus all three content and soothed up in hope, Ganymede took his leave of his Phoebe and departed, leaving her a contented woman, and Montanus highly pleased.

[Aliena and Saladine decide to marry, and at the pre-marriage festivities, Montanus arrives and reveals his love of Phoebe to Gerismond, who is impressed both by the shepherd's poetic skill and his passion. Learning of Phoebe's cruelty to Montanus and her love for Ganymede, Gerismond agrees to arbitrate this love controversy, and when he asks Ganymede to first present his argument, Ganymede asks leave to withdraw. When he returns, he has put on women's clothing and appears as Rosalind.]

In went Ganymede and dressed herself in woman's attire, having on a gown of green with

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[1] *spattana* perhaps "sputania," a herb mentioned by Robert Greene which appears to have two properties: it can make one half lunatic or it can cause constipation (*OED*, "sputania").

[2] Latin, "Make haste slowly" (*Tilley* H192).

[3] *Hyperborei* a mythic race who were thought to live in the far northern reaches of Europe and Asia; extremely long-lived, they also enjoyed a perfect and felicitous life together.

[4] *posted off* handed over to, transferred over.

kirtle of rich sendal,[1] so quaint[2] that she seemed Diana triumphing in the forest. Upon her head she wore a chaplet of roses, which gave her such a grace that she looked like Flora perked[3] in the pride of all her flowers. Thus attired came Rosalind in and presented herself at her father's feet, with her eyes full of tears, craving his blessing and discoursing unto him all her fortunes—how she was banished by Torismond and how ever since she lived in that country disguised.

Gerismond, seeing his daughter, rose from his seat and fell upon her neck, uttering the passions of his joy in watery plaints, driven into such an ecstasy of content that he could not utter one word. At this sight, if Rosader was both amazed and joyful, I refer myself to the judgement of such as have experience in love, seeing his Rosalind before his face whom so long and deeply he had affected. At last, Gerismond recovered his spirits and in most fatherly terms entertained[4] his daughter Rosalind, after many questions demanding of her what had passed between her and Rosader.

"So much, sir," quoth she, "as there wants nothing but your grace to make up the marriage."

"Why then," quoth Gerismond, "Rosader take her, she is thine, and let this day solemnize both thy brother's and thy nuptials."

Rosader, beyond measure content, humbly thanked the King and embraced his Rosalind, who turning towards Phoebe, demanded if she had shown sufficient reason to suppress the force of her loves.

"Yea," quoth Phoebe, "and so great a persuasive that, please it you, madam, and Aliena to give us leave, Montanus and I will make this day the third couple in marriage."

She had no sooner spoke this word but Montanus threw away his garland of willow,[5] his bottle where was painted despair, and cast his sonnets in the fire, showing himself as frolic as Paris when he handselled[6] his love with Helena.

At this Gerismond and the rest smiled, and concluded that Montanus and Phoebe should keep their wedding with the two brethren. Aliena, seeing Saladine stand in a dump, to wake him from his dream began thus:

"Why, how now, my Saladine, all amort?[7] What melancholy, man, at the day of marriage? Perchance thou art sorrowful to think on thy brother's high fortunes and thine own base desires to choose so mean[8] a shepherdess? Cheer up thy heart, man, for this day thou shalt be married to the daughter of a king: for know, Saladine, I am not Aliena but Alinda, the daughter of thy mortal enemy Torismond."

At this all the company was amazed, especially Gerismond, who, rising up, took Alinda in his arms and said to Rosalind:

"Is this that fair Alinda, famous for so many virtues, that forsook her father's court to live with thee exiled in the country?"

"The same," quoth Rosalind.

"Then," quoth Gerismond, turning to Saladine, "jolly forester, be frolic, for thy fortunes are great and thy desires excellent. Thou hast got a princess as famous for her perfection as exceeding in proportion."

"And she hath with her beauty won," quoth Saladine, "an humble servant as full of faith as she of amiable favour."

While everyone was amazed with these comical events,[9] Corydon came skipping in and told them that the priest was at church and tarried for their coming. With that, Gerismond led the way and the rest followed, where to the admiration of all the country swains in Arden their marriages were solemnly solemnized. As soon as the priest had finished, home they went with Alinda, where Corydon had made all things in readiness. Dinner

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1 *kirtle* a skirt or outer petticoat; *sendal* a thin, rich silken material.

2 *quaint* beautiful, fine.

3 *perked* made spruce or smart; trimmed.

4 *entertained* discoursed with.

5 The willow is traditionally associated with grief and death caused by unrequited love. See *Othello*, 4.3.43-60.

6 *handselled* ceremoniously solemnized.

7 *all amort* completely dejected or spiritless.

8 *mean* inferior in rank, degree, or status.

9 *comical events* i.e., events typical of the conclusion of a comedy; happy or fortunate events (as opposed to tragical).

was provided, and—the tables being spread, and the brides set down by Gerismond—Rosader, Saladine and Montanus that day were servitors. Homely cheer[1] they had, such as their country could afford, but to mend their fare they had mickle[2] good chat and many discourses of their loves and fortunes. About mid-dinner, to make them merry, Corydon came in with an old crowd[3] and played them a fit of mirth, to which he sung this pleasant song:

Corydon's Song.

A blithe and bonny country lass,
heigh-ho, the bonny lass,
Sat sighing on the tender grass
and weeping said, "Will none come woo me?"
A smicker boy, a lither[4] swain,
heigh-ho, a smicker swain,
That in his love was wanton fain,
with smiling looks straight came unto her.

Whenas the wanton wench espied,
heigh-ho, when she espied,
The means to make herself a bride,
she simpered smooth like Bonnybell.[5]
The swain that saw her squint-eyed kind,
heigh-ho, so squint-eyed kind,
His arms about her body twined,
and said, "Fair lass, how fare ye, well?"

The country kit[6] said, "Well, forsooth,
heigh-ho, well, forsooth,
But that I have a longing tooth,[7]
a longing tooth that makes me cry."
"Alas," said he, "what gars[8] thy grief?
heigh-ho, what gars thy grief?"
"A wound," quoth she, "without relief,
I fear a maid that I shall die."

"If that be all," the shepherd said,
"heigh ho," the shepherd said.
"I'll make thee wive it, gentle maid,
And so recure thy malady."
Hereon they kissed with many a oath,
heigh-ho, with many a oath,
And 'fore god Pan did plight their troth,[9]
and to the church they hied them fast.

And God send every pretty peat,
heigh-ho, the pretty peat,[10]
That fears to die of this conceit,[11]
so kind a friend to help at last.

Corydon having thus made them merry, as they were in the midst of all their jollity, word was brought in to Saladine and Rosader that a brother of theirs, one Fernandine, was arrived and desired to speak with them. Gerismond, overhearing this news, demanded who it was.

"It is, sir," quoth Rosader, "our middle brother that lives a scholar in Paris; but what fortune hath driven him to seek us out I know not."

With that, Saladine went and met his brother, whom he welcomed with all courtesy, and Rosader gave him no less friendly entertainment. Brought he was by his two brothers into the parlour where they all sat at dinner. Fernandine, as one that knew as

[1] *Homely cheer* simple, plain, or rustic food.

[2] *mickle* much.

[3] *crowd* an early form of the fiddle.

[4] *smicker* handsome; *lither* agile, nimble (both of these words also have negative connotations, although "lither" more so than "smicker").

[5] *Bonnybell* In the August eclogue of Spenser's *Shepheardes Calender*, Bonibell is the name of a beautiful shepherdess whose glance wounds the shepherd Perigot to the heart (l. 62). Perigot and Wilye's singing match focuses on her and the effects of love. Lodge imitates certain aspects of this song, especially the refrain.

[6] *kit* abbreviated form of "kitten" (or the short form of Katherine, Kate); a kit is also a "light woman, a wanton."

[7] *longing tooth* Proverb, "to have a sweet (wanton) tooth" (*Tilley* T420).

[8] *gars* causes, occasions.

[9] *Pan* God of shepherds and of all inhabitants of the country, Pan is often associated with fertility and marriage; *plight their troth* pledge themselves in marriage.

[10] *peat* term of endearment for a woman or girl, although it has various shades of meaning: it means simply "girl," but also "light or merry girl" as well as "fondled or spoiled girl," etc.

[11] *conceit* thought, conception, fancy.

many manners as he could[1] points of sophistry and was as well brought up as well lettered, saluted them all. But when he espied Gerismond, kneeling on his knee he did him what reverence belonged to his estate and with that burst forth into these speeches:

"Although, right mighty Prince, this day of my brothers' marriage be a day of mirth, yet time craves another course, and therefore from dainty cates rise to sharp weapons. And you, the sons of Sir John of Bordeaux, leave off your amours and fall to arms; change your loves into lances, and now this day show yourselves as valiant as hitherto you have been passionate. For know, Gerismond, that hard by[2] the edge of this forest the twelve peers of France are up in arms to recover thy right, and Torismond, trooped with a crew of desperate renegades, is ready to bid them battle. The armies are ready to join; therefore show thyself in the field to encourage thy subjects. And you, Saladine and Rosader, mount you and show yourselves as hardy soldiers as you have been hearty lovers. So shall you for the benefit of your country discover the idea of your father's virtues to be stamped in your thoughts, and prove children worthy of so honourable a parent."

At this alarum given by Fernandine, Gerismond leapt from the board, and Saladine and Rosader betook themselves to their weapons.

"Nay," quoth Gerismond, "go with me. I have horse and armour for us all, and then, being well mounted, let us show that we carry revenge and honour at our falchions'[3] points."

Thus they leave the brides full of sorrow, especially Alinda, who desired Gerismond to be good to her father. He, not returning a word because his haste was great, hied him home to his lodge, where he delivered Saladine and Rosader horse and armour and, himself armed, royally led the way, not having ridden two leagues before they discovered where in a valley both the battles were joined. Gerismond, seeing the wing[4] wherein the peers fought, thrust in there and cried "Saint Denis!," Gerismond laying on such load upon his enemies that he showed how highly he did estimate of a crown. When the peers perceived that their lawful king was there, they grew more eager; and Saladine and Rosader so behaved themselves that none durst stand in their way nor abide the fury of their weapons. To be short, the peers were conquerors, Torismond's army put to flight, and himself slain in battle. The peers then gathered themselves together and, saluting their king, conducted him royally into Paris, where he was received with great joy of all the citizens.

As soon as all was quiet and he had received again the crown, he sent for Alinda and Rosalind to the court, Alinda being very passionate for the death of her father, yet brooking it with the more patience in that she was contented with the welfare of her Saladine. Well, as soon as they were come to Paris, Gerismond made a royal feast for the peers and lords of his land which continued thirty days, in which time, summoning a parliament, by the consent of his nobles he created Rosader heir-apparent to the kingdom; he restored Saladine to all his father's land and gave him the dukedom of Nameurs; he made Fernandine principal secretary to himself; and that fortune might every way seem frolic, he made Montanus lord over all the forest of Arden, Adam Spencer captain of the King's guard, and Corydon master of Alinda's flocks.

Here, gentlemen, may you see in *Euphues' Golden Legacy* that such as neglect their fathers' precepts incur much prejudice; that division in nature as it is a blemish in nurture so 'tis a breach of good fortunes; that virtue is not measured by birth but by action; that younger brethren, though inferior in years, yet may be superior to honours; that concord is the sweetest conclusion, and amity betwixt brothers more forcible[5] than fortune. If you gather any fruits by this legacy, speak well of Euphues for writing it and me for fetching it. If you grace me with that favour, you encourage me

[1] *could* had learned, had knowledge of.

[2] *hard by* close by, very nearby.

[3] *falchions* swords.

[4] *wing* one of the two divisions on each side of the main body or centre of an army.

[5] *forcible* strong, powerful.

to be more forward, and as soon as I have overlooked my labours, expect *The Sailor's Calendar.*[1]

T. Lodge.

Finis.

—1590

from *A Fig for Momus: Containing Pleasant Variety, Included in Satires, Eclogues, and Epistles.*[2]

[...]

To the Gentlemen Readers Whatsoever.

Gentlemen, I know you wonder that having so long time kept silence I salute the world with so peremptory a title, but if thou consider the reasons before you enter into mislike, you shall be satisfied and I excused.

I entitle my book *A Fig for Momus*[3] not in contempt of the learned, for I honour them; not in disdain of the well-minded, because they cherish science; but in despite of the detractor, who having no learning to judge, wanteth no liberty to reprove.

Who worthily deserving the name of Momus shall rather at my hands have a fig to choke him, than he and his lewd tongue shall have a frump to check[4] me. Sheep are soonest worried by curdogs, because they are mild; but he that nips him soundly that bites him cowardly purchaseth his own peace and escapes much peril.

Heraclitus entitling one of his books with *Ponou Encomion*, "the praise of labour," King Ptolemy (causing all the copies to be bought) commanded the first letter of *Ponou* to be put out, and called the book *Onou Encomion*, "the praise of the ass." But had Heraclitus begun with Ptolemy, and touched him with cowardly flight from Demetrius, with effeminate vanity in apparel, with exceeding gluttony and drunkenness, with his lechery with Agathoclea and bawdry with Oenante, the King would rather have given a talent to stop his mouth than devised (by taking away of a letter) to abuse his title.[5] Where detraction is given to challenge, it is good striking first, for whelps that are whipped for brawling are quickly quiet.

This cause, gentlemen, hath drawn me to use this title, and under this title I have thought good to include satires, eclogues, and epistles:[6] first, by reason that I study to delight with variety; next, because I would write in that form wherein no man might challenge me with servile imitation (wherewith heretofore I have been unjustly taxed[7]). My satires (to speak truth) are by pleasures rather placed here to prepare and try[8] the ear than to feed it: because if they pass well, the whole *centon*[9] of them, already in my hands, shall suddenly be published.

In them (under the names of certain Romans) where I reprehend vice, I purposely wrong no man, but observe the laws of that kind of poem. If any repine thereat, I am sure he is guilty, because he bewrayeth himself. For my eclogues, I commend them to men of approved judgement, whose margins though I fill not with quotations, yet their matter and handling will show my diligence.[10] For my epistles, they are in that kind wherein no Englishman of our time hath publically written, which if they please, may draw on more, if displease, have their privilege by authority. Briefly, I have so written as I have read; so read

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[1] *The Sailor's Calendar* if Lodge actually wrote and published such a work, it has not survived.

[2] The title page contains the Italian proverb *Che pecora si fa, il lupo selo mangia* ("Those who make themselves sheep will be eaten by the wolf").

[3] *Momus* Greek god of ridicule and severe, excessive censure; Momus was banished from heaven when he criticized the other gods, and thus his name has come to mean more generally, a fault-finder or unreasonably severe critic.

[4] *frump* mocking speech; jeer; *check* taunt, revile, reproach; perhaps also, to stop suddenly or sharply.

[5] The Ptolemy referred to is Ptolemy IV; he lusted after the court musician Agathoclea and she became his mistress; Oenante seems to have been his bawd or pimp.

[6] Lodge is the first English writer to have published satires in imitation of ancient Roman models, and the first to have written verse epistles also in imitation of earlier Roman writers.

[7] *taxed* censured, reproved; accused, charged.

[8] *try* test.

[9] *centon* Latin, *centum*: 100.

[10] Poetry and prose were often published with informative marginalia, indicating the sources of particular ideas, figures of speech, philosophical concepts, etc.

as I can judge. In which respect, if any man doubt, let him ask and I will resolve him; if any man reprove, let him look to it, I will nip[1] him. For as I am ready to satisfy the reasonable, so I have a gird[2] in store for a railer. Finally, gentlemen, as Prometheus after he had formed his image of earth presented it to the sun;[3] and Ops[4] when she had brought forth Jupiter (for fear lest he should be devoured by time, figured in Saturn) gave him in keeping to the Cureti; so I present this frail image of my art to take life and light from the sun of your approved judgements, and, desirous to commend this infant of my wit to immortality and defend it from the assaults of time and envy, commit and submit it to your protection, the true Cureti of all cunning; who, accepting these fragments in good worth, shall shortly receive from me, matters both worthy regard and reading.

Vale[5] 6. of May 1595.

Yours as you use him,
T.L.

[...]

To His Mistress A.L.: Epistle 3.[6]

In that same month wherein the spring begins
And on that day when Phoebe left the twins[7]
(Which was on Saturday, the twelfth of March),
Your servant brought a letter sealed with starch,
Which by my soul (sweet mistress) when I op'ed[8]
And read your motion[9] far from that I hoped,
Believe me (had not troubles tired me quite)
Might be enough to make me laugh outright.
You pray me to advise and tell you what
Will take away your pursiness[10] and fat.
You pray me without any let[11] or pause
To write of both the remedy and cause,
And in a short discourse to let you know
The antidote of that mislikes you so.
Well, since your beauty may and must command,
Thus briefly will I answer your demand:
Fatness (connatural[12] to sick and whole
Which nearest under-dwell the northern pole)
In those by nature who enjoy the same
Is passable,[13] not prejudized by blame.
That other grown by surfeit and excess,
That chokes the vital powers with heaviness,
Is that (fair mistress) which you ought to fly
And that which physic's art may remedy.
Fatness by nature (not immoderate)
Kills not the wit, quells not the mind's estate;[14]
But fatness by intemperance increased,
(When living man resembleth loathsome beast,
And belly-cheer[15] with greedy gluttony
Is held the fulness of felicity):
This maketh men addicted to the same,
Dull in conceit,[16] gross-minded, worthy blame.
Of such do Basil, Galen, Plato[17] write

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1 *look to it* beware, be careful; *nip* rebuke sharply.

2 *gird* sharp blow or stroke.

3 In some accounts, Prometheus, a semi-divine figure, fashioned the first man and woman out of clay and brought them to life by means of the fire he stole from the chariot of the sun.

4 *Ops* Also known as Rhea, Ops is the daughter of Coelus ("heaven") and Terra ("earth"); married to Saturn, Ops was the mother of the central classical deities (e.g., Vesta, Ceres, Juno, Pluto, Neptune, etc.); fearful for the security of his heavenly throne, Saturn swallowed each of his children in turn as it was born. As a result, Ops fled to Crete, gave birth to Jupiter, and left him in the care of the local people, the Cureti. Jupiter finally drove his father from the throne and became king of the gods. For Saturn's allegorical representation, see *Fulgentius the Mythographer*, trans. L.G. Whitbread (Ohio, 1971), pp. 49-50.

5 *Vale* Latin, "farewell."

6 In the first edition, this is misnumbered as epistle 6.

7 *Phoebe left the twins* a reference to the astrological relationship between the moon and the constellation known as "the Twins."

8 *op'ed* opened.

9 *motion* proposal, suggestion; bidding.

10 *pursiness* short-windedness, breathlessness.

11 *let* hesitation.

12 *connatural* innate, natural (to living beings).

13 *passable* tolerable, fairly good or acceptable.

14 *estate* state or condition.

15 *belly-cheer* feasting, gluttony; luxurious eating.

16 *conceit* apprehension, understanding.

17 *Basil* St Basil of Caesarea (Basil the Great) (330-379 CE), bishop and proponent of asceticism and charity; several of his works focus on famine, poverty, and the sin of gluttony; *Galen* Galen of Pergamum (c. 129-?199/216 CE), Graeco-Roman physician, anatomist, and medical writer; the author of more than 350 works (with many more attributed to him), Galen was enormously influential in Renaissance medicine, philosophy, and natural science. His medical writings formed the theoretical and diagnostic basis of medieval and Renaissance medicine; *Plato* (c. 429-347 BCE), Greek philosopher.

"That fattest belly hath the weakest sprite."
For reason (only made for man's behoof)[1]
Affords hereof this true and certain proof:
Therefore are lawless belly-gods by kind[2]
Defect in understanding and in mind,
Because gross blood by their disordered seed
And swift concoction plenteously doth breed;
And by this blood, gross spirits from their hearts
Ascend and seize upon their upperparts;
And from these spirits, spirits of the brain
A dead and loathsome dullness do retain;
Through which it comes that they wax stark and slow,
Because their spirits animal be so.[3]
That fatness, then, engendered and engrost[4]
By riot, surfeit, belly cheer and cost
Is hateful. And that fatness nature breeds
From good complexion orderly proceeds.
Which praised, because approved, methinks I hear
A saint, sweet like yourself, harked in mine ear,
And with a maiden blush entreat me tell
Why fatness most doth in the belly dwell,
Whereas the head (the master part of all)
Is fleshless, slender, pretty, round, and small?
To this, this answer, mistress, do I make:
The belly therefore fatness doth partake,
Because it keeps the matter of our meat,
And still contains our fatness-breeding heat;[5]
But for the head, it therefore is not charged[6]
With fat, or flesh, or by such like enlarged,
Because the heavenly workman did provide
That such a part which is the body's guide,
And is the seat where sovereign-like remains
That reasonable power the soul contains,
Should not by flesh be soiled or overset,[7]
For fear the works of reason should be let.[8]
This problem plainly opened to the eye,
It followeth thus of fatness orderly:
It vitiates beauty, makes a barren womb,
Because the blood which sperma should become[9]
Is wholly turned to fat; it hast'neth age
And holds our appetites in vassalage.
It hinders blood, and short'neth breathing too,
And maketh all things tedious that we do.
It causeth sownings,[10] passions of the heart,
It makes the pulses in their places start.
Briefly, (if Avicen[11] speak not amiss)
Grossness the body's loathsome fetter is.
The self opinion old Pythagoras[12]
Maintained: who seeing once a fat man pass,
Said thus to them that did attend him then,
"A loathsome prison doth yond spirit pen."
This Plato knowing well, and waxing gross,[13]
Chose out a shady wood and fruitful close,[14]
Where walking, he his scholars taught and trained,
Which all his followers afterward maintained.
A world it were to reckon up and write
How all those old philosophers do fight,
Contend, debate, decide, dispute, entreat,
Whether this fatness come from cold or heat.
But to be short, the synod[15] and the sect

[1] *behoof* benefit.

[2] *kind* nature; natural inclination.

[3] *Because gross blood … spirits animal be so* For a full explanation of the physiology referred to in lines 39-46, see Appendix, at the end of this entry.

[4] *engrost* engrossed (rhymes with "cost"); to render gross, dense, or bulky (to render fluids gross or dense).

[5] *The belly … heat* Classical and Renaissance physiology saw heat as an essential physiological force, aiding, for example, in digestion. As Lodge notes below, there was disagreement among philosophers about whether fatness resulted from the body's heat or coldness. See p. 994, note 2, and Appendix.

[6] *charged* burdened.

[7] *overset* overwhelmed, overcome.

[8] *let* hindered, obstructed.

[9] On the relationship between blood and sperm (semen or seed), see p. 995. Both men and women were thought to produce semen (or seed), although woman's seed was thought to be less highly refined, and thus thicker, more viscous, and less physiologically perfect than man's.

[10] *sownings* swoonings, fainting fits.

[11] *Avicen* Avicenna (Ibn Sina, d. 1037 CE), Arab physician and author of more than 250 medical works, the most important of which, his *Canon of Medicine* (or *Al-Qanun fi l-tibb*) reinterpreted and contextualized Galenic medicine in terms of Aristotelian philosophy.

[12] *self* same; *Pythagoras* (fl. c. 530 BCE), Greek philosopher dedicated to the value and practice of abstinence and asceticism.

[13] *waxing gross* growing fat or corpulent.

[14] *close* perhaps a field or courtyard.

[15] *synod* an assembly, convention, or council.

Of those who rightly nature's works respect
Conclude that by a double sort of heat
Our fat is made, and moult, and so concreate.[1]
Excessive heat dissolves, the mean makes hard;
Heat in excess, as deeper read, award
Is that same heat which doth engender fat.
Heat moderate is rightly counted that
Which Galen termeth cold.[2] By this decree
Two mighty factions thus accorded be.
Well since these proofs the causes do assure,
Let us debate a little on the cure.
Much sitting, and long abstinence from care,
Drinking of oily wines, our fat prepare.
Eggs, whitemeat, pottage[3] do increase the same,
And bring the waxing body out of frame.
Let therefore fat men grown by gluttony
(For to the rest no med'cine I apply)
Open a vein; or if that seem too sore,[4]
Use cuppings and oft rubbings[5] evermore.
Live in that air which is both hot and dry.
Watch much, and sleeping little, hardly[6] lie.
Walk much, and toss, and tumble in the sun;
Delight to ride, to hawk, to hunt, to run.
Drink little, gargarize, fly grosser food,[7]
Or if some deem a hare or partridge good,
Feed modestly thereon, and if he hath
Some crowns to spend, go often to the bath.[8]
Not Aesculapius,[9] were he now alive,
Could better helps or remedies contrive,
Except beholding mighty Groedoes' port,
He cut off both his legs to make him short.
Whither am I transported in discourse?
My Muse methinks hath run too long a course.
The question is resolved; why fail I then
To seal this letter up and leave my pen?
Faith, nought but this in kindness to desire
(My genius of good wit) sure I require,
To count her fatness no deformity,
But as it is the guise[10] in Italy,
To nourish that: for fat, slick, fair, and full
Is better liked than lean, lank, spare, and dull.

—1595

Appendix: Physiology in Lodge's "To His Mistress A.L.: Epistle 3," lines 39-46

Lodge describes the consequences of gluttony and the body's resultant corpulence in the physiological terminology common in classical, medieval, and Renaissance medical texts; these medical traditions were unaware of the circulation of the blood. Blood was understood to be both a

[1] *moult* melting; *concreate* congealed, made solid.

[2] *by a double sort of heat … Galen termeth cold* In lines 95-101, Lodge indicates that later philosophers tried to accommodate the opposed opinions of Galen and Aristotle, the two pillars of Renaissance medicine: Galen believed that fatness was a result of excessive cold (the dominance of cold humours) in the body, while Aristotle believed that it was the result of excessive heat. Modern-day theorists, Lodge states, agree with Aristotle that excessive heat dissolves fat (in the stomach) and in a later stage moderate heat ("mean" heat) congeals it into a bodily solid; they (those who read more closely or "deeper") judge that ("award") Aristotle's "heat in excess" is the same heat that creates fat, while "heat moderate" is equivalent to that quality which Galen calls "cold." As a result, for some early modern philosophers, in their attempts to rationalize Galenic and Aristotelean physiology, fatness results both from the qualities of excessive heat and cold.

[3] *whitemeat* foods prepared from milk; dairy products (sometimes including eggs); *pottage* a thick soup or stew, often made with vegetables and meat.

[4] *Open a vein* i.e., be medicinally bled; judicious bleeding or venesection was a common medical treatment for a variety of disorders thought to originate in the imbalance of the bodily humours. Since fatness from gluttony was generally agreed to result from the creation of excessive blood, and the corruption thereof, bleeding was a logical medical treatment for this condition; *sore* serious, extreme (a measure).

[5] *cuppings* Cupping was a method of venesection or medicinal blood-letting which involved applying a hot "cup" or "cupping-glass" to the skin, producing scarifying of the area and bleeding; *rubbings* massages, which along with diet and exercise were thought effective in maintaining one's health.

[6] *watch* keep awake intentionally; *hardly* uncomfortably.

[7] *gargarize* gargle; *fly grosser food* avoid food which is dense, thick, or coarse: also, food which engenders gross or thick bodily humours.

[8] *bath* Curative wells and public baths have long been part of Western medical treatment, from the recommendation and practice of early Greek and Roman physicians, such as Asclepiades, to the English participation in bathing at the sites of curative wells, such as those in Barnet that attracted large crowds in the seventeenth century, to the public curative baths, accessible for a fee, such as that in Endell Street, London (P. Ackroyd, *London: The Biography* [London, 2001], p. 670).

[9] *Aesculapius* son of Apollo and Coronis, the Greek god of medicine.

[10] *guise* habit, customary practice.

bodily fluid and a humour. There were four humours or governing fluids in the body: blood, phlegm, choler, and melancholy or black choler. A person's dominant temperament, constitutional or habitual disposition, or mental and emotional tendencies was thought to spring from the mixture, relative balance, and interaction between the humours. A relatively good balance between these various fluids was essential to sound mental, emotional, and physical health; gluttony was only one of a number of things which could upset this balance.

Blood (both the liquid and the humour) was thought to be created through the ingestion of food and drink. The process of concoction (digestion) had three stages: first, food and drink were transformed into a substance called chyle, which in the second stage was then refined through the action of the liver into blood and the other humours. In this second stage, another important classical and Renaissance medical concept comes into play: the spirits, those highly refined substances, fluids, or more vaguely "powers" (classified as natural, animal, and vital) that permeated the blood and chief organs of the body. Natural spirits were seated in the liver and were thought to govern reproduction, nutrition, digestion, and growth; animal spirits were seated in what we would now call the nervous system (including the brain) and governed thought, sensation, and motion; the vital spirits were perhaps the most important, since they were seated in the heart and thus governed the very force or principle of life itself. One's heartbeat and pulse depended on the vital spirits.

Thus, this three-stage process involving the blood was essentially one of purification, and this medical tradition classified the different humours in terms of the quality of the blood they contained. The most refined blood was venous blood. It was thinner, hotter, and redder than grosser blood, and when it flowed into the heart it brought with it the "natural spirits" which it had been given in the purification process. This venous blood entered the heart and received there an infusion of the "vital spirits," which were then conveyed out of the heart to animate the rest of the body. In the third and final stage, blood itself was transformed (in the spermatical vessels) into its most highly refined product, semen (in Renaissance medical texts called "seed," which both and women were thought to produce).

Those given to gluttony took in the necessary materials (food and drink) to produce blood; however, by taking in too much food and drink, the body produced a great deal of corrupted ("gross") blood. Not only was this blood insufficiently refined, there was simply too much of it to be "used up" by the body. In the glutton's case, their blood was corrupted because it was over-produced and under-refined through speedy digestion ("swift concoction"), and thus a glutton's semen would also be corrupt ("disordered"), since semen was thought to be the most highly refined transformation of blood. Because the glutton's blood—which ascended upwards from the stomach to the heart—was insufficiently refined, it carried with it in turn corrupted spirits; these spirits, the heart passed on to the rest of the body, and they ascended upwards to infect the spirits of the brain (the animal spirits). The result was a mental slowness ("a dead and loathsome dullness"), as well as a resultant physical rigidity, inflexibility, or incapacity of movement ("stark[ness]"). In short, lack of dietary moderation could disrupt the entire body's physiological and psychological balance.

As Lodge goes on to state, "fatness" could also be a person's natural condition, arising from "good complexion"; that is, fatness could be the result of a good bodily habit or constitution, arising from a person's own particular balance of the four humours. However, even "natural" fatness ("fatness orderly"), Lodge argues later, is to be avoided because it still has bad effects on the body as a whole.

For a fuller description of Renaissance physiology, see N.G. Siraisi, *Medieval and Early Renaissance Medicine: An Introduction to Knowledge and Practice* (Chicago, 1990), especially chapter 4; and G.K. Paster, *The Body Embarrassed: Drama and the Disciplines of Shame in Early Modern England* (Ithaca, NY, 1993), especially chapter 2.

Robert Greene
1558-1592

Born in Norwich and educated at St John's College (Cambridge) and Oxford University (MA, 1588), Robert Greene's early life and family connections are obscure. He may have been the son of a Norwich saddler or innkeeper, and he probably attended the grammar school at Norwich before moving on to university; he certainly became a member of that unofficial group of highly educated writers who began to turn out works for the burgeoning public press: the "University Wits." His autobiographical pamphlets—*Never Too Late* (1590), *Greene's Groatsworth of Wit, Bought with a Million of Repentance* (1592; attributed to Greene, but probably the work of its "editor," Henry Chettle), and *The Repentance of Robert Greene* (1592)—represent his life partly as moral tale, partly as romance.

According to his own accounts, Greene was a sexually dissolute young man, who surrounded himself with an equally disreputable crew. He travelled extensively, and finally married a respectable woman. His wife attempted to reform her husband, but he admits that after they had a child together and he had spent all of her dowry, he abandoned her. Making his way to London, he began writing for the stage: *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay* (1589) is perhaps the most famous of his dramatic works, anticipating many of the aspects of Shakespearean pastoral comedy. Living with a prostitute who bore him a son, Fortunatus, Greene also engaged in sometimes rancorous relationships with other playwrights, writers, and players. According to Gabriel Harvey, Greene died "after a surfeit of pickled herring and Rhennish wine," in ignominious and impoverished circumstances.

How much of Greene's own account of himself is fact and how much fiction remains a matter of some critical debate. What is certain is that Greene's construction of his life and death in these pamphlets is partly what made him, in Newcombe's words, "England's first celebrity author, a role that he invented and others elaborated for him." His shifting authorial persona (based largely on the prodigal-son narrative), his popularity, his reporting of Elizabethan criminal life, and his apparent sexual adventuring created a reading public avid for a "true" account of Greene's life and death. Following his death, a series of works appeared which aimed at exploiting this voyeuristic appetite: *Greene's Groatsworth of Wit* (1592); *Greene's Vision* (1592); B.R.'s *Greene's News Both from Heaven and Hell* (1593; perhaps by Barnabe Rich); R.B.'s *Greene's Funerals* (1594; perhaps by Richard Barnfield); Samuel Rowlands' *Greene's Ghost Haunting Cony-catchers* (1624); and Henry Chettle's *Kind-Heart's Dream* (1592). B.R.'s *Greene's News Both from Heaven and Hell* presents Greene's journey to Heaven, where he is rejected for not having sufficiently exposed the vices of the rich and powerful, and his journey to Hell, where he is rejected for having too well exposed the vices of the criminal under-class (the subject of his many "cony-catching" pamphlets).

It seems appropriate that Greene should have sprouted fictional afterlives, since his autobiographical pamphlets may be almost as fictional. Apart from these pamphlets and his dramas, Greene wrote several accomplished prose romances: *Pandosto, or The Triumph of Time* (1588), a major source for Shakespeare's *The Winter's Tale* (1610), and *Menaphon* (1589) are his best known. He is also more and more widely read now for his "cony-catching" pamphlets, among which are *A Notable Discovery of Cozenage* (1591), *The Black Book's Messenger* (1591), and *A Disputation between a He Cony-Catcher and a She Cony-Catcher* (1592). These works, with their lively use of thieves' cant or slang, offer vivid representations of the criminal underworld of London.[1]

EDITIONS: *A quip for an upstart courtier.* London: Imprinted by John Wolfe, 1592. STC 12300 [British Library, Gen. Ref. 95 b.19.(1.)]; *A disputation, between a hee conny-catcher, and a shee conny-catcher.* London: Imprinted by A. I[effes] for T. G[ubbin], 1592. STC 12234; *Greenes, groats-worth of witte, bought with a million of repentance.* London: Imprinted [by J. Wolfe and J. Danter] for William Wright, 1592. STC 12245.

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[1] Unless otherwise indicated, references in the footnotes to Greene's other works are to G.H.B. Harrison's editions for the Bodley Head Press (London, 1923). Special thanks to Drs. Michael Treschow (UBC-O, English) and Kenneth Philips (UBC-O, English) for their assistance with Greene's scriptural allusions.

from *A Quip for an Upstart Courtier: Or, A Quaint Dispute between Velvet-breeches and Cloth-Breeches. Wherein Is Plainly Set Down the Disorders in All Estates and Trades.*[1]

To the Right Worshipful Thomas Barnaby[2] Esquire, Robert Greene Wisheth Heart's Ease and Heaven's Bliss.

Sir, after I had ended this *Quip for an Upstart Courtier*,[3] containing a quaint[4] dispute between Cloth-breeches and Velvet-breeches, wherein under a dream I shadowed[5] the abuses that pride had bred in England, how it had infected the court with aspiring envy, the city with griping covetousness, and the country with contempt and disdain; how since men placed their delights in proud looks and brave[6] attire, hospitality was left off, neighbourhood[7] was exiled, conscience was scoffed at, and charity lay frozen in the streets; how upstart gentlemen for the maintenance of that their fathers never looked after[8] raised rents, racked their tenants,[9] and imposed great fines: I stood in a maze[10] to whom I should dedicate my labours, knowing I should be bitten by many sithens I had touched[11] many, and therefore need some worthy patron under whose wings I might shroud myself from Goodman Find-fault. At last I called to mind your Worship, and thought you the fittest of all my friends, both for the duty that I owe and the worshipful qualities you are endued withal, as also for that all Northamptonshire reports how you are a father of the poor, a supporter of ancient hospitality, an enemy to pride, and to be short a maintainer of Cloth-breeches (I mean of the old and worthy customs of the gentility and yeomanry[12] of England). Induced by these reasons, I humbly present this pamphlet to your Worship, only craving you will accept it as courteously as I present it dutifully, and then I have the end of my desire, and so resting in hope of your favourable acceptance, I humbly take my leave.

Your dutiful adopted son,
Robert Greene.

To the Gentlemen Readers: Health.

Gentle gentlemen, I hope Cloth-breeches shall find you gentle censors of this homely apology[13] of his ancient prerogatives, sith though he speaks against Velvet-breeches, which you were, yet he twits not the weed[14] but the vice, not the apparel when 'tis

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[1] *Quip* was a very popular tract, receiving six editions in its year of publication; the most striking difference between the first and later editions is the removal of a section which satirized Greene's adversaries Gabriel Harvey and his brothers; *Estates* social ranks or classes. The copytext is the British Library copy (1592).

[2] *Thomas Barnaby* Greene's work *Ciceronis Amor: Tully's Love* (1589) has a commendatory poem by Burnaby (or Barnibe); Greene also dedicates his *Never Too Late* (1590) to Thomas Burnaby.

[3] *Quip* a sharp or sarcastic remark; *Upstart Courtier* an insulting term for someone who has newly risen in position or importance.

[4] *quaint* carefully or ingeniously elaborated.

[5] *shadowed* represented in an allegorical or symbolic way.

[6] *brave* splendid, showy.

[7] *neighbourhood* neighbourliness.

[8] I.e., for the maintenance of that rank and its accoutrements that their fathers never sought to obtain.

[9] *racked their tenants* oppressed their tenants through the burden of excessive rents.

[10] *a maze* a state of bewilderment.

[11] *touched* rebuked; perhaps, stung or nettled.

[12] *gentility* the gentry, that class or rank in sixteenth-century society comprised of gentlemen and gentlewomen, individuals above the common people, but below the peerage (nobility); *yeomanry* that class or rank in sixteenth-century society comprised of yeomen or small landed proprietors, usually freeholders under the rank of gentleman; hence, vaguely, a commoner or countryman of respectable standing, especially one who cultivates his own land. In Greene's play, *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay* (1594), one of the characters exclaims: "I warrant you he's as yeomanly a man, as you shall see; mark you master, here's a plain honest man, without welt or garde." See p. 999, note 9, for "welt" and "garde."

[13] *censors* critics, judges; *apology* defence.

[14] *twits* cavils at, disparages; *weed* garment, dress.

worthily worn, but the unworthy person that wears it; who sprang of a peasant will use any sinister means to climb to preferment, being then so proud as the fop forgets like the ass that a mule was his father.[1] For ancient gentility and yeomanry, Cloth-breeches attempteth[2] this quarrel, and hopes of their favour. For upstarts he is half careless, and the more because he knows whatsoever some think privately, they will be no public carpers,[3] lest by kicking where they are touched, they bewray their gald[4] backs to the world; and by starting up to find fault prove themselves upstarts and fools. So then poor Cloth-breeches sets down his rest on the courtesy of gentle gentlemen and bold yeomen, that they will suffer[5] him to take no wrong. But suppose the worst, that he should be frowned at, and that such occupations as he hath upon conscience discarded from the jury should commence an action of unkindness against him;[6] he'll prove it not to hold plea,[7] because all the debate was but a dream. And so hoping all men will merrily take it, he stands solemnly leaning on his pike staff, till he hear what you conceive of him for being so peremptory. If well, he swears to crack his hose at the knees to quite[8] your courtesy. If hardly,[9] he hath vowed that whatsoever he dreams never to blab it again, and so he wisheth me humbly to bid you farewell.

[1] In Aesop's fable "The Mule," a proud mule fancies that her father is a race horse and that she has inherited his strength and speed. However, losing a race makes her acknowledge that her father was really just a mule. The moral is that in situations where one is showcased, one should always be mindful of one's origins, since the outcome of such situations is always uncertain.

[2] *attempteth* goes forth to engage in or have to do with.

[3] *carpers* fault-finders, cavillers, captious critics.

[4] *bewray* reveal; *gald* sore (from chafing or rubbing).

[5] *suffer* allow, permit.

[6] *such occupations … against him* a reference to the ensuing pamphlet, much of which concerns the narrator's attempts to compose a jury to hear the quarrel between Cloth-breeches and Velvet-breeches; the potential jurors represent many of the ranks and occupations in sixteenth-century society.

[7] *he'll prove it not to hold plea* i.e., he'll demonstrate that it (the jury) is unable to try this action at law, or does not have jurisdiction to do so.

[8] *crack his hose at the knees* to wear out the knees in his stockings in making formal obeisances, which involved crooking or bending the knees in a bow; *quite* requite, repay.

[9] *hardly* harshly, severely.

A Quip for an Upstart Courtier

It was just at that time when the cuckold's chorister began to bewray April-gentlemen[10] with his never changed notes, that I, damped with a melancholy humour, went into the fields to cheer up my wits with the fresh air; where solitary, seeking to solace myself, I fell in a dream, and in that drowsy slumber I wandered into a vale all tapestried with sweet and choice flowers. There grew many simples,[11] whose virtues taught men to be subtle, and to think nature by her weeds warned men to be wary and by their secret properties to check wanton and sensual imperfections.

[...]

As thus I walked forward, seeking up the hill, I was driven half into a maze with the imagination of a strange wonder which fell out thus: methought I saw an uncouth headless thing come pacing down the hill, stepping so proudly with such a geometrical grace as if some artificial braggart had resolved to measure the world with his paces. I could not descry[12] it to be a man, although it had motion, for that it wanted[13] a body, yet seeing legs and hose I supposed it to be some monster nourished up in those deserts. At last, as it drew more nigh[14] unto me, I might perceive that it was a very passing[15] costly pair of velvet breeches, whose panes, being made of the chiefest Neapolitan stuff,[16] was drawn over with the best Spanish satin, and

[10] *cuckold's chorister … April-gentlemen* Traditionally the harbinger of spring, the cuckoo lays its eggs in other birds nests to be hatched and cared for by other birds; this practice and the word's aural and visual likeness to "cuckold" led to the bird's linkage with sexual deception. The April-gentlemen are those newly married husbands whose status as cuckolds the springtime song of the cuckoo has revealed.

[11] *simples* plants or herbs employed for medicinal purposes.

[12] *descry* perceive.

[13] *wanted* lacked.

[14] *more nigh* nearer.

[15] *passing* surpassingly.

[16] *panes* here, narrow pieces or strips of alternate or different colours (e.g., red and blue) or different materials (e.g., velvet and cloth of gold), or pieces of the same colour with lace or other trimmings inserted in the seams; *Neapolitan stuff* material made in Naples.

marvellous curiously overwhipped with gold twist,[1] interseamed with knots of pearl;[2] the netherstock was of the purest Granado silk.[3] No cost was spared to set out these costly breeches, who had girt unto them a rapier and a dagger gilt, point pendant,[4] as quaintly as if some curious Florentine had tricked them up to square it[5] up and down the streets before his mistress. As these breeches were exceeding sumptuous to the eye, so were they passing pompous in their gestures, for they strutted up and down the valley as proudly as though they had there appointed to act some desperate combat.

Blame me not if I were driven into a muse[6] with this most monstrous sight, to see in that place such a strange headless courtier jetting up and down like the usher of a fence-school about to play his prize,[7] when I deem never in any age such a wonderful object fortuned unto any man before. Well, the greater dump[8] this novelty drove me into, the more desire I had to see what event would follow. Whereupon looking about to see if that any more company would come, I might perceive from the top of the other hill another pair of breeches more soberly marching, and with a softer pace, as if they were not too hasty and yet would keep promise nevertheless at the place appointed. As soon as they were come into the valley, I saw they were a plain pair of cloth breeches, without either welt or guard,[9] straight to the thigh, of white kersey, without a slop,[10] the netherstock of the same, sewed to above the knee, and only seamed with a little Coventry blue,[11] such as *in diebus illis*[12] our great grandfathers wore, when neighbourhood[13] and hospitality had banished pride out of England. Nor were these plain breeches weaponless, for they had a good sower bat[14] with a pike in the end, able to lay on load[15] enough if the heart were answerable to the weapon, and upon this staff pitched down upon the ground Cloth-breeches stood solemnly leaning, as if they meant not to start, but to answer to the uttermost whatsoever in that place might be objected. Looking upon these two, I might perceive by the pride of the one and homely resolution of the other that this their meeting would grow to some dangerous conflict, and therefore to prevent the fatal issue of such a pretended[16] quarrel, I stepped between them both, when Velvet-breeches greeted Cloth-breeches with this salutation:

"Proud and insolent peasant, how darest thou without leave or low reverence press into the place where I am come for to disport myself?[17] Art thou not afraid? Thy high presumption should summon me to displeasure, and so force me draw my rapier, which is never unsheathed but it turns[18] to the scabbard with a triumph of mine enemy's blood. Bold bayard, avaunt![19]

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[1] *curiously overwhipped* ingeniously trimmed or ornamented with embroidery; *twist* thread or cord composed of two or more fibres or filaments.

[2] *interseamed with knots of pearl* adorned with small clusters of pearls sprinkled between.

[3] *netherstock* stocking; *Granado silk* silk made in the Spanish city, Granada.

[4] *rapier* sword; *pendant* hanging down.

[5] *quaintly* elegantly, fashionably; *curious* particular, fastidious; *tricked them up* adorned them (usually with the notion of artifice); *to square it* to strut or swagger.

[6] *a muse* profound meditation or abstraction.

[7] *jetting* strutting or swaggering; *usher of a fence-school* the assistant schoolmaster in a school devoted to the art of fencing; *play his prize* engage in a contest or match, especially a fencing match.

[8] *dump* a dazed or puzzled state.

[9] *welt* frill, fringe, or trimming; *guard* an ornamental border or trimming on a garment.

[10] *kersey* a kind of coarse, narrow cloth, woven from long wool and usually ribbed; *slop* wide, baggy breeches or hose, of the kind commonly worn in the sixteenth or early-seventeenth century; here, the loose or wide part of a pair of breeches of this kind.

[11] *seamed* ornamented with an inserted seam; *Coventry blue* a kind of blue embroidery thread manufactured at Coventry.

[12] Latin, "in those days" (i.e., in earlier or former times).

[13] *neighbourhood* neighbourliness.

[14] *sower bat* perhaps, a "sore bat," where "sore" is an adjective meaning "able to cause bodily pain," and "bat" a staff for support and defence (the "pike" is a sharp point or spike embedded in its end).

[15] *to lay on load* to deal heavy blows.

[16] *pretended* intended, purposed.

[17] *leave* permission; *low reverence* deep (even grovelling) bow; *to disport myself* to enjoy myself.

[18] *turns* i.e., returns.

[19] *bayard* one blind to the light of knowledge, who has the self-confidence of ignorance; *avaunt* Begone! Away!

Beard[1] me not to my face! For this time, I pardon thy folly, and grant thy legs leave to carry away thy life."

Cloth-breeches, nothing amazed[2] at this bravado, bending his staff as if he meant (if he were wronged) to bestow his benison,[3] with a scornful kind of smiling made this smooth reply: "Marry gip, Goodman[4] Upstart, who made your father a gentleman? Soft fire makes sweet malt, the curstest cow hath the shortest horns, and a brawling cur of all bites the least.[5] Alas, good sir, are you so fine that no man may be your fellow? I pray you, what difference is between you and me but in the cost and the making? Though you be never so richly daubed with gold and powdered with pearl, yet you are but a case[6] for the buttocks, and a cover for the basest part of a man's body no more than I. The greatest pre-eminence is in the garnishing, and thereof you are proud; but come to the true use we were appointed to, my honour is more than thine, for I belong to the old ancient yeomanry, yea and gentility, the fathers, and thou to a company of proud and unmannerly upstarts, the sons."

At this Velvet-breeches stormed and said, "Why thou beggar's brat, descended from the reversion[7] of base poverty, is thy insolence so great to make comparison with me, whose difference is as great as the brightness of the sun and the slender light of the candle? I (poor snake[8]) am sprung from the ancient Romans, born in Italy, the mistress of the world for chivalry, called into England from my native home (where I was famous) to honour your country[9] and young gentlemen here in England with my countenance; where I am holden in high regard, that I can press into the presence[10] when thou, poor soul, shalt with cap and knee beg leave of the porter to enter, and I sit and dine with the nobility, when thou art fain[11] to wait for the reversion[12] of the alms basket. I am admitted boldly to tell my tale, when thou art fain to sue by means of supplication,[13] and that and thou too so little regarded that most commonly it never comes to the prince's hand, but dies imprisoned in some obscure pocket. Sith then there is such difference between our estates, cease to urge my patience[14] with thy insolent presumption."

Cloth-breeches, as brief as he was proud, swore by the pike of his staff that his choplogic[15] was not worth a pin, and that he would turn his own weapon into his bosom thus: "Why, Signior Glorioso,"[16] quoth he, "though I have not such glosing phrase to trick out[17] my speeches withal

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1 *Beard* defy.

2 *amazed* alarmed, terrified.

3 *benison* blessing.

4 *Marry gip* "oh, get out!" or "go along with you!"; *Goodman* a respectful form of address, but one applied only to men under the rank of gentleman, especially yeomen or farmers; here, a deliberate insult.

5 Popular proverbs: "Soft fire makes sweet malt" (*Tilley* F280) recommends gentle and merciful behaviour as the most profitable; "A curst cow has short horns" (*Tilley* C751) means that those individuals who are most likely to abuse their power have that power limited (cf. *Tilley* G217: "God sends a curst (shrewd) cow short horns"); and "Great barkers are no biters" (*Tilley* B85) means that people who make the most threatening bluster against others are the least likely to act upon it.

6 *case* covering.

7 *reversion* in law, the return of an estate to the donor or grantor, or his heirs, after the expiry of the grant; an estate which then returns to the donors or his heirs; in more common use, "reversion" refers to an estate of this kind as granted or transferable to another party, especially upon the death of the original grantee; hence, the right of succeeding to, or next occupying an estate, etc.

8 *poor snake* a contemptuous appellation: a poor, needy, or humble person; a drudge.

9 the 1592 copy in the Bodleian Library has "courtiers," here (8° M 24 Linc [3]; Scolar Press, facsimile, n.d.).

10 *the presence* of an individual of high rank.

11 *fain* necessitated, obliged.

12 *reversion* the right of succeeding to the possession of something after another is done with it, or simply of obtaining it at some future time; a thing or possession which one expects to obtain. Velvet-breeches also uses "reversion" here with a pointed and insulting reference to its more specific legal meaning (see p. 1000, note 7): Cloth-breeches, he implies, cannot hope for the reversion of any other property or wealth (e.g., from a wealthy or landed relation), because his class status excludes him from such prospects. His only "inheritance" can be from the basket containing the public alms or charitable contributions towards the maintenance of the poor of a parish.

13 *supplication* a written, formal petition.

14 *urge my patience* bear pressingly upon or try my patience.

15 *choplogic* sophistical or contentious argument.

16 *Glorioso* boaster, braggart.

17 *glosing* smooth, specious, and (thus) deceptive or lying; *trick out* dress, adorn (usually, as here, with the notion of artifice).

as you, yet I will come over your fellows with this bald[1] rhetoric. I pray you, Monsieur Malapert,[2] are you therefore my superior because you are taken up with gentlemen, and I with the yeomanry? Doth true virtue consist in riches, or humanity in wealth? Is ancient honour tied to outward bravery?[3] Or is not rather true nobility a mind excellently qualified with rare virtues? I will teach thee a lesson worth the hearing, proud princox,[4] how gentility first sprung up. I will not forget the old wives' logic, 'When Adam delved and Eve span, who was then a gentleman?'[5] But I tell thee after the general flood that there was no more men upon the Earth but Noah and his three sons and that Ham had wickedly discovered his father's secrets, then grew the division of estates thus: the church was figured in Shem, gentility in Japheth, and labour and drudgery in Ham; Shem being chaste and holy, Japheth learned and valiant, Ham churlish and servile. Yet did not the curse extend so far upon Ham, nor the blessing upon Japheth, but if the one altered his nature, and became either endued with learning or valour, he might be a gentleman. Or if the other degenerated from his ancient virtues, he might be held a peasant. Whereupon Noah inferred that gentility grew not only by propagation of nature, but by perfection of qualities.[6] Then is your Worship wide[7] that boast of your worth for your gold and pearl, sith *cucullus non facit monachum*,[8] nor a velvet slop make a sloven a gentleman. And whereas thou sayest thou wert born in Italy and called hither by our courtiers, him may we curse that brought thee first into England, for thou camest not alone but accompanied with a multitude of abominable vices, hanging on thy bumbast[9] nothing but infectious abuses, as vain-glory, self-love, sodomy, and strange poisonings, wherewith thou hast infected this glorious island. Yea, insolent braggart, thou hast defiled thine own nest,[10] and fatal was the day of thy birth, for since the time of thy hatching in Italy, as then famous for chivalry and learning, the imperial state through thy pride hath decayed, and thou hast like the young pelican pecked at thy mother's breast with thy presumption,[11] causing them to lose that their forefathers with true honour conquered; so hast thou been the ruin of the Roman Empire, and now fatally art thou come into England to attempt here the like subversion. Whereas thou dost boast that I am little regarded where thou art highly accounted of, and hast sufferance to press into the presence when I am for my simpleness shut out of door, I grant thy allegation in part, but not in whole: for men of high wisdom and honour measure not men by the outward show of bravery, but by the inward worth and honesty; and so, though I am disdained of a few overweening fools, I am valued as well as thyself with the wise. In that thou sayest thou canst speak when I sue by supplication, I grant it, but the tale thou tellest is to the ruin of the poor, for coming into high favour with an impudent face, what farm is there expired whose lease thou dost not

[1] *fellows* perhaps, "accompanying comments"; *bald* unadorned, meagrely simple, plain. In some copies, "bald" is "bad."

[2] *Malapert* presumptuous, impudent, saucy.

[3] *bravery* fine clothes (and their display).

[4] *princox* princock: an impudent boy or youth; a conceited young fellow.

[5] Popular proverb: "delved" means "digged/dug" (especially to dig [the ground] in preparation for planting a crop) and "span" means "spun," referring to the traditionally feminine occupation of preparing wool to be made into cloth (*Tilley* A30).

[6] For the story of the flood, see Genesis 6-8. For Ham's sin in looking upon the drunk and naked Noah, see Genesis 9:20-29.

[7] *wide* mistaken, astray in opinion or belief.

[8] Latin, "The cowl [i.e., the hood, part of a traditional religious habit] does not make the monk," a medieval proverb which warns that people may not be what they appear, that dressing in a saintly garb will not make the wearer a saint.

[9] *bumbast* bombast: cotton-wool used as padding or stuffing for clothes, etc., here meant *fig.*: inflated language; high-sounding language on trivial or commonplace subjects (the spelling may also be an oblique reinforcement of the vice of sodomy, which the English often viewed as the result of pernicious foreign influences; the *vb.* "to bombast" or "bumbast" means "to beat on the posteriors").

[10] Proverb, "It is a foul bird that defiles his own nest" (*Tilley* B377).

[11] *pelican ... presumption* referring to the ancient and popular belief that the pelican fed its young with blood drawn from its own breast.

beg? what forfeit of penal statutes? what concealed lands[1] can overslip thee? Yea, rather than thy bravery should fail thoul't beg polling pence[2] for the very smoke that comes out of poor men's chimneys! Shamest thou not, uplandish[3] upstart, to hear me discourse thy imperfections? Get thee home again into thy own country, and let me as I was wont[4] live famous in my native home, in England where I was born and bred, yea and bearded Caesar thy countryman till he compassed the conquest by treason."[5]

"The right and title in this country, base brat," quod Velvet-breeches, "now authority favours me, I am admitted viceroy, and I will make thee do me homage, and confess that thou holdest thy being and residence in my land from the gracious favour of my sufferance."[6]

And with that he laid hold on the hilts of his rapier, and Cloth-breeches betook him to his staff, when I stepping betwixt them parted them thus: "Why, what mean ye? Will you decide your controversy by blows, when you may debate it by reason? This is a land of peace, governed by true justiciaries[7] and honourable magistrates, where you shall have equity without partiality,[8] and therefore listen to me and discuss the matter by law. Your quarrel is, whether[9] of you are most ancient and most worthy. You, sir, boast of your country and parentage, he of his native birth in England; you claim all, he would have but his own. Both plead an absolute title of residence in this country; then must the course between you be trespass or *disseisin* of frank tenement. You, Velvet-breeches, in that you claim the first title, you shall be the plaintiff, and plead a trespass of *disseisin*[10] done you by Cloth-breeches, so shall it be brought to a jury, and tried by a verdict of twelve or four and twenty."

"Tush, tush," quoth Velvet-breeches, "I neither like to be plaintiff nor yet allow of a jury, for they may be partial, and so condemn me in mine own action, for the country swains[11] cannot value of my worth, nor can mine honours come within the compass of their base wits. Because I am a stranger in this land, and but here lately arrived, they will hold me as an upstart and so lightly esteem of my worthiness; and for my adversary is their countryman and less chargeable,[12] he shall

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[1] *farm … lease … beg* A lease is a contract between parties, by which one conveys lands or tenements to the other usually in consideration of rent or other periodical compensation; in the sixteenth century such conveyance was usually for a set period rather than for life; *what forfeit of penal statutes* i.e., what lands, goods, etc. forfeited by those people affected by penal statutes (such as those which would lead to the expiry of the lease on their farm) [would you not beg?]; *concealed lands* property which "had been by various means concealed from the commissioners for the dissolution of the monasteries, &c. [...] During the reign of Elizabeth there was a regular traffic carried on, with a good deal of what would now be called swindling, in discovering concealments and obtaining grants of them from the crown." See R. Nares, "Concealment," *A Glossary of Words, Phrases, Names, and Allusions in the Works of English Authors, Particularly of Shakespeare and His Contemporaries*; rev. ed., J.O. Halliwell and Thomas Wright (London: Routledge, 1905; rept., Detroit, 1966), p. 185.

[2] *polling pence* money paid or exacted as a poll or head tax (i.e., a tax levied on every person); "polling" clearly also means "cheating" or "extortionate" in this context.

[3] *uplandish* here, outlandish, foreign; the word is also frequently used in the sixteenth century in the sense of "rustic, uncultivated, boorish."

[4] *wont* accustomed, used to, in the habit of doing so.

[5] For the account of how Julius Caesar conquered Britain through the connivance of Mandubrace and other inhabitants of what was to become the city of London, see *Survey London*, 1.1-3.

[6] *sufferance* permission, leave.

[7] *justiciaries* administrators of justice.

[8] *equity without partiality* fairness or even-handed treatment without bias or prejudice.

[9] *whether* which.

[10] *disseisin* a legal term, meaning the wrongful dispossession (by forcible entry or otherwise) of the lands, estates, etc. of another, particularly when the dispossessed person "hath frank tenement" (*Littleton's Tenures* [1574], 57b) or freehold rights, that is where the dispossessed person has absolute possession (the lands, etc. belong to him and his heirs forever, without limitation to any particular class of heirs), entailed possession (the lands, etc. are entailed or limited to some particular class of heirs, e.g., male heirs), or possession for life. Since the fifteenth century, "disseisin" has not been used to refer to an individual's forcible dispossession of moveable goods, or where the dispossessed person was tenant at will or tenant for years. The "absolute title of residence" (which the narrator says that both Cloth-breeches and Velvet-breeches claim) is the equivalent of absolute possession, defined above, which obviously only one of them can legitimately and legally claim.

[11] *swains* country or farm labourers; rustics.

[12] *chargeable* important. There is also the sense here that Cloth-breeches is less likely to be held responsible by a jury made up of his peers.

have the law mitigated, if a jury of hinds or peasants should be impaneled. If ancient gentlemen, yeomen, or plain ministers should be of the quest,[1] I were sure to lose the day because they loathe me, in that I have persuaded so many landlords for the maintenance of my bravery to raise their rents."[2]

"You seek a knot in a rush,"[3] quod I. "You need not doubt of that, for whom you distrust and think not indifferent,[4] him you, upon a cause manifested, challenge from your jury."[5]

"If your law allow such large favour," quoth Velvet-breeches, "I am content my title be tried by a jury, and therefore let mine adversary plead me *Nul tort, Nul disseisin*."[6]

Cloth-breeches was content with this, and so they both agreed I should be judge and juror in this controversy, whereupon I wished them to say for themselves what they could, that I might discourse to the jury what reasons they alleged of their titles.

Then Velvet-breeches began thus: "I cannot but grieve that I should be thus outfaced with a carter's weed only fit for husbandry,[7] seeing that I am the original[8] of all honourable endeavours. To what end doth youth bestow their wits on law, physic,[9] or theology, were it not the end they aim at is the wearing of me and winning of preferment? Honour nourisheth art, and for the regard of dignity do learned men strive to exceed in their faculty.

Impiger extremos currit Mercator ad indos,
Per mare, per saxa, &c.[10]

What drives the merchants to seek foreign marts, to venture their goods and hazard their lives? Naught, if still the end of their travail[11] were a pair of cloth breeches. No! Velvet costly attire, curious and quaint[12] apparel is the spur that pricks them forward to attempt such a danger. Doth not the soldiers fight to be brave,[13] the lawyer study to countenance himself with cost,[14] the artificer[15] take pains only for my sake, that wearing me he may brag it amongst the best? What credit carries he nowadays that goes pinned up[16] in a cloth breech? Who will keep him company that thinks well of himself, unless he use the simple slave to make clean his shoon?[17] The world is changed, and men are grown to more wit, and their minds to aspire after more honourable thoughts. They were dunces *in diebus illis*;[18] they had not the true use of gentility, and therefore they lived meanly[19] and died obscurely, but now men's capacities are refined, time hath set a new edge on gentlemen's humours,[20] and they show them as they should be, not like gluttons as

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1 *hinds* farm servants, agricultural labourers; *plain ministers* those not distinguished by rank or position; ordinary parish ministers; *quest* an inquest or jury.

2 This complaint became increasingly common in the sixteenth century; see for example Hugh Latimer's "A Sermon on the Ploughers," p. 119, ll.321-26.

3 *You seek a knot in a rush* i.e., you seek or make difficulties where there are none.

4 *indifferent* impartial, unbiased; even-handed.

5 *challenge from your jury* a legal term, here meaning to object to a juryman, and thus have him removed from the jury.

6 Latin, "no tort, no disseisin." In English law, a "tort" is breach of a duty imposed by the law, whereby some person acquires a right of action for damages. If there has been no such breach, there cannot legally be grounds for a charge of disseisin, or unlawful dispossessing of lands, tenements, or estates.

7 *outfaced* defied boldly or with effrontery; *weed* clothing, apparel; *husbandry* farming, agricultural labour.

8 *original* origin; cause, source.

9 *physic* medicine, medical science.

10 Latin, "The active merchant sails towards the furthest Indies, / Shunning poverty (by travelling) over sea, over rocky ground, through fire."

11 *travail* labour (also, "travel").

12 *curious* skillfully, elaborately, or beautifully made; *quaint* fashionable, elegant.

13 *brave* finely or splendidly dressed.

14 *to countenance himself with cost* to set himself off by the expense (of his clothes).

15 *artificer* craftsman.

16 *pinned up* obviously, fastened with a pin; then, as now, indicating that the clothing so treated is worn, damaged, or torn.

17 *shoon* shoes.

18 Latin, "in those days" (i.e., in former times).

19 *meanly* basely.

20 *set a new edge on* to give a new keenness to; *humours* dominant temperament, constitutional or habitual disposition, or mental and emotional tendencies.

their fathers did in chines[1] of beef and alms to the poor, but in velvets, satins, cloth of gold, pearl, yea pearl lace which scarce Caligula[2] wore on his birthday. And to this honourable humour have I brought these gentlemen since I came from Italy. What is the end of service to a man but to countenance himself and credit his master with brave suits? The scurvy tapsters and ostlers (*fex populi*) fill pots and rub horseheels[3] to prank themselves with my glory. Alas, were it not to wear me, why would so many apply themselves to extraordinary idleness? Beside[4] I make fools be reverenced and thought wise amongst the common sort, I am a severe censor to such as offend the law, provided there be a penalty annexed that may bring in some profit. Yea, by me the chiefest part of the realm is governed, and therefore I refer my title to the verdict of any men's judgement."[5]

To this, mildly, Cloth-breeches answered thus: "As I have had always that honest humour in me to measure all estates by their virtues not by their apparel, so did I never grudge at the bravery[6] of any whom birth, time, place, or dignity made worthy of such costly ornaments; but if, by the favour of their prince and their own deserts, they merited them, I held both lawful and commendable to answer their degrees in apparel correspondent unto their dignities. I am not so precise directly[7] to inveigh against the use of velvet, either in breeches or other suits, nor will I have men go like John the Baptist in coats of camel's hair.[8] Let princes have their diadems, and Caesar what is due to Caesar;[9] let noblemen go as[10] their birth requires, and gentlemen as they are born or bear office. I speak in mine own defence, for the ancient gentility and yeomanry of England, and inveigh against none but such malapert upstart[s] as raised up from the plough, or advanced for their Italian devices, or for their witless wealth, covet in bravery to match, nay to exceed, the greatest noblemen in this land.

"But leaving this digression, Monsieur Velvet-breeches, again to the particulars of your fond[11] allegation. Whereas you affirm yourself to be both [the] original and final end of learning, alas, proud princox, you preach a bough too high.[12] Did all the philosophers beat their brains and busy their wits to wear velvet breeches? Why, both at that time thou wert unknown, yea, unborn, and all excess in apparel had in high contempt, and now in these days all men of worth are taught by

[1] *chines* in cookery, a joint of meat consisting of the whole of part of the backbone of an animal, with the adjoining flesh; in beef, any part of the back (ribs or sirloin).

[2] *cloth of gold* a tissue consisting of threads, wires, or strips of gold, generally interwoven with silk or wool; also applied to gilded cloth; *Caligula* Gaius (12-41 CE), Roman emperor, nicknamed Caligula ("Little Boots"), reported to have committed incest with his sisters, established public brothels, humiliated religious and political leaders, and murdered the innocent. He became an emblem of depravity, cruelty, and excess, and was assassinated by his own guards.

[3] *scurvy* contemptible; *tapster* a man who draws beer for customers in a tavern; *ostler* a stableman or groom; Latin, "fex populi" = "faex populi": the dregs of the people; *pots* drinking vessels; *horseheels* hooves or hind feet.

[4] *Beside* in addition to the fact that.

[5] *men's judgement* "men of judgement" in Bodleian Library copy.

[6] *bravery* fine clothing, especially that made for display or show.

[7] *precise* scrupulous, overly exact; *directly* completely, absolutely.

[8] Often interpreted as an emblem of Christian asceticism and rejection of worldly luxury, John the Baptist appears like the prophets of the Hebrew Scriptures preaching repentance as a preparation for the coming of the messiah, the end of the world, and the subsequent last judgement of all humankind (Matthew 3:1-12). He wears "a garment of camel's hair, [with] a leather girdle round his waist; and his food [is] locusts and wild honey" (Matthew 3:4).

[9] The Pharisees posed Jesus the question of whether or not it was lawful for Jews to pay Roman taxes. Hoping on the basis of his answer either to alienate him from resentful taxpaying Jews or to condemn him before the Roman authorities, the Pharisees received the answer that since the face on the tax money was that of Caesar, Jews should "Render therefore to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's" (Matthew 22:15-22; see also Mark 12:13-17).

[10] *go as* be habitually in the apparel that.

[11] *fond* foolish.

[12] original spelling: "you preach a bowe to hie." Metaphorically, Velvet-breeches' arguments (his "preachings") have missed the mark, like an archer who has aimed too high. The Bodleian Library copy has instead "you pearch a bowe to hie" suggesting that Velvet-breeches' arguments are as weak and as likely to collapse under him as the thin branch or bough under a man who has climbed too high into a tree.

reading that excess is a great sin, that pride is the first step to the downfall of shame. They study with Tully, that they may seem born for their countries as well as for themselves:[1] the divine to preach the gospel; the lawyer to reform wrongs and maintain justice; the physician to discover the secrets of God's wonders by working strange cures. To be brief, the end of all being is to know God, and not, as your Worship good Master Velvet-breeches wrests,[2] to creep into acquaintance.

"I will not deny but there be as fantastical[3] fools as yourself, that perhaps are puffed up with such presuming thoughts, and ambitiously aim to trick themselves in your Worship's masking suits;[4] but while such climb for great honours, they often fall to great shames. It may be thereupon you bring in *honos alit artes*,[5] but I guess your mastership never tried what true honour meant, that truss it up within the compass of a pair of velvet breeches, and place it in arrogancy of the heart. No, no! Say honour is idolatry, for they make fools of themselves and idols of their carcasses; but he that valueth honour so shall read a lecture out of Apuleius's *Golden Ass* to learn him more wit.[6]

"But now, sir, by your leave, a blow with your next argument, which is that merchants hazard their goods and lives to be acquainted with your mastership. Indeed you are awry, for wise men frequent marts for profit not for pride, unless it be some that by wearing of velvet breeches and apparel too high for their calling have proved bankrupts in their youth, and have been glad in their age to desire my acquaintance, and to truss up their tails in homespun russet.[7] Whereas thou dost object[8] the valour of hardy soldiers to grow for the desire of brave apparel, 'tis false; and I know if any were present, they would prove upon thy bones thou wert a liar, for their country's good, their prince's service, the defence of their friends, the hope of favour is the final end of their resolutions, esteeming not only them but the world's glory, fickle, transitory and inconstant. Shall I fetch from thine own country weapons to wound thyself withal? What sayest thou to Cincinnatus? Was he not called to be dictator from the plough? And after many victories, what, did he jet up and down the court in costly garments and velvet breeches? No, he despised dignity, contemned[9] vainglory and pride, and returned again to his quiet, contented life in the country.[10] How much did Caius Fabritius value their Numa Pompilius? Scevola, Scipio, Epaminondas, Aristides:[11] they held themselves

[1] *Tully …themselves* Marcus Tullius Cicero (106-43 BCE), Roman orator, politician and writer cites approvingly Plato's claim that we are not born for ourselves alone, but for the service of our country (*De Officiis* [On Duties], 1.7.22).

[2] *wrests* twists, perverts (the true or proper meaning of something).

[3] *fantastical* impulsive, capricious; also, foppish in attire.

[4] *trick* dress or array (usually with the notion of artifice); *masking suits* the elaborate clothing worn by courtiers at the performance of court masques, spectacular dramatic entertainments, with an emphasis on music, dancing, and fantastic costumes.

[5] Latin, "Honour nourishes the arts" (i.e., artists are encouraged in their endeavours by the praise and honour given to the arts). See Cicero, *Tusculan Disputations*, 1.2.4.

[6] I.e., any man stupid enough to make an idol out of the honour that derives from the fashion, style, and cost of his wardrobe is stupid enough to think that he can learn true wit from Apuleius' *Golden Ass*. A Latin romance written in the 2nd century CE, the *Golden Ass* or *Metamorphoses* recounts the adventures of Lucius who is transformed into an ass. Perhaps Greene is commenting on the thoroughly conventional (if more than usually transparent) statement by William Adlington, author of the popular 1566 translation of this classical work, who presents Apuleius' erotically charged fictions as allegories of the conflict between virtue and vice.

[7] *tails* buttocks; *homespun russet* a coarse homemade woolen cloth of a reddish-brown colour, used for the dress of peasants and countryfolk.

[8] *object* adduce.

[9] *contemned* viewed with contempt or disdain; scorned.

[10] Lucius Quinctius Cincinnatus, early Roman leader, who later became a byword for the ancient Roman virtues of incorruptibility in public life and asceticism in private life. During an emergency in 458 BCE, when a Roman army was trapped by the Aequi at Algidus, he was summoned while ploughing and appointed dictator. In the space of 15 days Cincinnatus raised an army, defeated the enemy, triumphed, laid down his office, and returned to the plough (*Dict. Ancient Hist.*, p. 148).

[11] *Fabritius* Gaius Fabricius Luscinus (fl. 3rd century BCE), successful Roman general and statesman. Famous for his honesty in public life, he became a symbol for the Roman virtue of incorruptibility (*Dict. Ancient Hist.*, p. 258); *Numa Pompilius* ancient Roman king and supposed successor of Romulus, one of the founders of Rome, was famous for his peaceful rule and his creation of Rome's religious institutions and rituals (ibid., p. 443); *Scevola* Quintus Mucius (*continued*)

worms' meat, and counted pride vanity, and yet thou art not ashamed to say thou art the end of soldiers' worthy honour! I tell thee, saucy skipjack,[1] it was a good and a blessed time here in England when King Stephen wore a pair of cloth breeches of a noble a pair and thought them passing[2] costly; then did he count Westminster Hall too little to be his dining chamber and his alms was not bare bones, instead of broken meat, but lusty chines of beef fell into the poor man's basket.[3] Then charity flourished in the court, and young courtiers strove to exceed one another in virtue, not in bravery; they rode not with fans to ward their faces from the wind, but with burgans[4] to resist the stroke of a battle-ax; they could then better exhort a soldier to armour than court a lady with amorets;[5] they caused the trumpet to sound them points of war,[6] not poets to write them wanton elegies of love; they sought after honourable fame, but hunted not after fading honour. Which distinction by the way take thus: there be some that seek honour, and some are sought after by honour. Such upstarts as fetch their pedigree from their fathers' ancient leather apron and creep into the court with great humility, ready at the first *basciare li piedi di la vostra signoria*,[7] having gotten the countenance[8] of some nobleman, will straight be a kindred to Cadwaller,[9] and swear his great-grandmother was one of the burgesses of the Parliament house,[10] will at last steal by degrees into some credit by their double diligence, and then wind some worshipful place[11] as far as a hungry sow can smell a sir-reverence,[12] and then with all their friends seek day and night with coin and countenance[13] till they have got it. Others there be whom honour itself seeks, and such be they whom virtue doth frame fit for that purpose, that rising by high deserts, as learning or valour, merit more than either they look for or their prince hath any ease conveniently to bestow on them. Such[14] honour seeks, and they with a blushing conscience entertain him, be they never so high in favour, yet they beg no office, as the shameless upstart doth that hath a hungry eye to spy out, an impudent face to sue, and a flattering tongue to entreat for some void place of worship,[15] which little belonged to them if the prince intended to bestow offices for virtue not favour. Other, Mon-

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Scaevola (d. 82 BCE), Roman lawyer and consul, responsible for several important pieces of early legal legislation and author of an important work on civil law (ibid., p. 572); *Scipio* probably Publius Cornelius Scipio Africanus (236-183 BCE), an enormously successful Roman general. Most famous for defeating Hannibal in 202 BCE, he went on to a successful public life as censor and consul (ibid., pp. 575-76); *Epaminondas* (d. 362 BCE), Theban general who defeated the Spartans, reducing their power significantly; although his forces triumphed over the Spartans at Mantinea, he died there (ibid., pp. 233-34); *Aristides* (c. 525-467 BCE), Athenian statesman and general, a major force in important Greek victories at the battles of Marathon, Salamis and Plataea; he became known as Aristides the Just because of his honesty in both public and private life (*Classical Dict.*, p. 83).

[1] *skipjack* a pert, shallow-brained fellow; a conceited dandy.

[2] *of a noble a pair* i.e., costing a noble (6 shillings, 8 pence) a pair; *passing* exceedingly.

[3] The story about King Stephen's attire comes from an old ballad, part of which Iago quotes in Shakespeare's *Othello* (2.3.83-90):

King Stephen was and a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held 'em sixpence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor lown [lout],
He was a wight [person] of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree,
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
Then take thine owd [auld or old] cloak about thee.

[4] *burgan* burgonet: a helmet with a visor, so fitted to the neck-piece, that the head could be turned without exposing the neck.

[5] *amorets* love songs or sonnets.

[6] *points of war* a short phrase sounded on an instrument as a war signal.

[7] Italian, "to kiss the foot of your ladyship"

[8] *countenance* patronage, favour.

[9] *Cadwaller* also called Cadwallader (Cadwaldr ap Cadwallon [d. ?664 CE]), an ancient Welsh king, whom Merlin prophesied would turn back the tide of Anglo-Saxon invaders; an early British national hero.

[10] *great-grandmother ... Parliament house* Since women did not serve as elected representatives in Parliament, Cloth-breeches' point may be that Velvet-breeches knows so little about English systems of government that he would make such an elementary error and thus tell so obvious a lie through ignorance; *burgess* one elected to represent his fellow citizens in Parliament; the member of Parliament for a borough, corporate town, or university.

[11] *wind some worshipful place* sniff out some honourable office or position.

[12] *a sir-reverence* a "turd"; a piece of excrement.

[13] *with coin and countenance* i.e., though bribery and patronage.

[14] *Such* i.e., such men.

[15] *some void place of worship* i.e, some profitable and socially-prestigious office, presently vacant.

sieur Velvet-breeches, there be of your crew that pinch their bellies to polish their backs, that keep their maws empty to fill their purses, that have no show of gentility but a velvet slop, who by polling[1] or selling of land that their father left will bestow all to buy an office about the court that they may be worshipful, extorting from the poor to raise up their money that the base deceiving companions have laid out to have an office of some countenance and credit, wherein they may, of me[n] better than themselves, be termed by the name of 'Worship.' The last—whom virtue pleadeth for, and neither silver, gold, friends, nor favour advanceth—be men of great worth, such as are thought of worship, and unwillingly entertain her, rather vouchsafing[2] proffered honour for the country's cause than for any proud opinion of hoped-for preferment.

"Blessed are such lands whose officers are so placed, and where the prince promoteth not for coin nor countenance, but for his worthy deserving virtues. But leaving this by-talk, methought I heard you say, Signor Velvet-breeches, that you were the father of mechanical arts, and handicrafts were found out to foster your bravery. In faith, Goodman Goosecap,[3] you that are come from the startups and therefore is called an upstart, *quasi* start up from clouted shoon,[4] your lips hung in your light[5] when you brought forth this logic. For I hope there is none so simple but knows that handicrafts and occupations grew for necessity not pride; that men's inventions waxed sharp to profit the commonwealth, not to prank up themselves in bravery.

[...]

"Indeed[6] I cannot deny but your Worship hath brought in deceit as a journeyman[7] into all companies, and made that a subtle craft which while I was holden in esteem was but a simple mystery.[8] Now, every trade hath his sleights to slubber up his work to the eye,[9] and to make it good to the sale, howsoever it proves in the wearing. The shoemaker cares not if his shoes hold the drawing on; the tailor sows with hot needle and burnt threat. Tush, pride hath banished conscience, and velvet breeches honesty, and every servile drudge must ruffle in his silks, or else he is not suitable.[10]

"The world was not so *a principio*,[11] for when velvet was worn but in kings' caps, then conscience was not a broom-man in Kent Street[12] but a courtier; then the farmer was content his son should hold the plough, and live as he had done before; beggars then feared to aspire, and the higher sorts scorned to envy. Now every lout must have his son a courtnoll,[13] and those dunghill drudges wax[14] so proud that they will presume to wear on their feet what kings have worn on their heads. A clown's[15] son must be clapped in a velvet pantofle[16] and a velvet breech, though the pre-

[1] *polling* despoiling (wringing as much money out of it as possible).

[2] *vouchsafing* receiving graciously; deigning to accept.

[3] *Goodman* See p. 1000, note 4; *Goosecap* simpleton, fool.

[4] *quasi* Latin, "just as"; Cloth-breeches links the figurative meaning of "startup" (an upstart or low-born person who has risen to wealth or power) to the word's literal meaning (a kind of boot worn by rustics, linked closely to the "clouted shoes," boots studded with large-headed nails or protected with iron plates). "Shoon" is the archaic plural of "shoe."

[5] Proverb, "Your lips hang in your light" (*Tilley* L330) means that you are foolishly obstructing your own understanding (cf. "to stand in one's own light" [*Tilley* L276]).

[6] The speaker here is still Cloth-breeches.

[7] *journeyman* one who, having served his apprenticeship to a handicraft or trade, is qualified to work at it for days' wages (often said of an individual who works at a trade or handicraft as the servant or employee of another); in status and skill, the journeyman is greater than the apprentice but lesser than the master.

[8] *subtle* of craftsmen, etc.: skilful, expert; also, of persons or animals: crafty, treacherously or wickedly cunning; *craft* a branch of skilled work (especially a manual art or handicraft); a trade or profession requiring special skill and knowledge; in a bad sense: skill or art applied to deceive; deceit, fraud, cunning; *mystery* here, a "secret" or highly technical operation in a trade or art; also, more generally, a handicraft, craft, or art; (one's) trade or profession.

[9] *to slubber up his work to the eye* i.e., to hurriedly produce his goods so that they appear fine on a superficial inspection.

[10] *ruffle* make a great stir or display; swagger, bear (oneself) proudly or arrogantly; *suitable* i.e., suitably dressed.

[11] Latin, "from the beginning."

[12] *broom-man* street-sweeper; *Kent Street* the site of a London slum, famed as the haunt of prostitutes, thieves, broom men, and beggars (*Topographical Dict.*, p. 293).

[13] *courtnoll* a contemptuous or familiar name for a courtier.

[14] *wax* grow, become.

[15] *clown* countryman, rustic, peasant.

[16] *pantofle* in-door slipper or loose shoe.

sumptuous ass be drowned in the mercer's book, and make a convey of all his lands to the usurer for commodities.[1] Yea, the fop must go like a gallant for awhile, although at last in his age he beg. But indeed, such young youths, when the broker hath blessed them with Saint Needam's cross,[2] fall then to privy lifts and cozenages,[3] and when their credit is utterly cracked, they practise some bad shift,[4] and so come to a shameful end.

"Lastly, whereas thou sayest thou art a severe censor to punish sins, as austere as Cato to correct vice,[5] of truth I hold thee so in penal statutes when thou hast begged the forfeit of the prince;[6] but such correction is open extortion and oppression of the poor, nor can I compare it better, Monsieur Velvet-breech, than to the wolf chastising the lamb for disturbing their fountain, or the devil casting out devils through the power of Beelzebub.[7] And thus much, courteous sir, I have said to display the follies of mine adversary, and to show the right of mine own interest."

[...]

[At this point, the dreamer interviews a number of men, from different occupations and classes. Each man is objected to by either Cloth-breeches or Velvet-breeches or by both. After much debate, they finally arrive at a jury of twenty-three made up of: Knight, Esquire, Gentleman, Priest, Printer, Grocer, Skinner, Dyer, Pewterer, Saddler, Joiner, Bricklayer, Cutler, Plasterer, Sailor, Ropemaker, Smith, Glover, Husbandman, Shepherd, Waterman, Waterbearer, and Bellowsmender. However, the dreamer desires the traditional number of 24 and looks about for an extra man.]

"What, is it not possible," quoth I, "to have one more to make up the four and twenty?"

As I was thus speaking, I espied afar off a certain kind of an over-worn[8] gentleman attired in velvet and satin, but it was somewhat dropped[9] and greasy, and boots on his legs, whose soles waxed thin and seemed to complain of their master, which treading thrift under his feet had brought them unto that consumption.[10] He walked not as other men in the common beaten way, but came compassing *circum circa*, as if we had been devils and he would draw a circle about us,[11] and at every third step he looked back, as if he were afraid of a bailey or a sergeant.[12]

After him followed two pert apple-squires,[13] the one had a murrey cloth gown on, faced down

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[1] *mercer's book* the account book of a dealer in silks, velvets, and other costly materials. "The mercer's book" is a proverbial phrase in the Elizabethan period with reference to the debts of gallants; *make a convey … commodities* i.e., transfers his property to the moneylender in order to purchase necessary goods.

[2] *when the broker hath blessed them with Saint Needam's cross* i.e., when the broker (a second-hand dealer; a pawnbroker) hath blessed them with the cross (the burden) of Saint Needham (poverty, beggary, need). Needham is properly the name of a small town (Needham Market) near Ipswich in Suffolk, used in the period punningly with allusion to "need."

[3] *privy lifts and cozenages* stealthy thefts and deceptions/con-games.

[4] *practise some bad shift* take up some evil expedient.

[5] *Cato … vice* Marcus Porcius Cato, the Censor (234-149 BCE) was a Roman official famed for the rectitude and austerity of his public and private life, his support for ancient Roman values, and his often blunt critique of the vices of luxury and corruption (*Dict. Ancient Hist.*, p.134).

[6] *of truth … prince* Cloth-breeches accuses Velvet-breeches of begging for those goods, lands, or other property, the forfeiture of which was sometimes part of a judicial judgement.

[7] In Aesop's "The Wolf and the Lamb," a wolf accuses a lamb of wronging him to justify devouring the helpless creature. Although the lamb convincingly shows that he cannot possibly have been responsible for the crime the wolf accuses him of, the wolf still eats him. The moral is that even an airtight defence is no protection against someone intent on doing you harm.

[8] *over-worn* worn out, exhausted (with age, toil, etc.).

[9] *dropped* drooping; perhaps, spotted, dirty.

[10] *consumption* a wasting disease.

[11] *compassing circum circa* i.e., making or describing a series of circles; moving in a roundabout or circular manner; *as if we had been devils and he would draw a circle about us* a method for the containment and exorcism of devils in the period. See the famous woodcut for the 1616 edition of Marlowe's *Dr Faustus* which shows the magician himself standing in a circle that allows him to safely conjure up devils.

[12] *bailey* bailiff: an officer of justice under a sheriff, who executes writs and has powers of arrest; *sergeant* an officer whose duty is to enforce the judgements of a tribunal or judge, arrest offenders, or summon persons to appear before the court.

[13] *apple-squires* harlot's attendants; pimps. *OED* cites a different edition that reads "april esquires," and suggests the tentative definition of "new-made squires."

before with grey cunny,[1] and laid thick on the sleeves with lace, which he quaintly[2] bore up to show his white taffeta[3] hose and black silk stockings, a huge ruff about his neck wrapped in his great head like a wicker cage, a little hat with brims like the wings of a doublet,[4] wherein he wore a jewel of glass, broad as a Chancery seal.[5] After him followed two boys in cloaks like butterflies, carrying one of them his cutting sword of choler, the other his dancing rapier of delight.[6] His comrade that bore him company was a jolly light-timbered jackanapes, in a suit of watchet taffeta cut to the skin, with a cloak all-to-be-daubed[7] with coloured lace. Both he and my gowned brother seemed by their pace as if they had some suits to Monsieur Boots.[8] At length coming near, I might discern the first to be a poet, the second a player, the third a musician, alias the usher of a dancing school.

"Well met, Master Poet," quoth I, "and welcome you, friends, also, though not so particularly known. So it is, though none of you three be commonwealth's-men,[9] yet upon urgent necessity we must be forced to employ you. We have a jury to be impaneled immediately, which one of you three must help to make up, even he which approves[10] himself the honestest man."

"They are all honest men and good fellows," quoth Velvet-breeches. "Therefore, it is no great matter whether[11] of them we choose."

"The Doctors[12] doubt of that," quoth Cloth-breeches, "for I am of a different opinion. The first, whom by his careless, slovenly gait at first sight I imagined to be a poet, is a waste-good and an unthrift,[13] that he is born to make the taverns rich and himself a beggar. If he have £40 in his purse together, he puts it not to usury, neither buys land nor merchandise with it, but a month's commodity of wenches and capons.[14] £10 a supper? Why 'tis nothing, if his plough goes and his inkhorn be clear. Take one of them worthy £20,000 and hang him. He is a king of his pleasure, and counts all other[s] boors and peasants that though they have money at command yet know not like him how to domineer with it to any purpose as they should. But to speak plainly, I think him an honest man if he would but live within his compass, and generally no man's foe but his own. Therefore, I hold him a man fit to be of my jury."

"Nay," quoth Velvet-breeches, "I have more mind to these two, for this poet is a proud fellow, that because he hath a little wit in his budget[15] will contemn[16] and disklike us that are the common sort of gentlemen, and think we are beholding to

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1 *murrey* purple-red or blood-red in colour; *cunny* cony: rabbit (fur), with the obvious play on the period's slang term for the female genitalia. See p. 1016, note 8.

2 *quaintly* elegantly; in a showy manner.

3 *taffeta* a plain-wove glossy silk.

4 *wings of a doublet* The doublet was a close-fitting body garment, with or without sleeves, worn by men from the 14th to the 18th century, the prototype of the modern coat, jacket, and waistcoat; this garment had a pair of lateral projecting pieces on or near the shoulder.

5 *Chancery seal* a seal used to authenticate documents, writs, etc., issued by the court of the lord chancellor of England, the highest court of judicature, next to the House of Lords.

6 *butterfly* a vain, gaudily-attired person; a giddy trifler. The difference between a "sword" and a "rapier" in the period lies in the sword's heavier, double-edged nature, meant for cutting and hewing an opponent; the rapier was a much lighter, sharp-pointed sword, designed only for thrusting, similar to the foil now used in fencing.

7 *light-timbered* lightly built or active; *jackanapes* ridiculous upstart; impertinent fellow, who assumes ridiculous airs; *watchet* pale blue; *cut to the skin* It was the fashion to make slashes or cuts in clothing, especially sleeves, in order to reveal the colour and quality of the garment underneath; *all-to-be-daubed* completely decorated (in a coarse, tasteless manner).

8 *Monsieur Boots* i.e., the over-worn gentleman (identified in the next sentence as the Poet).

9 *commonwealth's-men* men devoted to the interests of the commonwealth; citizens.

10 *approves* shows or proves (himself) to be.

11 *whether* which.

12 *Doctors* learned men, teachers; there is perhaps a more specific reference to the Doctors of the Church (Ambrose, Augustine, Jerome, and Gregory).

13 *waste-good* spendthrift; *unthrift* shiftless, dissolute person; spendthrift or prodigal.

14 *capons* castrated cocks, a delicacy in the period.

15 *budget* pouch, bag; *fig.*, here, "mind"; the phrase to "open one's budget" means "to speak one's mind."

16 *contemn* despise.

him if he do but bestow a fair look upon us. The player and the usher of the dancing school are plain, honest, humble men, that for a penny or an old cast suit of apparel."[1]

"Indeed," quoth Cloth-breeches, "you say troth. They are but too humble, for they be so lowly that they be base-minded: I mean not in their looks or apparel, for so they be peacocks and painted asses, but in their course of life, for they care not how they get crowns, I mean how basely, so they have them; and yet of the two I hold the player to be the better Christian, although in his own imagination too full of self-liking and self-love, and is unfit to be of the jury, though I hide and conceal his faults and fopperies, in that I have been merry at his sports. Only this I must say: that such a plain country fellow as myself they bring in as clowns and fools to laugh at in their play, whereas they get[2] by us, and of our alms the proudest of them all doth live. Well, to be brief, let him trot to the stage, for he shall be none of the jury. And for you, Master Usher of the dancing school, you are a leader into all misrule: you instruct gentlemen to order their feet when you drive them to misorder their manners; you are a bad fellow that stand upon your tricks and capers, till you make young gentlemen caper without their lands. Why, sir, to be flat with you, you live by your legs as a juggler by his hands; you are given over to the pomps and vanities of the world; and, to be short, you are a keeper of misrule and a lewd fellow, and you shall be none of the quest."

"Why then," quoth I, "you are both agreed that the poet is he that must make up the twenty-four?"

They answered both, "He and none but he."

Then I, calling them all together, bade them lay their hands on the book, and first I called the knight, and after the rest as they followed in order, then I gave them their charge thus: "Worshipful sir, with the rest of the jury whom we have solicited of choice honest men, whose consciences will deal uprightly in this controversy, you and the rest of your company are here upon your oath and oaths to inquire whether Cloth-breeches have done *disseison* unto Velvet-breeches, yea or no in or about London, in putting him out of frank tenement, wronging him of his right and imbolishing his credit.[3] If you find that Cloth-breeches hath done Velvet-breeches wrong, then let him be set in his former estate and allow him reasonable damages."

Upon this, they laid their hands on the book and were sworn, and departed to scrutine[4] of the matter by inquiry amongst themselves, not stirring out of our sight nor staying long but straight returned, and the knight for them all (as the foremost[5]) said thus: "So it is that we have with equity and conscience considered of this controversy between Velvet-breeches and Cloth-breeches, as touching the prerogative of them both, which are most worthy to be rightly resident and have seisin in frank tenement[6] here in England, and we do find that Cloth-breeches is by many hundred years more ancient, ever since Brute[7] an inhabitant in this island, one that hath been *in diebus illis* a companion to kings, an equal with the nobility, a friend to gentlemen and yeomen, and a patron of the poor, a true subject, a good housekeeper, and general as honest as he is ancient. Whereas, Velvet-breeches is an upstart come out of Italy, begot of pride, nursed up by self-love, and brought into this country by his companion new-fangledness; that he is but of late time,[8] a raiser of rents, and an enemy to the commonwealth, and

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[1] I.e., for these dubious benefits, the player and the usher will do anything. The sentence is incomplete but the sense is clear enough.

[2] *get* profit; get their living by.

[3] *disseison* See p. 1002, note 10; *frank tenement* free-hold possession (see p. 1002, note 10); *imbolishing his credit* destroying or utterly ruining his reputation.

[4] *scrutine* make an examination or investigation.

[5] I.e., as the foreman of the jury, he pronounces the sentence that the entire group has decided upon.

[6] *seisin in frank tenement* have the right to possess land as free-hold property (see p. 1002, note 10).

[7] *Brute* legendary great-grandson of Aeneas, hero of Virgil's *Aeneid* and equally legendary ancestor of the Romans. English historians in the Middle Ages and the Renaissance recount the story of Brute's exile from Rome, and his founding of Troynovant or New Troy, the earliest antecedent of London.

[8] *of late time* of recent days.

one that is not in any way to be preferred in equity before Cloth-breeches. [Therefore, in general verdict we adjudge Cloth-breeches][1] to have done him no wrong, but that he hath lawfully claimed his title of frank tenement, and in that we appoint him forever to be resident."

At this verdict pronounced by the knight, all the standers-by clapped their hands and gave a mighty shout, whereat I started and awaked, for I was in a dream and in my bed, and so rose up, and writ in a merry vein what you have heard.

FINIS

—1592

from *A Disputation between a He Cony-Catcher and a She Cony-Catcher, Whether a Thief or a Whore Is Most Hurtful in Cozenage*[2] *to the Commonwealth.*

Discovering the Secret Villainies of Alluring Strumpets. With the Conversion of an English Courtesan, Reformed This Present Year, 1592.[3]

To All Gentlemen, Merchants, Apprentices, and Country Farmers: Health.

Gentlemen, countrymen, and kind friends, for so I value all that are honest and enemies of bad actions, although in my books of cony-catching[4] I have discovered diverse forms of cozenings, and painted out both the sacking and crossbiting laws[5] which strumpets use to the destruction of the simple, yet willing to search all the substance as I have glanced at the shadow, and to enter into the nature of villainy as I have broached up[6] the secrets of vice, I have thought good to publish this dialogue or disputation between a he cony-catcher and a she cony-catcher, whether of them are most prejudicial to the commonwealth, discoursing the base qualities of them both, and discovering the inconvenience[7] that grows to men through the lightness of inconstant wantons, who, being wholly given to the spoil,[8] seek the ruin of such as light into their company. In this dialogue, loving countrymen, shall you find what prejudice ensues by haunting of whore-houses, what dangers grows by dallying with common harlots, what inconvenience follows the inordinate pleasures of unchaste libertines,[9] not only by their consuming of their wealth and impoverishment of their goods and lands, but to the great endangering of their health. For in conversing with them, they aim not simply at the loss of goods and blemish of their good names, but they fish for diseases, sickness, sores incurable, ulcers bursting out of the joints, and salt rheums, which by the humour of that villainy leapt from Naples into France, and from France into the bowels of England, which makes many cry out in their

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[1] This part of the sentence has been dropped from the British Library copy, and has been inserted from the copy in the Huntington Library (*STC* 12301a).

[2] *Cony-Catcher* one who catches "conies" or dupes; a cheat, swindler, con-man; *Cozenage* the habit or practice of cozening or cheating; deception, fraud.

[3] The title page also includes two epigrams: "Read, laugh, and learn" and "Nascimur pro patria" (Latin, "We are born for our native land"). See p. 1005, note 1. The copy text is the Bodleian Library copy (Malone 574), reprinted by G.B. Harrison (1923).

[4] *in my books of cony-catching* Apart from those referred to in the head-note and the various notes following, Greene published *The Second Part of Cony-catching* (1591), *The Third Part of Cony-Catching* (1592), and *The Defence of Cony-Catching. Or, a Confutation of Those Two Injurious Pamphlets Published by* R.G. … *by Cuthbert Cony-catcher* (1592), which despite its title and attribution is widely believed to be Greene's work.

[5] *the sacking and crossbiting laws* In *A Notable Discovery of Cozenage* (1591), Greene offers "A table of the words of art, used in effecting *these base villanies*," including "sacking law" ("lechery"), and "crossbiting law" ("cozenage [deception] by whores"). "To crossbite" is to "bite the biter"; to cheat or deceive in return.

[6] *broached up* pierced or broken into, in order to liberate or extract something.

[7] *inconvenience* harm, injury; misfortune.

[8] *spoil* the action or practice of pillaging or plundering.

[9] *libertines* men who lead a dissolute, sexually-licentious life.

bones,[1] whilst Goodman Surgeon laughs in his purse: a thing to be feared as deadly while men live, as Hell is to be dreaded after death, for it not only infecteth the body, consumeth the soul, and waste wealth and worship, but engraves a perpetual shame in the forehead of the party so abused.[2] Whereof Master Higgins hath well written in his *Mirror of Magistrates*, in the person of Mempricaius exclaiming against harlots; the verses be these:

> Eschew vile Venus' toys (she cuts off age),
> And learn this lesson oft, and tell thy friend:
> By pox,[3] death sudden, begging, harlots end.

Besides, I have here laid open the wily wisdom of over-wise courtesans, that with their cunning can draw on not only poor novices, but such as hold themselves masters of their occupation. What flatteries they use to bewitch, what sweet words to inveigle, what simple holiness to entrap, what amorous glances, what smirking ocyliades,[4] what cringing courtesies, what stretching adios,[5] following a man like a blood-hound, with their eyes white, laying out of hair,[6] what frouncing[7] of tresses, what paintings, what ruffs, cuffs, and braveries,[8] and all to betray the eyes of the innocent novice, whom when they have drawn on to the bent of their bow,[9] they strip like the prodigal child, and turn out of doors like an outcast of the world.[10] The croco-

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[1] All of these are symptoms of advanced syphilis, recounted most famously in the poem *Syphilis, sive Morbus Gallicus* ("Syphilis, or the French Disease"; 1530) by the Italian humanist Girolamo Fracastoro (?1478-1553). This poem (translated, 1685) also recounts the most popular theory of the origins and spread of syphilis. Although Fracastoro subscribes to a more complicated etiology, he recounts the rumour that Columbus's men contracted the disease in the New World, and when they returned home those who joined the French army that besieged and captured Naples in 1495 initiated the spread of this disease in Italy and France. According to Fracastoro, the French role in spreading syphilis led to its most common appellation: "the French disease." For a translation of these sections of the poem, see *Source Book of Medical History*, ed. L. Clendening (Dover, 1960), pp. 111-15; *salt rheums* watery matter secreted by the mucous glands or membranes; when abnormal, such rheums were supposed to cause disease; *humour* the peculiar or particular qualities of; *cry out in their bones* Aching or painful bones and joints were another symptom of various sexually-transmitted diseases.

[2] a reference to the scars produced by healed syphilitic sores, but also a *fig.* reference to the practice of branding a convicted criminal on the face or hand with the initial letter of his or her crime. This penalty was often used in conjunction with whipping, as part of the punishment for the crime of prostitution. However whipping and branding were also the punishments for all "rogues, vagabonds or sturdy beggars" (14 Eliz., c.5, § 2, 1572); thus, a mark of shame, stigma.

[3] *Mempricaius* Having murdered his brother to gain the crown, the early British king Mempricius (fl. c. 989 BCE) took up a life of increasing sexual excess, moving from taking his subjects' wives and daughters as his concubines to finally practising the "sin of sodomy." It is to this sexual practice specifically that Mempricius attributed his providential death: being torn apart by wolves. See L.B. Campbell, ed., *Parts Added to* The Mirror for Magistrates, by J. Higgins and T. Blenerhasset (Cambridge, 1946), ll. 110-12, p. 128. The second line in Campbell's edition reads: "And learn this lesson of [and teach] thy friend"; *pox* a general label applied to sexually-transmitted diseases, such as syphilis.

[4] *ocyliades* probably from the French, "oeillades," amorous or ogling glances. Cf. *King Lear*: "Strange oeilliades and most speaking looks" (4.4.25). .

[5] *adios* Spanish, "goodbye" or "farewell."

[6] *with their eyes white* referring to the phrase "to turn up the whites of one's eyes," which usually means that the person in question is putting on an affected and insincere devotion; *laying out of hair* i.e., instead of being modestly gathered up or contained under a cap, their hair is worn down and exposed to view, the sign of a whore. See R. Crowley's "The Woman's Lesson" in *The Voice of the Last Trumpet* (1549): "Let thine hair bear the same colour / That nature gave it to endure / Lay it not out as doth an whore / That would men's fantasies allure" (qtd. in S.W. Hull, *Chaste, Silent and Obedient: English Books for Women, 1475-1640* [San Marino, CA, 1982], p. 54).

[7] *frouncing* frizzing or curling.

[8] *paintings* the colouring of the face with paint (cosmetics); *braveries* finery; fine clothes.

[9] *drawn on to the bent of their bow* i.e., lured on to (accord with) their will; brought under their control.

[10] *like the prodigal child ... world* Demanding his inheritance, the younger of two sons leaves his father's house and proceeds to waste all his money in dissolute living, finally being reduced to poverty and servitude. Penitent, he returns to his father intending to offer himself as a servant. The prodigal son's father, however, forgives him and rejoices over his return (Luke 15:11-32). Although "The Geneva Bible" and the RSV describe the prodigal son as having "devoured" his father's "goods with harlots" (Luke 15:30), the image of the harlots consuming the prodigal son's wealth and, when all his money is gone, stripping him of his clothes and casting him out naked into the world occurs only in popular medieval retellings of the parable (R. Helgerson, *Elizabethan Prodigals* [Berkeley, 1976], p. 99).

dile hath not more tears,[1] Proteus[2] more shape[s], Janus more faces,[3] the Hieria[4] more sundry tunes to entrap the passengers than our English courtesans—to be plain, our English whores—to set on fire the hearts of lascivious and gazing strangers. These common, or rather consuming, strumpets, whose throats are softer than oil, and yet whose steps lead unto death,[5] they have their ruffians to rifle,[6] when they cannot fetch over with other cunning, their crossbiters attending upon them, their foists, their bufts, their nips,[7] and such like. Being waited on by these villains, as by ordinary servants, so that who thinks himself wise enough to escape their flatteries, him they crossbite; who holds himself to rule, to be bitten with a counterfeit apparitor,[8] him they rifle; if he be not so to be verst upon,[9] they have a foist or a nip upon him, and so sting him to the quick. Thus, he that meddles with pitch cannot but be defiled,[10] and he that acquainteth himself or converseth with any of these cony-catching strumpets cannot but by some way or other be brought to confusion:[11] for either he must hazard his soul, blemish his good name, lose his goods, light upon diseases, or at the least have been tied to the humour of a harlot, whose quiver is open to every arrow, who likes all that have fat purses, and loves none that are destitute of pence. I remember a monk *in diebus illis*,[12] writ his opinion of the end of an adulterer, thus:

Quatuor his casibus sine dubio cadet adulter,
Aut hic pauper erit, aut hic subito morietur,
Aut cadet in causum qua debet iudice vinci,
Aut aliquod membrum casu vell crimine perdet,[13]

Which I Englished thus:

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[1] *The crocodile hath not more tears* The crocodile was said to weep, either to allure a man for the purpose of devouring him, or while (or after) devouring him; hence *fig.* someone who grieves hypocritically or with a malicious purpose.

[2] *Proteus* a sea-god, shepherd of Neptune's sea-creatures; as a reward for Proteus' services, Neptune gave him the power of prophecy and shape-shifting.

[3] *Janus* Roman god of doorways, city gates, thresholds, and (by association) new beginnings. Traditionally represented with two faces looking in opposite directions, Janus had a reputation for being an untrustworthy protector of his human supplicators.

[4] *Hieria* Greene is clearly referring to the mythical Sirens, a group of sea nymphs whose singing was so enthralling that listeners would become entranced; losing themselves in the music, they would finally starve to death because they forgot to eat. They appear most famously in Homer's *Odyssey*. Since "hieria" is neither a Greek nor Latin word for these creatures, this may be a printer's error for "hyena," a creature who was in the period thought to have "a certain magical virtue" or "wonderful power [...] in transporting the mind of man or woman, and ravishing their sense so, as that it will allure them unto her very strangely." Although it is not its voice which accomplishes this effect, the hyena was thought to use this mysterious power to bring down the hunter, who became so "intoxicate in his brain, that he is not able to bear his head nor sit his horse, but to fall from his back" (*Pliny, Natural History*, 2.311). Greene describes the prostitute Lamilia as a "hyena" in *Greene's Groatsworth of Wit.*

[5] "For the lips of a loose woman drip honey, and her speech is smoother than oil; but in the end she is bitter as wormwood, sharp as a two-edged sword. Her feet go down to death; her steps follow the path to Sheol [i.e., Hell or the world of the dead]" (Proverbs 5:3-5).

[6] *ruffians* those habitually given to acts of violence or crime; cut-throat villains. Although according to the *OED* the more specific meaning of "the protector or confederate of courtesans" only comes into use around 1618, clearly the implication here is that if the prostitutes cannot through cunning relieve customers of their money, they have male accomplices lying in wait to use more persuasive methods; *to rifle* to despoil, plunder, or rob (a person) in a thorough fashion, especially by searching his pockets or clothes.

[7] *crossbiters* those who "bite the biters"; those who cheat in return or cheat by outwitting, gulling, or deceiving. In *Notable Discovery of Cozenage* (1591), the crossbiter is a participant in "cozenage by whores" whereby "base rogues [...] doth consent, nay constrain their wives to yield the use of their bodies to other men, that taking them together, he may crossbite the party of all the crowns he can presently make" (40); *foist* pickpocket; *buft* bully or harlot's protector (Partridge, *Wordsworth Dictionary of the Underworld*, p. 80); *nip* cutpurse (in the period, people would often carry their money in a bag or "purse," attached to a belt or "girdle"; a nip would steal a purse by cutting it away from its belt).

[8] *apparitor* an officer of a civil court.

[9] *verst upon* imposed upon; cheated.

[10] Proverb, "He that touches pitch shall be defiled" (*Tilley* P358).

[11] *confusion* overthrow, ruin, destruction.

[12] *in diebus illis* Latin, "in those days" (i.e., in earlier or former times).

[13] attributed to St. Augustine (S. Singer, *Thesaurus proverbiorum medii aevi*, vol. 2 [*Lexicon der Sprichwörter des romanisch-germanischen Mittelalters*, Band 2: Bisan-erbauen] "Ehebrecher(isch) S. EHEBRUCH adultère/adultery." Walter de Gruyter, 1995).

He that to harlots' lures do yield him thrall
Through sour misfortune to bad end shall fall:
Or sudden death, or beggary shall him chance,
Or guilt before a judge his shame enhance:
Or else by fault or fortune he shall leese,[1]
Some member sure escape from one of these.

Seeing then such inconvenience grows from the caterpillars of the commonwealth,[2] and that a multitude of the monsters here about London, particularly and generally abroad in England, to the great overthrow of many simple men that are inveigled by their flatteries, I thought good not only to discover their villainies in a dialogue, but also to manifest by an example how prejudicial their life is to the state of the land, that such as are warned by an instance may learn and look before they leap.[3] To that end, kind countrymen, I have set down at the end of the disputation the wonderful[4] life of a courtesan, not a fiction but a truth of one that yet lives, but[5] now in another form repentant. In the discourse of whose life, you shall see how dangerous such trulls[6] be to all estates that be so simple as to trust their feigned subtleties. Here shall parents learn how hurtful it is to cocker up[7] their youth in their follies, and have a deep insight how to bridle their daughters, if they see them any ways grow wantons, wishing therefore my labours may be a caveat[8] to my countrymen to avoid the company of such cozening courtesans.

Farewell.
R.G.

A Disputation between Laurence,[9] a Foist and Fair Nan, a Traffic,[10] Whether a Whore or a Thief Is Most Prejudicial.[11]

[...]

NAN: Oh, swear not so deeply, but let me first hear what you can say for yourself.

LAURENCE: What? Why, more, Nan, than can be painted out in a great volume, but briefly this: I need not describe the laws of villainy, because R.G. hath so amply penned them down in "The First Part of Cony-catching"[12] that though I be one of the faculty yet I cannot discover more than he hath laid open. Therefore, first to the gentlemen foist. I pray you what finer quality? what art is more excellent either to try the ripeness of the wit, or the agility of the hand, than that for him that will be master of his trade must pass[13] the proudest juggler alive the points of *leger de maine*?[14] He must have an eye to spy the bung or purse, and then a heart to dare to attempt it (for this by the way, he that fears the gallows shall never be good thief while he lives); he must as the cat watch for a mouse, and walk Paul's, Westminster, the Exchange, and such common haunted[15] places, and

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1 *leese* lose.

2 *caterpillars ... commonwealth* rapacious persons; extortioners; here, more specifically, people who prey on society. The image is a common one for those individuals who undermine the nation. See Shakespeare, *Richard II*, 2.3.164-65 and 3.4.40-47.

3 *look before they leap* Proverb (*Tilley* L429).

4 *wonderful* exciting astonishment or wonder.

5 in the copytext, "not," clearly a printer's error.

6 *trulls* low prostitutes; drabs, strumpets.

7 *cocker up* bring up indulgently and luxuriously.

8 *caveat* warning, caution, or admonition.

9 In *The Second and Last Part of Cony-Catching* (1591), Greene identifies him as Laurence Pickering, "a notable foist" and an important member of Elizabethan London's criminal underworld. Greene represents his house as a place where this criminal "corporation" or "company" had "their feasts and weekly meetings" (p. 36). Whether Pickering was an actual person or a fictional creation is uncertain.

10 *Traffic* In "crossbiting law" or "cozenage by whores," the "traffic" is the prostitute used by a group of cony-catchers as the lure in blackmailing schemes (Greene, *Notable Discovery of Cozenage*, pp. 40-51).

11 Nan and Laurence have agreed that the winner of their debate will buy supper.

12 *Notable Discovery of Cozenage* (1591) was Greene's first pamphlet on the criminal underworld and its practices.

13 *pass* i.e., surpass.

14 *leger de maine* French, "*léger de main*," literally "light of hand"; legerdemain, sleight of hand, trickery.

15 *Westminster* here, Westminster Hall as a court of justice, although contemporary accounts describe it as a place to transact business, meet friends, and buy goods (such as books and clothes); *the Exchange* the Royal Exchange, where London merchants would assemble for the transaction of business; *haunted* frequented by many people; much resorted to.

there have a curious eye to[1] the person, whether he be gentleman, citizen, or farmer, and note either where his bung[2] lies, whether in his hose or pockets, and then dog the party into a press,[3] where his staul[4] with heaving and shoving shall so molest him that he shall not feel when we strip him of his bung, although it be never so fast or cunningly couched[5] about him. What poor farmer almost can come to plead his case at the bar, to attend upon his lawyers at the bench, but look he never so narrowly to it we have his purse, wherein some time there is fat purchase, £20 or £30? And I pray you how long would one of your traffics be earning so much with your chamber work? Besides in fairs and markets and in the circuits after judges,[6] what infinite money is gotten from honest-meaning men, that either busy about their necessary affairs or carelessly looking to their crowns light amongst us that be foists. Tush, we dissemble in show, we go so neat in apparel, so orderly in outward appearance, some like lawyers' clerks, others like servingmen, that attended there about their masters' business, that we are hardly smoked,[7] versing upon[8] all men with kind courtesies and fair words, and yet being so warily watchful that a good purse cannot be put up[9] in a fair but we sigh if we share it not amongst us. And though the books of cony-catching hath somewhat hindered us and brought many brave foists to the halter,[10] yet some of our country farmers, nay of our gentlemen and citizens, are so careless in a throng of people that they show us the prey, and so draw on a thief, and bequeath us their purses, whether we will or no. For who loves wine so ill that he will not eat grapes if they fall into his mouth? And who is so base that if he see a pocket fair before him will not foist in[11] if he may, or if foisting will not serve, use his knife and nip, for although there be some foists that will not use their knives, yet I hold him not a perfect workman or master of his mystery[12] that will not cut a purse as well as foist a pocket, and hazard any limb for so sweet a gain as gold.[13] How answer you me this brief objection, Nan? Can you compare with either our cunning to get, our gains in purchase?

NAN: And have you no stronger arguments, Goodman Laurence, to argue your excellency in villainy but this? Then in faith put up your pipes,[14] and give me leave to speak! Your chop-logic[15] hath no great subtlety, for simple you reason of foisting, and appropriate that to yourselves, to you men I mean, as though there were not women foists and nips as neat in that trade as you, of as good an eye, as fine and nimble a hand, and of as resolute a heart. Yes, Laurence, and your good mistresses in that mystery,[16] for we without like suspicion can pass in your walks under the colour of simplicity to Westminster, with a paper in our hand, as if we were distressed women that had some supplication to put up to the judges, or some bill of information to deliver to our lawyers, when, God wot, we shuffle in for a bung[17] as well as the best of you all, yea as yourself Laurence, though you be called King of Cutpurses; for though they smoke[18] you, they will hardly mistrust us, and sup-

[1] *have a curious eye to* i.e., be attentive, careful, accurate in the observation or investigation of.

[2] *bung* (also bong, boong, boung): a purse.

[3] *dog the party into a press* i.e., follow the person so singled-out into a crowd.

[4] *staul* stale or stall: a pickpocket's helper who distracts the attention of the victim whose pocket is being rifled. Greene defines the "stale" as "he that faceth the man" (i.e., the victim). See *Notable Discovery of Cozenage* (1591), p. 39.

[5] *fast* securely; *couched* concealed.

[6] *the circuits after judges* A circuit is the journey of a judge through a certain appointed area for the purpose of holding court; the visitation of the judge for holding assizes.

[7] *we are hardly smoked* we are scarcely or with difficulty suspected.

[8] *versing upon* imposing upon, tricking, swindling.

[9] *put up* put away, stowed away.

[10] *halter* noose.

[11] *foist in* thrust (his) hand into a pocket.

[12] *mystery* a "secret" or highly technical operation in a trade or art; thus, more generally, a handicraft, craft, art; (one's) trade, profession, or calling.

[13] The punishment for theft could include the loss of a hand or other limb.

[14] *put up your pipes* Stop talking! Shut up!

[15] *chop-logic* sophistical or contentious argument.

[16] I.e., and we are your superiors in that profession, trade, or art.

[17] *God wot, we shuffle in for a bung* i.e., God knows we get into position in an underhand or shifty manner ("shuffle in") in order to steal a purse ("bung").

[18] *smoke* discover.

pose our stomach[1] stand against it to foist, yet who can better play the staul or the shadow than we, for in a thrust or throng if we shove hard who is he that will not favour a woman, and in giving place to us give you free passage for his purse. Again, in the market, when every wife hath almost her hand on her bung, and that they cry "Beware the cutpurse and cony-catchers," then I—as fast as the best, with my hand-basket as mannerly as if I were to buy great store of butter and eggs for provision of my house—do exclaim against them with my hand on my purse, and say, "The world is bad when a woman cannot walk safely to market for fear of these villainous cutpurses," whenas the first bung I come to, I either nip or foist, or else staul another while he hath stroken, dispatched[2] and gone.

Now, I pray you, gentle sir, wherein are we inferior to you in foisting? And yet this is nothing to the purpose, for it is one of our most simplest shifts.[3] But yet I pray you, what think you: when a farmer, gentleman, or citizen come to the term,[4] perhaps he is wary of his purse, and watch him never so warily, yet he will never be brought to the blow. Is it not possible for us to pinch him[5] ere he pass? He that is most chary of his crowns abroad and will cry "Ware the cony-catchers" will not be afraid to drink a pint of wine with a pretty wench, and perhaps go to a trugging house[6] to ferry out one for his purpose. Then with what cunning we can feed the simple fop,[7] with what fair words, sweet kisses, feigned sighs, as if at that instant we fell in love with him that we never saw before. If we meet him in an evening in the street, if the farmer or other whatsoever be not so forward as to motion some courtesy to us, we straight insinuate into his company, and claim acquaintance of him by some means or other, and if his mind be set for lust, and the Devil drive him on to match himself with some dishonest wanton, then let him look to his purse, for if he do but kiss me in the street, I'll have his purse for a farewell, although he never commit any other act at all. I speak not this only by myself, Laurence, for there be a hundred in London more cunning than myself in this kind of cunny-catching.[8] But if he come into a house, then let our trade alone to verse upon[9] him, for first we feign ourselves hungry, for the benefit of the house, although our bellies were never so full, and no doubt the good pander or bawd she comes forth like a sober matron, and sets store of cates[10] on the table, and then I fall aboard on them,[11] and though I can eat little, yet I make havoc of all,[12] and let him be sure every dish is well sauced, for he shall pay for a pipping pie[13] that cost in the market four pence, at one of the trugging houses eighteen pence. Tush, what is dainty if it be not dear bought? And yet he must come off for crowns besides, and when I see him draw to his purse, I note the putting up of it well, and ere we part, that world goes hard if I foist him not of all that he hath. And then suppose the worst, that he miss it, am I so simply acquainted or badly provided that I have not a friend which, with a few terrible oaths and countenance set, as if he were the proudest soldado that ever bore arms against Don John of Austria,[14] will face him quite out of his money,[15] and make him walk like a woodcock homeward by

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1 *stomach* temper; disposition.

2 *stroken* struck; *dispatched* executed (the crime) speedily.

3 *shifts* stratagems; tricks.

4 *term* refers to each of the periods (usually three or four in the year) appointed for the sitting of certain courts of law. During term time, London would see an influx of people involved in legal proceedings.

5 *pinch him* rob him.

6 *trugging house* whore-house, brothel.

7 *fop* fool.

8 *cunny-catching* cony-catching; the indecent implication may be strengthened here through the spelling, since "cunny" was slang for the female genitalia (*Dict. Slang*).

9 *verse upon* impose upon, swindle.

10 *cates* choice dainties; delicacies.

11 *fall aboard on them* attack, fall upon them.

12 *make havoc of all* tear all (the cates) to pieces.

13 *pipping pie* pippin pie: apple pie.

14 *soldado* soldier; *Don John of Austria* (1545-78) Spanish general and admiral. Famed in the period as a hero over Islamic nations, he defeated the Turkish navy at Lepanto in 1571 and conquered Tunis (North Africa) in 1573.

15 *face him quite out of his money* i.e., force him to surrender his cash through assuming an attitude of bold-faced, cool confidence.

weeping cross,[1] and so buy repentance with all the crowns in his purse?

[...]

NAN: Alas, good Laurence, thou art no logician. Thou canst not reason for thyself, nor hast no witty arguments to draw me to an exigent,[2] and therefore give me leave at large to reason for this supper. Remember, the subject of our disputation is this positive[3] question: whether whores or thieves are most prejudicial to the commonwealth. Alas, you poor thieves do only steal and purloin[4] from men, and the harm you do is to imbolish[5] men's goods and bring them to poverty; this is the only end[6] of men's thievery and the greatest prejudice that grows from robbing or filching. So much do we by our theft, and more by our lechery, for what is the end of whoredom but consuming of goods and beggary? And besides perpetual infamy, we bring young youths to ruin and utter destruction. I pray you, Laurence, whether had a merchant's son (having wealthy parents) better light upon a whore than a cutpurse, the one only taking his money, the other bringing him to utter confusion.[7] For if the foist light upon him or the cony-catcher, he loseth at the most some hundred pounds, but if he fall into the company of a whore, she flatters him, she inveigles him, she bewitcheth him, that he spareth neither goods nor lands to content her that is only in love with his coin. If he be married, he forsakes his wife, leaves his children, despiseth his friends, only to satisfy his lust with the love of a base whore, who when he hath spent all upon her and he brought to beggary beateth him out like the prodigal child,[8] and for a small reward brings him if to the fairest end to beg, if to the second to the gallows, or at the last and worst to the pox or as prejudicial diseases. I pray you, Laurence, when any of you come to your confession at Tyburn,[9] what is your last sermon that you make? That you were brought to that wicked and shameful end by following of harlots, for to that end do you steal to maintain whores, and to content their bad humours. Oh, Laurence, enter into your own thoughts, and think what the fair words of a wanton will do, what the smiles of a strumpet will drive a man to act, into what jeopardy a man will thrust himself for her that he loves, although for his sweet villainy he be brought to loathsome leprosy. Tush, Laurence, they say the pox came from Naples, some from Spain, some from France, but wheresoever it first grew, it is so surely now rooted in England that by S. (Syth)[10] it may better be called a *morbus Anglicus* than *Gallicus*,[11] and I hope you will grant all these French favours grew from whores. Besides, in my high loving or rather creeping, I mean where men and women do rob together, there always the woman is most bloody, for she always urgeth unto death, and though the men would only satisfy themselves with the parties' coin, yet she endeth her theft in blood, murdering parties so deeply as

[1] *walk like a woodcock homeward by weeping cross* The proverbial phrase "to come home by Weeping Cross" means "to suffer grievous disappointment or failure." The woodcock was notorious for the ease with which it was captured in a snare or net; thus, it became the type of gullibility or folly, and an image of the simpleton or dupe.

[2] *to an exigent* to the critical point (where I will need to urgently and immediately respond).

[3] *positive* precise.

[4] *purloin* steal, rob.

[5] *imbolish* make away with; take.

[6] *only end* sole result.

[7] *confusion* ruin, destruction.

[8] See p. 1012, note 10.

[9] Until 1783, public executions took place near to London at Tyburn, Middlesex. Traditionally the condemned were allowed to make a speech before they were executed; these often, but not always, took the form of repentant confessions.

[10] *S. (Syth)* perhaps, St Sithney (also known as Sezni), an ancient Cornish saint. When God made Sithney the patron saint of girls, he begged for some other sphere of responsibility since he anticipated being constantly bothered by prayers for husbands and finery. Offered the care of mad dogs instead, the saint reportedly said, "I'd rather have mad dogs than women any day" (*Dict. Saints*); or perhaps St Osyth or Osith, an early English saint (died c. 700 CE), popular throughout the Middle Ages and the early sixteenth century. Ordained by God for a life of virginity even after her marriage to Sighere, king of the East Saxons, Osith took a vow of chastity and founded a nunnery. Martyred by pirates, she carried her own severed head to a nearby church where she was buried (*Dict. Saints*).

[11] Latin, "an English disease" than "[a] Gallic [or French one]."

she is malicious. I hope, gentle Laurence, you cannot contradict these reasons, they be so openly, manifestly probable. For mine own part, I hope you do not imagine but I have had some friends[1] besides poor George, my husband; alas, he knows it, and is content like an honest, simple suffragan[2] to be co-rival with a number of other good companions, and I have made many a good man, I mean a man that hath a household, for the love of me to go home and beat his poor wife, when, God wot, I mock him for the money he spent, and he had nothing for his pence but the waste beleavings[3] of others' beastly labours. Laurence, Laurence, if concubines could inveigle Solomon, if Dalilah could betray Sampson,[4] then wonder not if we, more nice[5] in our wickedness than a thousand such Dalilahs, can seduce poor, young novices to their utter destructions. Search the jails, there you shall hear complaints of whores; look into the spitals and hospitals,[6] there you shall see men diseased of the French marbles,[7] giving instruction to others that are said to beware of whores; be an auditor or ear witness at the death of any thief, and his last testament is, "Take heed of a whore." I dare scarce speak of Bridewell,[8] because my shoulders tremble at the name of it, I have so often deserved it. Yet look but in there, and you shall hear poor men with their hands in their piggen-holes[9] cry, "Oh, fie upon whores," when Fowler gives them the terrible lash;[10] examine beggars that lie lame by the highway, and they say they came to that misery by whores; some threadbare citizens that from merchants and other good trades grow to be base informers and Knights of the Post,[11] cry out when they dine with Duke Humphrey,[12] "Oh, what wickedness comes from whores!" Prentices that runs from their masters cries out upon whores. Tush, Laurence, what enormities proceeds more in the commonwealth than from whoredom? But sith 'tis almost suppertime, and mirth is the friend to digestion, I mean a little to be pleasant. I pray you, how many bad profits again grows from whores? Bridewell would have very few tenants, the hospital would want patients, and the surgeons much work; the apothecaries would have surfling water[13] and potato roots lie dead on their hands, the painters could not dispatch and make away their vermillion, if tallow-faced whores used it not for their cheeks. How should Sir John's broadsmen[14] do, if

[1] *friends* lovers.

[2] *suffragan* a coadjutor, assistant.

[3] *beleavings* left-overs.

[4] *concubines … Solomon* Solomon, beloved of God, son of King David, was famed for his wisdom, yet he lost God's favour when his foreign wives "turned away his heart after other gods" (1 Kings 11:4). In his anger at Solomon's apostasy, God takes Israel away from Solomon's heirs. See 1 Kings 11-12; *Dalilah … Sampson* Sampson, an early Israelite hero, possessed of more-than-human strength, had many victories over the Philistines, until, seduced by the beautiful Philistine woman, Delilah, he revealed the secret of his strength: as long as he did not cut his hair his strength remained; once it was cut, his strength would leave him. Delilah betrayed his secret: the Philistines cut his hair and gouged out his eyes (Judges 13-16).

[5] *nice* particular, careful.

[6] *spital* a charitable institution for the housing and care of the indigent or diseased; sometimes, specifically, a lazar-house (a place for the treatment of lepers). Hospitals were generally distinguished from spitals as serving people of a higher class.

[7] *French marbles* syphilis.

[8] *Bridewell* a house of correction for prisoners; a place of forced labour. According to Stowe, the building was given to the city of London "to be a workhouse for the poor and idle persons of the city" (*Survey London*, 2.45).

[9] *piggen-holes* pigeon-holes, thieves' cant for the stocks; also for the similar instrument in which the hands of culprits were confined, when being flogged.

[10] *when Fowler gives them the terrible lash* Fowler was clearly an officer or jailer at Bridewell. Whipping was a particularly common punishment for prostitution and lechery in the period.

[11] *Knight of the Post* i.e., of the whipping post or pillory; a notorious perjurer; one who gets his living by giving false evidence.

[12] "To dine with Duke Humphrey" means to go without one's dinner. The origin of the saying is obscure, but see Kingswell's note in his edition of Stowe's *Survey of London*, 2.348-9.

[13] *apothecary* one who prepared and sold compounds for medicinal purposes; *surfling water* a type of face-wash, which (according to Gilbert Walker) was used to make a young but seasoned prostitute appear to be a virgin in order to increase her price. Apparently this "sweet-water" could draw together and tighten the skin and muscles to which it was applied. See *A Manifest Detection of the Most Vile and Detestable Use of Diceplay, and Other Practices Like the Same* [1552] in *Early English Poetry, Ballads, and Popular Literature of the Middle Ages*, ed. J.O. Halliwell, vol. 29 (London, 1851), pp. 35-36.

[14] *Sir John's broadsmen* The reference here is obscure. "Sir John" was a familiar or contemptuous appellation for a priest or cleric; while "broadsman" means "one who lives near the Norfolk Broads"; the

we were not? Why, Laurence, the Galley would be moored, and the Blue Boar so lean that he would not be man's meat, if we of the trade were not to supply his wants. Do you think in conscience the Peacock could burnish his fair tail, were it not the Whore of Babylon and such like makes him lusty with crowns?[1] No, no, though the talbot hath bitten some at the game, yet new, fresh huntsmen shake the she-crew out of the couples.[2] What should I say more, Laurence? The suburbs should have a great miss of us, and Shoreditch would complain to Dame Anne a Cleare[3] if we of the sisterhood should not uphold her jollity.

[...]

Thus, countrymen, you have heard the disputation between these two cozening companions, wherein I have shaked out[4] the notable villainy of whores, although Mistress Nan, this good oratress,[5] hath sworn to wear a long Hamburg knife to stab me, and all the crew have protested[6] my death; and to prove they meant good earnest, they beleaguered[7] me about in the Saint John's Head within Ludgate[8] being at supper. There were some fourteen or fifteen of them met, and thought to have made that the fatal night of my overthrow, but that the courteous citizens and apprentices took my part, and so two or three of them were carried to the Counter,[9] although a gentleman in my company was sore[10] hurt. I cannot deny but they begin to waste away about London, and Tyburn (since the setting out of my book) hath eaten up many of them; and I will plague them to the extremity, let them do what they dare with their bilboa blades,[11] I fear them not. And to give them their last adieu, look shortly, countrymen, for a pamphlet against them

word's meaning as "cardsharper" dates to the late-nineteenth century, and thus doesn't apply here. The Norfolk Broads is an area in the county of Norfolk, on the east coast of England. Greene himself was born in Norwich, Norfolk, so perhaps there is a sly dig here at the author himself. Even if "Sir" is perhaps a printer's error for "St" the reference is murky, although Greene himself attended St John's College, Cambridge, taking his degree there in 1578.

1 Given the tenor of Nan's argument (i.e., the economic importance of prostitution), it is likely that each of these is an inn, tavern, or alehouse, many of which were centres for such activity. The Galley has not been traced. However, there was a Blue Boar Inn in Spitalfields, London, and also a tavern by this name outside Aldgate (*Topographical Dict.*, p. 65). The Peacock was a London tavern (in Aldersgate Street), but Greene also refers here to London generally as a beautiful creature of vanity, whose prosperity and ability to indulge in luxury would be impossible without the economic engine of prostitution. A common English appellation that expressed Protestant horror of and contempt for the Roman Catholic Church generally and the Pope in particular, "the Whore of Babylon" has a more direct application here. She is an allegorical figure from the Book of Revelation who represents the pride, idolatry, and moral/sexual corruption of ancient pagan Rome. Green compares prostitutes and prostitution to the biblical Whore's insatiable lust (sexual, monetary, and homicidal), and its apocalyptically destructive effects on the nations who succumb to her, as well as on the righteous who resist her. Richly dressed, she holds "a golden cup full of abomination" and is "drunk with the blood of the martyrs" (17.4-6). Those "kings of the earth, who committed fornication and were wanton with her" grieve over her eventual destruction, and are sentenced to eternal damnation.

2 *talbot* name of a variety of hound, used for tracking and hunting, with great powers of scent; *she-crew* where "crew" means "mob or gang of criminals"; *the couples* a brace or leash for holding two hounds together; usually in plural.

3 *The suburbs ... Shoreditch ... Anne a Cleare* The suburbs of London were notorious for their brothels, taverns, bear-baiting pits, and playhouses. Shoreditch was a district in NE London, the home of the earliest London playhouses, the Theatre and the Curtain, an area which was infamous for its prostitutes and criminals (*Topographical Dict.*, p. 465); *Anne a Cleare* or Annis a Cleare was the widow of a London alderman, who married "a riotous courtier." He "consumed all her wealth" and left her in poverty (R. Johnson, *The Pleasant Walks of Moor-fields* [1607]). In desperation, she drowned herself in the spring which bears her name, located in Hogsdon (Hoxton), a suburb near Shoreditch. The spring became in the seventeenth century a popular place for public bathing (*Topographical Dict.*, p. 20.). A largely rural district to which Londoners would resort during holidays, Hogsdon was, like Shoreditch, notorious for its prostitutes.

4 *shaked out* shaken or shook out: revealed.

5 *oratress* a female orator.

6 *protested* vowed or promised solemnly.

7 *beleaguered* surrounded, beset.

8 *Saint John's Head* was a tavern located inside of Ludgate, one of the old gates of the walled city of London (*Topographical Dict.*, pp. 321-22).

9 *the Counter* London debtors' prison associated with the City Court; there were two counters in London proper: the Poultry Counter and the Bread Street Counter, each named after the street it stood on; but there were others in London's various suburbs (*Topographical Dict.*, p. 133).

10 *sore* seriously, grievously.

11 *bilboa blade* an excellent kind of sword, noted for the temper and elasticity of its blade.

called *The Black Book*,[1] containing four new laws never spoken of yet: *the creeping law* of petty thieves, that rob about the suburbs; *the lymitting law*, discoursing the orders of such as follow judges in their circuits, and go about from fair to fair; *the jugging law*, wherein I will set out the disorders at nine-holes and ryfling,[2] how they are only for the benefit of the cutpurses; *the stripping law*, wherein I will lay open the lewd abuses of sundry jailors in England. Beside, you shall see there what houses there be about the suburbs and town's end that are receivers of cutpurses' stolen goods, lifts,[3] and such like. And lastly, look for a bed-roll or catalogue of all the names of the foists, nips, lifts, and priggers[4] in and about London.[5] And although some say I dare not do it, yet I will shortly set it abroach,[6] and whosoever I name or touch, if he think himself grieved, I will answer him before the honourable Privy Council.[7]

The Conversion of an English Courtesan.

Sith to discover my parentage would double the grief of my living parents and revive in them the memory of my great amiss, and that my untoward fall would be a dishonour to the house from whence I came; sith to manifest the place of my birth would be a blemish (through my beastly life so badly misled) to the shire where I was born; sith to discourse my name might be holden a blot in my kindred's brow, to have a sinew in their stock of so little grace: I will conceal my parents, kin, and country,[8] and shroud my name with silence, lest envy might taunt others for my wantonness. Know, therefore, I was born about threescore[9] miles from London, of honest and wealthy parents, who had many children, but I their only daughter, and therefore the jewel wherein they most delighted, and more, the youngest of all, and therefore the more favoured. For being gotten in the waning of my parent's age, they doted on me above the rest, and so set their hearts the more on fire. I was the fairest of all, and yet not more beautiful than I was witty, in so much that, being a pretty parrot,[10] I had such quaint conceits[11] and witty words in my mouth, that the neighbours said, "I was too soon wise, to be long old."[12] Would to God either the proverb had been authentical, or their sayings prophecies: then had I by death in my nonage[13] buried many blemishes that my riper years brought me to. For the extreme love of my parents was the very efficient cause[14] of my follies, resembling herein the nature of the ape, that ever killeth that young one which he loveth most, with embracing it too fervently.[15] So my father and mother, but she most of all, although he too much, so cockered me up[16] in my wantonness that my wit grew to the worst, and

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1 Greene's *The Black Book's Messenger* (1592).

2 *nine-holes* a game in which the players endeavour to roll small balls into nine holes made in the ground, each hole having a separate scoring value; *ryfling* dicing (Partridge, "jugging law," *Dict. Slang*).

3 *lifts* goods stolen from shops.

4 *priggers* thieves.

5 There is no such list in *The Black Book's Messenger.*

6 *set it abroach* publish or diffuse it.

7 *Privy Council* England's governing body for much of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the Privy Council was presided over by the monarch and comprised of ministers of state and officers of the monarch's household. The Council did function as a legal court, particularly in its guise as court of Star Chamber, which dealt with cases involving "breaches of the king's peace," "interference with royal justice," as well as civil cases. After 1558, however, the Star Chamber also dealt with "the new crime of seditious libel" (R.B. Manning, "Star Chamber, Court of," *Hist. Dict. Tudor England*).

8 *country* county, area of the country.

9 *threescore* sixty.

10 *parrot* applied contemptuously to a person who mechanically repeats the speech or imitates the actions of others.

11 *quaint* clever, smart; *conceits* fanciful or witty notions.

12 *I … old* Cf. "He that would be old long (well old) must be old betimes (Old young and old long)" (*Tilley* O34).

13 *in my nonage* i.e., in my minority; before I became a legal adult.

14 *efficient cause* one which makes effects to be what they are.

15 *nature of the ape … fervently* "The she apes of all sorts are wondrous fond of their little ones: and such as are made tame within house will carry them in their arms all about so soon as they have brought them into the world, keep a-showing of them to everybody, and they take pleasure to have them dandled by others, as if thereby they took knowledge that folk joyed for their safe deliverance: but such a culling [i.e., fondling] and hugging of them they keep that in the end with very clasping and clipping [i.e., embracing] they kill them many times" (*Pliny, Natural History*, 1.231).

16 *cockered me up* raised me indulgently, humouring rather than correcting my faults.

I waxed[1] upward with the ill weeds. Whatsoever I did, were it never so bad, might not be found fault withal; my father would smile at it and say, "'twas but the trick of a child," and my mother allowed of my unhappy parts,[2] alluding to this profane and old proverb, "An untoward girl makes a good woman."

But now I find, in sparing the rod, they hated the child,[3] that over-kind fathers make unruly daughters. Had they bent the wand while it had been green, it would have been pliant,[4] but I, ill grown in my years, am almost remediless. The hawk that is most perfect for the flight will seldom proveth haggard,[5] and children that are virtuously nurtured in youth will be honestly natured in age. Fie upon[6] such as say, "Young saints, old devils"; it is no doubt a devilish and damnable saying, for what is not bent in the cradle will hardly be bowed in the saddle.[7] Myself am an instance, who after I grew to be six years old was set to school, where I profited so much that I writ and read excellently well, played upon the virginals, lute, and citron, and could sing prick-song[8] at the first sight: insomuch as by that time I was twelve years old, I was holden for the most fair and best qualitied young girl in all that country, but with this, bewailed of my well-wishers, in that my parents suffered[9] me to be so wanton.

[...]

But I, whom wanton desires had drawn in delight, still presumed in my former follies, and gave myself either to gad abroad,[10] or else at home to read dissolute pamphlets, which bred in me many ill-affected wishes, so that I gave leave to love and lust to enter into the centre of my heart, where they harboured till they wrought my final and fatal prejudice.[11]

Thus leading my life loosely,[12] and being soothed up with the applause of my too kind and loving parents, I had many of every degree that made love unto me, as well for my beauty as for the hope of wealth that my father would bestow upon me. Sundry suitors I had, and I allowed of all, though I particularly granted love to none, yielding them friendly favours, as being proud I had more wooers than any maid in the parish beside. Amongst the rest there was a wealthy farmer that wished me well, a man of some forty years of age, one too worthy for one of so little worth as myself, and him my father, mother, and other friends would have had me match myself withal. But I, that had had the reins of liberty too long in mine own hands, refused him and would not be ruled by their persuasions; and though my mother with tears entreated me to consider of mine own estate, and how well I sped[13] if I wedded with him, yet carelessly I despised her counsel, and flatly made answer that I would none of him, which though it pinched my parents at the quick, yet rather than they would displease me, they left me in mine own liberty to love. Many there were beside him, men's sons of no mean worth, that were wooers unto me, but in vain. Either my fortune or destiny drove me to a worser end, for I refused them all, and with the beetle, refusing to light on the sweetest flowers all day, nestled at night in a cowsheard.[14]

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[1] *waxed* grew.

[2] *allowed of my unhappy parts* i.e., sanctioned my bad qualities.

[3] Proverb, "Spare the rod and spoil (spill) the child" (i.e., he that spares the rod hates the child) (Proverbs 13:24; *Tilley* R155).

[4] Proverb: "Thraw [i.e., twist] the wand while it is green" (*Tilley* W27); see the related proverbs, T632, W136.

[5] *haggard* wild or intractable; a "hag" is a wild female hawk caught when in her adult plumage and thus very difficult to tame and train.

[6] *Fie upon* "shame upon"; in early use, an exclamation expressing disgust or indignant reproach. Proverb: "young saints, old devils" (*Tilley* S33).

[7] Proverb, "Foul (fair) in the cradle, fair (foul) in the saddle [i.e., in adulthood]" (*Tilley* C792).

[8] *virginal* a keyed musical instrument common in England in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, resembling a spinet; *citron* a cithern, an instrument like a guitar, but strung with wire and played with a plectrum or quill; *prick-song* i.e., "pricked song": music sung from written ("pricked") vocal music.

[9] *suffered* allowed, permitted.

[10] *gad abroad* wander or rove about idly.

[11] *prejudice* destruction, ruin, overthrow. Cf. Vives's representation of the morally corrupting effect of romance-reading on women (pp. 106-08).

[12] *loosely* licentiously, dissolutely.

[13] *sped* succeeded, prospered.

[14] *cowsheard* cow-shard: cow-dung; a cow turd.

It fortuned that as many sought to win me, so amongst the rest there was an odd[1] companion that dwelt with a gentleman hard by,[2] a fellow of small reputation, and of no living,[3] neither had he any excellent qualities but thrumming on the gittron,[4] but of pleasant disposition he was, and could gawl out many quaint and ribaldrous jigs and songs, and so was favoured of the foolish sect for his foppery.[5] This shifting companion,[6] suitable to myself in vanity, would oft times be jesting with me, and I so long dallying with him, that I began deeply (oh, let me blush at this confession) to fall in love with him, and so construed of all his actions, that I consented to mine own overthrow: for as smoke will hardly be concealed, so love will not be long smothered,[7] but will bewray her own secrets, which was manifest in me, who in my sporting with him, so bewrayed my affection, that he spying I favoured him, began to strike when the iron was hot,[8] and to take opportunity by the forehead;[9] and one day finding me in a merry vein, began to question with me of love, which although at the first I slenderly[10] denied him, yet at last I granted, so that not only I agreed to plight him my faith,[11] but that night—meeting to have farther talk—I lasciviously consented that he cropped the flower of my virginity.[12] When thus I was spoiled by such a base companion, I gave myself to content his humour, and to satisfy the sweet of mine own wanton desires. Oh, here let me breathe and with tears bewail the beginning of my miseries, and to exclaim against the folly of my parents, who by too much favouring me in my vanity in my tender youth laid the first plot[13] of my ensuing repentance. Had they with due correction chastised my wantonness, and suppressed my foolish will with their grave advice, they had made me more virtuous and themselves less sorrowful. A father's frown is a bridle to the child, and a mother's check is a stay to the stubborn daughter.[14] Oh, had my parents in over-loving me not hated me, I had not at this time cause to complain! Oh, had my father regarded the saying of the wise man, I had not been thus woebegone!

[...]

[The English Courtesan's lover, having stolen her away, returns to her birthplace in order to ascertain whether the lovers have any hope of receiving the approval of her father for their marriage. Having been left in an inn, the Courtesan attracts the attention of many men. One in particular, a gentleman whom the Courtesan soon begins to call her "supposed husband," woos her with sonnets and jewels, and in a short while they are frequent bed companions. He carries her off to Bath, with her enthusiastic consent. In Bath, her supposed husband gathers about him a company of young gentlemen. The Courtesan falls in love with her supposed husband's best friend, and he

[1] *odd* single (perhaps, also, "eccentric" or "different").

[2] *hard by* close by, very near.

[3] *living* livelihood, maintenance; perhaps, property in general, especially landed estate.

[4] *gittron* gittern: a type of guitar; a cithern.

[5] *gawl* to bawl out; *quaint* clever; *ribaldrous* ribald; wanton, licentious; *foppery* folly.

[6] *shifting companion* changeable companion; given that he has no means of livelihood, perhaps more specifically, one who practises or lives by fraud, or temporary expedients.

[7] Proverb, "Love and a cough (smoke, itch) cannot be hid" (*Tilley* L490).

[8] Proverb, "It is good to strike while the iron is hot" (*Tilley* I94); that is, one should make one's effort while circumstances are favourable.

[9] Proverb, "Take time (occasion) by the forelock, for she is bald behind" (*Tilley* T311), meaning that opportunity should be seized upon immediately the moment it presents itself, because once passed it cannot be grasped. There are many variations.

[10] *slenderly* perfunctorily.

[11] *plight him my faith* i.e., to pledge or promise him my allegiance or constancy.

[12] *cropped the flower of my virginity* a common image for defloration; the hymen is often represented as a flower. See, for example, Helkiah Crooke, *Microcosmographia*, 1615, p. 223.

[13] *plot* plan, design.

[14] *A father's frown … daughter* not in *Tilley*, although there are a number of related proverbs having to do with parental discipline, such as "Better children weep than old men" (i.e., "Better you make your children cry with seasonable correction, than they make you cry by their after miscarriage") [*Tilley* C326]; and "He that cockers [i.e., indulges] his child provides for his enemy" (*Tilley* C308); *stay* a cause of stoppage; a hindrance; *check* reprimand, rebuke.

with her. They carry on their affair so openly that it is soon no secret to the Courtesan's supposed husband and his other friends. During a debate at dinner concerning whether a woman might have a second lover and whether any man should bear such a situation, the Courtesan's supposed husband tells a story about a woman who has an affair with her husband's best friend, but who is reformed through the husband's efforts. The effect of the tale is immediate. The Courtesan finds herself rejected by the best friend; his conscience having been touched by the tale, he tries to persuade her to be faithful to her supposed husband.]

[...] much good counsel he gave me, but all in vain, for I scorned it, and began to hate him, and resolved both to be rid of him and my supposed husband, for falling in [with] another familiar of my husband's, I so inveigled him with sweet words that I caused him to make a piece of money to steal me away, and so carry me to London, where I had not lived long with him ere he, seeing my light behaviour, left me to the world, and to shift for myself.[1] Here by my example may you note the inconstant life of courtesans and common harlots, who after they have lost their honesty care not who grow into their favour, nor what villainy they commit. They fancy all as long as crowns[2] last, and only aim at pleasure and ease. They cleave like caterpillars to the tree, and consume the fruit where they fall. They be vultures that prey on men alive, and like the serpent sting the bosom wherein they are nourished.[3] I may best discourse their nature, because I was one of their profession, but now being metamorphosed I hold it meritorious for me to warn women from being such wantons, and to give a caveat to men, lest they addict themselves to such straggling[4] strumpets, as love none, though they like all, but affectionate only for profit, and when he hath spent all, they beat him out of doors with the prodigal child.[5] But stopping here, till occasion serve me fitter to discover the manner of courtesans, to myself,[6] who now being brought to London, and left here at random, was not such a house-dove[7] while any friend stayed with me, but that I had visited some houses in London that could harbour as honest a woman as myself. Whenas, therefore, I was left to myself, I removed my lodging, and got me into one of those houses of good hospitality whereunto persons resort, commonly called a trugging house, or to be plain, a whorehouse, where I gave myself to entertain all companions, sitting or standing at the door like a staul[8] to allure or draw in wanton passengers, refusing none that would with his purse purchase me to be his, to satisfy the disordinate desire of his filthy lust. Now I began not to respect personage,[9] good qualities, to the gracious favour of the man, when eye had no respect of person, for the oldest lecher was as welcome as the youngest lover so he brought meat in his mouth;[10] otherwise I pronounce against him,

Si nihil attuleris ibis Homere foras.[11]

I waxed[12] thus in this hell of voluptuousness daily worse and worse, yet having, as they term it, a

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1 *light* wanton, unchaste; *to shift for myself* to provide for my own livelihood (implying either absence of aid, or, sometimes, want of concern from others).

2 *crowns* money (a crown was a coin worth about five shillings).

3 See Aesop's fable, "The Ploughman and the Frozen Snake." A ploughman, finding a snake half-dead from freezing, places it under his shirt to warm up. When the snake recovers, it bites and kills the ploughman. The fable's moral is that a bad nature is not altered by the effects of kindness.

4 *straggling* wandering, roving, vagrant; by extension, morally wandering or inconstant.

5 For the parable of the prodigal son, see p. 1012, note 10.

6 *to myself* i.e., (I) return to the subject of myself.

7 *house-dove* a stay-at-home, with the image of the dove implying virtue and chastity.

8 *staul* decoy-bird, lure.

9 *personage* personal appearance.

10 *brought meat in his mouth* "to carry meat in one's (or the) mouth": to bring in money, be a source of profit, perhaps originally said of hawks, taught to hunt small game and (instead of eating their kill) to carry it back to their trainers.

11 Latin, "If you bring nothing, you'll be going right out the doors, Homer" (Ovid, *Art of Love*, 2.279-80). The full verse lines say that even if Homer himself were to visit a beloved, bringing with him all the Muses, if he came carrying no gift, he'd be quickly shown the door.

12 *waxed* grew.

respect to the main chance,[1] as near as I could to avoid diseases, and to keep myself brave in apparel, although I paid a kind of tribute to the bawd,[2] according as the number and benefit of my companions did exceed. But never could I be brought to be a pickpocket or thievish by any of their persuasions—although I wanted[3] daily no instructions to allure me to that villainy—for I think nature had wrought in me a contrary humour,[4] otherwise my bad nurture and conversing with such bad company had brought me to it. Marry,[5] in all their vices I carried a brazen face[6] and was shameless, for what ruffian[7] was there in London that would utter more desperate oaths than I in mine anger, what to spit, quaff, or carouse[8] more devilishly or rather damnably than myself? And for beastly communication, Messalina of Rome[9] might have been waiting maid. Besides I grew so grafted in sin that *consueto peccandi tollebat sensum peccati* ("custom of sin, took away the feeling of the sin")—for I so accustomably use myself to all kind of vice that I accounted swearing no sin; whoredom, why I smile at that, and could profanely say that it was a sin which God laughed at; gluttony I held good fellowship, and wrath, honour and resolution—I despised God; nay, in my conscience I might easily have been persuaded there was no God. I contemned[10] the preachers, and when any wished me to reform my life, I bad,[11] "Away with the Puritan!" And if any young woman refused to be as vicious every way as myself, I would then say, "Gip, fine soul, a young saint will prove an old devil."[12] I never would go to the church, and sermons I utterly refused, holding them as needless tales told in a pulpit. I would not bend mine ears to the hearing of any good discourse, but still delighted in jangling ditties[13] of ribaldry.

Thus, to the grief of my friends, hazard of my soul, and consuming of my body, I spent a year or two in this base and bad kind of life, subject to the whistle of every desperate ruffian, till on a time, there resorted to our house a clothier,[14] a proper young man, who by fortune coming first to drink, espying me, asked me if I would drink with him. There needed no great entreaty, for as then I wanted company, and so clapped me down[15] by him, and began very pleasantly then to welcome him. The man, being of himself modest and honest, noted my personage, and judicially reasoned of my strumpet-like behaviour, and inwardly, as after he reported unto me, grieved that so foul properties were hidden in so good a proportion, and that such rare wit and excellent beauty was blemished with whoredom's base deformity, insomuch that he began to think well of me, and to wish that I were as honest[16] as I was beautiful. Again, see how God wrought[17] for my conversion: since I gave myself to my loose kind of life, I never liked any so well as him, insomuch that I began to judge of every part, and

[1] *respect to the main chance* a solicitous regard for one's own interests or gain.

[2] *bawd* here, the madam, the woman who keeps the place of prostitution.

[3] *wanted* lacked.

[4] *contrary humour* a diametrically opposed or different disposition or natural tendency.

[5] *Marry* interjection: "indeed!" or "to be sure!"

[6] *brazen face* an unabashed or hardened countenance.

[7] *ruffian* a man habitually given to acts of violence or crime; a cutthroat villain.

[8] *quaff* to drink (liquor) deeply and repeatedly; *carouse* to drink (liquor) deeply and repeatedly, especially to drink toasts.

[9] *Messalina of Rome* Valeria Messal(l)ina (b. before 20 CE), empress, wife of Claudius, her legendary sexual excesses, such as her reported sexual marathons at a Roman brothel would have been well-known through Juvenal's Satires 6 and 10. Although "communication" meaning sexual intercourse is not a recorded usage in the *OED* until 1771, it seems clear that this is one of the meanings here, although "conversation" is also meant.

[10] *contemned* despised, held in contempt.

[11] *bad* commanded, ordered.

[12] Proverb (*Tilley* S33). Bp. Hall, *Medit & Vows* I. § 6. records "that old slander of early holiness: a young saint, an old devil. Sometimes young devils have proved the old saints: never the contrary." This is, of course a version of the proverb which the narrator records her mother quoting (p. 1021, ll. 482-84); *Gip* an expression of surprise or contempt addressed to a person ("get out!" or "go along with you!").

[13] *ditties* songs.

[14] *clothier* one engaged in the cloth trade; a maker of woolen cloth.

[15] *clapped me down* flung myself down energetically.

[16] *honest* chaste.

[17] *wrought* worked, laboured.

methought he was the properest[1] man that ever I saw. Thus we sat both amorous of other, I lasciviously, and he honestly. At last he questioned with me what country woman I was, and why being so proper a woman I would beseem to dwell or lie in a base alehouse, especially in one that had a bad name. I warrant you he wanted no knavish reply to fit him, for I told him the house was as honest as his mother's. Marry, if there were in it a good wench or two that would pleasure their friends at a need, I guess by his nose what porridge he loved,[2] and that he hated none such. Well, seeing me in that voice he said little, but shaked his head, paid for the beer and went his way, only taking his leave of me with a kiss, which methought was the sweetest that ever was given me. As soon as he was gone, I began to think what a handsome man he was, and wished that he would come and take a night's lodging with me, sitting in a dump to think of the quaintness[3] of his personage, till other companions came in that shaked me out of that melancholy, but as soon again as I was secret to myself, he came into my remembrance. Passing over thus a day or two, this clothier came again to our house, whose sight cheered me up, for that spying him out at a casement,[4] I ran down the stairs and met him at the door, and heartily welcomed him, and asked him if he would drink.

"I come for that purpose," says he, "but I will drink no more below but in a chamber."

"Marry, sir," quoth I, "you shall," and so brought him into the fairest room. In their[5] sitting there together drinking, at last the clothier fell to kissing and other dalliance,[6] wherein he found me not coy,[7] at last told me that he would willingly have his pleasure of me, but the room was too lightsome, for of all things in the world, he could not in such actions away with[8] a light chamber. I consented unto him, and brought him into a room more dark, but still he said it was too light. Then I carried him into a farther chamber, where, drawing a buckram[9] curtain afore the window, and closing the curtains of the bed, I asked him smiling, if that were close[10] enough.

"No, sweet love," says he, "the curtain is thin and not broad enough for the window. Peradventure[11] some watching eye may espy us, my heart misdoubts, and my credit[12] is my life. Good love, if thou hast a more close room than this, bring me to it."

"Why, then," quoth I, "follow me," and with that I brought him into a back loft, where stood a little bed only appointed to lodge suspicious persons,[13] so dark that at noon days it was impossible for any man to see his own hands.

"How now, sir," quoth I, "is not this dark enough?"

He, sitting him down on the bedside, fetched a deep sigh, and said, "Indifferent,[14] so, so, but there is a glimpse of light in at the tiles.[15] Somebody may by fortune see us."

"In faith, no," quoth I, "none but God."

"God?" says he "Why, can God see us here?"

"Good sir," quoth I, "why I hope you are not so simple, but God's eyes are so clear and penetrating that they can pierce through walls of brass, and that were we enclosed never so secretly, yet we are manifestly seen to him."

"And alas," quoth he, "sweet love, if God see us shall we not be more ashamed to do such a filthy act before him than before men? I am sure thou art not so shameless but thou wouldst blush and be afraid to have the meanest commoner in London see thee in the action of thy filthy lust,

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1 *properest* most excellent; most handsome.

2 Proverb, "One may know by his nose (looks, face) what pottage (porridge) he loves" (*Tilley* N227).

3 *quaintness* beauty or handsomeness.

4 *casement* window.

5 Greene here slips from first person into third person.

6 *dalliance* amorous play; caressing.

7 *coy* shy, reserved, retiring.

8 *could not … away with* could not endure or tolerate.

9 *buckram* coarse cloth stiffened with gum or paste.

10 *close* closed in; concealed, hidden.

11 *Peradventure* by chance, perhaps.

12 *credit* reputation.

13 *suspicious persons* persons suspected of some crime or offence.

14 *Indifferent* moderately.

15 *tiles* shingles.

and dost thou not shame more to have God, the maker of all things, see thee, who revengeth sin with death, he whose eyes are clearer than the sun, who is the searcher of the heart, and holdeth vengeance in his hands to punish sinners? Consider, sweet love, that if man and wife would be ashamed to have any of their friends see them in the act of generation, or performing the rites of marriage, which is lawful and allowed before God, yet for modesty do it in the most covert[1] they may, then how impudent or graceless should we be to fulfil our filthy lust before the eyes of the Almighty, who is greater than all kings or princes on the earth? Oh, let us tremble that we but once durst have such wanton communication in the hearing of his divine Majesty, who pronounceth damnation for such as give themselves over to adultery. 'It is not possible,' sayeth the Lord, 'for any whoremaster or lascivious wanton to enter into the kingdom of God.'[2] For such sins whole cities have sunk, kingdoms have been destroyed, and though God suffereth[3] such wicked livers to escape for a while, yet at length he payeth home,[4] in this world with beggary, shame, diseases, or infamy, and in the other life with perpetual damnation. Weigh but the inconvenience[5] that grows through thy loose[6] life: thou art hated of all that are good, despised of the virtuous, and only well thought of, of reprobates, rascals, ruffians, and such as the world hates, subject to their lust, and gaining thy living at the hands of every diseased lecher. Oh, what a miserable trade of life is thine that livest of the vomit of sin, in hunting after maladies! But suppose, while thou art young, thou art favoured of thy companions; when thou waxest old, and that thy beauty is vaded,[7] then thou shalt be loathed and despised even of them that professed most love unto thee. Then, good sister, call to mind the baseness of thy life, the heinous outrage of thy sin, that God doth punish it with the rigour of his justice. Oh, thou art made beautiful, fair, and well-formed, and wilt thou then by thy filthy lust make thy body, which, if thou be honest, is the temple of God, the habitation of the Devil?[8] Consider this, and call to God for mercy, and amend thy life. Leave this house, and I will become thy faithful friend in all honesty, and use thee as mine own sister."

At this, such a remorse of conscience, such a fearful terror of my sin struck into my mind that I kneeled down at his feet, and with tears besought him he would help me out of that misery, for his exhortation had caused in me a loathing of my wicked life, and I would not only become a reformed woman, but hold him as dear as my father that gave me life. Whereupon he kissed me with tears, and so we went down together, where we had further communication, and presently[9] he provided me another lodging, where I not only used myself so honestly, but also was so penitent, every day in tears for my former folly, that he took me to his wife, and how I have lived since and loathed filthy lust, I refer myself to the majesty of God, who knoweth the secrets of all hearts.

Thus, countrymen, I have published the conversion of an English courtesan, which if any way it be profitable either to forewarn youth or withdraw bad persons to goodness, I have the whole end of my desire, only craving every father would bring up his children with careful nurture, and every young woman respect the honour of her virginity.

[...]

—1592

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1 *covert* secrecy, concealment.

2 "Be sure of this, that no fornicator or impure man, or one who is covetous (that is, an idolater), has any inheritance in the kingdom of Christ and of God" (Ephesians 5:5).

3 *suffereth* allows, permits.

4 *payeth home* visits with retribution, punishes.

5 *inconvenience* harm, injury.

6 *loose* wanton, licentious.

7 *vaded* faded, decayed.

8 "Do you not know that you are God's temple and that God's Spirit dwells in you? If anyone destroys God's temple, God will destroy him. For God's temple is holy, and that temple you are" (1 Corinthians 3:16-17). See also 1 Corinthians 6:19-20.

9 *presently* without delay, at once.

from *Greene's Groatsworth of Wit, Bought with a Million of Repentance.*[1]

Describing the Folly of Youth, the Falsehood of Make-Shift Flatterers, the Misery of the Negligent, and Mischiefs of Deceiving Courtesans. Written before His Death and Published at His Dying Request.[2]

The Printer to the Gentle Readers.

I have published here, gentlemen, for your mirth and benefit *Greene's Groatsworth*[3] *of Wit.* With sundry of his pleasant discourses, ye have been before delighted, but now hath death given a period to his pen. Only this happened into my hands which I have published for your pleasures. Accept it favourably, because it was his last birth and not least worth, in my poor opinion. But I will cease to praise that which is above my conceit,[4] and leave itself to speak for itself, and so abide your learned censuring.[5]

Yours,
W.W.

To the Gentlemen Readers.

Gentlemen, the swan sings melodiously before death that in all his lifetime useth but a jarring sound.[6] Greene, though able enough to write, yet deeplier searched[7] with sickness than ever heretofore, sends you his swan-like song, for that he fears he shall never again carol to you wonted love lays,[8] never again discover to you youth's pleasures. However yet sickness, riot, incontinence have at once shown their extremity, yet if I recover, you shall all see more fresh sprigs than ever sprang from me, directing you how to live, yet not dissuading ye from love. This is the last I have writ, and I fear me the last I shall writ. And however I have been censured for some of my former books, yet, gentlemen, I protest they were as I had special information. But passing them, I commend this to your favourable censures, and like an embrion[9] without shape (I fear me) will be thrust into the world. If I live to end it, it shall be otherwise: if not, yet will I commend it to your courtesies, that you may as well be acquainted with my repentant death, as you have lamented my careless course of life. But as *nemo ante obitum felix*, so *acta exitus probat.*[10] Beseeching therefore so to be deemed hereof as I deserve, I leave the work to your likings, and leave you to your delights.

Greene's Groatsworth of Wit.

[Once, there was a "new-made gentleman" named Gorinius, who had gained a great fortune through usury. He had two sons: Lucanio, who had been brought up to succeed his father as a usurer, and Roberto, who had become a scholar and married a "proper gentlewoman." Gorinius loves Lucanio and despises Roberto, largely because the latter has

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[1] Readers interested in the entire text of *Groatsworth* should consult D.A. Carroll's superlative edition published in 1994 for Medieval and Renaissance Texts and Studies (Binghamton, NY). Carroll convincingly argues that *Groatsworth*'s authorship is a more complicated matter than it might at first appear: In his *Kind-Heart's Dream* (1592), the work's printer, Henry Chettle, claimed that he had simply gathered together and prepared for the press a work which Greene had left at the time of his death; he insisted that Greene was the sole author of *Groatsworth*, and that his (Chettle's) only role had been to write a fair copy for the perusal of the licensor. As Carroll notes, Chettle's emphatic denial that he himself was *Groatsworth*'s author suggests that there were persistent questions to this effect circulating soon after its publication. Carroll offers a detailed account of the controversy at the time, subsequent critical reactions to it, and finally a convincing description of the work's probable origins and authorship. He concludes that Chettle possibly functioned as a collaborator, compiler, and editor, perhaps bringing together his own contributions, Greene's autobiographical papers, and perhaps even the work of others; Chettle may even be the sole author of *Groatsworth*, with Carroll leaning towards this latter view (Introduction, p. 1). For the full argument, see pp. 1-31.

[2] The title page includes the following Latin epigram: *Foelicem fuisse infaustum* ("To have been happy once is now to be miserable").

[3] *Groatsworth* A groat was coin worth about fourpence, meaning *fig.* a very small amount.

[4] *conceit* understanding.

[5] *censuring* judgement, evaluation.

[6] Proverb, "Like a swan, he sings before his death" (*Tilley* S1028). See also *Erasmus, Adages*, 414e.

[7] *searched* tested (to reveal the nature of).

[8] *wonted love lays* customary love songs.

[9] *embrion* i.e., embryo.

[10] *nemo ante obitum felix* Latin, "No one is happy before death" (*Metamorphosis*, 3.137); *acta exitus probat* Latin, "The outcome is the measure of our actions" (Ovid, *Heroides*, 2.85), sometimes translated as "The end [result] justifies the means [deed]."

not shown proper respect to the business of accumulating money. Gorinius dies, leaving all of his estate to Lucanio, and Roberto becomes increasingly angry and envious over how little he has been left. Roberto then conspires with a prostitute of his acquaintance, Lamilia, to ensnare his brother and extract from him all his wealth. They initially agree that they will split the profits evenly. However, once Lamilia has won Lucanio's trust and heart, she double-crosses Roberto by informing Lucanio that Roberto has tried to entice her to betray him. Lucanio believes her, disowns his brother, and has him thrown out of Lamilia's house.]

Roberto in an extreme ecstasy[1] rent his hair, cursed his destiny, blamed his treachery, but most of all exclaimed against Lamilia,[2] and in her against all enticing courtesans, in these terms:

What meant the poets in invective verse
To sing Medea's shame and Scylla's pride,[3]
Calypso's[4] charms, by which so many died?
Only for this their vices they rehearse,[5]
That curious wits which in this world converse
May shun the dangers and enticing shows
Of such false sirens, those home-breeding foes,[6]
That from their eyes their venom do disperse.
So soon kills not the basilisk[7] with sight,
The viper's tooth is not so venomous,
The adder's tongue not half so dangerous
As they that bear the shadow of delight,
Who chain blind youths in trammels of their hair,
Till waste bring woe, and sorrow haste despair.

With this he laid his head on his hand, and leant his elbow on the earth, sighing out sadly,

Heu patior telis vulnera facta meis![8]

On the other side of the hedge sat one that heard his sorrow, who, getting over, came towards him,

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[1] *ecstasy* here, a frenzied state, occasioned by passion and rage.

[2] *Lamilia* perhaps a diminutive of "Lamia," whose story is recounted in Philostratus's *Life of Apollonius of Tyana* (4.25). She was a witch whose serpent-form (inflicted on her by the god Hermes) she could disguise beneath a veneer of stunning beauty. Lycius, a young Corinthian, is on the verge of marrying her when her true nature is revealed by his friend and mentor, Apollonius. See the recounting of this story in Robert Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* (Kila, MT, 2001), vol. 2, p. 648.

[3] *Medea's shame* Priestess of Hecate and daughter of Aeetes, king of Colchis, Medea falls passionately in love with Jason, the great Greek hero, and helps him achieve his goal of winning the golden fleece, in the process sacrificing her loyalty to her father and her virginity to her erotic desires. To regain for Jason his father Aeson's throne, usurped by Aeson's brother Pelias, she tricks Pelias' daughters into murdering their father. When Jason abandons her and marries another, she destroys the new bride, burning her father's palace to the ground. Medea's passionate desire for revenge leads her to murder two of her own children by Jason (*Metamorphoses* 7.1-431); *Scylla's pride* The sea-nymph Scylla's scornful rejection of Glaucus, a god of the sea, leads the sorceress Circe, jealous of Scylla's power over a god she herself desires, to transform her into a monster, replacing her thighs, legs, and feet with a pack of ferocious, incessantly barking dogs (*Metamorphoses*, 13.892-14.85). Homer's *Odyssey* gives her twelve feet and six monstrous heads; from her rock in the strait between Italy and Sicily she snatches up men from passing ships and devours them. For a poetic treatment of this myth, see the selections from Thomas Lodge's "Scylla's Metamorphosis," in this anthology's additional online texts.

[4] *Calypso* In Homer's *Odyssey*, the island nymph and daughter of Atlas, who fell in love with and imprisoned the wandering Odysseus on her island Ogygia for seven years; she released him only when commanded to do so by Jupiter/Zeus, king of the gods. While classical authors acknowledge Calypso's stunning beauty, they do not seem to suggest that she was responsible for any deaths.

[5] *rehearse* recount, describe.

[6] *sirens* a group of sea nymphs whose singing was so enthralling that listeners would become entranced, losing themselves in the music and finally starving to death because they forgot to eat. They appear most famously in Homer's *Odyssey*; *home-breeding foes* enemies to the breeding and bringing up (of children) in the home, and thus enemies to the marital relations which result in legitimate children. "Home-bred" can also describe those lacking breadth of culture and experience, who are unpolished and unsophisticated, just the sort of men that Lamilia is most successful in preying upon.

[7] *basilisk* a fabulous reptile; its hissing reputedly drove away all other serpents; its breath, and even its look, was fatal (*Pliny, Natural History*, 2.356-57).

[8] Latin, "Alas, I suffer wounds created by my own spears." The speaker, Phyllis, is lamenting the aid she has recently given to her beloved, Demophoon—aid which has allowed him to return to his homeland Attica, from whence (in violation of his promises) he has not returned (Ovid, *Heroides*, 2.48).

and broke off his passion. When he approached, he saluted Roberto in this sort:

"Gentleman," quoth he, "(for so you seem) I have by chance heard you discourse some part of your grief, which appeareth to be more than you will discover or I can conceit.[1] But if you vouchsafe[2] such simple comfort as my ability may yield, assure yourself that I will endeavour to do the best that either may procure you profit, or bring you pleasure: the rather, for that I suppose you are a scholar, and pity it is men of learning should live in lack."

Roberto, wondering to hear such good words, for that this iron age[3] affords few that esteem of virtue, returned him thankful gratulations,[4] and (urged by necessity) uttered his present grief, beseeching his advice how he might be employed.

"Why, easily," quoth he, "and greatly to your benefit, for men of my profession get by scholars their whole living."

"What is your profession?" said Roberto.

"Truly, sir," said he, "I am a player."[5]

"A player?" quoth Roberto. "I took you rather for a gentleman of great living, for if by outward habit men should be censured,[6] I tell you, you would be taken for a substantial man."

"So am I where I dwell," quoth the player, "reputed able at my proper cost[7] to build a windmill. What though the world once went hard with me, when I was fain to carry my playing fardel a footback:[8] *Tempora mutantur.*[9] I know you know the meaning of it better than I, but I thus conster it: 'it's otherwise now,' for my very share in playing apparel will not be sold for £200."[10]

"Truly," said Roberto, "'tis strange that you should so prosper in that vain practice, for that it seems to me your voice is nothing gracious."

"Nay, then," said the player, "I mislike your judgement. Why, I am as famous for Delphrigus and the King of Fairies as ever was any of my time. The twelve labours of Hercules have I terribly thundered on the stage, and played three scenes of the Devil in *The Highway to Heaven.*"[11]

"Have ye so?" said Roberto. "Then I pray you pardon me."

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1 *conceit* conceive, imagine.

2 *vouchsafe* are willing to graciously accept; deign to accept.

3 *iron age* In classical literature, the golden age was the age of original human and natural perfection; Hesiod's poem *Works and Days* is the ultimate source for the division of history into a series of increasingly degenerate ages of mankind: silver, bronze, iron.

4 *gratulations* expression of thanks; thanksgiving.

5 D.A. Carroll notes that while the player might have been recognizable to contemporary readers, his identity remains unknown. "The Player should be understood," he continues, "primarily, to *represent* the successful actors of the day, to be a type of those who have derived their wealth and smugness from an old fashioned repertory being refurbished by poets like Roberto and from a talent which, though they themselves think well of it, is, in Roberto's view, quite modest. The whole was probably meant as an allegory of the arrival on the dramatic scene of Greene and his kind, the University Wits." Carroll argues that the scene's "content and attitude" are deeply indebted to Nashe's 1589 preface to *Menaphon* ("The Player-Patron in Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit* [1592]" *Studies in Philology* 91.3 [Summer 1994]: 303). Carroll offers the various arguments concerning the Player's identity as Shakespeare, Edward Alleyn, James Burbage, Robert Wilson, and Anthony Munday (pp. 307-12). For a more detailed account of the issues surrounding the Player's identity and the representation of the writing and performing of plays in the 1580s and 1590s, see D.A. Carroll, ed., "Appendix D, 'The Player-Patron'" in *Greene's Groatsworth of Wit* (Binghamton, NY, 1994), pp. 111-13.

6 *if by outward habit men should be censured* i.e., if by their outward appearance or clothing men should be evaluated or judged.

7 *at my proper cost* i.e., entirely at my own expense. Carroll suggests that this may refer to the Theatre, which "stood on the edge of Finsbury Fields near three very conspicuous windmills," although two other theatres in London were also situated near windmills ("The Player-Patron," p. 308).

8 *fain to carry my playing fardel a footback* i.e., obliged or necessitated to carry the pack (fardle) containing my actor's accoutrements on (my) back ("footback" is a humorous variation on "horseback").

9 Latin, "times change." Proverb: "Times change and we with them" (*Tilley* T343).

10 *my very share in playing apparel will not be sold for £200* i.e., the player owns a share in his company's acting wardrobe which if he sold it would bring him a substantial amount of money. Although costumes accounted for a significant proportion of a company's capital wealth, the player's estimation is highly exaggerated. For some sense of the value of such costumes in the period, see *Elizabethan Stage* 1.372: "Richard Jones ... sold his share in a stock of apparel, play-books, instruments, and other commodities for £37 10s. in 1589." Chambers estimates "the total value of the contents of a tiring-house [where costumes and props were stored] might be anything from £500 to £1,000."

11 These references are all to characters in various plays, none of which seem any longer to be extant, and all of which "reflect not the experience of any specific individual but rather the (*continued*)

"Nay, more," quoth the player, "I can serve to make a pretty speech, for I was a country author, passing at a moral, for 'twas I that penned *The Moral of Man's Wit*, *The Dialogue of Dives*, and for seven years' space was absolute interpreter to the puppets.[1] But now my almanac is out of date:

The people make no estimation
Of morals teaching education.[2]

Was not this pretty for a plain rhyme extempore? If ye will, ye shall have more."

"Nay, it's enough," said Roberto. "But how mean you to use me?"

"Why, sir, in making plays," said the other, "for which you shall be well paid, if you will take the pains."

Roberto, perceiving no remedy, thought best in respect of his present necessity to try his wit, and went with him willingly; who lodged him at the town's end in a house of retail,[3] where what happened our poet, you shall after hear. There, by conversing with bad company, he grew *a malo in peius*,[4] falling from one vice to another; and so having found a vein to finger crowns, he grew cranker[5] than Lucanio, who by this time began to droop, being thus dealt with by Lamilia. She, having bewitched him with her enticing wiles, caused him to consume in less than two years that infinite treasure gathered by his father with so many a poor man's curse. His lands sold, his jewels pawned, his money wasted, he was cashiered by Lamilia, that had cozened[6] him of all. Then walked he like one of Duke Humphrey's squires,[7] in a thread-bare cloak, his hose drawn out with his heels, his shoes unseamed, lest his feet should sweat with heat. Now (as witless as he was) he remembered his father's words, his unkindness to his brother, his carelessness of himself. In this sorrow he sat down on penniless bench;[8] where when Opus and Usus told him by the chimes in his stomach it was time to fall unto meat, he was fain with the chameleon to feed upon the air,[9] and make patience his best repast.

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dramatic activity in general of the seventies and early eighties." In his preface to *Menaphon*, Nashe offers both Delphrigus and the King of Fairies as typical of the roles "of the struggling actors' repertory before the arrival of the poets." Delphrigus sounds like "the knight of the dramatized chivalric romance ... in plays modeled after the Italian," while the King of Fairies "may refer to *Huon of Bordeaux*, performed as an old play ... at the Rose in December 1593" (Carroll, "The Player-Patron," pp. 303-04). The twelve labours of Hercules were represented a number of times in early modern drama, and the hero's speeches became a by-word for a particular kind of "over-the-top" ranting, which took its inspiration in the period from Seneca's *Hercules Furens*; *three scenes of the Devil in The Highway to Heaven*, apparently a late morality play, no longer extant (ibid., pp. 304-05).

[1] *passing at a moral* i.e., skilled in the composition of a morality play; Carroll notes that *The Moral of Man's Wit*, of which we have no record, "probably points not to any one play but to the group of Wit interludes in which Wit is presented as entering into manhood" (such as *Marriage of Wit and Wisdom* [1570-79?]) ("The Player-Patron," p. 305). If *The Dialogue of Dives* was an actual play, it does not seem to have survived; its title indicates a "scriptural comedy" (ibid., p. 305) based on the parable of Dives—the rich man—and Lazarus recounted in Luke 16:19-31; *seven years' space* the traditional length of an apprenticeship; *absolute interpreter to the puppets* i.e., he spoke the parts for puppets in puppet shows.

[2] The couplet states what is really quite obvious: that the player-playwright's works and the players' repertory have been superseded in popular estimation by the more innovative, poetically refined as well as less morally dogmatic and allegorical drama that was on the rise in the 1580s and 1590s, such as Thomas Kyd's *The Spanish Tragedy* (c. 1587); Christopher Marlowe's *Tamburlaine the Great, Parts I and II* (1587-88), *The Jew of Malta* (1589-90); and Shakespeare's *Henry VI* plays (c. 1589-92). In saying that "[his] almanac is out of date," the player-playwright is indicating that time and theatrical fashion have left him behind, that his out-dated morality plays no longer please.

[3] *house of retail* brothel; house of prostitution.

[4] Latin (although the more usual formulation would be *a malo ad peius*): "from bad to worse."

[5] *a vein to finger crowns* i.e., a method to gain money (with the strong implication contained in the verb "finger," that this money is achieved sordidly and unworthily); *cranker* more aggressively high-spirited, disposed to exult or triumph; "cockier."

[6] *cashiered* generally a military term, meaning to dismiss from service; *cozened* cheated.

[7] *Duke Humphrey's squires* See p. 1018, note 12.

[8] Proverb, "to sit on penniless bench" (i.e., to live in extreme poverty) (*Tilley* P187). There was an actual "penniless bench" near Carfax Church in Oxford, a place for the lazy, idle, and poor (*Topographical Dict.*, p. 402).

[9] *Opus and Usus* Latin, "toil and habit"; *fall unto meat* i.e., have a meal; *with the chameleon to feed upon the air* Proverb, "A man cannot live on air like a chameleon" (*Tilley* M226; cf. *Hamlet*, 3.2.97). Pliny writes

While he was at this feast, Lamilia came flaunting by, garnished with the jewels whereof she beguiled him, which sight served to close his stomach after his cold cheer.[1] Roberto, hearing of his brother's beggary, albeit he had little remorse of his miserable state, yet did seek him out to use him as a property,[2] whereby Lucanio was somewhat provided for. But being of simple nature, he served but for a block to whet Roberto's wit on; which the poor fool perceiving, he forsook all other hopes of life, and fell to be a notorious pandar,[3] in which detested course he continued till death.

But Roberto, now famozed[4] for an arch-play-making-poet, his purse like the sea sometime swelled; anon like the same sea fell to a low ebb; yet seldom he wanted,[5] his labours were so well-esteemed. Marry, this rule he kept: whatever he fingered aforehand was the certain means to unbind a bargain,[6] and being asked why he so slightly[7] dealt with them that did him good? "It becomes me," sayeth he, "to be contrary to the world, for commonly when vulgar men receive earnest,[8] they do perform; when I am paid anything afore-hand, I break my promise." He had shift[9] of lodgings, where in every place his hostess writ up the woeful remembrance of him, his laundress, and his boy;[10] for they were ever his in household, beside retainers in sundry other places. His company were lightly[11] the lewdest persons in the land, apt for pilfery,[12] perjury, forgery, or any villainy. Of these he knew the casts to cog at cards, cozen[13] at dice; by these he learned the legerdemains of nips, foists, cony-catchers, crossbiters, lifts, high lawyers,[14] and all the rabble of that unclean generation of vipers;[15] and pithily could he paint out their whole courses of craft. So cunning he was in all crafts as nothing rested in him almost but craftiness. How often the gentlewoman his wife laboured vainly to recall him is lamentable to note. But as one given over to all lewdness, he communicated her sorrowful lines among his loose trulls, that jested at her bootless[16] laments. If he could any way get credit on scores, he would then brag his creditors carried stones, comparing every round circle to a groaning O, procured by a painful burden. The shameful end of sundry his consorts, deservedly punished for their amiss, wrought no compunction in his

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that the efficacy of medicines made from the guts and dung of this creature is all the more remarkable since "this beast liveth upon no meat at all ..." (*Pliny, Natural History*, 2.316).

1 *which sight served to close his stomach after his cold cheer* i.e., the sight of Lamilia becomes ironically the "dessert" which fills up his stomach after his "meal" of air. Although *OED* dates the first use of "close" in this way to 1653 ("close," verb 21.b), this is clearly the meaning here. Greene may also imply that the sight of Lamilia robs Lucanio of his appetite.

2 *property* a mere means to an end; an instrument or tool.

3 *block* whetstone; also, a stupid person; *pandar* pimp or procurer.

4 *famozed* celebrated, renowned.

5 *wanted* lacked (in the sense that he usually did not suffer from the lack of money to buy what he needed).

6 See below. Whenever Roberto is paid a portion of his fee in advance—for example, by a company eager to secure the exclusive ownership of and playing rights to a drama he is presently working on—he treats this payment as not as acknowledgment of a contract between himself and the agent, but as an opportunity to retain a fee for services which he has no intention of supplying. On the practice of paying playwrights by installments, see *Elizabethan Stage*, 2.161-62. Chambers suggests that Roberto's less than ethical behaviour may have been a reality in the London theatre business (2.162-63).

7 *slightly* carelessly, with little respect.

8 *vulgar* common, ordinary; *earnest* money, or a sum of money, paid as an installment, especially for the purpose of securing a bargain or contract.

9 *shift* i.e., a string or whole series (of).

10 *woeful remembrance* i.e, the bill (which is a "woeful remembrance" for Roberto's various landladies because he seems to have seldom paid promptly or in full); *boy* page, young male servant.

11 *lightly* easily.

12 *pilfery* robbery, petty theft.

13 *the casts to cog at cards* the tricks to cheat at cards; *cozen* cheat.

14 *legerdermains* particular skills; *nips* cutpurses (in the period, people would often carry their money in a bag or purse, attached to a belt; a nip would steal a purse by cutting it away from its belt); *foists* pick-pockets; *cony-catchers* those who catch "conies" or dupes; cheats, swindlers; *crossbiters* those who "crossbite" or "bite the biters"; those who cheat in return or cheat by outwitting, gulling, or deceiving; *lifts* those who steal parcels from shops; *high lawyers* highwaymen (Greene, *Notable Discovery*, pp. 37-38).

15 *generation of vipers* a label applied to the Pharisees and Sadducees in Matthew 3:7; 12:34; 23:33 and Luke 3:7.

16 *trulls* whores, prostitutes; *bootless* vain, useless.

heart, of which one, brother to a brothel[1] he kept, was trussed under a tree as round as a ball.[2]

To some of his swearing companions thus it happened: a crew of them sitting in a tavern carousing, it fortuned an honest gentleman and his friend to enter their room. Some of them being acquainted with him, in their domineering drunken vein would have no nay but down he must needs sit with them; being placed, no remedy there was but he must needs keep even compass[3] with their unseemly carousing. Which he refusing, they fell from high words to sound strokes, so that with much ado the gentleman saved his own,[4] and shifted from their company. Being gone, one of these tipplers forsooth lacked a gold ring; the other swore they see the gentleman take it from his hand. Upon this the gentleman was indicted before a judge, these honest men[5] are deposed; whose wisdom,[6] weighing the time of the brawl, gave light to the jury what power wine-washing poison had. They according unto conscience found the gentleman not guilty, and God released by that verdict the innocent.

With his accusers thus it fared: one of them for murder was worthily executed; the other never since prospered; the third, sitting not long after upon a lusty horse the beast suddenly died under him. God amend the man.

Roberto, everyday acquainted with these examples, was notwithstanding nothing bettered but rather hardened in wickedness. At last was that place justified, God warneth men by dreams and visions in the night, and by known examples in the day, but if he return not, he comes upon him with judgement that shall be felt.[7] For now when the number of deceits caused Roberto be hateful almost to all men, his immeasurable drinking had made him the perfect image of the dropsy, and the loathsome scourge of lust tyrannized in his bones.[8] Lying in extreme poverty, and having nothing to pay but chalk, which now his host accepted not for current,[9] this miserable man lay comfortlessly languishing, having but one groat left (the just proportion of his father's legacy) which looking on, he cried: "Oh, now it is too late, too late to buy wit with thee, and therefore will I see if I can sell to careless youth what I negligently forgot to buy."

Here, gentlemen, break I off Roberto's speech, whose life in most parts agreeing with mine found one self[10] punishment as I have done. Hereafter

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1 *brothel* prostitute.

2 *brother to a brothel he kept … ball* The individual in question seems to have been "trussed" in the sense of "hanged," although chiefly the expression is "trussed up" rather than "trussed under."

3 *keep even compass* to keep proper proportion or measure (here, to return toasts as was customary in drinking carouses).

4 *his own* his own life, but also, perhaps, that of his companion.

5 *these honest men* i.e., the gentleman and his friend.

6 *whose wisdom* i.e., the wisdom of the judge.

7 *that place justified … felt* i.e., that passage (in Scripture) confirmed or shown to be true. Although there are many famous instances in Scripture where "God warneth men by dreams and visions in the night," such as Jacob's dream in Genesis 46:2, the three wise-men's dream in Matthew 2:12, the visions of the prophet Daniel in Daniel 7:2, the visions of the apostle Paul in Acts 16:9 and 18:9, and King Nebuchadnezzar's prophetic dream in Daniel 4:4-37, only the last of these has any connection with a call to repentance, and an implied threat of retribution if this call is not heeded. Probably Greene is referring to Eliphaz's terrifying account and interpretation of his "visions of the night" in Job 4-5. In this dream, he is asked the questions "Can mortal man be righteous before God? Can a man be pure before his Maker?" (4:17), and he is offered an image of men as "house[s] of clay, whose foundation is the dust, who are crushed before the moth" (4:19). However, Eliphaz also asserts that a man's suffering is "the chastening of the Almighty," and that while God inflicts such suffering he can also offer healing: "In famine he will redeem you from death, and in war from the power of the sword. You shall be hid from the scourge of the tongue, and shall not fear destruction when it comes. At destruction and famine you shall laugh, and shall not fear the beasts of the earth" (5:17, 5:20-22). Eliphaz concludes his catalogue of the blessings of God by saying, "You shall know also that your descendants shall be many, and your offspring as the grass of the earth. You shall come to your grave in ripe old age, as a shock of grain comes up to the threshing floor in season. Lo, this we have searched out; it is true. Hear, and know it for your good" (5:25-27). Obviously, these verses echo ironically and comment tellingly on Roberto's present situation.

8 *dropsy* a disorder characterized by the accumulation of watery fluid in the serous cavities or connective tissue of the body; *loathsome scourge of lust tyrannized in his bones* Aching bones were one of the symptoms of syphilis.

9 *but chalk … not for current* Apparently, tavern debts were chalked up on posts (see *OED*, "chalk, v., 3b"). Roberto, unable to pay his debts for liquor, food, and lodging, has had his credit cut off by the owner of the inn or tavern where he has been staying.

10 *one self* one and the same.

suppose me the said Roberto, and I will go on with that he promised. Greene will send you now his groatsworth of wit, that never showed a mitesworth[1] in his life; and though no man now be by to do me good, yet ere I die I will by my repentance endeavour to do all men good:

Deceiving world, that with alluring toys[2]
Hast made my life the subject of thy scorn,
And scornest now to lend thy fading joys
To length my life, whom friends have left forlorn:
How well are they that die ere they be born,
And never see thy sleights, which few men shun,
Till unawares they helpless are undone.[3]

Oft have I sung of love and of his fire,
But now I find that poet was advized
Which made full feasts increasers of desire,
And proves weak love was with the poor despized.
For when the life with food is not suffized,[4]
What thought of love, what motion of delight,
What pleasance can proceed from such a wight?[5]

Witness my want,[6] the murderer of my wit;
My ravished sense of wonted fury reft[7]
Wants such conceit as should in poems fit.
Set down the sorrow wherein I am left.

But therefore have high heavens their gifts bereft:
Because so long they lent them me to use,
And I so long their bounty did abuse.

Oh, that a year were granted me to live,
And for that year my former wits restored!
What rules of life, what counsel would I give?
How should my sin with sorrow be deplored?
But I must die of every man abhorred.
Time loosely spent will not again be won;
My time is loosely spent, and I undone.

O horrenda fames,[8] how terrible are thy assaults? But *vermis conscientiae*,[9] more wounding are thy stings. Ah, gentlemen that live to read my broken and confused lines, look not I should (as I was wont) delight you with vain fantasies, but gather my follies altogether, and, as ye would deal with so many parricides, cast them into the fire. Call them Telegonus, for now they kill their father,[10] and every lewd line in them written is a deep, piercing wound to my heart; every idle hour spent by any in reading them brings a million of sorrows to my soul. Oh, that the tears of a miserable man (for never any man was yet more miserable) might wash their memory out with my death, and that those works with me together might be interred! But sith they cannot, let this my last work witness against them with me, how I detest them. Black is the remembrance of my black works, blacker than night, blacker than death, blacker than hell.

Learn wit by my repentance, gentlemen, and let these few rules following be regarded in your lives:

1. First, in all your actions set God before your eyes,[11] for the fear of the Lord is the beginning

[1] *mitesworth* The mite appears in books of commercial arithmetic in the sixteenth and seventeenth century as the lowest denomination of English money of account; here, as elsewhere, used mainly as a proverbial expression for an extremely small amount of something.
[2] *toys* trifles.
[3] *undone* ruined, utterly destroyed.
[4] *suffized* sufficed.
[5] *pleasance* enjoyment; *wight* referring back to "love" personified here as a person (*wight* person, creature, often miserable or pitiable).
[6] *want* destitution.
[7] *My ravished sense of wonted fury reft* i.e., my enraptured sense has been stripped of its accustomed fury, where "fury" means divinely inspired, poetic frenzy. He has lost his poetic inspiration. See Sidney's *Defence of Poesy*, pp. 717-18.
[8] Latin, "terrible hunger."
[9] Latin, "worm of conscience."
[10] Telegonus the son of Odysseus and Circe who, arriving in Ithaca, went to reveal himself to his father. In a quarrel, he ends up killing Odysseus before he knows that the man he has just killed is his father.
[11] *set ... eyes* "I keep the Lord always before me; because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved" (Psalm 16:8). See also Psalms 36:1, 54:3, and 86:14.

of wisdom.[1] Let his word be a lantern to your feet, and a light unto your paths;[2] then shall you stand as firm rocks, and not be moved.[3]

2. Beware of looking back,[4] for God will not be mocked;[5] of him that hath received much, much shall be demanded.[6]
3. If thou be single and canst abstain, turn thy eyes from vanity;[7] for there is a kind of women bearing the faces of angels, but the hearts of devils, able to entrap the elect if it were possible.[8]
4. If thou be married, forsake not the wife of thy youth to follow strange flesh, for whoremongers and adulterers the Lord will judge. The door of a harlot leadeth down to death, and in her lips there dwells destruction; her face is decked with odours, but she bringeth a man to a morsel of bread and nakedness, of which myself am instance.[9]

[1] *for the fear … wisdom* "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom; a good understanding have all those who practice it. His praise endures forever!" (Psalm 111:10); "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and the knowledge of the Holy One is insight" (Proverbs 9:10). This verse from Proverbs occurs in the midst of maxims that criticize anyone who reproves a "scoffer," recommending that a man should focus on reproving the wise men who will love rather than hate the critic for the instruction.

[2] *Let … paths* "Through thy precepts I get understanding; therefore I hate every false way. Thy word is a lamp to my feet and a light to my path. I have sworn an oath and confirmed it, to observe thy righteous ordinances. I am sorely afflicted; give me life, O Lord, according to thy word!" (Psalm 119:104-06).

[3] "For he will hide me in his shelter in the day of trouble; he will conceal me under the cover of his tent, he will set me high upon a rock" (Psalm 27:5); "Everyone then who hears these words of mine and does them will be like a wise man who built his house upon the rock; and the rain fell, and the floods came, and the winds blew and beat upon that house, but it did not fall, because it had been founded on the rock" (Matthew 7:24). "Moved" is "mocked" in the copytext, clearly a printer's error.

[4] *Beware … back* Christ calls two men to follow him. Both are willing, but one asks for permission to bury his father first, to whom Christ replies: "Leave the dead to bury their own dead; but as for you, go and proclaim the kingdom of God." The other asks for permission to say goodbye to his family; Christ replies: "No one who puts his hand to the plow and looks back is fit for the kingdom of God" (Luke 9:59-62). There is perhaps a secondary reference to the fate of Lot's wife, who warned by God not to look back as she and her family fled from destruction of the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, did indeed look back and was turned into a pillar of salt (Genesis 19:15-26).

[5] *God … mocked* "Do not be deceived; God is not mocked, for whatever a man sows, that he will also reap. For he who sows to his own flesh will from the flesh reap corruption; but he who sows to the Spirit will from the Spirit reap eternal life. And let us not grow weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap, if we do not lose heart. So then, as we have opportunity, let us do good to all men, and especially to those who are of the household of faith" (Galatians 6:7-10).

[6] *of him … demanded* Near the end of a talk to his disciples about the necessity of being spiritually prepared for the coming of God, "for the Son of man is coming at an unexpected hour," Christ offers the example of the good and bad stewards; the good steward behaves as if he expects the arrival of his master at any minute (i.e., justly and prudently); the bad steward takes advantage of his master's late arrival to mistreat his fellow servants and indulge his desire for food and drink. Christ asserts that severe punishment awaits those who know their "master's will but [do] not make ready or act according to his will," but that a far less severe punishment is in store for those who are ignorant of what the master has wanted: "Every one to whom much is given, of him will much be required; and of him to whom men commit much they will demand the more" (Luke 12:42-48).

[7] See Paul's injunctions concerning the relative merits of marriage and virginity in 1 Corinthians 7:1-10; 25-40.

[8] *for there … possible* The woman whose beauty conceals her faithless soul and her ability to destroy her lover is influenced by the description of the loose woman in Proverbs 2:16-19, but especially 6.25-27: "Do not desire her beauty in your heart, and do not let her capture you with her eyelashes; for a harlot may be hired for a loaf of bread, but an adulteress stalks a man's very life. Can a man carry fire in his bosom and his clothes not be burned?" (cf. Proverbs 7:6-27). However, the image is fairly common in misogynist texts of the period.

[9] Proverbs contains a number of exhortations to sexual fidelity within marriage; Greene refers here to Proverbs 5:15-19: "Drink water from your own cistern, flowing water from your own well. Should your springs be scattered abroad, streams of water in the streets? Let them be for yourself alone, and not for strangers with you. Let your fountain be blessed, and rejoice in the wife of your youth, a lovely hind, a graceful doe." The punishment for "whoremongers and adulterers" is described in Proverbs 6:26-35, 7:22-27. See also, "Let marriage be held in honour among all, and let the marriage bed be undefiled; for God will judge the immoral and adulterous" (Hebrews 13:4); *The door … destruction* "For the lips of a loose woman drip honey, and her speech is smoother than oil; but in the end she is bitter as wormwood, sharp as a two-edged sword. Her feet go down to death; her steps follow the path to Sheol [i.e., Hell or the land of the dead]" (Proverbs 5:3-5) and "Her house is the way to Sheol, going down to the chambers of death" (Proverbs 7:27); *but … nakedness* "For by means of a whorish woman a man is brought to a piece of bread" (Proverbs 6:26).

5. If thou be left rich, remember those that want, and so deal that by thy wilfulness thyself want not. Let not taverners and victualers be thy executors, for they will bring thee to a dishonourable grave.[1]
6. Oppress no man, for the cry of the wronged ascendeth to the ears of the Lord;[2] neither delight to increase by usury, lest thou lose thy habitation in the everlasting tabernacle.[3]
7. Beware of building thy house to thy neighbour's hurt, for the stones will cry to the timber, "We were laid together in blood." And those that so erect houses, calling them by their names, shall lie in the grave like sheep, and death shall gnaw upon their souls.[4]
8. If thou be poor, be also patient, and strive not to grow rich by indirect[5] means, for goods so gotten shall vanish like smoke.[6]
9. If thou be a father, master, or teacher, join good example with good counsel; else little avail precepts, where life is different.
10. If thou be a son or servant, despise not reproof;[7] for though correction be bitter at the first, it bringeth pleasure in the end.

Had I regarded the first of these rules or been obedient to the last, I had not now at my last end been left thus desolate. But now, though to myself I give *consilium post facta*,[8] yet to others they may serve for timely precepts. And therefore (while life gives leave) I will send warning to my old consorts, which have lived as loosely as myself; albeit weakness will scarce suffer me to write, yet to my fellow scholars about this city will I direct these few ensuing lines.

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[1] Injunctions to charity can be found in numerous places in Scripture: "He who oppresses the poor to increase his own wealth, or gives to the rich, will only come to want" (Proverbs 22:16). See also Luke 14:12-14, 18:22-25; 1 Timothy 6:17-19. Injunctions against drunkenness and gluttony are also frequent: "Hear, my son, and be wise, and direct your mind in the way. Be not among winebibbers, or among gluttonous eaters of meat; for the drunkard and the glutton will come to poverty, and drowsiness will clothe a man with rags" (Proverbs 23:19-21). See also Proverbs 26:9-10; 1 Corinthians 6:9-10.

[2] *Oppress ... Lord* There are several passages which Greene refers to here: "You shall not wrong a stranger or oppress him, for you were strangers in the land of Egypt. You shall not afflict any widow or orphan. If you do afflict them, and they cry out to me, I will surely hear their cry; and my wrath will burn, and I will kill you with the sword, and your wives shall become widows and your children fatherless" (Exodus 22:21-24); "Do not rob the poor, because he is poor, or crush the afflicted at the gate; for the Lord will plead their cause and despoil of life those who despoil them" (Proverbs 22:22); "When the righteous cry for help, the Lord hears, and delivers them out of all their troubles" (Psalm 34:17); "Thus says the Lord of hosts, 'Render true judgements, show kindness and mercy each to his brother, do not oppress the widow, the fatherless, the sojourner, or the poor' ..." (Zechariah 7:9-10).

[3] Injunctions against and regulations concerning usury are scattered throughout the Hebrew Scriptures: Exodus 22:25-27; Leviticus 25:36, 37; Deuteronomy 23:19-20. God defines, for example, the righteous man who "shall surely live" as someone who, among other virtues, "does not lend at interest or take any increase" (Ezekiel 18:8, 13, 17). Psalm 15 partly defines the man "who shall sojourn in [the Lord's] tent" and "dwell on [his] holy hill" as one "who does not put out his money at interest, and does not take a bribe against the innocent" (5).

[4] based on Jeremiah's censure of Jehoiakim, king of Judah, for his attention to his lavish palace, and his negligence of just rule: "Woe to him who builds his house by unrighteousness, and his upper rooms by injustice; who makes his neighbour serve him for nothing, and does not give him his wages; who says, 'I will build myself a great house with spacious upper rooms,' and cuts out windows for it, panelling it with cedar, and painting it with vermilion" (Jeremiah 22:13-14). Unlike his father, Jehoiakim has not done "justice and righteousness," preferring "dishonest gain," the "shedding of innocent blood," and "oppression and violence" (15, 17). When he dies, Jeremiah prophesies, no one will lament him either as kinsmen or king: "With the burial of an ass he shall be buried, dragged and cast forth beyond the gates of Jerusalem" (18-19). There is also a reference to Psalm 49, emphasizing the futility of human wisdom, wealth and pomp: "Their graves [i.e., of the wise, the foolish, and the stupid] are their homes forever, their dwelling places to all generations, though they named lands their own. Man cannot abide in his pomp, he is like the beasts that perish. This is the fate of those who have foolish confidence, the end of those who are pleased with their portion. Like sheep they are appointed for Sheol; Death shall be their shepherd; straight to the grave they descend, and their form shall waste away; Sheol shall be their home" (11-14).

[5] *indirect* deceitful, dishonest.

[6] *shall vanish like smoke* from one of the apocalyptic prophecies in Isaiah: "Lift up your eyes to the heavens, and look at the earth beneath; for the heavens will vanish like smoke, the earth will wear out like a garment, and they who dwell in it will die like gnats; but my salvation will be for ever, and my deliverance will never be ended" (51:6).

[7] *If thou be a son ... reproof* a constant theme in Proverbs; see Proverbs 1:8-9, 23-26; 3:11-12; 13:1; 15:10.

[8] Latin, "counsel or advice after the events."

To Those Gentlemen His *Quondam*[1] Acquaintance, That Spend Their Wits in Making Plays, R.G. Wisheth a Better Exercise, and Wisdom to Prevent His Extremities.

If woeful experience may move you, gentlemen, to beware, or unheard of wretchedness entreat you to take heed, I doubt not but you will look back with sorrow on your time past, and endeavour with repentance to spend that which is to come. Wonder not (for with thee will I first begin), thou famous gracer of tragedians,[2] that Greene, who hath said with thee (like the fool in his heart) "There is no God,"[3] should now give glory unto his greatness;[4] for penetrating is his power, his hand lies heavy upon me,[5] he hath spoken unto me with a voice of thunder,[6] and I have felt he is a God that can punish enemies. Why should thy excellent wit, his gift, be so blinded that thou shouldst give no glory to the giver? Is it pestilent Machiavellian policy that thou hast studied? O peevish folly! What are his rules but mere confused mockeries able to extirpate in small time the generation of mankind? For if *sic volo, sic iubeo*[7] hold in those that are able to command, and if it be lawful *fas et nefas*[8] to do anything that is beneficial, only tyrants should possess the earth;[9] and they striving to exceed in tyranny should each to other be a slaughterman, till the mightiest outliving all, one stroke were left for death, that in one age man's life should end. The broacher of this diabolical atheism is dead, and in his life had never the felicity he aimed at, but as he began in craft, lived in fear and ended in despair.[10] *Quam inscrutabilia sunt Dei iudicia?*[11] This murderer of many brethren had his conscience seared like Cain;[12] this betrayer of

[1] *Quondam* former.

[2] Critics agree that the "famous gracer of tragedians" refers to Christopher Marlowe (1564-93), Greene's friend, fellow playwright, and "University Wit." For a full discussion of Greene's representations of Marlowe in print and Marlowe's apparent reaction to *Groatsworth*, see D.A. Carroll, ed., "Appendix E: 'Thou famous gracer of Tragedians'" in *Greene's Groatsworth of Wit* (Binghamton, 1994), pp. 117-21. As Carroll notes, Greene's charging of Marlowe with atheism was extremely serious and perhaps largely accounts for the pamphlet's sensational reception at the time: convicted atheists would be tortured and publically executed (hanged or burnt at the stake) (p. 117). In *Kind Heart's Dream* (1592), Chettle tells us that he deleted an additional accusation against Marlowe which "to publish" would have been "intolerable." Critics have speculated on whether this charge may have been related to Marlowe's homosexuality.

[3] *like the fool … no God* "The fool says in his heart, 'There is no God.' They are corrupt, they do abominable deeds, there is none that does good" (Psalm 14:1).

[4] *give glory … greatness* See, for example, Joshua 7:19; Psalm 29:1-2, 96:7-8, and 115:1.

[5] *his hand … upon me* 1 Samuel 5-6, recounts God's punishment of the Philistines for their seizure and desecration of the Ark of the Covenant: they placed it in a temple in Ashdod, next to a statue of their god, Dagon: "The hand of the Lord was heavy upon the people of Ashdod, and he terrified and afflicted them with tumours, both Ashdod and its territory" (5:6). It is a common image of God's wrath with sinners: "When I declared not my sin, my body wasted away through my groaning all day long. For day and night thy hand was heavy upon me; my strength was dried up as by the heat of summer" (Psalm 32:3-4). See also Exodus 9:2-3; Deuteronomy 2:15; Judges 2:14-15.

[6] *voice of thunder* a common description of God's voice and power. See 1 Samuel 7:10; 2 Samuel 22:14; Job 26:14 and 37:1-5; Psalm 18:13, 77:18, and 104:7; Revelation 14:2.

[7] Latin, misquoted from Juvenal's *Satires*, 6.223: *hoc volo, sic iubeo*—"As I wish, so I command."

[8] Latin, "by just and unjust means."

[9] as opposed to Christ's promise in the Sermon on the Mount, that the meek "shall inherit the earth" (Matthew 5:5).

[10] The "broacher" is, of course, Machiavelli, whose works were considered at the time "the single greatest source of atheism in Western Europe"; indeed "his name, Niccolò ('Old Nick'), at that time became and has ever since remained a synonym for the devil" (G.T. Buckley, *Atheism in the English Renaissance* [Chicago, 1932], p. 31). Although the description of Machiavelli's life as marred by murder and fear was fairly common in his popular representations in England, Machiavelli's death by suicide is apparently Greene's own invention (E. Meyer, *Machiavelli and the Elizabethan Drama* [New York, rept., nd.], p. 69). However, given Machiavelli's connections with atheism, this suicide may have sources elsewhere in the period's literature.

[11] Latin, "How inscrutable are the judgements of God?" See Romans 11:33: "O the depth of the riches and wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgements and how inscrutable his ways!"

[12] *Cain* Genesis 4:1-16 recounts the troubled relationship between the brothers Cain and Abel, sons of Adam and Eve. After Cain murders his brother in anger and jealousy, God exiles Cain, but puts a mark on him to protect him from retribution. Machiavelli is also implicitly compared to those false teachers (themselves influenced by "deceitful spirits and the doctrines of demons"), described as "liars whose consciences are seared" (1 Timothy 4:1-2).

him that gave his life for him inherited the portion of Judas;[1] this *apostata* perished as ill as Julian.[2] And wilt thou, my friend, be his disciple? Look but to me, by him persuaded to that liberty, and thou shalt find it an infernal bondage.[3] I know the least of my demerits merit this miserable death, but wilful striving against known truth exceedeth all the terrors of my soul. Defer not (with me) till this last point of extremity, for little knowest thou how in the end thou shalt be visited. With thee I join young Juvenal, that biting satirist, that lastly with me together writ a comedy.[4] Sweet boy, might I advise thee, be advised, and get not many enemies by bitter words. Inveigh against vain men, for thou canst do it, no man better, no man so well. Thou hast a liberty to reprove all, and name none: for one being spoken to, all are offended; none being blamed no man is injured.[5] Stop shallow water still running, it will rage, or tread on a worm, and it will turn.[6] Then blame not scholars vexed with sharp lines, if they reprove thy too much liberty of reproof.

And thou no less deserving than the other two, in some things rarer, in nothing inferior; driven (as myself) to extreme shifts, a little have I to say to thee:[7] and were it not an idolatrous oath, I would swear by sweet St. George[8] thou art unworthy better hap, sith thou dependest on so mean a stay.[9] Base-minded men all three of you, if by my misery you be not warned, for unto none of you (like me) sought those burrs to cleave—those puppets (I mean) that speak from our mouths, those antics garnished in our colours.[10] Is it not strange that I, to whom they all have been beholding; is it not like that you, to whom they all have been beholding, shall (were ye in that case as I am now) be both[11] at once of them forsaken? Yes,

[1] Given that Greene presents Machiavelli's life as having ended in "despair" (i.e., suicide), he is clearly referring to the account of Judas' suicide in Matthew 27:3-10 and his providential death in Acts 1:16-20.

[2] Judas is an apostate (Latin, "apostata") because he abandoned his religious and spiritual principles in betraying Christ. Julian the Apostate (Flavius Claudius Julianus [332-363 CE]), Roman emperor and nephew of Constantine the Great, attempted to replace Christianity as the official religion of the Roman state with traditional Roman paganism. He wrote extensively against Christianity, but died without fulfilling his goal. An apocryphal story has his last words as, "Thou hast conquered, Galilean" (i.e., Jesus Christ) (*Dict. Christian Church*).

[3] Greene, Marlowe, Thomas Nashe, and Gabriel Harvey may all have been introduced to the works of Machiavelli at Cambridge, where he was much read (Meyer, *Machiavelli*, pp. 24-25). In the posthumously published *The Repentance of Robert Greene* (1592), Greene presents his life as not simply one characterized by profligate debauchery but (as here) by actual atheism, tendencies encouraged by his sojourn in Italy, Machiavelli's homeland, where "I saw and practised such villainy as is abominable to declare" (C1^{v}). More tellingly, he notes, "I seemed as one of no religion, but rather as a mere Atheist, contemning [i.e., despising] the holy precepts uttered by any learned preacher" (B1^{r}). To a friend he reports himself as having said, "If I may have my desire while I live, I am satisfied, let me shift [i.e., manage] after death as I may" (B2^{r}).

[4] Greene's critics have disagreed over the identity of the "young Juvenal," but although Thomas Lodge was first suggested, most now seem to agree that Thomas Nashe is the more likely candidate, both because of his reputation as a biting satirist and his relative youth (Greene calls him "sweet boy," below) compared to Lodge. For Nashe's biography, see p. 927. We do not know the identity of the collaborative comedy to which Greene refers; for some of the many guesses, see Charles Nicholl, *A Cup of News: The Life of Thomas Nashe* (London, 1984), pp. 124-30; *Juvenal* (Decimus Junius Juvenalis [c. 60-c. 130 CE]) was the Roman satiric poet whose works became a model for writers such as Marston and Hall. Nashe had a stormy relationship with the humanist scholar and writer Gabriel Harvey (1552/53-1631) and his two brothers, and they may be the "scholars vexed with sharp lines" (ll. 409-11, below). For a full discussion of the identity of the "young Juvenal" and the "scholars," see D.A. Carroll, ed., "Appendix F: 'yong Juvenal,'" in *Greene's Groatsworth of Wit* (Binghamton, 1994), pp. 123-29; *lastly* recently, lately.

[5] That satire should attack general types of vices rather than particular persons was a commonplace in the sixteenth century. For a brief discussion, see K.W. Gransden, Introduction, *Tudor Verse Satire* (London, 1970), pp. 22-25. See also Lodge's "To the Gentleman Readers," *A Fig for Momus* (1595), pp. 991-92.

[6] Proverb: "Tread on a worm and it will turn" (*Tilley* W909), indicating the folly of injuring even the weakest person, since he/she will still retaliate.

[7] Critics generally agree that the reference is to George Peele (c. 1557-96), dramatist and poet; *extreme shifts* desperate measures.

[8] *St. George* the patron saint of England.

[9] *hap* fortune; *so mean a stay* so ignoble or base a support.

[10] "Puppets" and "antics" refers to two different types of actors. A "puppet" is a living personator in a dramatic action, but although the *OED* suggests that "puppets" denote actors in pantomimes, that cannot be the case here, since Greene emphasizes that these individuals "speak from [he and his fellow dramatists'] mouths." Greene may mean that the actors are like actual puppets which are mute and inanimate until given speech and movement by their manipulators, the playwrights. An "antic" is a performer who plays a grotesque or ludicrous part; a clown or mountebank. Both are derogatory terms.

[11] *both* i.e., Greene himself, and Marlowe, Nashe, and Peele.

trust them not: for there is an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers,[1] that with his *tiger's heart wrapped in a player's hide*, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you;[2] and being an absolute *Johannes fac totum* is in his own conceit the only Shake-scene[3] in a country. Oh, that I might entreat your rare wits to be employed in more profitable courses, and let those apes[4] imitate your past excellence, and never more acquaint them with your admired inventions! I know the best husband of you all will never prove an usurer,[5] and the kindest of them all will never prove a kind nurse.[6] Yet whilst you may, seek you better masters, for it is pity men of such rare wits should be subject to the pleasure of such rude grooms.[7]

In this I might insert two more, that both have writ against these buckram gentlemen.[8] But let their own works serve to witness against their own wickedness, if they persevere to maintain any more such peasants.[9] For other newcomers, I leave them to the mercy of these painted monsters, who (I doubt not) will drive the best-minded to despise them; for the rest,[10] it skills not though they make a jest at them.

But now return I again to you three, knowing my misery is to you no news, and let me heartily entreat you to be warned by my harms. Delight not (as I have done) in irreligious oaths, for from the blasphemer's house a curse shall not depart.[11]

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[1] Shakespeare is attacked here and in the following derogatory comments, which focus on charging the young playwright with plagiarism, ingratitude, and arrogance. An "upstart" is an individual who has recently risen to a place of prominence, with the strong implication that he does not deserve his new status. The crow has a particularly poor reputation in English lore, being proverbially ungrateful ("Breed up a crow and she will peck out your eyes" [*Tilley* C846]) and unreasonably and ludicrously prideful ("He struts like a crow in a gutter" [*Tilley* C852]). Both these charges against Shakespeare are expanded upon in Greene's subsequent comments. The crow's common representation as a carrion bird that displays its hypocrisy and ingratitude by first weeping over the carcass that it then consumes, the carcass that it depends upon for its very life, offers an unflattering image of Shakespeare as "feeding off" the dying carcass of Greene's talent ("The crow bewails the sheep and then eats it" [*Tilley* C847]). That Shakespeare "is beautified with our feathers" also suggests that his growing fame is based on the appropriation of others' work; the crow was sometimes used as a symbol of the plagiarizing writer. For a concise survey and judicious evaluation of the critical controversy surrounding this attack, see D.A. Carroll, ed., "Appendix G: 'upstart crow,'" *Greene's Groatsworth of Wit* (Binghamton, NY, 1994), pp. 131-45.

[2] The quotation is a parody of Shakespeare's *3 Henry VI*, 1.4.137: "O tiger's heart wrapped in a woman's hide!"; *bombast out* render grandiose through the use of inappropriately inflated language; *blank verse* verse without rhyme; especially the iambic pentameter or unrhymed heroic, the regular measure of English dramatic and epic poetry; it became the dominant meter for these genres partly through the influence of Marlowe's and Shakespeare's plays.

[3] *Johannes fac totum* Latin, literally "John Do-everything," entering English as "Johannes Factotum," a "Jack of all trades," a supposed universal genius, a person who tries to do everything and does nothing well or even competently; *Shake-scene* one who shakes the stage, in reference to Shakespeare's imitation of Marlowe's "mighty lines." Greene's use of this word is unique.

[4] *apes* slavish mimics.

[5] *husband* one who manages his affairs with skill and thrift; a frugal or provident man. The implication here, perhaps, is that Shakespeare himself will "prove" or has "proven" to be a usurer. Figuratively, Greene accuses Shakespeare of unscrupulously appropriating that which does not belong to him (similar to the charge of plagiarism which he also lays), greedily amassing it for himself, and loaning it out only on punishingly harsh conditions.

[6] *kindest of them all … nurse* This must refer to Shakespeare and by implication other upstart player-playwrights, but also players in general, who have not proven to Greene to be "kind nurses" in his poverty and illness, and will not prove to be so to Marlowe, Nashe, or Peele.

[7] *rude grooms* unlearned or ignorant servants, in contrast to the university-educated Greene, Marlowe, Nashe, and Peele. The attack again seems to be both on player-playwrights and players generally.

[8] *two more … buckram gentlemen* The "two more" has occasioned a flurry of inconclusive speculation, even with the clue that both of these playwrights had attacked the players, but also had written and continued (at least up to 1592) to write for them. Among the more popular candidates have been Stephen Gosson, Anthony Munday, Thomas Lodge, John Lyly, and Thomas Kyd. For a full list with citations, see D.A. Carroll, ed., *Greene's Groatsworth of Wit* (Binghamton, 1994), p. 86, note 1.

[9] *if they persevere to maintain any more such peasants* i.e., if they continue to write plays to support the players (who are "peasants," although they pretend to be gentlemen [buckram = fake, counterfeit]).

[10] *the rest* i.e., those who write for players.

[11] Cf. Matthew 12:31: "Therefore I tell you, every sin and blasphemy will be forgiven men, but the blasphemy against the Spirit will not be forgiven" (cf. Mark 3:29; Luke 12:10).

Despise drunkenness, which wasteth the wit and maketh men all equal unto beasts. Fly lust as the deathsman of the soul, and defile not the temple of the Holy Ghost.[1] Abhor those epicures, whose loose life hath made religion loathsome to your ears, and when they soothe you with terms of mastership, remember Robert Greene, whom they have often so flattered, perishes now for want of comfort.

Remember, gentlemen, your lives are like so many lighted tapers, that are with care delivered to all of you to maintain. These with wind-puffed wrath may be extinguished,[2] which drunkenness put out, which negligence let fall, for man's time is not of itself so short but it is more shortened by sin.[3] The fire of my light is now at the last snuff, and for want of wherewith to sustain it there is no substance left for life to feed on. Trust not then (I beseech ye) to such weak stays,[4] for they are as changeable in mind as in many attires. Well, my hand is tired, and I am forced to leave where I would begin; for a whole book cannot contain their wrongs, which I am forced to knit up in some few lines of words.

Desirous that you should live, though himself be dying,

Robert Greene.[5]

[...]

A Letter Written to His Wife, Found with This Book after His Death.

The remembrance of the many wrongs offered thee and thy unreproved virtues add greater sorrow to my miserable state than I can utter or thou conceive. Neither is it lessened by consideration of thy absence (though shame would hardly let me behold thy face), but exceedingly aggravated, for that I cannot (as I ought) to thy own self reconcile myself, that thou mightest witness my inward woe at this instant, that have made thee a woeful wife for so long a time. But equal[6] heaven hath denied that comfort, giving at my last need like succour as I have sought all my life: being in this extremity as void of help as thou hast been of hope. Reason would that, after so long waste,[7] I should not send thee a child to bring thee greater charge. But consider he is the fruit of thy womb, in whose face regard not the father's faults so much as thy own perfections. He is yet Greene,[8] and may grow straight if he be carefully tended; otherwise, apt enough (I fear me) to follow his father's folly. That I have offended thee highly I know; that thou canst forget my injuries I hardly believe. Yet persuade I myself, if thou saw my wretched estate thou couldst not but lament it; nay, certainly I know thou wouldst. All my wrongs

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1 *deathsman* executioner; *defile* … *Ghost* See p. 1026, note 8.

2 *lighted tapers* … *extinguished* taper: wax candle. "Yea, the light of the wicked is put out, and the flame of his fire does not shine. The light is dark in his tent, and his lamp above him is put out" (Job 18:5-6) and "How often is it that the lamp of the wicked is put out? That their calamity comes upon them? That God distributes pains in his anger?" (Job 21:17); "Fret not yourself because of evildoers, and be not envious of the wicked; for the evil man has no future; the lamp of the wicked will be put out" (Proverbs 24:19-20). See also Matthew 5:14-16, where Christ describes the nature of witnessing: "You are the light of the world. A city set on a hill cannot be hid. Nor do men light a lamp and put it under a bushel, but on a stand, and it gives light to all in the house. Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works and give glory to your Father who is in heaven" (cf. Mark 4:21-23; Luke 8:16-17 and 11:33-36).

3 "The fear of the Lord prolongs life, but the years of the wicked will be short" (Proverbs 10:27) [cf. Psalm 37:8-11, 20, 38; 58:3, 8].

4 *stays* supports.

5 Greene offers at this point a retelling of Aesop's fable, "The Ant and the Grasshopper," wherein the ant works all summer to lay up provisions for winter, while the grasshopper plays all day, scorning labour and the ant's prudence. When winter comes, the ant lives, but the grasshopper dies, but not before he engraves his own epitaph in the sand, which reads in part: "My wretched end may warn green, springing youth / To use delights, as toys that will deceive, / And scorn the world before the world them leave: / For all the world's trust is ruin without ruth. / Then blest are they that like the toiling ant, / Provide in time 'gainst winter's woeful want." Greene ends by comparing himself to the grasshopper and then says: "Now faint I of my last infirmity, beseeching them that shall bury my body to publish this last farewell written with my wretched hand" (Greene, pp. 49-50).

6 *equal* just, impartial, fair.

7 *after so long waste* i.e., after so long a period of wasteful squandering (of money).

8 *Greene* a pun on "green": youthful, immature, and thus susceptible to being shaped or formed. The proverb occurs in various guises in *Tilley* T632, W27, and W136.

muster themselves before me; every evil at once plagues me.[1] For my contempt of God, I am contemned of men.[2] For my swearing and forswearing, no man will believe me. For my gluttony, I suffer hunger; for my drunkenness, thirst; for my adultery, ulcerous sores.[3] Thus God hath cast me down that I might be humbled, and punished me for example of other sinners. And although he strangely suffers me in this world to perish without succour, yet trust I in the world to come to find mercy, by the merits of my Saviour, to whom I commend thee, and commit my soul.

Thy repentant husband for his disloyalty,
Robert Greene.

Foelicem fuisse infaustum.[4]

FINIS.

—1592

[1] "For I know my transgressions, and my sin is ever before me" (Psalm 51:3).

[2] *contemned of men* i.e., despised by men.

[3] *ulcerous sores* the result of having contracted a sexually-transmitted disease.

[4] See p. 1027, note 2.

William Kemp
fl. 1585-1602

William Kemp began his acting career travelling with the Earl of Leicester's Players during the 1580s. Returning from his Continental tours, which included time in the Netherlands, he quickly assumed the mantle of Richard Tarleton (d. 1588), the most famous comic actor and dancer of his generation. According to Thomas Nashe, at least, Kemp was considered Tarleton's direct "spiritual" heir; he described Kemp as "that most comical and conceited cavaliere Monsieur du Kempe, Jest monger and Vice-gerent generall to the Ghoste of Dicke Tarleton" ("Dedication," *An Almond for a Parrot*). Perhaps as early as 1589, Kemp joined Edward Alleyn's company, the Lord Strange's Men, and spent his time alternating between performances at the Rose Theatre and touring the provinces when—as was frequently the case—the theatres in London were shut down on account of the plague. In 1594, Kemp moved to the Lord Chamberlain's Men, the company of Richard Burbage and William Shakespeare, probably taking parts such as Dogberry in *Much Ado About Nothing*, as well as Launcelot Gobbo in *The Merchant of Venice*, Bottom in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and Touchstone in *As You Like It*. The exact reasons for Kemp's departure from the Lord Chamberlain's Men in 1599 remain a mystery. However, contemporary sources suggest that while he was enormously popular, especially for his jigs and songs and quick wit, his tendency "to steal scenes" made him less than popular with his fellow actors. It may be that Kemp's style of comic acting was quickly becoming outmoded, given its improvisatory nature within a theatre which was increasingly oriented towards a set text. Having sold his shares in the Globe, Kemp set out to capitalize on his popularity as a dancer, singer, and clown. His jig from London to Norwich in February 1600, an approximately 114-mile journey that took him four weeks, was followed, perhaps in 1601-1602, by another Continental tour with a group of English players.[1] His career as a solo performer, however, left him short of money, and by March of 1602 he had joined Worcester's Men. After this point, he passes out of the historical record, although he may be the Kemp buried in November of 1603 in London.[2]

Kemp's Nine Days' Wonder is a pamphlet with an obvious economic motive, since clearly it seeks to recreate and capitalize on the money and fame that the marathon dance had initially produced. In recreating the dance in the pamphlet press, however, Kemp also consciously rewrites the communal aspects of the medieval morris dance traditions, transforming an action participated in, supported, and—in a sense—owned by the whole community into one which is highly individualized, professionalized, and offered as a theatrical commodity for sale in the community marketplace. In other words, Kemp celebrates the ancient communal ritual of the morris dance and the virtues of hospitality, liberality, and generosity associated with it, at the same time that he resituates this ritual and its accompanying virtues within a new mercantile economy.[3] While in the pamphlet Kemp certainly seeks to align himself with the gentleman-class (and distance himself somewhat from the common people), the pamphlet is also disruptive of this class division because of the way it resembles a comic "progress," a comic version of those stately progresses undertaken by Queen Elizabeth during her reign. At the same time, the pamphlet also offers an unusual perspective on the burgeoning popular press.

EDITION: *Kemps nine daies wonder*. London: Printed by E. A[llde] for Nicholas Ling, 1600. STC 14923.

[1] M. Butler, "William Kemp," *DNB online*, 2005.

[2] Ibid.

[3] M.W. Thomas, "*Kemps Nine Daies Wonder*: Dancing Carnival into Market" *PMLA* 107.3 (May 1992): 511-13, 521.

Kemp's Nine Days' Wonder[1]

Performed in a dance from London to Norwich.[2]

Containing the pleasure, pains and kind entertainment[3] of William Kemp between London and that City in his late Morris.[4]

Wherein is somewhat set down worth note; to reprove the slanders spread of him: many things merry, nothing hurtful.

Written by himself to satisfy his friends.[5]

The Epistle Dedicatory

To the True Ennobled Lady, and His Most Bountiful Mistress, Mistress Anne Fitton,[6] Maid of Honour to the Most Sacred Maid Royal, Queen Elizabeth.

Honourable mistress, in the wane[7] of my little wit, I am forced to desire your protection, else every ballad-singer will proclaim me bankrupt of honesty. A sort of mad fellows, seeing me merrily disposed[8] in a morris, have so bepainted me in print since my gambols[9] began from London to Norwich, that (having but an ill[10] face before) I shall appear to the world without a face, if your fair hand wipe not away their foul colours. One hath written "Kemp's Farewell" to the tune of "Kery, mery, buffe"; another "His Desperate Dangers in His Late Travail";[11] the third "His Entertainment to New-market,"[12] which town I came never near by the length of half the heath. Some swear in a trenchmore[13] I have trod a good way to win the world; others that guess righter affirm I have without good help danced myself out of the world; many say many things that were never thought. But in a word, your poor servant offers the truth of his

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[1] Nine days is proverbially how long the public will admire and pay attention to a novelty or sensation. It is understood that after nine days, this novelty will be ignored and forgotten.

[2] Kemp's journey from London to Norwich measures approximately 114 miles (*Topographical Dict.*, 372). In the notes below we have calculated (very approximately) some of the distances between Kemp's various stops along the way using John Speed's sixteenth-century English county maps. See *The Counties of Britain: A Tudor Atlas by John Speed*, ed. N. Nicolson and A. Hawkyard (London, 1988). However, we have calculated the distances "as the crown flies," and they are thus inevitably somewhat underestimated.

[3] *entertainment* providing for the wants of a guest; hospitality.

[4] Morris dancing is an ancient form of country dancing, the origins of which remain obscure. Perhaps originating in an even older ritual dance—the sword dance—morris dancing may have been part of pagan British fertility rituals, aimed at worshiping nature perhaps through actual sacrifice. Later, morris dancing sometimes featured characters taken from the Robin Hood legends, such as Maid Marian and (of course) Robin Hood himself. By the sixteenth century, morris dancers carried ritual staves instead of swords, and wore bells and handkerchiefs. According to Douce's *Illust. of Shakespeare*, ii. 475, "The number of bells round each leg of the morris-dancers amounted from twenty to forty. They had various appellations, as the fore-bell, the second bell, the treble, the tenor, the base, and the double-bell. Sometimes they used trebles only; but these refinements were of later times. The bells were occasionally jingled by the hands, or placed on the arms or wrists of the parties." The rest of the costume included "garters to which bells were attached" and handkerchiefs, variously hand-held or attached to the costume's shoulder.

[5] *Written by himself to satisfy his friends* a common justification at this time for participating in a print market which generally had a reputation for sordid commercialism, nowhere more evident than in those works intended for popular, secular entertainment, like ballads and sensational pamphlets.

[6] *Anne Fitton* born in 1574, and married in 1587 to a country gentleman, Sir John Newdigate of Arbury, Warwickshire, Anne Fitton was the elder sister of the notorious Mary Fitton who was the mistress of William Herbert, the earl of Pembroke, by whom she had an illegitimate child; although Mary was indeed a maid of honour to Elizabeth I, Anne never held this position. Neither she nor her sister was ever married to a nobleman, despite the adjective "ennobled." Wiles speculates that, since it is highly unlikely to get the name of one's dedicatee wrong, Kemp's "error" may be deliberate, emphasizing his "identity as a plain man [...] with no courtly aspirations" by dedicating "his pamphlet to a lady who eschewed courtly success" (D. Wiles, *Shakespeare's Clowns: Actor and Text in the Elizabethan Playhouse* [Cambridge, 1987], p. 28).

[7] *wane* declining in power, intensity.

[8] *disposed* occupied.

[9] *gambols* here, a leap or spring in dancing.

[10] *ill* ugly.

[11] *travail* labour, toil; but also, "travel."

[12] None of these ballads appear in the *STC*, nor in C.R. Livingston's *British Broadside Ballads of the Sixteenth Century: A Catalogue of the Extant Sheets and an Essay* (New York, 1991).

[13] *trenchmore* a lively English country dance.

progress[1] and profit[2] to your honourable view. Receive it, I beseech you, such as it is, rude and plain, for I know your pure judgement looks as soon to see a beauty in a blackamoor,[3] or hear smooth speech from a stammerer, as to find anything but blunt mirth in a morris dancer, especially such a one as Will Kemp, that has spent his life in mad jigs[4] and merry jests. Three reasons move me to make public this journey: one, to reprove lying fools I never knew; the other, to commend loving friends, which by the way I daily found; the third, to show my duty to your honourable self, whose favours (among other bountiful friends) makes me (despite of this sad world) judge my heart cork, and my heels feathers, so that methinks I could fly to Rome (at least hop to Rome, as the old proverb is) with a mortar on my head.[5] In which light conceit,[6] I lowly beg pardon and leave, for my taborer strikes his huntsup,[7] I must to Norwich. Imagine, noble mistress, I am now setting from my Lord Mayor's,[8] the hour about seven, the morning gloomy, the company many, my heart merry.

Your worthy ladyship's most
unworthy servant
William Kemp.

Kemp's Nine Days' Wonder: Performed in a Morris from London to Norwich. Wherein Every Day's Journey Is Pleasantly Set Down; To Satisfy His Friends the Truth, against All Lying Ballad-Makers; What He Did, How He Was Welcome, and by Whom Entertained.

The First Day's Journey, Being the First Monday in Clean Lent,[9] from the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor's of London.

The first Monday in Lent, the close morning promising a clear day, (attended on by Thomas Slye[10] my taborer, William Bee my servant, and George Sprat, appointed for my overseer, that I should take no other ease but my prescribed order) myself, that's I, otherwise called Cavaliero[11] Kemp, headmaster[12] of morris-dancers, high headborough[13] of heighs, and only tricker of your trill-lilles, and best bel-shangles[14] between Sion

[1] *progress* obviously, a journey, but Kemp also plays upon the word's reference to a state journey made by royalty or nobility. Elizabeth I's progresses, on which she was accompanied by a vast entourage, involved lengthy stays with various noblemen, during which she was treated to elaborate entertainments, jousts, hunting expeditions, etc.

[2] *profit* advantage or benefit; monetary gain as well as less tangible benefits are both referred to here.

[3] *blackamoor* an Ethiopian; in this context, any dark-skinned person.

[4] *jigs* a lively, rapid, springy kind of dance; also, a light performance or entertainment of a lively or comical character given at the end, or in the interval, of a play, in this period consisting mainly of song and dance. On Kemp's contribution to the jig as a popular form of entertainment, see Wiles, *Shakespeare's Clowns*, pp. 43-61.

[5] *(at least hop to Rome, as the old proverb is) with a mortar on my head* "To fly to Rome with a mortar (dish) on one's head" was apparently a legendary achievement of some famous wizard. It is one of those proverbs that refers to performing a ludicrously difficult and pointless task (*Tilley* R164).

[6] *light conceit* a witty or frivolous notion or expression.

[7] *taborer strikes his huntsup* drummer plays a rousing "tattoo" on his tabor, a small drum. A "huntsup" was *orig.* the name of an old song and its tune, sung or played to awaken huntsmen in the morning; used allusively, here, to indicate a song or tune played to rouse anyone.

[8] *my Lord Mayor's* Sir William Rider (Ryder) (c. 1544-1611), merchant and civic politician, was lord mayor of London (1600-01).

[9] *Lent* the 40-day period extending from Ash Wednesday to Easter evening, observed as a time of fasting and penitence, in commemoration of Christ's 40-day fast in the wilderness; "Clean Lent" is an obsolete label for this fasting time.

[10] perhaps related to William Slye, the actor (*Kemps nine daies wonder*, ed. A. Dyce, London, 1840, p. 27).

[11] *Cavaliero* a gentleman trained to arms; especially a horseman; a gay, sprightly military man; more generally, a courtier, a gallant.

[12] *headmaster* the principal master (i.e., teacher) of a school having a number of assistant masters under him.

[13] *headborough* a parish officer identical in function with the petty constable, whose major duty was keeping the peace within a particular parish or township; given the use of the adjective, "high," however, Kemp may be imagining himself here as a high constable, a much more important administrative figure, who was in charge of keeping the peace within a larger district.

[14] *bel-shangles* Although this word may mean something like "buffoon" in the period, in this instance it is probably an error for "bell-jangler" (*Dict. Slang*).

and Mount Surrey,[1] began frolickly to foot it, from the right honourable the Lord Mayor's of London, towards the right worshipful (and truly bountiful) Master Mayor's of Norwich.[2]

My setting forward was somewhat before seven in the morning, my taborer stroke up merrily, and as fast as kind people's thronging together would give me leave, through London I leapt. By the way many good old people, and divers[3] others of younger years, of mere kindness, gave me bowed[4] sixpences and groats,[5] blessing me with their hearty prayers and God-speeds.[6]

Being past Whitechapel,[7] and having left fair London, with all that north-east suburb before named, multitudes of Londoners left not me: but either to keep a custom which many hold—that Mile-end[8] is no walk without a recreation at Stratford Bow[9] with cream and cakes—or else for love they bear toward me, or perhaps to make themselves merry, if I should chance (as many thought) to give over my morris within a mile of Mile-end. However, many a thousand brought me to Bow, where I rested awhile from dancing, but had small rest with those that would have urged me to drinking. But I warrant you, Will Kemp was wise enough: to their full cups, kind thanks was my return, with gentlemanlike protestations as: "Truly sir, I dare not. It stands not with the congruity of my health." "Congruity," said I? How came that strange language in my mouth? I think scarcely that it is any Christian word, and yet it may be a good word for ought I know, though I never made it, nor do very well understand it. Yet, I am sure I have bought it at the word-mongers,[10] at as dear a rate, as I could have had a whole hundred of bavines[11] at the wood-mongers. Farewell "congruity," for I mean now to be more concise, and stand upon evener bases. But I must neither stand nor sit: the taborer strikes alarum. Tickle it,[12] good Tom; I'll follow thee. Farewell, Bow; have over thee, Bridge,[13] where I heard say honest conscience was once drowned. It's pity if it were so, but that's no matter belonging to our morris; let's now along to Stratford Langton.[14]

Many good fellows being there met, and knowing how well I loved the sport, had prepared a bear-baiting.[15] But so unreasonable were the multitudes of people, that I could only hear the bear roar, and the dogs howl. Therefore, forward I went with my hey de gaies[16] to Ilford,[17] where I again rested, and was by the people of the town and country thereabout very well welcomed: being offered carouses in the great spoon,[18] one whole draught being able at that time to have drawn my little wit dry; but being afraid of the old proverb

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[1] <*> Sion near Brainford, and Mount Surrey by Norwich [*Nine Days*' note]. Brainford (Brentford) is 8 miles W of London (*Topographical Dict.*, p. 73). See p. 1046, note 5.

[2] *Master Mayor's of Norwich* Master Roger Weild (also Weld, or Welde) had a long history of civic service in Norwich: he was a councilor (1582-85), sheriff (1585), alderman (1586-1604), clavor (1587-98), candidate for mayor (1590), auditor (1597-99), and finally mayor (1599) [*An Index to Norwich City Officers, 1453-1835*, ed. T. Hawes (Norfolk Record Office, 1989), p. 163].

[3] *divers* many.

[4] *bowed* bent.

[5] *groats* a coin worth about four pennies.

[6] *God-speeds* "God speed you" was an expression used to wish someone a speedy and successful journey.

[7] *Whitechapel* a suburb to the NE of London, outside of the city walls; the nearest city gate was Aldgate. The main road from London to Essex and the eastern counties began at Aldgate and ran through Whitechapel, Mile-end and on to Stratford le Bow (*Topographical Dict.*, p. 564).

[8] *Mile-end* a hamlet outside of London proper, E of Whitechapel (*Topographical Dict.*, p. 346).

[9] *Stratford Bow* i.e., Stratford at Bow (Stratford le Bow), 4½ miles NE of St. Paul's, London (*Topographical Dict.*, p. 71).

[10] *word-mongers* a wordmonger is someone who deals in words, especially in strange, newly-coined, or pedantic words; here, Kemp imagines a shop (the wordmonger's shop) where a person can actually purchase words like "congruity"; *monger* seller.

[11] *bavines* bundles of brushwood used for fuel.

[12] *Tickle it* strike the drum.

[13] *have over thee, Bridge* "Have over" is a traditional cry to a ferryman; thus, here, "Take me over, Bridge."

[14] *Stratford Langton* a village in Essex, close to the county border with Middlesex, approximately two miles NE of Stratford at Bow.

[15] *bear-baiting* a popular blood-sport which involved tying a bear to a stake and setting a pack of dogs on it.

[16] *hey de gaies* another type of rural dance.

[17] *Ilford* a village in Essex about seven miles NE of London (*Topographical Dict.*, p. 262).

[18] <*> A great spoon in Ilford holding above a quart [Nine Days' note]; *carouses* toasts involving repeated and copious drinking.

"He had need of a long spoon that eats with the devil,"[1] I soberly gave my boon companions[2] the slip.

From Ilford by moon-shine I set forward, dancing within a quarter of a mile of Romford,[3] where in the highway two strong jades[4] (having belike some great quarrel to me unknown) were beating and biting either of other. And such, through God's help, was my good hap that I escaped their hoofs, both being raised with their forefeet over my head, like two smiths[5] over an anvil.

There being the end of my first day's morris, a kind gentleman of London lighting from his horse, would have no nay but I should leap into his saddle. To be plain with ye, I was not proud, but kindly took his kindlier offer, chiefly thereto urged by my weariness. So I rid to my inn at Romford.

In that town, to give rest to my well laboured limbs, I continued two days, being much beholding to the townsmen for their love, but more to the Londoners that came hourly thither in great numbers to visit me, offering much more kindness than I was willing to accept.

The Second Day's Journey, Being Thursday of the First Week.

Thursday being market day at Burntwood,[6] Tom Slye was earlier up than the lark, and sounded merrily the morris. I roused myself, and returned from Romford to the place where I took horse the first night, dancing that quarter of a mile back again through Romford, and so merrily to Burntwood. Yet now I remember it well, I had no great cause of mirth, for at Romford town's end I strained my hip, and for a time endured exceeding pain. But being loath to trouble a surgeon, I held on, finding remedy by labour that had hurt me, for it came in a turn, and so in my dance I turned it out of my service again.[7]

The multitudes were so great at my coming to Burntwood, that I had much ado (though I made many entreaties and stays[8]) to get passage to my inn.

In this town, two cut-purses[9] were taken, that with other two of their companions followed me from London (as many better disposed persons did), but these two dy-doppers[10] gave out,[11] when they were apprehended, that they had laid wagers and betted about my journey. Whereupon the officers bringing them to my inn, I justly denied their acquaintance, saving that I remembered one of them to be a noted cut-purse, such a one as we tie to a post on our stage, for all people to wonder at, when at a play they are taken pilfering.[12]

This fellow and his half brother, being found with the deed, were sent to jail; their other two consorts had the charity of the town, and after a dance of trenchmore at the whipping cross,[13] they were sent back to London, where—I am afraid—there are too many of their occupation. To be

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1 *"He had need of a long spoon that eats with the devil"* i.e., he that has to have dealings with crafty persons should be crafty himself (*Tilley* S771).

2 *boon companions* i.e., good fellows, often used of drinking companions.

3 *Romford* Rumford, a town in Essex some 12 miles NE of London (*Topographical Dict.*, p. 442).

4 *jades* horses, sometimes vicious and ill-tempered.

5 *smiths* i.e., blacksmiths.

6 *Burntwood* a town in Essex, approximately 16 miles NE of London (four miles from Rumford).

7 *came in a turn* i.e., the pain arrived as the result of a turn or twist; *I turned it out of my service again* "To turn someone out of service" means to dismiss someone from employment or office.

8 *stays* pauses; halts.

9 *cut-purses* stealers of purses, thieves; so-called in this period because men wore their purses on a girdle or belt around the waist, and such thieves would cut the cord from which the purse hung.

10 *dy-doppers* A "didapper" is a small diving waterfowl; when applied to a person, done so to ridicule; here, referring to men who conceal themselves only to appear suddenly and unexpectedly.

11 *gave out* said, reported.

12 *such a one as we tie to a post … when at a play they are taken pilfering* also a practice mentioned in the anonymous play *Nobody and Somebody* (entered in Stationers' Register, 1606): "Somebody once picked a pocket in this Play-house yard, / Was hoisted on the stage, and shamed about it" (sig. 1). See P. Simpson, "Actors and Acting," *Shakespeare's England*, vol. 2, p. 278.

13 *trenchmore at the whipping cross trenchmore* See p. 1042, note 13; *whipping cross* A cross often occupied a central position in a town or village which was used as the site for markets, meetings, proclamations, and public punishments, such as floggings.

short, I thought myself well rid of four such followers, and I wish heartily that the whole world were clear of such companions.

Having rested well at Burntwood, the moon shining clearly, and the weather being calm, in the evening I tripped it to Ingerstone,[1] stealing away from those numbers of people that followed me. Yet do I what I could, I had above fifty in the company, some of London, the other of the country thereabout, that would needs, when they heard my tabor, trudge after me through thick and thin.

The Third Day's Journey, Being Friday of the First Week.

On Friday morning, I set forward towards Chelmsford,[2] not having past two hundred, being the least company that I had in the daytime between London and that place. Onward I went thus easily followed, till I come to Witford-bridge, where a number of country people and many gentlemen and gentlewomen were gathered together to see me. Sir Thomas Mildmay, standing at his park pale,[3] received gently a pair of garters of me (gloves, points, and garters, being my ordinary merchandise, that I put out to venter for performance of my merry voyage).[4]

So much ado I had to pass by the people at Chelmsford that it was more than an hour ere I could recover my inn gate, where I was fain to lock myself in my chamber, and pacify them with words out of a window instead of deeds. To deal plainly, I was so weary that I could dance no more.

The next morning I footed it three mile of my way toward Braintree,[5] but returned back again to Chelmsford, where I lay that Saturday and the next Sunday. The good cheer and kind welcome I had at Chelmsford was much more than I was willing to entertain, for my only desire was to refrain drink, and be temperate in my diet.

At Chelmsford, a maid not passing fourteen years of age, dwelling with one Sudley, my kind friend, made request to her master and dame, that she might dance the morris with me in a great large room. They being entreated, I was soon won to fit her with bells, beside she would have the old fashion with napking[6] on her arms, and to our jumps we fell. A whole hour she held out, but then being ready to lie down, I left her off. But thus much in her praise: I would have challenged the strongest man in Chelmsford, and amongst many I think few would have done so much.

The Fourth Day's Journey, Being Monday of the Second Week.

On Monday morning very early, I rid the three miles that I danced the Saturday before. Where alighting, my taborer struck up, and lightly tripped[7] forward, but I had the heaviest way that ever mad morris-dancer trod: yet

With "hey" and "ho," through thick and thin
the hobby horse quite forgotten,[8]

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[1] *Ingerstone* not identified.

[2] *Chelmsford* a town in Essex approximately 27 miles NE of London and 10 miles from Burntwood.

[3] *Sir Thomas Mildmay* (d. 1608) one of the commissioners who had received the surrender of the monasteries under Henry VIII; he made himself and his family a large fortune through the dissolution of the monasteries, and in 1540 was granted the manner of Moulsham near Chelmsford where he built a manor house; *park pale* the fence or boundary surrounding his park, an enclosed tract of land held by royal grant, used largely for hunting.

[4] *gloves, points, and garters … to venter for performance of my merry voyage point* a tagged cord used to attach the hose to the doublet, lace a bodice, and fasten various parts where buttons are now used; it is often in the period the type of something of small value. According to Wiles, Kemp distributes these small articles as pledges for a given sum wagered, although we learn near the end of the tract that Kemp has also made pledges of actual money against his successful completion of his marathon dance (*Shakespeare's Clowns*, p. 25); *garter* a band worn round the leg, either above or below the knee to keep the stocking from falling down; *venter* risk or hazard.

[5] *Braintree* a town in Essex about 40 miles NE of London (*Topographical Dict.*, p. 73).

[6] *bells … napking* See p. 1042, note 4.

[7] *tripped* danced.

[8] *the hobby horse quite forgotten* In the morris-dance and on the stage (in burlesques, pantomimes, etc.), a figure of a horse made of wickerwood, or other light material was fastened about the waist of one of the performers, who imitated a spirited or frisky horse. The Puritans had succeeded in having this aspect of the morris dance banned

I follow'd as I did begin,
although the way were rotten.

This foul way I could find no ease in, thick woods being on either side the lane. The lane likewise being full of deep holes, sometimes I skipped up to the waist. But it is an old proverb, "That it is a little comfort to the miserable to have companions,"[1] and amidst this miry way, I had some mirth by an unlooked for accident.

It was the custom of honest country fellows, my unknown friends, upon hearing of my pipe (which might well be heard in a still morning or evening a mile) to get up and bear me company a little way. In this foul way, two pretty plain youths watched me, and with their kindness somewhat hindered me. One, a fine light fellow, would be still before me, the other ever at my heels. At length, coming to a broad plash of water and mud, which could not be avoided, I fetched a rise,[2] yet fell in over the ankles at the further end. My youth that followed me, took his jump, and stuck fast in the midst, crying out to his companion, "Come, George, call ye this dancing? I'll go no further." For indeed he could go no further, till his fellow was fain[3] to wade and help him out. I could not choose but laugh to see how like two frogs they laboured. A hearty farewell I gave them, and they faintly bade God speed me,[4] saying if I danced that dirty way this seven year again, they would never dance after me.

Well, with much ado I got unto Braintree by noon, tarried there Monday night and the next day, only I danced three miles on Tuesday to ease my Wednesday's journey.

If I should deny that I was welcome at Braintree, I should slander an honest crew of kind men, among whom I fared well, slept well and was every way well used.[5]

The Fifth Day's Journey, Being Wednesday of the Second Week.

Taking advantage of my three miles that I had danced the day before, this Wednesday morning I tripped it to Sudbury,[6] whither came to see a very kind gentleman, Master Foskew, that had before travailed a foot[7] from London to Barwick: who giving me good counsel to observe temperate diet for my health, and other advice to be careful of my company, besides his liberal entertainment, departed, leaving me much indebted to his love.

In this town of Sudbury, there came a lusty, tall fellow, a butcher by his profession, that would in a morris keep me company to Bury. I, being glad of his friendly offer, gave him thanks, and forward we did set. But ere ever we had measured half a mile of our way, he gave me over[8] in the plain field, protesting that if he might get a £100, he would not hold out with me; for indeed my pace in dancing is not ordinary.

As he and I were parting, a lusty country lass, being among the people, called him faint-hearted lout,[9] saying, "If I had begun to dance, I would have held out one mile, though it had cost me my life." At which words, many laughed. "Nay," saith she, "if the dancer will lend me a leash of his bells,[10] I'll venture to tread one mile with him myself." I looked upon her, saw mirth in her eyes, heard boldness in her words, and beheld her ready to tuck up her russet petticoat. I fitted her with bells, which she merrily taking, garnished her thick, short legs, and with a smooth brow bad the taborer begin. The drum struck, forward marched

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as a pagan superstition. This phrase is apparently part of a refrain in an old ballad, although the exact origin has not been traced. The hobby-horse became the proverbial type of things which are forgotten.

1 i.e., "it is good to have company in trouble (misery)" (*Tilley* C571).

2 *rise* a leap or bound upwards, especially one made with the help of a run at the outset of a long leap.

3 *fain* disposed, inclined.

4 *God speed me* See p. 1044, note 6.

5 *used* treated.

6 *Sudbury* a town in Suffolk, approximately 14 miles NE of Braintree.

7 *a foot* i.e., by foot.

8 *gave me over* deserted, abandoned me.

9 *lout* bumpkin, clown.

10 *leash of his bells* See p. 1042, note 4.

I with my merry Maid Marian,[1] who shook her fat sides, and footed it merrily to Melford,[2] being a long mile. There parting with her, I gave her (besides her skinful[3] of drink) an English crown[4] to buy more drink, for good wench[5] she was in a piteous heat. My kindness she requited with dropping some dozen of short curtsies, and bidding "God bless thee, dancer." I bad her adieu. And to give her her due, she had a good ear, danced truly, and we parted friendly. But ere I part with her, a good fellow, my friend, having writ an odd[6] rhyme of her, I will make bold to set it down:

A country lass brown as a berry,
Blithe of blee[7] in heart as merry,
Cheeks well-fed and sides well-larded,
Every bone with fat flesh guarded,
Meeting merry Kemp by chance,
Was Marian in his morris dance.
Her stump legs with bells were garnished,
Her brown brows with sweating varnished:
Her brown hips when she was lag,
To win her ground, went swig a swag,[8]
Which to see all that came after,
Were replete with mirthful laughter.
Yet she thumped it on her way,
With a sportly hey de gay,
At a mile her dance she ended,
Kindly paid and well commended.

At Melford, divers gentleman met me, who brought me to one Master Colts, a very kind and worshipful gentleman, where I had unexpected entertainment till the Saturday. From whose house having hope somewhat to amend my way to Bury,[9] I determined to go by Clare,[10] but I found it to be both farther and fouler.

The Sixth Day's Journey, Being Saturday of the Second Week.

From Wednesday night till Saturday, having been very troublesome, but much more welcome to Master Colts, in the morning I took my leave, and was accompanied with many gentlemen a mile of my way. Which mile Master Colts his fool[11] would needs dance with me, and had his desire, where leaving me, two fools parted fair in a foul way: I keeping on my course to Clare, where I a while rested, and then cheerfully set forward to Bury.

Passing from Clare towards Bury, I was invited to the house of a very bountiful widow, whose husband during his life was a yeoman[12] of that country, dying rich no doubt, as might well appear by the riches and plenty that abounded in every corner of the house. She is called the widow Everet.

At her house were met above thirty gentlemen. Such and so plentiful variety of good fare[13] I have very seldom seen in any commoner's house. Her behaviour being very modest and friendly, argued her bringing up not to be rude.[14] She was a woman of good presence,[15] and, if a fool may judge, of no small discretion.

From this widow's, I danced to Bury, coming in on the Saturday in the afternoon, at what time the right honourable the Lord Chief Justice[16] entered at another gate of the town, the wondering and

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1 *Maid Marian* See p. 1042, note 4.

2 *Melford* a town in Suffolk, approximately two miles NW of Sudbury.

3 *skinful* a drinking container made of animal hide.

4 *crown* a coin worth about five shillings.

5 *wench* girl of the rustic or working classes.

6 *odd* singular, unique, choice.

7 *Blithe of blee* merry of countenance, appearance.

8 *when she was lag, / To win her ground, went swig a swag* i.e., when she slackened her pace or began to fall behind, to gain the advantage [her hips] swayed from side to side.

9 *Bury* (Bury-St-Edmunds, or St Edmunds's-Bury), a major town and regional centre in Suffolk, 71 miles from London (*Topographical Dict.*, p. 86), and approximately eight miles NE of Clare. In 1600, its population is estimated to have been 4,500. See R. O'Day, *Longman Companion to the Tudor Age* (London, 1995), p. 164.

10 *Clare* a town in Suffolk, approximately five miles W of Melford.

11 *Master Colts his fool* Master Colts's professional fool or jester.

12 *yeoman* a freeholder under the rank of gentleman; a man holding a small landed estate, which generally he farmed himself.

13 *fare* food.

14 *rude* uncultured, unrefined.

15 *presence* demeanour, carriage, bearing.

16 *Lord Chief Justice* John Popham, chief justice of the King's Bench (served 1592-1607).

regardless multitude—making his Honour clear way—left the streets where he passed to gape at me: the throng of them being so great that poor Will Kemp was seven times stayed ere he could recover his inn. By reason of the great snow that then fell, I stayed at Bury from Saturday in the second week of my setting forth, till Thursday night the next week following.

The Seventh Day's Journey, Being Friday of the Third Week.

Upon Friday morning I set on towards Thetford,[1] dancing that ten mile in three hours, for I left Bury somewhat after seven in the morning, and was at Thetford somewhat after ten that same forenoon. But indeed considering how I had been booted[2] the other journeys before, and that all this way—or the most of it—was over a heath,[3] it was no great wonder: for I fared like one that had escaped the stocks[4] and tried the use of his legs to outrun the constable; so light was my heels, that I counted the ten miles no better than a leap.

At my entrance into Thetford, the people came in great numbers to see me: for there were many there, being size time.[5] The noble gentleman Sir Edwin Rich[6] gave me entertainment in such bountiful and liberal sort, during my continuance there Saturday and Sunday, that I want fit words to express the least part of his worthy usage of my unworthiness. And to conclude liberally[7] as he had begun and continued, at my departure on Monday, his Worship gave me five pound.

The Eighth Day's Journey, Being Monday of the Fourth Week.

On Monday morning I danced to Rockland[8] ere I rested, and coming to my inn, where my host was a very boon companion, I desired to see him: but in no case he would be spoken with, till he had shifted himself from his working day's suit. Being armed at all points, from the cap to the codpiece,[9] his black shoes shining, and made straight[10] with copper buckles of the best, his garters in the fashion, and every garment fitting *corremsquandam*[11] (to use his own word), he enters the hall with his bonnet[12] in his hand, began to cry out:

"O Kemp, dear Master Kemp, you are even as welcome as ... as ... as ...," and so stammering, he began to study for a fit comparison, and I thank him at last he fitted me, for saith he, "Thou art even as welcome as the Queen's best grey-hound." After this dogged yet well-meaning salutation, the carouses[13] were called in: and my friendly host of Rockland began with all this: blessing the hour upon his knees that any of the Queen's Majesty's well-willers or friends would vouchsafe[14] to come within his house, as if never any such had been within his doors before.

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[1] *Thetford* a town on the border between Suffolk and Norfolk, 30 miles SW of Norwich (*Topographical Dict.*, p. 512), and approximately 15 miles NE of Bury.

[2] *booted* tortured with the boot, an instrument of interrogation primarily used in Scotland.

[3] *heath* open, uncultivated ground.

[4] *stocks* another instrument of torture; public punishment for petty criminals often involved being put in the stocks, a contraption consisting of two planks set edgewise one over the other (usually framed between posts), the upper plank being capable of sliding up and down. The criminal was placed in a sitting position with his ankles confined between the two planks, the edges of which were furnished with holes to receive them. Sometimes there were added similar contrivances for securing the wrists.

[5] *size time* i.e. the time of the assizes, the sessions held periodically in each county of England, for the purpose of administering civil and criminal justice.

[6] *Sir Edwin Rich* one of the sons of Robert, Lord Rich; Edwin was knighted in 1596 and owned a manor house in Norfolk at Mulbarton.

[7] *liberally* generously, open-handedly.

[8] *Rockland* a village in Norfolk approximately eight miles N of Thetford.

[9] *at all points* fully and aptly; *codpiece* an often conspicuous and ornamented bagged appendage attached to the front of the close-fitting hose or breeches worn by men from the fifteenth to the seventeenth centuries.

[10] *straight* fittingly, correctly.

[11] *corremsquandam* an invented word, apparently composed of the Latin, *cum* + *res* + *quandam*, meaning something like "a certain aptness." Thanks to Michael Treschow (UBC-O, English) for this note.

[12] *bonnet* a brimless soft cap worn by men and boys.

[13] *carouses* the action or fashion of drinking boisterous, plentiful toasts.

[14] *vouchsafe* to give, grant, or bestow in a gracious or condescending manner.

I took his good meaning, and gave him great thanks for his kindness: and, having rested me well, began to take my course for Hingham,[1] whither my honest host of Rockland would needs be my guide. But, good true fat-belly, he had not followed me two fields, but he lies all along, and cries after me to come back and speak with him. I fulfilled his request, and coming to him, "Dancer," quoth he, "if thou dance a God's name,[2] God speed thee. I cannot follow thee a foot farther, but adieu, good dancer, God speed thee if thou dance a God's name."

I having haste of my way, and he being able to keep no way, there we parted. Farewell he, he was a kind good fellow, a true Troyan:[3] and it ever be my luck to meet him at more leisure, I'll make him full amends with a cup full of canary.[4] But now I am a little better advised, we must not thus let my mad host pass, for my friend late mentioned before, that made the odd rhyme on my Maid Marian, would needs remember my host. Such as it is, I'll bluntly set down:

He was a man not over spare,[5]
In his eyeballs dwelt no care;
"Anon, anon"[6] and "Welcome friend,"
Were the most words he used to spend.
Save sometime he would sit and tell,
What wonders once in Bullayne[7] fell;
Closing each period of his tale,
With a full cup of nut-brown ale.
Turwin and Turney's siege[8] were hot.
Yet all my host remembers not.
Ketsfield and Muscleborough fray[9]
Were battles fought but yesterday.
Oh, 'twas a goodly matter then,
To see your sword and buckler men;[10]
They would lie here, and here and there,
But I would meet them everywhere.
And now a man is but a prick.[11]
A boy armed with a poking stick[12]

[1] *Hingham* a town in Norfolk, approximately four miles N of Rockland.

[2] *a God's name* i.e., in God's name.

[3] *Troyan* i.e., Trojan: a merry or roistering fellow; a boon companion (generally a term of approval and familiarity).

[4] *canary* a type of wine.

[5] *spare* thin, lean.

[6] *"Anon, anon"* response to a request or order: "Coming!" "At your service!"

[7] *Bullayne* Boulogne, in France, attacked and taken by the English after a siege in 1544; Henry VIII personally headed the occupation.

[8] *Turwin and Turney's siege* The cities Turwin (Thérouanne) and Turney (Tournai) were besieged and taken by Henry VIII and his troops during the English invasion of Northern France in 1513, both conquests resulting from Henry's decision to resume the Hundred Years War; neither had much strategic value (J. Guy, *Tudor England* [Oxford, 1988] p. 84).

[9] *Ketsfield* In 1549, in enthusiastic response to the economic policies of Somerset—Edward VI's Protector during the young king's minority—Robert Kett, among others, led rebellions against the practice of enclosure. When Somerset instituted a series of commissions in various counties to examine enclosure and remedy its illegal excesses, Kett and others took this as a signal of government sympathy for rural farmers and workers. Many took the commissions as license to rebel against the enclosure movement which had cost many rural people their livelihood and traditional communal lands; people began tearing down the hedges and filling in the ditches which had literally enclosed such land from their use. Although the government swiftly put down these popular rebellions, Kett's was a particularly well-armed and organized one; it required a muster of troops to bring it under control. Warwick was one of those who led forces against Kett, who was finally defeated with the loss of 3,000 men, at Ketsfield (otherwise known as Dussindale, E of Norwich). Sometimes described as an engagement in what were "the closest thing Tudor England saw to class war," Kett's Rebellion was motivated by social grievance, and a desire, in Kett's words, for "justice" and "good governance" (*Tudor England*, p. 208). A yeoman freeholder, Robert Kett, conducted his campaign with a remarkable sense of social responsibility, forbidding his men from violating personal property when they captured Norwich. According to MacCollough, Kett's Rebellion taught the gentry the "frightening lesson [...] that those outside the magisterial class could get on very well without them until confronted with brute force" (qtd. in ibid., p. 210); *Muscleborough* Musselburgh, just outside Edinburgh, where Protector Somerset defeated the Scots in 1547 at the Battle of Pinkie. Somerset was preoccupied with the conquest of Scotland during much of his time as the power behind the throne, aiming at (among other things) the union of the crowns of England and Scotland and the general subordination of Scotland to England's interests. His major strategy, to build a series of permanent English forts which could enforce England's will in Scotland, was enormously expensive, and not particularly successful.

[10] *sword and buckler men* men armed with a sword and buckler, a small round shield; *fig.* bragging, blustering army-men.

[11] *prick* uncertain, perhaps a vulgar insult (prick = penis); more likely a *var.* on "princock," an impudent youth, a conceited young fellow.

[12] *poking stick* also called "a poking iron," a rod used for stiffening the plaits of ruffs. (*ruff* an article of neck-ware, usually consisting of starched linen or muslin arranged in horizontal flutings and standing out all around the neck, worn especially in the reigns of Elizabeth I and James I.)

Will dare to challenge Cutting Dick.[1]
Oh, 'tis a world the world to see,
But 'twill not mend for thee nor me.
By this some guest cries "Ho, the house,"
A fresh friend hath a fresh carouse.
Still he will drink, and still be dry,[2]
And quaff with every company.
Saint Martin[3] send him merry mates
To enter at his hostree[4] gates:
For a blither[5] lad than he
Cannot an innkeeper be.

Well, once again farewell, mine host at Rockland: after all these farewells I am sure to Hingham I found a foul way, as before I had done from Thetford to Rockland.

Yet besides the deep way, I was much hindered by the desire people had to see me. For even as our shop-keepers will hail, and pull a man with "Lack ye? what do you lack, gentlemen?" "My ware is best," cries one; "Mine best in England," says another; "Here shall you have choice," sayeth the third. So was the divers voices of the young men and maidens, which I should meet at every mile's end, thronging by twenty, and sometime forty, yea hundreds in a company: one crying the fairest way was through their village; another, "This is the nearest and fairest way, when you have passed but a mile and a half"; another sort cry, "Turn on the left hand," some on the right hand, that I was so amazed, I knew not sometime which way I might best take: but hap hazard, the people still accompanying me, wherewith I was much comforted, though the ways were bad. But as I said before, at last I overtook it.

The Ninth Day's Journey, Being Wednesday of the Fourth Week.

The next morning I left Hingham, not staying till I came to Barford-bridge,[6] five young men running all the way with me, for otherwise my pace was not for footmen.

From Barford-bridge I danced to Norwich.[7] But coming within sight of the city, perceiving so great a multitude and throng of people still crowding more and more about me, mistrusting it would be a let[8] to my determined expedition, and pleasurable humour—which I long before conceived to delight this city with (so far as my best skill, and industry of my long travelled sinews could afford them)—I was advised, and so took ease by that advice, to stay my morris a little above Saint Giles his gate,[9] where I took my gelding, and so rid into the city, procrastinating my merry morris dance through the city till better opportunity.

Being come into the city: Master Roger Weild, the mayor, and sundry other of his worshipful brethren sent for me, who perceiving how I intended not to dance into the city that night, and being well satisfied with the reasons, they allotted me time enough not to dance in till Saturday after; to the end that divers knights and gentlemen, together with their wives and children (who had been many days before deceived with expectation of my coming) might now have sufficient warning, accordingly by Saturday following.

In the mean space, and during my still continuance in the city afterwards, they not only very courteously offered to bear mine own charges[10] and my followers', but very bountifully performed

[1] *Cutting Dick* Swaggering Dick, "Dick" being used as in the phrase "Every Tom, Dick, and Harry" to denote a common type of man; here, a "cutter" or a swaggering bully; sometimes, a highwayman or cutthroat.

[2] *dry* thirsty.

[3] *Saint Martin* Martin of Tours (c. 316-97), traditionally the patron saint of innkeepers.

[4] *hostree* hostry: a hostelry or inn.

[5] *blither* merrier.

[6] *Barford-bridge* Barford, Norfolk, approximately seven miles from Norwich.

[7] *Norwich* The second most populous city in England at this time, second only to London, Norwich had 15,000 inhabitants by 1603 (*Tudor England*, pp. 34-35). Norwich is approximately 10 miles NE of Hingham and about 114 miles from London.

[8] *let* hindrance.

[9] *Saint Giles his gate* i.e., the gate of Saint Giles.

[10] *charges* expenses.

it at the common charges.[1] The mayor and many of the aldermen often times besides invited us privately to their several houses.

To make a short end of this tedious description of my entertainment: Saturday no sooner came, but I returned without the city through Saint Giles his gate, and began my morris where I left at that gate, but I entered in at Saint Stephen's gate, where one Thomas Gilbert[2] in name of all the rest of the citizens gave me a friendly and exceeding kind welcome: which I have no reason to omit, unless I would condemn myself of ingratitude, partly for the private affection of the writer towards me; as also for the general love and favour I found in them, from the highest to the lowest, the richest as the poorest. It follows in these few lines:

Master Kemp His Welcome to Norwich[3]

W With heart, and hand, among the rest
E Especially you welcome are:
L Long looked for, as welcome guest,
C Come now at last you be from far.
O Of most within the city sure,
M Many good wishes you have had.
E Each one did pray you might endure,
W With courage good the match you made.
I Intend they did with gladsome hearts,
L Like your well-willers, you to meet:
K Know you also they'll do their parts,
E Either in field or house to greet
M More you than any with you came,
P Procured thereto with trump[4] and fame.

Your well-willer,
T.G.

Passing the gate, wifflers[5] (such officers as were appointed by the mayor) to make me way through the throng of the people, which pressed so mightily upon me: with great labour I got through that narrow preaze[6] into the open marketplace. Where on the cross, ready prepared, stood the city waits,[7] which not a little refreshed my weariness with toiling through so narrow a lane, as the people left me: such waits (under *benedicite*[8] be it spoken) few cities in our realm have the like, none better. Who, besides their excellency in wind instruments, their rare cunning on the viol and violin: their voices be admirable, every one of them able to serve in any cathedral church in Christendom for quiristers.[9]

Passing by the marketplace, the press still increasing by the number of boys, girls, men and women, thronging more and more before me to see the end, it was the mischance of a homely[10] maid, that belike was but newly crept into the fashion of long-waisted petticoats tied with points,[11] and had, as it seemed, but one point tied before, and coming unluckily in my way, as I was fetching a leap, it fell out that I set my foot on her

[1] *performed it at the common charges* perhaps, reimbursed them at the common rate of payment for such entertainment; perhaps, simply that the mayor and his aldermen paid Kemp and his fellows' expenses out of the town's public budget.

[2] *Thomas Gilbert* Norwich bookseller and bookbinder (active, 1559-1603). See "Thomas Gilbert," *The Norwich Book Trades before 1800*, by D. Stoker (Cambridge Bibliographical Society, 1981), vol. 8, part 1, p. 83. Although Gilbert does not seem to have held civic office, his family was clearly respectable: there are two Gilberts in J. L'Estrange's *Calendar of the Freemen of Norwich from 1317 to 1603*, ed. W. Rye (London, 1888); one a weaver, the other a grocer (p. 59).

[3] *Master Kemp His Welcome to Norwich* an acrostic poem, one where the first letter of each line spells out a word when read from top to bottom.

[4] *trump* trumpet.

[5] *wifflers* not in *OED*; the context suggests officers who clear the way for a procession.

[6] *preaze* press; space.

[7] *Where on the cross, ready prepared, stood the city waits* "waits" wind-instrumentalists maintained by a city or town at the public charge, to play at festive or ceremonial occasions; here, they are gathered at the market-cross, that stood at the centre of most towns and villages in the period, marking the community's main meeting place.

[8] *under benedicite* Latin, "under the invocation of a blessing."

[9] *quiristers* i.e., choristers, members of a choir.

[10] *homely* unsophisticated, simple, unpolished.

[11] *long-waisted petticoats tied with points* in this case, an outer skirt, attached to the bodice of the garment with a set of laces (or "points").

skirts. The point either breaking or stretching, off fell her petticoat from her waist, but as chance was, though her smock[1] were coarse, it was cleanly. Yet the poor wench was so ashamed, the rather for that she could hardly recover her coat[2] again from unruly boys, that looking before like one that had the green sickness,[3] now had she her cheeks all coloured with scarlet. I was sorry for her, but on I went towards the mayor's, and deceived the people by leaping over the churchyard wall at St John's, getting so into Master Mayor's gates a nearer way. But at last I found it the further way about, being forced on the Tuesday following to renew my former dance, because George Sprat, my overseer, having lost me in the throng, would not be deposed that I had danced it, since he saw me not. And I must confess I did not well, for the citizens had caused all the turnpikes[4] to be taken up on Saturday that I might not be hindered. But now I return again to my jump, the measure of which is to be seen in the guild-hall at Norwich, where my buskins, that I then wore and danced in from London thither, stand equally divided, nailed on the wall.[5] The plenty of good cheer at the mayor's, his bounty and kind usage, together with the general welcomes of his worshipful brethren, and many other knights, ladies, gentlemen and gentlewomen, so much exceeded my expectation, as I adjudged myself most bound to them all. The mayor gave me five pound in Elsabeth angels:[6] which mayor (fair madam, to whom I too presumptuously dedicate my idle paces) is a man worthy of a singular and impartial admiration, if our critic, humorous[7] minds could as prodigally conceive as he deserves, for his chaste life, liberality, and temperance in possessing worldly benefits. He lives unmarried, and childless, never purchased house nor land, the house he dwells in this year being but hired. He lives upon merchandise, being a merchant venturer. If our merchants and gentlemen would take example by this man, gentlemen would not sell their lands to become bankrupt merchants, nor merchants live in the possessions of youth-beguiled gentlemen, who cast themselves out of their parent's heritages for a few outcast[8] commodities. But wit whither wilt thou? What hath morris-tripping Will to do with that? It keeps not time with his dance; therefore, room, you moral precepts; give my legs leave to end my morris, or that being ended, my hands leave to perfect this worthless, poor, tattered volume.

Pardon me, madam, that I am thus tedious. I cannot choose but commend sacred liberality, which makes poor wretches partakers of all comfortable benefits. Besides the love and favour already repeated, Master Weild, the mayor, gave me 40 shillings yearly during my life, making me a freeman of the Merchant Venturers,[9] this is the substance of all my journey. Therefore let no man believe, however before by lying ballads and rumors they have been abused, that either ways were laid open for me, or that I delivered gifts to her Majesty. It is good being merry, my masters, but in a mean,[10] and all my mirths (mean[11] though they be) have been and ever shall be employed to the delight of my royal Mistress, whose sacred name ought not to be remembered among such ribald rhymes, as these late, thin-breeched,[12] lying ballad-singers have proclaimed it.

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1 *smock* undergarment; shift or chemise.

2 *coat* i.e., petticoat.

3 *green sickness* i.e., she was initially very pale before she blushed red with embarrassment. Green sickness, also known as the virgin's disease, was a type of severe anemia which afflicted young, unmarried women; its symptoms included pallor, unusual cravings, and a tendency to faint.

4 *turnpikes* barriers set up to exclude horse-traffic from a foot-way.

5 According to Wiles, this prodigious jump is now memorialized in Norwich, with a plaque on the wall of St John Maddermarket (*Shakespeare's Clowns*, p. 24), but if there was a plaque dating from 1600 it does not appear to have survived.

6 *Elsabeth angels* i.e., Elizabeth angels; an "angel" was a gold coin worth approximately 10 shillings.

7 *humorous* fanciful, whimsical; not grounded in reason.

8 *outcast* rejected, discarded.

9 *making me a freeman of the Merchant Venturers* Kemp is granted all the privileges of the highest-ranking member (the freeman) of the company of the Merchant Adventurers.

10 *mean* a comfortable median.

11 *mean* lowly, base.

12 *thin-breeched* i.e., so poor that their breeches are becoming worn through.

It resteth now that in a word I show what profit I have made by my morris. True it is I put out some money to have threefold gain at my return; some that love me, regard my pains, and respect their promise have sent home the treble worth; some other at the first sight have paid me, if I came to seek them; others I cannot see, nor will they willingly be found, and these are the greater number.[1] If they had all used me well, or all ill, I would have boldly set down the true sum of my small gain or loss, but I will have patience some few days longer. At the end of which time, if any be behind, I will draw a catalogue of all their names I ventured with. Those that have shown themselves honest men, I will set before them this character "H" for "Honesty"; before the other bench-whistlers[2] shall stand "K" for "Kettlers" and "Keistrels,"[3] that will drive a good companion without need in them to contend for his own. But I hope I shall have no such need. If I have, your honourable protection shall thus far defend your poor servant that he may, being a plain man, call a spade a spade.[4] Thus fearing your ladyship is wearier with reading this toy[5] than I was in all my merry travail, I crave pardon: and conclude this first pamphlet that ever Will Kemp offered to the press, being thereunto pressed on the one side by the pitiful papers pasted on every post, of that which was neither so nor so, and on the other side urged thereto in duty to express with thankfulness the kind entertainment I found.

Your Honour's poor servant.

W.K.

Kemp's Humble Request to the Impudent Generation of Ballad-Makers and Their Coherents; That It Would Please Their Rascalities to Pity His Pains in the Great Journey He Pretends,[6] and Not Fill the Country with Lies of his Never-Done Acts as They Did in His Late Morris to Norwich.

To the Tune of
"Thomas Deloney's Epitaph"[7]

My notable shakerags,[8] the effect of my suit[9] is discovered in the title of my supplication. But for your better understandings (for that I know you to be a sort of witless beetle-heads that can understand nothing, but what is knocked into your scalps), these are by these presents[10] to certify unto your block-headships, that I, William Kemp —whom you had near hand rent in sunder[11] with your unreasonable rhymes, am shortly (God willing) to set forward as merrily as I may: whither, I myself know not. Wherefore by the way I would wish ye employ not your little wits in certifying the world that I am gone to Rome, Jerusalem, or Venice, or any other place at your idle appoint.[12] I know the best of ye by the lies ye writ of me got not the price of a good hat to cover your brainless heads. If any of ye had come to me, my bounty should have exceeded the best of your good masters, the ballad-buyers. I would have apparelled your dry pates in parti-coloured bonnets,[13] and bestowed a leash of my

[1] Wiles suggests that part of the motivation behind the pamphlet is to notify those who accepted Kemp's wager that he has completed the dance and they are now bound to pay him what they owe (*Shakespeare's Clowns*, p. 25). See p. 1046, note 4.

[2] *bench-whistler* an idler who sits whistling on a bench.

[3] *Kettler* one who mends or repairs kettles; a tinker; more generally, a vagrant; *Keistrel* a type of hawk famous for being able to hover in the air above its prey before diving in for the kill; when applied to persons, a contemptuous label.

[4] *call a spade a spade* A proverb meaning to call things by their true names without polite euphemisms; to be blunt and straightforward to the point of being rude (*Tilley* S699).

[5] *toy* a fantastic or frivolous piece of writing; an idle tale or funny story.

[6] *Pretends* plans, intends.

[7] "*Thomas Deloney's Epitaph*" not listed in *STC* or Livingston, *British Broadside Ballads of the Sixteenth Century* (New York, 1991).

[8] *shakerags* ragged, disreputable persons; but see p. 1055, note 10.

[9] *suit* petition, supplication, entreaty.

[10] *these presents* i.e., the present document or writing; these words or statements: used in a document to denote the document itself; most commonly used in legal or legislative documents in the sixteenth century.

[11] *near hand rent in sunder* almost torn to pieces.

[12] *appoint* agreement, settlement.

[13] *dry pates in parti-coloured bonnets* empty heads (barren brains) in hats, partly of one colour, partly of another.

cast bells[1] to have crowned ye with coxcombs.[2] I have made a privy search, what private jigmonger of your jolly number hath been the author of these abominable ballads written of me. I was told it was the great ballad-maker T.D. alias Thomas Deloney, chronicler of the memorable lives of the six yeomen of the west, Jack of Newbury, the Gentle-craft, and such like honest men,[3] omitted by Stow, Holinshed, Grafton, Hall, Froissart, and the rest of those well-deserving writers.[4] But I was given since to understand, your late general Thomas died poorly, as ye all must do, and was honestly[5] buried, which is much to be doubted of some of you. The quest of inquiry finding him by death acquitted of the inditement, I was let to wit[6] that another lord of little wit, one whose employment for the pageant was utterly spent, he being known to be Elderton's immediate heir,[7] was vehemently suspected. But after due inquisition was made, he was at that time known to live like a man in a mist, having quite given over the mystery.[8] Still the search continuing, I met a proper upright youth, only for a little stooping in the shoulders, all heart to the heel, a penny poet whose first making[9] was the miserable stolen story of Macdoel, or Macdobeth, or Macsomewhat:[10] for I am sure a Mac it was, though I never had the maw[11] to see it. And he told me there was a fat, filthy ballad-maker that should have once been his journeyman to the trade, who lived about the town, and ten to one, but he had thus terribly abused me and my taborer, for that he was able to do such a thing in print.

A shrewd presumption: I found him about the Bankside, sitting at a play.[12] I desired to speak with him, had him to a tavern, charged a pipe with tobacco, and then laid this terrible accusation to his charge. He swells presently like one of the four winds, the violence of his breath blew the tobacco out of the pipe, and the heat of his wrath drunk dry two bowlfulls of Rhenish wine. At length having power to speak: "Name my accuser," saith he, "or I defy thee, Kemp, at the quart staff."[13] I

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[1] *cast bells* probably, simply bells made through the process of melting metal into a mould; perhaps, though, "cast" as an adjective: thus, his cast-off or discarded morris bells. See p. 1042, note 4.

[2] *coxcomb* a cap worn by a professional fool, like a cock's comb in shape and colour.

[3] These are all references to books and pamphlets by the popular writer and balladeer, Thomas Deloney (d. in or before 1600). Although a silk weaver by trade, by the early 1590s he had produced a welter of enormously popular ballads, some on contemporary events, such as terrible fires and notorious murders. His most famous works, referred to here, are *Thomas of Reading, or The Six Worthy Yeoman of the West* (entered in Stationers' Register, 1602), *Jack of Newbury* (ent. SR, 1597), and *The Gentle Craft* (1597-98). For more information, see Deloney's entry in this anthology, pp. 1238-69, and the additional online texts.

[4] These are all writers of chronicles or histories: John Stow (1524/25-1605), historian and antiquarian, author of *Chronicles of England* (1580), *Annals of England* (1592), and *A Survey of London* (1598); Raphael Holinshed (c. 1525-?1580), author of *Chronicles of England, Scotland and Ireland* (1577); Edward Hall (1498-1547), author of *The Union of the Two Noble and Illustrious Families of Lancaster and York* (1548); Jean Froissart (c. 1337-1410), author of a history of England and France between 1325-1400 (trans. Lord Berners, 1523-25).

[5] *honestly* decently, respectably.

[6] *let to wit* given to understand.

[7] *one whose employment for the pageant was utterly spent, he being known to be Elderton's immediate heir* Anthony Munday (1560-1633), dramatist and translator, was responsible for writing and producing the lord mayors' pageants and other official dramatic productions for the city of London. William Elderton (d. in or before 1592) was acknowledged by contemporaries such as Gabriel Harvey and Thomas Nashe as "the father of ballad writers" (E. Goldring, "William Elderton," *DNB online*, 2005).

[8] *mystery* art, trade.

[9] *making* poem, composition.

[10] *I met a proper upright youth … or Macdobeth, or Macsomewhat* Kemp's reference to the ballad-makers as "shakerags" and his recent departure from the King's Men open the possibility that he is engaging in a thinly-veiled attack on his former colleague, William Shakespeare, although the latter's tragedy *Macbeth* dates only to around 1606-1607. Wiles suggests that the reference may be more general, referring not to Shakespeare specifically but to the "stage [...] as the scene of the ballad-maker's attacks on [Kemp]" (*Shakespeare's Clowns*, p. 25).

[11] *maw* inclination.

[12] *the Bankside, sitting at a play* that disreputable district located outside of London's walls on the south bank of the Thames, famous for its playhouses, brothels, and taverns.

[13] *defy thee … at the quart staff* i.e., challenge thee ... to a battle using quarter-staves; a quarter staff was a stout pole, from six to eight feet long and tipped with iron, formerly used as a weapon by the English peasantry.

told him, and all his anger turned to laughter, swearing it did him good to have ill words of a hoddy doddy, a habber de hoy,[1] a chicken, a squib, a squall:[2] one that hath not wit enough to make a ballad, that by Pol and Aedipol[3] would pol his father, derick[4] his dad, do anything how ill soever to please his apish humour.[5] I hardly believed this youth that I took to be gracious had been so graceless. But I heard afterwards his mother-in-law was eye and ear witness of his father's abuse by this blessed child on a public stage, in a merry host of an inn's part. Yet all this while could I not find out the true ballad-maker. Till by chance a friend of mine pulled out of his pocket a book in Latin called *Mundus Furiosus*, printed at Cullen, written by one of the vilest and arrantest lying cullions[6] that ever writ book, his name Jansonius,[7] who taking upon him to write an abstract of all the turbulent actions that had been lately attempted or performed in Christendom, like an unChristian wretch writes only by report,[8] partially, and scoffingly of such whose pages's shoes he was unworthy to wipe, for indeed he is now dead. Farewell he; every dog must have a day.[9] But see the luck on't: this beggarly, lying, busy-body's name brought out the ballad-maker, and it was generally confirmed it was his kinsman. He confesses himself guilty; let any man look on his face: if there be not so red a colour that all the soap in the town will not wash white, let me be turned to a whiting[10] as I pass between Dover and Calais. Well, God forgive thee, honest fellow. I see thou hast grace in thee: I prithee, do so no more; leave writing these beastly ballads; make not good wenches prophetesses for little or no profit,[11] nor for a six-penny matter revive not a poor fellow's fault that's hanged for his offence: it may be thine own destiny one day;[12] prithee, be good to them. Call up thy old Melpomene,[13] whose strawberry quill may write the bloody lines of the Blue Lady, and the Prince of the Burning Crown: a better subject I can tell ye than your Knight of the Red Cross.[14] So farewell, and cross me no more, I prithee, with thy rabble

[1] *hoddy doddy* simpleton; *habber de hoy* variation of hobbledehoy: a young, clumsy, or awkward person.

[2] *squib* a firework, which has a small, pathetic blast; when applied to persons: a mean or insignificant fellow; *squall* of obscure origin; a small or insignificant person.

[3] *by Pol and Aedipol* i.e., by Pollux, one of the founders of Rome, and by Heaven. Towards the end of the sixteenth century, these Latin "oaths" were condemned along with those that referred to the Christian God (directly or euphemistically, as in the exclamation "By cock" for "By God"), the parts of Christ's body, and the Catholic mass. See Norman Jones, *The English Reformation: Religion and Cultural Adaptation* (Oxford, 2002), pp. 166-67.

[4] *pol* plunder, rob; *derick* hang.

[5] *apish* fantastically foolish; *humour* dominant disposition.

[6] *arrantest* most notorious or downright; *cullions* rascals.

[7] *Jansonius* according to Wiles, probably Robert Johnson, author of the burlesque narrative *Tom-a-Lincoln, the Red-Rose Knight* (ent. SR, 1599) (*Shakespeare's Clowns*, pp. 25-26). The book is *Mundi Furiosi sive P. A. Iansonii Narra[tio]nis Rerum Tota Europa Gestarum, Continuatio ab Anno 1597 usque ad annum praesentem 1600* ("The Mad World by P.A. Jansonius. A Relation of the Affairs and Deeds of All Europe, Continuing from the Year 1597 Right up until the Present Year 1600"; Coloniae [Cologne], 1600).

[8] *by report* on the basis of rumour, talk.

[9] *every dog must have a day* Proverb: "All persons, no matter of what class, rank or character, will have an opportunity to revenge themselves against those that have injured them" (*Tilley* D464).

[10] *whiting* a small white-fleshed fish abundant off the coast of England.

[11] *make not good wenches prophetesses for little or no profit* a reference to ballad-makers' tendency to seize on all sorts of sensational events for profit, such as the prophetic and visionary utterances of particular women; perhaps a reference to the ballads written about the Holy Maid of Kent (Elizabeth Barton [c. 1506-34]).

[12] *nor for a six-penny matter … destiny one day* This plea is made in a less tongue-in-cheek way in the preface to several pamphlets which recount contemporary tales of murder and punishment; see "A Brief Discourse of the Late Murder of Master George Saunders," ll. 545-46.

[13] *Melpomene* the muse of tragedy, whom Kemp satirically assigns to his rivals as the inspiration for the only kinds of "tragedies" that they are capable of writing—tales of outlandish romance and adventure.

[14] *whose strawberry quill … Knight of the Red Cross* By describing himself as having been written about under the guise of the Red Cross Knight, Kemp implies that he has been satirized in Johnson's romance burlesque, *Tom-a-Lincoln*. As Wiles points out, this work offers a hero who is "the bastard son of King Arthur, is elected as a Summer Lord of Misrule ... [and] distributes red roses as his livery badges to young men" (p. 26). In the course of the narrative he "becomes a knight errant, journeys with Sir Launcelot, and is seduced by the queen of fairyland" (p. 26). Clearly, Kemp would be sensitive to satiric comparisons between his nine days' wonder and the "fantastic journey" of Tom-a-Lincoln (*Shakespeare's Clowns*, pp. 26-27).

of bald rhymes, lest at my return I set a cross on thy forehead, that all men may know thee for a fool.

FINIS.

William Kemp.

—1600

William Shakespeare
1564-1616

Despite Shakespeare's reputation as one of England's most famous poets and playwrights, there is very little information available on which to base an outline of his life. Outside of the plays and poems, there are no personal letters or diaries, and only a few court documents. Shakespeare's parents were solid land-owning citizens, and his father John participated in local politics, becoming bailiff—similar to a mayor—for a few years beginning in 1567. Shakespeare was born in Stratford, and baptized on 26 April 1564; since the practice was to baptize children a few days after birth, his birth date is conventionally set on 23 April, the same day which celebrates St. George, England's patron saint (Shakespeare died on 23 April 1616). Shakespeare probably attended the local King's New School, and would have studied Latin and many classical texts, whose influences are seen in his writings. A bitter taunt by rival playwright Robert Greene informs us that Shakespeare was in London and a playwright by 1592; Greene calls him an "upstart crow."

Shakespeare continued writing plays until approximately 1613, when he "retired" to "New Place," the second largest house in Stratford (he was both playwright and businessman, and had invested in the theatre in London and in property around Stratford). During the period 1592-94, a plague in London closed the theatres, and it was at this time that he wrote the erotic narrative poem *Venus and Adonis*, the story of which appears in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, although in a very different guise. Shakespeare's version of events is influenced by the conventions of Petrarchan poetry; however, rather than a male lover pleading endlessly to a disdainful mistress, Shakespeare envisions a lusty and knowing mistress attempting to seduce a prudish young man. The effect is not simply comic, however, but opens the poem to questions of sexuality, desire, and gender. *Venus and Adonis* was one of Shakespeare's most popular works and went through nine editions in his lifetime, sixteen by 1640. The sonnets may have been started in 1592 also, though there is some evidence that Shakespeare continued to write and revise them well into the 1600s. The sonnets were published in 1609, without Shakespeare's authorization, and two of them (numbers 138 and 144) appeared in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, a collection of verse published around 1599. The sonnet sequence was a popular genre at the time—Sir Philip Sidney, Edmund Spenser, and Samuel Daniel all contributed to it—and followed the conventions of the Italian Petrarch's sequence, though many English writers played with these conventions. (The sonnet structure of three quatrains followed by a couplet was not Shakespeare's invention, although it was later named after him.) Because the sonnet sequence is so formulaic, it is not really a trustworthy source for real emotional or biographical information, though the sonnets have raised many speculations about Shakespeare's personal life, especially since the speaker identifies himself as "Will" in sonnet 135. Who was the young man so adored by the speaker in the first 126 sonnets, and who was the woman—often called "the dark lady"—who threw the speaker into such a state of chaos in the remaining sonnets? The sonnets cover a myriad of emotional states surrounding these two relationships, but they also discuss matters of time, mortality, and immortality, along with artistic creativity and the act of writing itself.

EDITIONS: *Venus and Adonis*. London: Imprinted by Richard Field and are to be sold [by J. Harrison], 1593. STC 22354; *Shakespeares sonnets Never before imprinted*. London: By G. Eld for T[homas] T[horpe] and are to be sold by William Aspley, 1609. STC 22353.

Venus and Adonis

Vilia miretur vulgus; mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.[1]

To the Right Honourable Henry Wriothesley,
Earl of Southampton, and
Baron of Titchfield.

Right Honourable, I know not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burthen, only if your honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But if the first heir of my invention[2] prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a godfather, and never after ear[3] so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honourable survey, and your Honour to your heart's content, which I wish may always answer your own wish and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your Honour's in all duty,
William Shakespeare.

Even as the sun with purple-coloured face,
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,
Rose-cheeked Adonis hied[4] him to the chase,
Hunting he loved, but love he laughed to scorn.
Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain[5] unto him,
And like a bold-faced suitor 'gins to woo him.

"Thrice fairer than myself," thus she began,
"The field's chief flower, sweet above compare,
Stain to all nymphs,[6] more lovely than a man,
More white, and red, than doves or roses are:
Nature that made thee with herself at strife,[7]
Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

"Vouchsafe thou wonder to alight thy steed,
And rein his proud head to the saddle bow,
If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed[8]
A thousand honey secrets shalt thou know.
Here come and sit where never serpent hisses,
And being set, I'll smother thee with kisses.

"And yet not cloy thy lips with loathed satiety,
But rather famish them amid their plenty,
Making them red, and pale, with fresh variety:
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty.
A summer's day will seem an hour but short,
Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport."

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,
The precedent[9] of pith and livelihood,
And trembling in her passion, calls it balm,
Earth's sovereign salve, to do a goddess good.
Being so enraged, desire doth lend her force,
Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,
Under her other was the tender boy,
Who blushed and pouted in a dull disdain,
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy.
She red and hot as coals of glowing fire,
He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough
Nimbly she fastens (Oh how quick is love!),
The steed is stallèd up,[10] and even now

---

[1] from Ovid's *Amores*,
"Let base-conceited wits admire vile things,
Fair Phoebus lead me to the Muses' springs" (Marlowe's translation).

[2] *first heir of my invention* *Venus and Adonis* was Shakespeare's first published work.

[3] *ear* cultivate, plant.

[4] *hied* hurried.

[5] *Sick-thoughted* love sick; *makes amain* speeds.

[6] *Stain to all nymphs* i.e., stains their beauty in comparison to his.

[7] *that made thee with herself at strife* striving to outdo herself.

[8] *meed* reward, but with a play on mead or "honey" of next line.

[9] *precedent* sign.

[10] *stallèd up* as in a stall

To tie the rider she begins to prove:[1]
Backward she pushed him, as she would be thrust,
And governed him in strength, though not in lust.

So soon was she along, as he was down,
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips;
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown,
And 'gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips,
And kissing speaks, with lustful language broken,
"If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open."

He burns in baleful shame; she with her tears
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks,
Then with her windy sighs, and golden hairs,
To fan and blow them dry again she seeks.
He saith, she is immodest, blames her miss,[2]
What follows more, she murders with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,[3]
Tires[4] with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone,
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
Till either gorge[5] be stuffed, or prey be gone,
Even so she kissed his brow, his cheek, his chin,
And where she ends, she doth anew begin.

Forced to content,[6] but never to obey,
Panting he lies, and breatheth in her face.
She feedeth on the steam, as on a prey,
And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace,
Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,
So they were dewed with such distilling showers.

Look how a bird lies tangled in a net,
So fastened in her arms Adonis lies,
Pure shame and awed resistance made him fret,
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes.
Rain added to a river that is rank,[7]
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,
For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale.
Still is he sullen, still he lours and frets,
'Twixt crimson shame, and anger ashy pale.
Being red she loves him best, and being white,
Her best is bettered with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love,
And by her fair immortal hand she swears,
From his soft bosom never to remove,
Till he take truce[8] with her contending tears,
Which long have rained, making her cheeks all wet,
And one sweet kiss shall pay this comptless[9] debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,
Like a divedapper[10] peering through a wave,
Who, being looked on, ducks as quickly in:
So offers he to give what she did crave.
But when her lips were ready for his pay,
He winks, and turns his lips another way.

Never did passenger in summer's heat,
More thirst for drink than she for this good turn,
Her help she sees, but help she cannot get,
She bathes in water, yet her fire must burn:
"Oh pity," gan she cry, "flint-hearted boy,
'Tis but a kiss I beg. Why art thou coy?

"I have been wooed as I entreat thee now,
Even by the stern and direful god of war,
Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,

[1] *prove* try.
[2] *miss* fault.
[3] *sharp by fast* hungry through fasting.
[4] *Tires* tears.
[5] *gorge* stomach or gut.
[6] *to content* to content her, to submit.
[7] *rank* full, strong.
[8] *take truce* make peace.
[9] *comptless* beyond counting.
[10] *divedapper* small diving water fowl.

Who conquers where he comes in every jar.[1]
Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,
And begged for that which thou unasked shalt have.

"Over my altars hath he hung his lance,
His battered shield, his uncontrolled crest,
And for my sake hath learned to sport and dance,
To toy, to wanton, dally, smile and jest,
Scorning his churlish drum, and ensign[2] red,
Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

"Thus he that over-ruled, I over-swayed,
Leading him prisoner in a red rose chain.
Strong-tempered steel his stronger strength obeyed,
Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.
Oh be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
For mast'ring her that foiled[3] the god of fight.

"Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine,
Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red,
The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine.
What seest thou in the ground? Hold up thy head,
Look in mine eyeballs, there thy beauty lies.
Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes?

"Art thou ashamed to kiss? Then wink again,
And I will wink; so shall the day seem night.
Love keeps his revels where there are but twain:
Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight.[4]
These blue-veined violets whereon we lean
Never can blab, nor know not what we mean.

"The tender spring upon thy tempting lip
Shows thee unripe; yet mayst thou well be tasted.
Make use of time; let not advantage slip,
Beauty within itself should not be wasted.
Fair flowers that are not gathered in their prime,
Rot and consume themselves in little time.

"Were I hard-favoured, foul or wrinkled old,
Ill-nurtured, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,
O'er-worn, despised, rheumatic and cold,
Thick-sighted,[5] barren, lean and lacking juice,
Then mightst thou pause, for then I were not for thee,
But having no defects, why dost abhor me?

"Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow,
Mine eyes are grey and bright and quick in turning,
My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,
My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning,
My smooth moist hand,[6] were it with thy hand felt,
Would in thy palm dissolve or seem to melt.

"Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or like a fairy, trip upon the green,
Or like a nymph, with long dishevelled hair,
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing[7] seen.
Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

"Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie,
These forceless[8] flowers like sturdy trees support me:
Two strengthless doves will draw me through the sky
From morn till night, even where I list to sport me.
Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be,
That thou should think it heavy unto thee?

---

[1] *jar* discord, conflict.
[2] *ensign* banner.
[3] *foiled* overthrew, defeated.
[4] *not in sight* not seen.
[5] *Thick-sighted* dim-sighted.
[6] *moist hand* A moist hand often denoted passion.
[7] *footing* footprint.
[8] *forceless* fragile or weak; the idea is that as a goddess, Venus is airy light, and can be supported by delicate flower stems, and—in the next sentence—can be drawn by "strengthless" or weak doves.

"Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?[1]
Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left?
Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected:
Steal thine own freedom and complain on theft.
Narcissus so himself himself forsook,
And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

"Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
Dainties[2] to taste, fresh beauty for the use,
Herbs for their smell and sappy plants to bear.
Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse,
Seeds spring from seeds and beauty breedeth beauty,
Thou wast begot; to get[3] it is thy duty.

"Upon the earth's increase why shouldst thou feed,
Unless the earth with thy increase be fed?
By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may live, when thou thyself art dead.
And so in spite of death thou dost survive,
In that thy likeness still is left alive."

By this[4] the love-sick queen began to sweat,
For where they lay the shadow had forsook them,
And Titan,[5] tired in the midday heat,
With burning eye did hotly overlook them,
Wishing Adonis had his team[6] to guide,
So he were like him, and by Venus' side.

And now Adonis, with a lazy sprite,[7]
And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,
His louring brows o'er-whelming his fair sight,
Like misty vapours when they blot the sky,
Souring his cheeks, cries, "Fie, no more of love.
The sun doth burn my face; I must remove."

"Ay, me," quoth Venus, "young, and so unkind,
What bare excuses mak'st thou to be gone?
I'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind
Shall cool the heat of this descending sun.
I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs,
If they burn too, I'll quench them with my tears.

"The sun that shines from heaven, shines but warm,
And lo, I lie between that sun and thee.
The heat I have from thence doth little harm,
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me,
And were I not immortal, life were done,[8]
Between this heavenly and earthly sun.

"Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel?
Nay more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth.[9]
Art thou a woman's son and canst not feel
What 'tis to love, how want of love tormenteth?
Oh had thy mother borne so hard a mind,
She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind.

"What am I that thou shouldst contemn me this?[10]
Or what great danger dwells upon my suit?
What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss?
Speak fair, but speak fair words, or else be mute:
Give me one kiss, I'll give it thee again,
And one for int'rest, if thou wilt have twain.

"Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,
Well-painted idol, image dull and dead,
Statue contenting but the eye alone,
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred:
Thou art no man, though of a man's complexion,
For men will kiss even by their own direction."

---

[1] *Is thine … affected?* i.e., Are you in love with yourself?
[2] *Dainties* delicacies.
[3] *to get* to beget more beauty (by having children); this echoes the sentiment of the early sonnets.
[4] *By this* by this time.
[5] *Titan* sun god.
[6] *his team* his horses, which drew the sun chariot across the sky.
[7] *sprite* spirit.
[8] *done* ended.
[9] *stone at rain relenteth* Stone is worn down by the rain.
[10] *this* like this.

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,
And swelling passion doth provoke a pause,
Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong:
Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause.[1]
And now she weeps, and now she fain would speak,
And now her sobs do her intendments[2] break.

Sometime she shakes her head, and then his hand,
Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground,
Sometime her arms enfold him like a band,
She would, he will not in her arms be bound:
And when from thence he struggles to be gone,
She locks her lily fingers one in one.

"Fondling," she saith, "since I have hemmed thee here
Within the circuit of this ivory pale,[3]
I'll be a park, and thou shalt be my deer:
Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale;
Graze on my lips, and if those hills be dry,
Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

"Within this limit is relief enough,
Sweet bottom grass and high delightful plain,
Round rising hillocks, brakes[4] obscure and rough,
To shelter thee from tempest and from rain:
Then be my deer, since I am such a park,
No dog shall rouse thee, though a thousand bark."

At this Adonis smiles as in disdain,
That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple.
Love made those hollows, if[5] himself were slain,
He might be buried in a tomb so simple,
Foreknowing well, if there he came to lie,
Why there love lived, and there he could not die.

These lovely caves, these round enchanting pits,
Opened their mouths to swallow Venus' liking:
Being mad before, how doth she now for wits?
Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking?
Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,
To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn.

Now which way shall she turn? What shall she say?
Her words are done, her woes the more increasing,
The time is spent, her object will away,
And from her twining arms doth urge releasing.
"Pity," she cries, "some favour, some remorse."
Away he springs and hasteth to his horse.

But lo, from forth a copse[6] that neighbours by,
A breeding jennet,[7] lusty, young and proud,
Adonis' trampling courser[8] doth espy,
And forth she rushes, snorts and neighs aloud.
The strong-necked steed, being tied unto a tree,
Breaketh his rein and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his woven girths he breaks asunder,
The bearing earth[9] with his hard hoof he wounds,
Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's thunder,
The iron bit he crusheth 'tween his teeth,
Controlling what he was controllèd with.

His ears up-pricked, his braided hanging mane
Upon his compassed crest[10] now stand on end,
His nostrils drink the air, and forth again
As from a furnace, vapours doth he send.
His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,
Shows his hot courage and his high desire.

---

[1] *Being … cause* i.e., even though she is love's judge, she cannot win her campaign.
[2] *intendments* intents; desire to speak.
[3] *pale* fence, with a play on "ivory."
[4] *brakes* thickets.
[5] *if* so that if.
[6] *copse* thicket of small trees, or underwood.
[7] *breeding jennet* small Spanish mare.
[8] *courser* stallion.
[9] *bearing earth* load-bearing, but continuing the birth imagery of the passage also.
[10] *compassed crest* curved mane or neck.

Sometime he trots, as if he told[1] the steps,
With gentle majesty and modest pride,
Anon he rears upright, curvets[2] and leaps,
As who should say, "Lo thus my strength is tried.
And this I do to captivate the eye
Of the fair breeder that is standing by."

What recketh he his rider's angry stir,
His flattering "Holla,"[3] or his "Stand, I say"?
What cares he now for curb or pricking spur,
For rich caparisons[4] or trappings gay?
He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look when[5] a painter would surpass the life
In limning out[6] a well-proportioned steed,
His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed:
So did this horse excel a common one
In shape, in courage, colour, pace and bone.

Round-hoofed, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:
Look what a horse should have, he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometime he scuds far off and there he stares,
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather.
To bid the wind a base[7] he now prepares,
And where he run or fly they know not whether:
For through his mane and tail the high wind sings,
Fanning the hairs, who wave like feath'red wings.

He looks upon his love and neighs unto her,
She answers him as if she knew his mind,
Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,
She puts on outward strangeness,[8] seems unkind,
Spurns at his love and scorns the heat he feels,
Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then like a melancholy malcontent,
He vails[9] his tail that like a falling plume
Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent.
He stamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume.
His love, perceiving how he was enraged,
Grew kinder, and his fury was assuaged.

His testy master goeth about to take him,
When lo the unbacked[10] breeder, full of fear,
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
With her the horse, and left Adonis there.
As they were mad unto the wood they hie them,
Outstripping crows that strive to overfly them.

All swoll'n with chafing,[11] down Adonis sits,
Banning[12] his boist'rous and unruly beast;
And now the happy season once more fits
That lovesick love, by pleading may be blessed:
For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong,
When it is barred the aidance of the tongue.

An oven that is stopped, or river stayed,
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage:
So of concealèd sorrow may be said,
Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage,
But when the heart's attorney[13] once is mute,
The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

---

[1] *told* counted.
[2] *curvets* leaps.
[3] *flattering* encouraging; can also refer to "caressing"; *Holla* stop.
[4] *caparisons* ornamented coverings.
[5] *Look when* as when.
[6] *limning out* painting.
[7] *bid the wind a base* run a race with the wind; to "bid base" is to challenge someone to a race in the game of "prisoner's base."
[8] *strangeness* aloofness or coldness.
[9] *vails* lowers.
[10] *unbacked* untrained, unmounted.
[11] *chafing* anger, irritation.
[12] *Banning* cursing.
[13] *heart's attorney* one who speaks for the heart (i.e., the tongue).

He sees her coming and begins to glow,
Even as a dying coal revives with wind,
And with his bonnet[1] hides his angry brow,
Looks on the dull earth with disturbèd mind,
Taking no notice that she is so nigh,
For all askance he holds her in his eye.

Oh what a sight it was wistly[2] to view,
How she came stealing to the wayward boy,
To note the fighting conflict of her hue,
How white and red, each other did destroy:
But now her cheek was pale, and by and by
It flashed forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before him as he sat,
And like a lowly lover down she kneels,
With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,
Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels:
His tend'rer cheek receives her soft hand's print,
As apt as new-fall'n snow takes any dint.[3]

Oh what a war of looks was then between them,
Her eyes petitioners to his eyes suing,
His eyes saw her eyes, as[4] they had not seen them,
Her eyes wooed still; his eyes disdained the wooing;
And all this dumb play had his[5] acts made plain,
With tears which, chorus-like, her eyes did rain.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
A lily prisoned in a gale of snow,
Or ivory in an alabaster band,
So white a friend engirds[6] so white a foe:
This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,
Showed like two silver doves that sit a-billing.

Once more the engine[7] of her thoughts began:
"O fairest mover on this mortal round,
Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound,
For one sweet look thy help I would assure thee,
Though nothing but my body's bane[8] would cure thee."

"Give me my hand," saith he. "Why dost thou feel it?"
"Give me my heart," saith she, "and thou shalt have it.
Oh give it me lest thy hard heart do steel it,[9]
And, being steeled, soft sighs can never grave[10] it.
Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,
Because Adonis' heart hath made mine hard."

"For shame," he cries, "let go, and let me go,
My day's delight is past, my horse is gone,
And 'tis your fault I am bereft him so,
I pray you hence, and leave me here alone,
For all my mind, my thought, my busy care,
Is how to get my palfrey from the mare."

Thus she replies: "Thy palfrey, as he should,
Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire,
Affection is a coal that must be cooled,
Else suffered it will set the heart on fire,
The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none,
Therefore no marvel though thy horse be gone.

"How like a jade[11] he stood tied to the tree,
Servilely mastered with a leathern rein,
But when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee,
He held such petty bondage in disdain,
Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,
Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.

---

[1] *bonnet* hat.
[2] *wistly* intently; also, with longing (i.e., wistfully).
[3] *dint* impression.
[4] *as* as if.
[5] *his* its; the dumb play's acts were explained (made plain) by the chorus-like tears.
[6] *engirds* encircles.
[7] *engine* instrument (i.e., her tongue).
[8] *bane* ruin.
[9] *steel it* harden it, with a play on steal.
[10] *grave* engrave.
[11] *jade* worn-out, inferior breed of horse.

"Who sees his true-love in her naked bed,
Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,
But when his glutton eye so full hath fed,
His other agents[1] aim at like delight?
Who is so faint that dares not be so bold,
To touch the fire, the weather being cold?

"Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy,
And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,
To take advantage on[2] presented joy.
Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee.
Oh learn to love, the lesson is but plain,
And once made perfect,[3] never lost again."

"I know not love," quoth he, "nor will not know it,
Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it.
'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it.
My love to love, is love but to disgrace it,
For I have heard, it is a life in death,
That laughs and weeps, and all but with a breath.[4]

"Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinished?
Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth?
If springing things be any jot diminished,
They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth.
The colt that's backed and burthened being young,
Loseth his pride, and never waxeth strong.

"You hurt my hand with wringing, let us part
And leave this idle theme, this bootless[5] chat.
Remove your siege from my unyielding heart,
To love's alarms it will not ope the gate.
Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your flatt'ry,
For where a heart is hard, they make no batt'ry."

"What canst thou talk," quoth she. "Hast thou a tongue?
Oh would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing,
Thy mermaid's voice hath done me double wrong,
I had my load before, now pressed[6] with bearing.
Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh sounding,
Ear's deep sweet music and heart's deep sore wounding.

"Had I no eyes but ears, my ears would love
That inward beauty and invisible,
Or were I deaf, thy outward parts would move
Each part in me, that were but sensible.
Though neither eyes, nor ears, to hear nor see,
Yet should I be in love, by touching thee.

"Say that the sense of feeling were bereft me,
And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch,
And nothing but the very smell were left me,
Yet would my love to thee be still as much,
For from the stillitory[7] of thy face excelling,
Comes breath perfumed, that breedeth love by smelling.

"But oh what banquet wert thou to the taste,
Being nurse and feeder of the other four.
Would they not wish the feast might ever last
And bid suspicion double lock the door,
Lest jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest,
Should by his stealing in disturb the feast?"

Once more the ruby-coloured portal opened,
Which to his speech did honey passage yield,
Like a red morn that ever yet betokened
Wrack to the seaman, tempest to the field,
Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
Gusts and foul flaws to herdsmen and to herds.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh,
Even as the wind is hushed before it raineth,
Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,

[1] *agents* senses.
[2] *on* of.
[3] *made perfect* learnt perfectly.
[4] *but with a breath* in the same breath, at the same time.
[5] *bootless* profitless.
[6] *pressed* oppressed or crushed; pressing was a form of torture.
[7] *stillitory* distillery.

Or as the berry breaks before it staineth,
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,
His meaning struck her ere his words begun.

And at his look she flatly falleth down,
For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth;
A smile recures[1] the wounding of a frown,
But blessèd bankrout[2] that by love so thriveth.
The silly[3] boy, believing she is dead,
Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red.

And all amazed, brake off his late intent,
For sharply he did think to reprehend her,
Which cunning love did wittily prevent:
Fairfall[4] the wit that can so well defend her.
For on the grass she lies as she were slain,
Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard,
He chafes her lips, a thousand ways he seeks,
To mend the hurt that his unkindness marred.[5]
He kisses her, and she by her good will,
Will never rise, so he will kiss her still.

The night of sorrow now is turned to day,
Her two blue windows faintly she upheaveth,
Like the fair sun when, in his fresh array,
He cheers the morn and all the earth relieveth:
And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
So is her face illumined with her eye.

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fixed,
As if from thence they borrowed all their shine,
Were never four such lamps together mixed,
Had not his clouded with his brows repine.[6]
But hers, which through the crystal tears gave
light,
Shone like the moon in water seen by night.

"Oh where am I," quoth she, "in earth or Heaven,
Or in the ocean drenched or in the fire?
What hour is this, or morn or weary even?[7]
Do I delight to die or life desire?
But now I lived, and life was death's annoy,
But now I died, and death was lively joy.

"Oh thou didst kill me, kill me once again.
Thy eyes' shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,
Hath taught them scornful tricks and such disdain,
That they have murd'red this poor heart of mine,
And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,
But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

"Long may they kiss each other for this cure,
Oh never let their crimson liveries wear,[8]
And as they last, their verdure[9] still endure,
To drive infection from the dangerous year,
That the star-gazers, having writ on death,
May say the plague is banished by thy breath.

"Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,
What bargains may I make still to be sealing?
To sell myself I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and use good dealing,
Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips,[10]
Set thy seal manual[11] on my wax-red lips.

"A thousand kisses buys my heart from me,
And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.
What is ten hundred touches unto thee?
Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone?
Say for non-payment that the debt should double,
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?"

---

[1] *recures* cures.
[2] *bankrout* bankrupt.
[3] *silly* naive.
[4] *Fairfall* good fortune befall.
[5] *marred* made.
[6] *repine* discontent.
[7] *even* evening.
[8] *liveries* uniforms or clothing (i.e., the lips' red appearance); *wear* wear out.
[9] *verdure* freshness (especially in taste) and greenness; in the next line, the lips, like some plants, will ward off diseases.
[10] *slips* errors.
[11] *seal manual* a seal stamped on a document or letter for security or as proof of authority.

"Fair Queen," quoth he, "if any love you owe[1] me,
Measure my strangeness with my unripe years,
Before I know myself, seek not to know me;
No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears.[2]
The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks fast,
Or being early plucked is sour to taste.

"Look, the world's comforter with weary gait,
His day's hot task hath ended in the west,
The owl (night's herald) shrieks, 'tis very late,
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest,
And coal-black clouds, that shadow heaven's light,
Do summon us to part and bid goodnight.

"Now let me say goodnight, and so say you.
If you will say so, you shall have a kiss."
"Goodnight," quoth she, and ere he says adieu,
The honey fee of parting tendered[3] is.
Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace,
Incorporate[4] then they seem, face grows to face.

Till breathless he disjoined and backward drew
The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,
Whose precious taste, her thirsty lips well knew,
Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drouth,[5]
He with her plenty pressed, she faint with dearth,
Their lips together glued, fall to the earth.

Now quick desire hath caught the yielding prey,
And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth,
Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,
Paying what ransom the insulter willeth,
Whose vulture[6] thought doth pitch the price so high,
That she will draw his lips' rich treasure dry.

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,
With blindfold fury she begins to forage,
Her face doth reek[7] and smoke, her blood doth boil,
And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage,
Planting oblivion,[8] beating reason back,
Forgetting shame's pure blush and honour's wrack.[9]

Hot, faint and weary with her hard embracing,
Like a wild bird being tamed with too much handling,
Or as the fleet-foot roe that's tired with chasing,
Or like the froward[10] infant stilled with dandling,
He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,
While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.[11]

What wax so frozen but dissolves with temp'ring,
And yields at last to every light impression?
Things out of hope are compassed oft with vent'ring,[12]
Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds commission.[13]
Affection faints not like a pale-faced coward,
But then woos best, when most his choice is froward.

When he did frown, Oh, had she then gave over,
Such nectar from his lips she had not sucked.
Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover.
What though the rose have prickles, yet 'tis plucked.
Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,
Yet love breaks through and picks them all at last.

For pity now she can no more detain him,
The poor fool prays her that he may depart,
She is resolved no longer to restrain him,

[1] *owe* bear.
[2] *No fisher … forbears* Fishers always throw back the small, young fish.
[3] *tendered* paid.
[4] *Incorporate* united in one body.
[5] *drouth* drought.
[6] *vulture* predatory, consuming.
[7] *reek* fume or smoke; can also mean "steam."
[8] *Planting oblivion* i.e., making her oblivious to anything else.
[9] *wrack* ruin.
[10] *froward* obstinate, ungovernable.
[11] *listeth* desires.
[12] *are compassed …vent'ring* i.e., are often got with trying.
[13] *leave exceeds commission* liberty exceeds command or instruction.

Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart,
The which by Cupid's bow she doth protest,
He carries thence encagèd in his breast.

"Sweet boy," she says, "this night I'll waste in sorrow,
For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.
Tell me, love's master, shall we meet tomorrow?
Say, shall we, shall we? Wilt thou make the match?"
He tells her no, tomorrow he intends
To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

"The boar," quoth she, whereat a sudden pale,
Like lawn[1] being spread upon the blushing rose,
Usurps her cheek, she trembles at his tale,
And on his neck her yoking arms she throws.
She sinketh down, still hanging by his neck,
He on her belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lists[2] of love,
Her champion mounted for the hot encounter,
All is imaginary she doth prove,[3]
He will not manage[4] her, although he mount her,
That worse than Tantalus'[5] is her annoy,
To clip Elysium[6] and to lack her joy.

Even so poor birds, deceived with painted grapes,
Do surfeit by the eye and pine the maw:[7]
Even so she languisheth in her mishaps
As those poor birds that helpless berries[8] saw.
The warm effects which she in him finds missing,
She seeks to kindle with continual kissing.

But all in vain, good Queen; it will not be,
She hath assayed[9] as much as may be proved.
Her pleading hath deserved a greater fee:
She's love, she loves, and yet she is not loved.
"Fie, fie," he says, "you crush me. Let me go.
You have no reason to withhold me so."

"Thou hadst been gone," quoth she, "sweet boy ere this,
But that thou toldst me, thou wouldst hunt the boar.
Oh, be advised, thou knowst not what it is
With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,
Whose tushes,[10] never sheathed, he whetteth still,
Like to a mortal[11] butcher bent to kill.

"On his bow-back he hath a battle set,
Of bristly pikes that ever threat his foes,
His eyes like glow-worms shine when he doth fret,
His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes.
Being moved,[12] he strikes whate'er is in his way,
And whom he strikes, his crooked tushes slay.

"His brawny sides with hairy bristles armed
Are better proof[13] than thy spear's point can enter,
His short thick neck cannot be easily harmed;
Being ireful, on the lion he will venter.[14]
The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,
As fearful of him, part, through whom he rushes.

"Alas, he naught esteems that face of thine,
To which love's eyes pays tributary gazes,
Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips, and crystal eyne,[15]

---

1 *lawn* fine linen; laundry was often spread over hedges to dry.
2 *lists* enclosed space for tournaments.
3 *All … prove* i.e., she learns it is all in her imagination.
4 *manage* ride; put a horse through its paces.
5 *Tantalus* Punished in the underworld with eternal hunger and thirst, Tantalus stood in a pool of water which receded when he tried to drink from it, near a fruit tree whose branches were tossed aside by the wind every time he reached for the fruit.
6 *clip Elysium* clasp heaven.
7 *pine the maw* starve the stomach or appetite.
8 *helpless berries* berries that are of no help.
9 *assayed* tried.
10 *tushes* tusks.
11 *mortal* deadly.
12 *moved* moved to anger.
13 *proof* armour: proof armour is tested, strong.
14 *ireful* angry; *venter* venture or make an attack.
15 *eyne* eyes (archaic plural).

Whose full perfection all the world amazes,
But having thee at vantage (wondrous dread!)
Would root these beauties, as he roots the mead.[1]

"Oh, let him keep his loathsome cabin[2] still,
Beauty hath naught to do with such foul fiends,
Come not within his danger by thy will,
They that thrive well take counsel of their friends.
When thou didst name the boar, not to dissemble,
I feared thy fortune and my joints did tremble.

"Didst thou not mark my face? Was it not white?
Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye?
Grew I not faint and fell I not downright?
Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,
My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no rest,
But like an earthquake shakes thee on my breast.

"For where love reigns, disturbing jealousy
Doth call himself affection's sentinel,
Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,
And in a peaceful hour doth cry 'kill, kill,'
Distemp'ring[3] gentle love in his desire,
As air and water do abate the fire.

"This sour informer, this bate-breeding[4] spy,
This canker[5] that eats up love's tender spring,
This carry-tale, dissentious jealousy,
That sometime true news, sometime false doth bring,
Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine ear,
That if I love thee, I thy death should fear.

"And more than so, presenteth to mine eye
The picture of an angry chafing boar,
Under whose sharp fangs, on his back doth lie
An image like thyself, all stained with gore,
Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed,
Doth make them droop with grief, and hang the head.

"What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,
That tremble at th'imagination?
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,
And fear doth teach it divination;
I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,
If thou encounter with the boar tomorrow.

"But if thou needs wilt hunt, be ruled by me:
Uncouple[6] at the timorous flying hare,
Or at the fox which lives by subtlety,
Or at the roe[7] which no encounter dare.
Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs,
And on thy well-breathed horse keep with thy hounds.

"And when thou hast on foot the purblind[8] hare,
Mark the poor wretch, to over-shut[9] his troubles,
How he outruns the wind, and with what care,
He cranks and crosses[10] with a thousand doubles,
The many musits[11] through the which he goes,
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

"Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,
And sometime where earth-delving conies[12] keep,
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell,
And sometime sorteth[13] with a herd of deer:
Danger deviseth shifts,[14] wit waits on fear.

[1] *roots* root up, dig up; *mead* meadow.
[2] *keep* keep to; *cabin* den.
[3] *Distemp'ring* diluting.
[4] *bate-breeding* causing debate or strife.
[5] *canker* cankerworm.
[6] *Uncouple* release the dogs.
[7] *roe* roebuck, the male of a species of small deer.
[8] *purblind* partially blind.
[9] *to over-shut* in order to run past.
[10] *cranks and crosses* twists and turns.
[11] *musits* little holes to hide in.
[12] *conies* rabbits.
[13] *sorteth* consorts.
[14] *shifts* tricks.

"For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry, till they have singled
With much ado the cold fault[1] cleanly out,
Then do they spend their mouths, echo replies,
As if another chase were in the skies.

"By this, poor Wat,[2] far off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder-legs with list'ning ear,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still.
Anon their loud alarums[3] he doth hear,
And now his grief may be compared well
To one sore sick that hears the passing bell.[4]

"Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
Turn and return, indenting with the way,
Each envious briar his weary legs do scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay,
For misery is trodden on by many,
And, being low, never relieved by any.

"Lie quietly, and hear a little more.
Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise.
To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,
Unlike myself thou hear'st me moralize,
Applying this to that, and so to so,
For love can comment upon every woe.

"Where did I leave?" "No matter where," quoth he.
"Leave me, and then the story aptly ends.
The night is spent." "Why, what of that?" quoth she.
"I am," quoth he, "expected of my friends,
And now 'tis dark, and going I shall fall."
"In night," quoth she, "desire sees best of all."

"But if thou fall, oh then imagine this:
The earth, in love with thee, thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.

Rich preys make true men thieves;[5] so do thy lips
Make modest Dian[6] cloudy and forlorn,
Lest she should steal a kiss and die forsworn.

"Now of this dark night I perceive the reason
Cynthia, for shame, obscures her silver shine
Till forging nature be condemned of treason
For stealing molds from Heaven that were divine,
Wherein she[7] framed thee, in high Heaven's despight,
To shame the sun by day and her[8] by night.

"And therefore hath she bribed the Destinies
To cross the curious workmanship of nature,
To mingle beauty with infirmities,
And pure perfection with impure defeature,[9]
Making it subject to the tyranny
Of mad mischances and much misery.

"As burning fevers, agues[10] pale and faint,
Life-poisoning pestilence and frenzies wood,[11]
The marrow-eating sickness whose attaint[12]
Disorder breeds by heating of the blood,
Surfeits, impostumes,[13] grief and damned despair,
Swear nature's death, for framing thee so fair.

"And not the least of all these maladies,
But in one minute's fight brings beauty under,
Both favour, savour, hue and qualities,
Whereat th'impartial gazer late did wonder,
Are on the sudden wasted, thawed and done,
As mountain snow melts with the midday sun.

---

1 *cold fault* lost scent.
2 *Wat* traditional name for a hare.
3 *alarums* warning sounds or a call to arms.
4 *passing bell* funeral bell.
5 *Rich preys … thieves* Riches can turn even honest men into thieves.
6 *Dian* Diana, the moon goddess, also known as Cynthia (line 728).
7 *she* nature.
8 *her* Cynthia.
9 *defeature* de-feature or disfigurement; defeat-ure or undoing.
10 *agues* shaking, cold sweats in a fever.
11 *wood* mad.
12 *attaint* infection.
13 *impostumes* abscesses, festering sores.

"Therefore despite of fruitless[1] chastity,
Love-lacking vestals[2] and self-loving nuns,
That on the earth would breed a scarcity
And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,
Be prodigal: the lamp that burns by night
Dries up his oil to lend the world his light.

"What is thy body but a swallowing grave,
Seeming to bury that posterity
Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,
If thou destroy them not in dark obscurity?
If so the world will hold thee in disdain,
Sith[3] in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

"So in thyself, thyself art made away,
A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,
Or theirs whose desperate hands themselves do slay,
Or butcher sire that reaves[4] his son of life.
Foul cank'ring rust, the hidden treasure frets,[5]
But gold that's put to use more gold begets."

"Nay then," quoth Adon, "you will fall again
Into your idle over-handled theme.
The kiss I gave you is bestowed in vain,
And all in vain you strive against the stream,
For by this black-faced night, desire's foul nurse,
Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse.

"If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,
And every tongue more moving than your own,
Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's songs,
Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown,
For know my heart stands armèd in mine ear,
And will not let a false sound enter there.

"Lest the deceiving harmony should run
Into the quiet closure[6] of my breast,
And then my little heart were quite undone,
In his bed-chamber to be barred of rest.
No, lady, no. My heart longs not to groan,
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

"What have you urg'd that I cannot reprove?[7]
The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger.
I hate not love, but your device[8] in love,
That lends embracements unto every stranger.
You do it for increase, Oh strange excuse!
When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse.

"Call it not love, for love to Heaven is fled,
Since sweating lust on earth usurped his name,
Under whose[9] simple semblance he hath fed
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame;
Which the hot tyrant stains and soon bereaves,
As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

"Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,
But lust's effect is tempest after sun.
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
Lust's winter comes, ere summer half be done.
Love surfeits not, lust like a glutton dies;
Love is all truth, lust full of forgèd lies.

"More I could tell, but more I dare not say,
The text is old, the orator too green.
Therefore in sadness, now I will away,
My face is full of shame, my heart of teen,[10]
Mine ears that to your wanton talk attended,
Do burn themselves for having so offended."

With this he breaketh from the sweet embrace
Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast,

[1] *despite of fruitless* in spite of barren.
[2] *vestals* pure, chaste virgins.
[3] *Sith* since.
[4] *butcher sire that reaves* murdering father who robs.
[5] *frets* erodes.
[6] *closure* enclosure.
[7] *reprove* reject, censure.
[8] *device* discourse, contrivance.
[9] *whose* love's.
[10] *teen* vexation, grief.

And homeward through the dark laund[1] runs apace,
Leaves love upon her back, deeply distressed.
Look how a bright star shooteth from the sky,
So glides he in the night from Venus' eye.

Which after him she darts, as one on shore
Gazing upon a late embarked friend,
Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,
Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend.
So did the merciless and pitchy[2] night,
Fold in the object that did feed her sight.

Whereat amazed as one that unaware
Hath dropped a precious jewel in the flood,
Or 'stonished,[3] as night wand'rers often are,
Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood,
Even so confounded in the dark she lay,
Having lost the fair discovery of her way.

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,
That all the neighbour caves, as seeming troubled,
Make verbal repetition of her moans,
Passion on passion deeply is redoubled.
"Ay me," she cries, and twenty times "Woe, woe,"
And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

She marking them, begins a wailing note,
And sings extemporally a woeful ditty,
How love makes young men thrall and old men dote,
How love is wise in folly, foolish witty.
Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,
And still the choir of echoes answer so.

Her song was tedious[4] and outwore the night,
For lovers' hours are long, though seeming short.
If pleased themselves, others they think delight
In such-like circumstance, with such-like sport.
Their copious stories oftentimes begun,
End without audience and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the night withal[5]
But idle sounds resembling parasits?[6]
Like shrill-tongued tapsters[7] answering every call,
Soothing the humour of fantastic wits.
She says, "'Tis so," they answer all "'Tis so,"
And would say after her, if she said no.

Lo here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet[8] mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty,
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
That cedar tops and hills seem burnished gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair good morrow:
"O thou clear god, and patron of all light,
From whom each lamp and shining star doth borrow
The beauteous influence that makes him bright,
There lives a son that sucked an earthly mother
May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other."

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,
Musing the morning is so much o're-worn,
And yet she hears no tidings of her love.
She harkens for his hounds and for his horn,
Anon she hears them chant it lustily,
And all in haste she coasteth to the cry.

And as she runs, the bushes in the way,
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,
Some twine about her thigh to make her stay.

---

[1] *laund* lawn or glade.
[2] *pitchy* black, but also turbulent (continuing the wave imagery of the earlier lines).
[3] *'stonished* astonished.
[4] *tedious* long.
[5] *withal* with.
[6] *parasits* parasites, the echoes living on her voice.
[7] *tapsters* those who draw beer; the innkeepers.
[8] *cabinet* nest.

She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,
Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs[1] do ache,
Hasting to feed her fawn hid in some brake.

By this she hears the hounds are at a bay,[2]
Whereat she starts like one that spies an adder
Wreathed up in fatal folds just in his way,
The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder;
Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds
Appals her senses and her spirit confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,
But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,
Because the cry remaineth in one place,
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud,
Finding their enemy to be so cursed,
They all strain court'sy who shall cope him first.[3]

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,
Through which it enters to surprise her heart,
Who overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,
With cold-pale weakness numbs each feeling part;
Like soldiers when their captain once doth yield,
They basely fly and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy,[4]
Till cheering up her senses all dismayed,
She tells them 'tis a causeless fantasy
And childish error that they are afraid,
Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no more,
And with that word, she spied the hunted boar.

Whose frothy mouth bepainted all with red,
Like milk and blood being mingled both together,
A second fear through all her sinews spread,
Which madly hurries her, she knows not whither.
This way she runs, and now she will no further,
But back retires to rate the boar for murther.[5]

A thousand spleens[6] bear her a thousand ways,
She treads the path that she untreads again.
Her more than haste is mated[7] with delays,
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain,
Full of respects, yet naught at all respecting,
In hand with all things, naught at all effecting.

Here kennelled in a brake she finds a hound,
And asks the weary caitiff[8] for his master,
And there another licking of his wound,
'Gainst venomed sores the only sovereign plaster.
And here she meets another, sadly scowling,
To whom she speaks, and he replies with howling.

When he hath ceased his ill-resounding noise,
Another flap-mouthed mourner, black and grim,
Against the welkin[9] volleys out his voice,
Another and another answer him,
Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,
Shaking their scratched ears, bleeding as they go.

Look how the world's poor people are amazed
At apparitions, signs and prodigies,
Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gazed,
Infusing them with dreadful prophecies;
So she at these sad signs draws up her breath,
And sighing it again, exclaims on death.

---

[1] *milch* milk; *dugs* udders.

[2] *at a bay* barking in their final encounter with the prey; facing the prey, as it turns towards the attackers.

[3] *strain … first* politely defer to one another (i.e., none of the dogs are eager to attack the vicious boar).

[4] *ecstasy* the state of being "beside oneself"; in a stupor or frenzy.

[5] *rate* berate; *murther* murder.

[6] *spleens* impulses.

[7] *mated* confounded, checked by.

[8] *caitiff* wretch.

[9] *welkin* sky, heavens.

"Hard-favoured tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
Hateful divorce[1] of love" (thus chides she death),
"Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost thou mean
To stifle beauty, and to steal his breath?
Who, when he lived, his breath and beauty set
Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet.

"If he be dead, Oh no, it cannot be,
Seeing his beauty, thou shouldst strike at it.
Oh yes, it may, thou hast no eyes to see,
But hatefully at random dost thou hit.
Thy mark[2] is feeble age, but thy false dart
Mistakes that aim and cleaves an infant's heart.

"Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,
And hearing him, thy power had lost his[3] power.
The Destinies will curse thee for this stroke:
They bid thee crop a weed; thou pluckst a flower.
Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,
And not death's ebon[4] dart to strike him dead.

"Dost thou drink tears, that thou provokst such weeping?
What may a heavy groan advantage thee?
Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping
Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see?
Now nature cares not for thy mortal[5] vigour,
Since her best work is ruined with thy rigour."

Here overcome as one full of despair,
She veiled her eyelids, who like sluices[6] stopped
The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair
In the sweet channel of her bosom dropped.
But through the floodgates breaks the silver rain,
And with his strong course opens them again.

Oh how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow,
Her eye seen in the tears, tears in her eye,
Both crystals, where they viewed each other's sorrow:
Sorrow that friendly sighs sought still to dry,
But, like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable passions throng her constant woe,
As striving who should best become her grief.
All entertained, each passion labours so
That every present sorrow seemeth chief,
But none is best, then join they all together,
Like many clouds, consulting for foul weather.

By this far off, she hears some huntsman hallo,[7]
A nurse's song ne'er pleased her babe so well,
The dire imagination she did follow,
This sound of hope doth labour to expel,
For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
And flatters her it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
Being prisoned in her eye, like pearls in glass,
Yet sometimes falls an orient[8] drop beside,
Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should pass
To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,
Who is but drunken when she seemeth drowned.

O hard-believing love, how strange it seems!
Not to believe and yet too credulous:
Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes,
Despair, and hope, makes thee ridiculous.
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,
In likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

Now she unweaves the web that she hath wrought,
Adonis lives, and death is not to blame.
It was not she that called him all to naught;[9]

[1] *divorce* divorcer, divider.
[2] *mark* target.
[3] *his* its.
[4] *ebon* ebony, black; perhaps also referring to the hard, black wood.
[5] *mortal* deadly.
[6] *veiled* lowered; *sluices* sluice gates, used to stop the flow of water.
[7] *hallo* a shout to urge on the dogs.
[8] *orient* shining.
[9] *all to naught* worthless.

Now she adds honours to his hateful name.
She clepes[1] him king of graves, and grave for kings,
Imperious supreme of all mortal things.

"No, no," quoth she, "sweet death, I did but jest.
Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of fear
When as I met the boar, that bloody beast,
Which knows no pity but is still severe,
Then gentle shadow (truth I must confess)
I railed on thee, fearing my love's decess.[2]

"'Tis not my fault; the boar provoked my tongue,
Be wreaked[3] on him (invisible commander).
'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong,
I did but act;[4] he's author of thy slander.
Grief hath two tongues, and never woman yet
Could rule them both, without ten women's wit."

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,
Her rash suspect[5] she doth extenuate,
And that his beauty may the better thrive,
With death she humbly doth insinuate,[6]
Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs and stories,
His victories, his triumphs and his glories.

"O Jove," quoth she, "how much a fool was I,
To be of such a weak and silly mind,
To wail his death who lives, and must not die,
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind?
For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
And beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

"Fie, fie, fond love, thou art as full of fear
As one with treasure laden, hemmed with thieves.
Trifles unwitnessèd with eye or ear
Thy coward heart with false bethinking grieves."
Even at this word she hears a merry horn,
Whereat she leaps, that was but late forlorn.

As falcons to the lure,[7] away she flies,
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light,
And in her haste unfortunately spies
The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight,
Which seen, her eyes are murd'red with the view,
Like stars ashamed of[8] day, themselves withdrew.

Or as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,
And there all smothered up, in shade doth sit,
Long after fearing to creep forth again:
So at his bloody view her eyes are fled
Into the deep-dark cabins of her head,

Where they resign their office and their light
To the disposing of her troubled brain,
Who bids them still consort with ugly night,
And never wound the heart with looks again,
Who, like a king perplexèd in his throne,
By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,

Whereat each tributary subject[9] quakes,
As when the wind imprisoned in the ground,
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,[10]
Which with cold terror doth men's minds confound.
This mutiny each part doth so surprise
That from their dark beds once more leap her eyes.

And being opened, threw unwilling light
Upon the wide wound that the boar had trenched
In his soft flank, whose wonted lily white,

[1] *clepes* proclaims.
[2] *decess* decease.
[3] *wreaked* revenged.
[4] *act* react.
[5] *suspect* suspicion.
[6] *insinuate* ingratiate herself.
[7] *lure* bait used in training falcons.
[8] *ashamed of* shamed by the brightness of.
[9] *tributary subject* each subject or subordinate who pays tribute to the king; each member (of her body); (in the following line) each contributing blast of wind.
[10] *As when … shakes* an earthquake.

With purple tears that his wound wept, had drenched.
No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf or weed,
But stole his blood, and seemed with him to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth,
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head,
Dumbly she passions,[1] frantically she doteth,
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead.
Her voice is stopped, her joints forget to bow,
Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now.[2]

Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly
That her sight dazzling, makes the wound seem three,
And then she reprehends her mangling eye
That makes more gashes where no breach should be.
His face seems twain, each several limb is doubled,
For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

"My tongue cannot express my grief for one,
And yet," quoth she, "behold two Adons dead.
My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,
Mine eyes are turned to fire, my heart to lead,
Heavy heart's lead melt at mine eyes' red fire,
So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

"Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost?
What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?
Whose tongue is music now? What canst thou boast
Of things long since, or anything ensuing?
The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and trim,
But true sweet beauty lived and died with him.

"Bonnet nor veil henceforth no creature wear,
Nor sun, nor wind will ever strive to kiss you,
Having no[3] fair to lose, you need not fear,
The sun doth scorn you and the wind doth hiss you.
But when Adonis lived, sun and sharp air
Lurked like two thieves to rob him of his fair.

"And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Under whose brim the gaudy sun would peep,
The wind would blow it off and, being gone,
Play with his locks, then would Adonis weep,
And straight in pity of his tender years,
They both would strive who first should dry his tears.

"To see his face the lion walked along
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear[4] him.
To recreate himself when he hath song,
The tiger would be tame and gently hear him.
If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his prey,
And never fright the silly lamb that day.

"When he beheld his shadow in the brook,
The fishes spread on it their golden gills.
When he was by, the birds such pleasure took
That some would sing, some other in their bills
Would bring him mulberries and ripe-red cherries;
He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

"But this foul, grim and urchin-snouted[5] boar,
Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,
Ne'er saw the beauteous livery[6] that he wore,
Witness the entertainment that he gave.
If he did see his face, why then I know
He thought to kiss him, and hath killed him so.

[1] *passions* suffers.
[2] *till now* before now.
[3] *no* nothing.
[4] *fear* frighten.
[5] *urchin-snouted* deformed or mischievously nosed (with tusks).
[6] *livery* form.

"'Tis true, 'tis true, thus was Adonis slain.
He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,
Who did not whet his teeth at him again,
But by a kiss thought to persuade him[1] there,
And nousling[2] in his flank, the loving swine
Sheathed unaware the tusk in his soft groin.

"Had I been toothed like him I must confess,
With kissing him I should have killed him first,
But he is dead, and never did he bless
My youth with his, the more am I accursed."
With this she falleth in the place she stood,
And stains her face with his congealèd blood.

She looks upon his lips and they are pale,
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold,
She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,
As if they heard the woeful words she told.
She lifts the coffer-lids[3] that close his eyes,
Where lo, two lamps burnt out in darkness lies.

Two glasses where herself herself beheld
A thousand times, and now no more reflect,
Their virtue[4] lost, wherein they late excelled,
And every beauty robbed of his effect.
"Wonder of time," quoth she, "this is my spite,
That thou being dead, the day should yet be light.

"Since thou art dead, lo here I prophesy
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend;
It shall be waited on with jealousy,
Find sweet beginning, but unsavoury end;
Ne'er settled equally, but high or low,
That all love's pleasure shall not match his woe.

"It shall be fickle, false and full of fraud,
Bud and be blasted, in a breathing while,[5]
The bottom poison, and the top o're-straw'd[6]
With sweets that shall the truest sight beguile,
The strongest body shall it make most weak,
Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to speak.

"It shall be sparing and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures,[7]
The staring[8] ruffian shall it keep in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures,
It shall be raging mad and silly mild,
Make the young old, the old become a child.

"It shall suspect where is no cause of fear,
It shall not fear where it should most mistrust,
It shall be merciful and too severe,
And most deceiving, when it seems most just,
Perverse it shall be where it shows most toward,[9]
Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

"It shall be cause of war and dire events,
And set dissension 'twixt the son and sire,
Subject and servile to all discontents,
As dry combustious matter is to fire,
Sith in his prime, death doth my love destroy,
They that love best, their loves shall not enjoy."

By this the boy that by her side lay killed
Was melted like a vapour from her sight,
And in his blood that on the ground lay spilled,
A purple flower sprung up, check'red[10] with white,
Resembling well his pale cheeks, and the blood
Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.

She bows her head the new-sprung flower to smell,
Comparing it to her Adonis' breath,
And says within her bosom it shall dwell,

---

[1] *persuade him* persuade him of his love.
[2] *nousling* nuzzling.
[3] *coffer-lids* eye lids; a coffer is a container, often for treasure; it can also refer to a coffin.
[4] *virtue* power.
[5] *in a breathing while* in a breath.
[6] *o're-straw'd* over-strewn.
[7] *tread the measures* dance.
[8] *staring* glaring.
[9] *toward* obliging, hopeful.
[10] *check'red* checkered.

Since he himself is reft[1] from her by death.
She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears
Green-dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

"Poor flower," quoth she, "this was thy father's guise,[2]
Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire,
For every little grief to wet his eyes,
To grow unto himself was his desire,
And so 'tis thine, but know it is as good
To wither in my breast as in his blood.

"Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast.
Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy right.
Lo in this hollow cradle take thy rest,
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night.
There shall not be one minute in an hour
Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flower."

Thus, weary of the world, away she hies,
And yokes her silver doves, by whose swift aid,
Their mistress mounted through the empty skies,
In her light chariot quickly is conveyed,
Holding their course to Paphos,[3] where their Queen,
Means to immure herself and not be seen.

—1593

[1] *reft* torn.
[2] *guise* manner, shape.
[3] *Paphos* Venus' home in Cyprus.

from *Sonnets*

To the only begetter of these ensuing Sonnets
Mr. W.H. all happiness and that eternity promised
by our ever-living poet wisheth the well-wishing
adventurer in setting forth.
T.T.[4]

2

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery[5] so gazed on now,
Will be a tottered weed[6] of small worth held:
Then being asked where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days,
To say within thine own deep-sunken eyes
Were[7] an all-eating shame and thriftless praise.
How much more praise deserved thy beauty's use,[8]
If thou couldst answer, "This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse,"
Proving his beauty by succession thine.
This were to be new made when thou art old,
And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

3

Look in thy glass[9] and tell the face thou viewest,
Now is the time that face should form another,
Whose fresh repair[10] if now thou not renewest,
Thou dost beguile the world, unbless some mother.[11]

[4] W.H. may be a misprint for W. Sh., or may be the initials of the young man who inspired the first 126 sonnets (perhaps Henry Wriothesley, earl of Southhampton or William Herbert, earl of Pembroke). T.T. is the printer, Thomas Thorpe. Generally accepted emendations to the 1609 edition have been incorporated into the texts below, but the original 1609 readings are included in the footnotes.
[5] *livery* uniform or appearance.
[6] *tottered* tattered or shaken, ready to fall; *weed* clothing or plant.
[7] *Were* would be.
[8] *deserved thy beauty's use* i.e., would the use of thy beauty deserve.
[9] *glass* mirror.
[10] *repair* condition; also idea of interaction with others.
[11] *beguile* cheat; *unbless some mother* i.e., not allow a woman the blessing of being a mother.

For where is she so fair whose uneared[1] womb
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?[2]
Or who is he so fond[3] will be the tomb
Of his self-love to stop posterity?
Thou art thy mother's glass and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime,
So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,
Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.
But if thou live rememb'red not to be,
Die single and thine image dies with thee.

4

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?
Nature's bequest gives nothing but doth lend,
And being frank she lends to those are free:[4]
Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse
The bounteous largess given thee to give?
Profitless usurer, why dost thou use[5]
So great a sum of sums yet canst not live?
For having traffic[6] with thyself alone,
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive,
Then how when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable audit canst thou leave?
Thy unused beauty must be tombed with thee,
Which usèd lives th'executor to be.

12

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave[7] day sunk in hideous night,
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls or[8] silvered o'er with white,
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst[9] from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard:[10]
Then of thy beauty do I question make
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,
And die as fast as they see others grow,
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence
Save breed to brave[11] him when he takes thee hence.

17

Who will believe my verse in time to come
If it were filled with your most high deserts?
Though yet Heaven knows it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life, and shows not half your parts.
If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
And in fresh numbers[12] number all your graces,
The age to come would say, "This poet lies,
Such heavenly touches ne'er touched earthly faces."
So should my papers (yellowed with their age)
Be scorned, like old men of less truth than tongue,
And your true rights be termed a poet's rage,[13]
And stretchèd metre of an antique song.
But were some child of yours alive that time,
You should live twice, in it and in my rhyme.

18

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimmed,
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course untrimmed:[14]
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,

---

[1] *uneared* unploughed or untilled.

[2] *husbandry* referring to both the care of a husband and to agriculture.

[3] *fond* foolish.

[4] *frank* and *free* are synonyms meaning "generous."

[5] *use* This term is connected to the economic image throughout; usury is to lend for profit.

[6] *traffic* dealings (sexual).

[7] *brave* grand, glorious.

[8] *sable* black; *or* Many editors change this to "all."

[9] *erst* once.

[10] *bier* harvest cart, funeral bier; *beard* refers to the ripened grain and to a man's beard.

[11] *breed* have children; *brave* defy.

[12] *numbers* verses.

[13] *rage* poetic fury or imagination.

[14] *untrimmed* deprived of elegance and ornament.

Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st,[1]
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st.[2]
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

20

A woman's face with nature's own hand painted[3]
Hast thou, the master mistress of my passion,
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With shifting change as is false women's fashion;
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,[4]
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;
A man in hue, all hues in his controlling,[5]
Which steals men's eyes and women's souls amazeth.
And for[6] a woman wert thou first created,
Till nature as she wrought thee fell a-doting,
And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.[7]
But since she pricked thee out for women's pleasure,
Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.[8]

23

As an unperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his fear is put besides[9] his part,
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart,
So I, for fear of trust, forget to say
The perfect ceremony of love's right,[10]
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
O'ercharged with burden of mine own love's might.
Oh let my books[11] be then the eloquence
And dumb presagers[12] of my speaking breast,
Who plead for love, and look for recompense,
More than that tongue[13] that more hath more expressed.
Oh learn to read what silent love hath writ;
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.[14]

29

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless[15] cries,
And look upon myself and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one[16] more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,[17]
With what I most enjoy contented least,
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply[18] I think on thee, and then my state
(Like to the lark at break of day arising)[19]
From sullen earth sings hymns at heaven's gate,
For thy sweet love rememb'red such wealth brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

---

[1] *ow'st* own.

[2] *in eternal lines … grow'st* i.e., in eternal poetry you are grafted onto eternity.

[3] *with nature's own hand painted* i.e., without cosmetics.

[4] *rolling* wandering.

[5] *A man … controlling* a man in looks, and one whose looks control others, or include other appearances.

[6] *for* to be.

[7] *And by addition … nothing* defeated me by adding "one thing" (a penis), which is of no use to me. However, "nothing" was also a common slang term for the female genitalia.

[8] *Mine be … treasure* i.e., I'll have your love, and women can have the "use," both the physical use, and the interest from love's principal.

[9] *put besides* forgets.

[10] *love's right* love's desert, as well as "love's rite" or "ritual."

[11] *books* these verses.

[12] *presagers* those who give warning; those who predict or portend.

[13] *that tongue* the tongue of a rival.

[14] *wit* "wiht" in the 1609 edition.

[15] *bootless* fruitless, useless.

[16] *like to one* The speaker here begins to compare himself to other men.

[17] *art* skill, ability; *scope* range.

[18] *Haply* by chance, with a play on "happily."

[19] The parentheses end here in the 1609 edition; the final parenthesis is often moved after "earth" in the next line.

30

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh[1] the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste,[2]
Then can I drown an eye (unused to flow)
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long since cancelled woe,
And moan th'expense[3] of many a vanished sight,
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account[4] of fore-bemoanèd moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee (dear friend)
All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

32

If thou survive my well-contented day,[5]
When that churl death my bones with dust shall cover,
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude[6] lines of thy deceasèd lover,
Compare them with the bett'ring[7] of the time,
And though they be outstripped by every pen,
Reserve[8] them for my love, not for their rhyme,
Exceeded by the height of happier men.
O then vouchsafe me but this loving thought:
Had my friend's muse grown with this growing age,
A dearer birth[9] than this his love had brought
To march in ranks of better equipage;[10]
But since he died and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love.

[1] *sigh* sigh at.
[2] *dear time's waste* the waste of precious time or life.
[3] *th'expense* the spending or passing.
[4] *account* story, total (continuing the economic imagery).
[5] *my well-contented day* the day of my death (which I will be content to face).
[6] *rude* unrefined.
[7] *bett'ring* improved verse.
[8] *Reserve* keep.
[9] *birth* creation (poem).
[10] *equipage* equipment, carriage: a better style of verse.

40[11]

Take all my loves, my love, yea take them all,
What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?
No love, my love, that thou mayst true love call,
All mine was thine, before thou hadst this more.
Then if for my love, thou my love receivest,[12]
I cannot blame thee, for my love thou usest,[13]
But yet be blamed, if thou this self[14] deceivest
By wilful taste of what thyself refusest.
I do forgive thy robb'ry, gentle thief,
Although thou steal thee all my poverty;[15]
And yet love knows it is a greater grief
To bear love's wrong than hate's known injury.
Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,
Kill me with spites, yet we must not be foes.

42

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
And yet it may be said I loved her dearly;
That she hath thee is of my wailing chief,
A loss in love that touches me more nearly.
Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye:
Thou dost love her because thou know'st I love her,
And for my sake even so doth she abuse[16] me,
Suff'ring my friend for my sake to approve[17] her.
If I lose thee, my loss is my love's[18] gain,
And losing[19] her, my friend hath found that loss.
Both find each other, and I lose both twain,
And both for my sake lay on me this cross.[20]

[11] Sonnets 40-42 introduce a love triangle: the speaker's female beloved (who may or may not be the woman of the later sonnets) is also loved by the young man.
[12] *Then if for my love … receivest* i.e., if for love of me you welcome my beloved.
[13] *for my love thou usest* i.e., because you use (sexually) my beloved; because you debase my beloved, or my love for you.
[14] *this self* myself (or the woman, or the young man).
[15] *poverty* the little I have.
[16] *abuse* misuse.
[17] *approve* test (sexually).
[18] *my love's* my mistress's.
[19] *losing* my loss of.
[20] *cross* affliction.

But here's the joy, my friend and I are one,
Sweet flattery, then she loves but me alone.

44

If the dull[1] substance of my flesh were thought,
Injurious distance should not stop my way,
For then despite of space I would be brought,
From limits far remote, where[2] thou dost stay.
No matter then although my foot did stand
Upon the farthest earth removed from thee,
For nimble thought can jump both sea and land
As soon as think the place where he would be.
But ah, thought kills me that I am not thought
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
But that, so much of earth and water wrought,[3]
I must attend time's leisure with my moan.
Receiving naught by elements so slow,
But heavy tears, badges[4] of either's woe.

45

The other two,[5] slight air and purging fire,
Are both with thee, wherever I abide,
The first my thought, the other my desire,
These present absent with swift motion slide.
For when these quicker elements are gone
In tender embassy of love to thee,
My life being made of four, with two alone
Sinks down to death, oppressed with melancholy,
Until life's composition be recured[6]
By those swift messengers returned from thee,
Who even but now come back again, assured
Of thy fair health, recounting it to me.
This told, I joy, but then no longer glad,
I send them back again and straight grow sad.

55

Not marble nor the gilded monuments
Of princes shall outlive this pow'rful rhyme,
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmeared with sluttish[7] time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword,[8] nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room,
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom.[9]
So till the judgment that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

71

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world with vildest[10] worms to dwell;
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it, for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
Oh if (I say) you look upon this verse,
When I (perhaps) compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay.
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

73

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,

---

1 *dull* heavy.
2 *where* to where.
3 *But that … wrought* This alludes to two of the four elements thought to compose all matter: earth and water were considered heavy (and slow); air and fire, which appear in sonnet 45, were considered lighter (and faster).
4 *badges* signs.
5 *The other two* See p. 1083, note 3.
6 *recured* cured, recovered.
7 *sluttish* slovenly.
8 *Mars his sword* Mars' sword, the older form of the possessive.
9 *ending doom* Doomsday or Judgment Day, when bodies are said to arise from the dead to be reunited with their souls.
10 *vildest* vilest.

Bare ruined choirs,[1] where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou seest the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self that seals up all in rest.
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consumed with that which it was nourished by.
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well, which thou must leave ere long.

76

Why is my verse so barren of new pride?
So far from variation or quick change?
Why with the time[2] do I not glance aside
To new-found methods, and to compounds strange?
Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keep invention in a noted weed,[3]
That every word doth almost tell[4] my name,
Showing their birth, and where[5] they did proceed?
O know, sweet love, I always write of you,
And you and love are still my argument,
So all my best is dressing old words new,
Spending again what is already spent:
For as the sun is daily new and old,
So is my love still telling what is told.

81

Or[6] I shall live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten,
From hence[7] your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part[8] will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Though I (once gone) to all the world must die;
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entombèd in men's eyes shall lie.
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read,
And tongues to be, your being shall rehearse,[9]
When all the breathers of this world are dead,
You still shall live (such virtue[10] hath my pen)
Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths of men.

87

Farewell, thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate,[11]
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing,[12]
My bonds in thee are all determinate.[13]
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting,
And for that riches where is my deserving?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent[14] back again is swerving.
Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking,
So thy great gift, upon misprision[15] growing,
Comes home again, on better judgment making.
Thus have I had thee as a dream doth flatter:
In sleep a king, but waking no such matter.

89

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
And I will comment upon that offence;
Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt,[16]
Against thy reasons making no defence.
Thou canst not (love) disgrace me half so ill,

---

[1] *choirs* the part of a church occupied by the choir; the 1609 edition spells this "quiers," which may allude to "quires," the gatherings of manuscript leaves upon which the poet prints his verse.
[2] *time* fashion.
[3] *noted weed* familiar clothing or structure.
[4] *tell* The 1609 edition has "fel" or "sel" (with an elongated s).
[5] *where* whence.
[6] *Or* whether.
[7] *From hence* from these lines.
[8] *in me each part* each of my (or your) parts or features.
[9] *tongues to be* future tongues; *rehearse* repeat.
[10] *virtue* merit and strength.
[11] *estimate* worth.
[12] *The charter … releasing* i.e., the legal document or contract which notes your worth releases you.
[13] *determinate* ended.
[14] *patent* title to possession (of you).
[15] *misprision* error.
[16] *halt* both stop and limp.

To set a form upon desired change,
As I'll myself disgrace, knowing thy will,
I will acquaintance strangle and look strange,[1]
Be absent from thy walks, and in my tongue
Thy sweet belovèd name no more shall dwell,
Lest I (too much profane) should do it wrong,
And haply[2] of our old acquaintance tell.
For thee, against myself I'll vow debate,[3]
For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

90

Then hate me when thou wilt, if ever, now,
Now while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after-loss.[4]
Ah, do not, when my heart hath 'scaped this sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquered woe;[5]
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purposed overthrow.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done their spite,
But in the onset come, so shall I taste
At first the very worst of fortune's might.
And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
Compared with loss of thee, will not seem so.

91

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their body's force,
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill,[6]
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse.
And every humour hath his adjunct[7] pleasure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest,
But these particulars are not my measure,
All these I better in one general best.
Thy love is better[8] than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
Of more delight than hawks or horses be;
And having thee, of all men's pride I boast.
Wretched in this alone, that thou mayst take
All this away, and me most wretched make.

94

They that have pow'r to hurt, and will do none,
That do not do the thing they most do show,[9]
Who moving others, are themselves as stone,
Unmovèd, cold, and to temptation slow:
They rightly do inherit Heaven's graces,
And husband nature's riches from expense,[10]
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others but stewards[11] of their excellence.
The summer's flow'r is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die,[12]
But if that flow'r with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity:[13]
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.[14]

99

The forward violet thus did I chide:[15]
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells
If not from my love's breath? The purple pride,
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.
The lily I condemnèd for thy hand,[16]
And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy hair,

---

[1] *acquaintance strangle* end our relationship; *strange* like a stranger.
[2] *haply* by chance.
[3] *debate* argument, war.
[4] *after-loss* second or later loss.
[5] *Come … woe* i.e., attack right after I have conquered sorrow.
[6] *new-fangled ill* fashionably ugly.
[7] *humour* temperament; *adjunct* associated.
[8] *better* The 1609 edition has "bitter."
[9] *show* appear to do.
[10] *husband* protect, keep; *expense* being expended, used up, wasted.
[11] *stewards* keepers, managers.
[12] *Though … die* i.e., though it remain unpollinated.
[13] *outbraves his dignity* i.e., defies or surpasses the flower's nobleness or worthiness.
[14] *Lilies … weeds* This line appears in *The Reign of King Edward III*, an anonymous play printed in 1596, sometimes attributed to Shakespeare.
[15] This is an extra introductory line to a regular sonnet.
[16] *condemnèd for thy hand* i.e., blamed for stealing the colour of thy hand.

The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One[1] blushing shame, another white despair;
A third, nor red nor white, had stol'n of both,
And to his robb'ry had annexed thy breath,
But for his theft in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see
But sweet or colour it had stol'n from thee.

102

My love is strengthened, though more weak in seeming,
I love not less, though less the show appear;
That love is merchandized[2] whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish everywhere.
Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my lays,
As Philomel[3] in summer's front doth sing,
And stops her[4] pipe in growth of riper days:
Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
But that wild music burthens[5] every bough,
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.
Therefore like her, I sometime hold my tongue,
Because I would not dull you with my song.

106

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,[6]
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
In praise of ladies dead, and lovely knights,
Then in the blazon[7] of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have expressed
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring,
And for they looked but with divining[8] eyes,
They had not skill[9] enough your worth to sing:
For we which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

116

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments;[10] love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
Oh no, it is an ever-fixèd mark[11]
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wand'ring bark,[12]
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.[13]
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his[14] bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.[15]
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

128

How oft when thou, my music, music play'st
Upon that blessèd wood whose motion[16] sounds
With thy sweet fingers when thou gently sway'st
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy those jacks[17] that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,

---

[1] *One* The 1609 edition has "our."

[2] *merchandized* made into merchandise.

[3] *Philomel* generally stands for the nightingale; in a Latin myth, Philomela was raped by Tereus, who cut out her tongue to keep her quiet; she was turned into a nightingale.

[4] *her* The 1609 edition has "his."

[5] *burthens* weighs down, but also referring to a musical refrain or accompaniment, the "bourdon."

[6] *wights* people.

[7] *blazon* a poetic catalogue of features or virtues.

[8] *for* because; *divining* prophetic.

[9] *skill* "still" in the 1609 edition.

[10] *Let me … impediments* This recalls the traditional marriage service.

[11] *fixèd mark* an unmoving mark on sea or land to help navigation.

[12] *bark* boat.

[13] *the star … taken* Stars were used to help navigation; here, their height can be measured, but not their importance or essence.

[14] *his* time's.

[15] *doom* doomsday.

[16] *motion* mechanism.

[17] *jacks* keys to a virginal or harpsichord; jacks were in fact not the keys themselves, but pieces of wood fitted to the ends of the keys; the jack rose when the key was pressed, and an attached quill then plucked the strings.

Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand.
To be so tickled they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips,
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more blest than living lips:
Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
Give them thy[1] fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

129

Th'expense[2] of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action, and till action, lust
Is perjured, murd'rous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust,
Enjoyed no sooner but despisèd straight,
Past reason hunted, and no sooner had
Past reason hated as a swallowed bait,
On purpose laid to make the taker mad.
Mad in pursuit and in possession so,
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme,
A bliss in proof, and proved, a very woe,[3]
Before, a joy proposed, behind, a dream.
All this the world well knows, yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

130

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun,
Coral is far more red than her lips' red,
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun,[4]
If hairs be wires,[5] black wires grow on her head;
I have seen roses damasked,[6] red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks,
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;
I grant I never saw a goddess go,
My mistress when she walks treads on the ground.
And yet by Heaven I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare.[7]

135

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy *Will*,[8]
And *Will* to boot, and *Will* in overplus;
More than enough am I that vex thee still,
To thy sweet will making addition thus.
Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?
Shall will in others seem right gracious,
And in my will no fair acceptance shine?
The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,
And in abundance addeth to his store,
So thou being rich in *Will* add to thy *Will*
One will of mine to make thy large *Will* more.
Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill,[9]
Think all but one, and me in that one *Will*.

138

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her though I know she lies,
That she might think me some untutored youth,
Unlearnèd in the world's false subtleties.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although she knows my days are past the best,
Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue,
On both sides thus is simple truth suppressed.
But wherefore says she not she is unjust?
And wherefore say not I that I am old?
Oh love's best habit is in seeming trust,[10]

---

[1] *thy* The first "thy" in this line is "their" in the 1609 edition.
[2] *expense* expenditure.
[3] *in proof* in the attempt; *and proved, a very woe* The 1609 edition has "and proud and very wo."
[4] *dun* dingy brown.
[5] *hairs be wires* a traditional comparison (usually to gold wires).
[6] *damasked* variegated.
[7] *she* woman; *belied* misrepresented; *compare* comparison.
[8] *Will* The sonnet puns on the possible meanings of will: the name Will; desire (sexual or otherwise); pleasure; capacity to choose; intent or purpose; testament; penis; and even vagina (line 5). It echoes the proverb, "A woman will have her will." Italics from the 1609 edition have been kept for this sonnet.
[9] *Let … kill* i.e., let no unkindness kill your fair suitors.
[10] *seeming trust* appearing trustworthy.

And age in love loves not t'have years told.
Therefore I lie with[1] her, and she with me,
And in our faults by lies we flattered be.

143

Lo as a careful[2] housewife runs to catch
One of her feathered creatures broke away,
Sets down her babe and makes all swift dispatch
In pursuit of the thing she would have stay:
Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,
Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent
To follow that which flies before her face,
Not prizing[3] her poor infant's discontent:
So run'st thou after that which flies from thee,
Whilst I, thy babe, chase thee afar behind,
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind.
So will I pray that thou mayst have thy *Will*,[4]
If thou turn back and my loud crying still.

144

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest[5] me still:
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worser spirit a woman coloured ill.[6]
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,[7]
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.
And whether that my angel be turned fiend
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell,
But being both from me, both to each friend,[8]
I guess one angel in another's hell.
Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire[9] my good one out.

145[10]

Those lips that Love's own hand did make
Breathed forth the sound that said "I hate"
To me that languished for her sake;
But when she saw my woeful state,
Straight in her heart did mercy come,
Chiding that tongue that, ever sweet,
Was used in giving gentle doom,[11]
And taught it thus anew to greet:
"I hate" she altered with an end
That followed it as gentle day
Doth follow night, who like a fiend
From Heaven to Hell is flown away.
"I hate" from hate away she threw,[12]
And saved my life saying "not you."

146

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
My sinful earth these rebel pow'rs that thee array,[13]
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion[14] spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's[15] loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;[16]
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more:
So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,
And death once dead, there's no more dying then.

---

[1] *lie with* lie down with; tell lies to.
[2] *careful* full of cares.
[3] *prizing* noticing.
[4] *Will* See the punning of sonnet 135. Italics are from the 1609 edition.
[5] *suggest* prompt or influence.
[6] *ill* dark.
[7] *side* The 1609 edition has "sight."
[8] *both … friend* i.e., both away from me, and friends to each other.
[9] *fire* drives; this could also refer to the burning of a venereal infection.
[10] Note that this poem is in iambic tetrameter.
[11] *doom* judgement.
[12] *"I hate" … threw* i.e., took the "hate" out of the meaning of "I hate"; "hate away" is a possible pun on Shakespeare's wife's last name, Hathaway.
[13] *My sinful earth* The 1609 quarto repeats "My sinful earth" here, which is likely an error; it is unknown what else might be inserted here; *rebel pow'rs that thee array* i.e., the rebellious flesh that clothes you.
[14] *mansion* the body.
[15] *thy servant's* the body's.
[16] *And let … store* i.e., and let that languish or starve to increase the soul's store.

147

My love is as a fever, longing still
For that which longer nurseth the disease,
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
Th'uncertain sickly appetite to please;
My reason, the physician to my love,
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve[1]
Desire is death, which physic did except.[2]
Past cure I am, now reason is past care,[3]
And frantic mad with evermore unrest;
My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are,
At random from the truth vainly expressed.
For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

151

Love is too young to know what conscience is,[4]
Yet who knows not conscience is born of love?
Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,[5]
Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove.
For thou betraying me, I do betray
My nobler part to my gross body's treason;
My soul doth tell my body that he may
Triumph in love; flesh stays[6] no farther reason,
But rising at the name doth point out thee
As his triumphant prize. Proud of his pride,
He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
To stand[7] in thy affairs, fall by thy side.
No want[8] of conscience hold it that I call
Her love, for whose dear love I rise and fall.

154

The little love-god, lying once asleep,
Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,[9]
Whilst many nymphs that vowed chaste life to keep
Came tripping by, but in her maiden hand
The fairest votary took up that fire,
Which many legions of true hearts had warmed,
And so the general of hot desire
Was sleeping by a virgin hand disarmed.
This brand she quenchèd in a cool well by,[10]
Which from love's fire took heat perpetual,
Growing[11] a bath and healthful remedy
For men diseased, but I, my mistress' thrall,[12]
Came there for cure, and this[13] by that I prove:
Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

—1609

---

[1] *approve* show that.

[2] *Desire … except* i.e., desire which refuses physic or medicine leads to death.

[3] This line plays with the proverb, "Past cure, past care."

[4] *Love … is* Love or Cupid is a young boy, and therefore cannot have a moral sense (or carnal knowledge).

[5] *urge not my amiss* i.e., do not stress or provoke my fault.

[6] *flesh* the body in general, the penis in particular; *stays* waits for.

[7] *stand* serve.

[8] *want* lack.

[9] *brand* torch or fire; that which brands or marks the lovers.

[10] *by* nearby.

[11] *Growing* becoming.

[12] *thrall* slave or captive.

[13] *this* the following statement.

Michael Drayton
1563-1631

Michael Drayton had a long career as a poet, writing in a variety of genres and collaborating on stage plays. He revised and expanded many of his texts a number of times. The editions of his works presented here reveal his early attempts in three different genres. Pastoral modes were popular in the 1590s and the third eclogue of *The Shepherds' Garland* echoes the April and October sections of Edmund Spenser's *Shepheardes Calender* a number of times. Drayton also contributed to the sonnet vogue of the period, but he continued to rewrite and amend his sequence long after the genre's popularity had waned; only twenty of the original 51 sonnets in *Ideas Mirror* of 1594 found their way into the 1619 edition, which expanded to 63 sonnets. *England's Heroical Epistles*, a series of epistolary poems between famous English lovers, are notable for their closed couplets, and were very successful, running through five editions between 1597 and 1602. The form is loosely based on Ovid's *Heroides* and gained Drayton the title of "our English Ovid." Although he draws on Ovid, Drayton is clearly writing about English figures, and cites such historical sources as Raphael Holinshed and Edward Hall (also used by Shakespeare in a number of plays). The set of epistles presented here, from Lady Jane Gray and Lord Gilford Dudley, were the most quoted in the period.

EDITIONS: "The Third Eclogue" from *Idea, the shepheard's garland, Fashioned in nine eglogs. Rowlands sacrifice to the nine Muses.* London: [By T. Orwin] for Thomas Woodcock, 1593. STC 7202; *Ideas mirrour, Amours in quatorzains.* London: Printed by James Roberts, for Nicholas Ling, 1594. STC 7203; *Englands heroicall epistles.* London: Printed by J[ames] R[oberts] for N. Ling, 1597. STC 7193.

from *The Shepherds' Garland*

The Third Eclogue[1]

Rowland *and* Perkin *both yfere,*[2]
in field upon a day,
With little Robin-redbreasts round,
do pass the time away.

PERKIN.

Rowland for shame awake thy drowsy muse,
Time plays the hunts-up to thy sleepy head,
Why li'st thou here as thou hadst long been dead,
foul idle swain?[3]

Whoever heard thy pipe and pleasing vein,
And doth but hear this scurrill[4] minstralcy,
These noninos[5] of filthy ribaldry,
that doth not muse.[6]

Then slumber not with foul Endymion,[7]
But tune thy reed to dapper virelays,[8]
And sing awhile of blessed Beta's[9] praise,
fair Beta she:

In thy sweet song so blessed may'st thou be,
For learned Collin lays his pipes to gage,[10]
And is to fairy gone a pilgrimage:
the more our moan.

---

1 *Eclogue* a short poem, especially a pastoral dialogue.
2 *yfere* companions.
3 *swain* a young man, a shepherd.
4 *scurrill* scurrilous or noted by indecent, lewd language.
5 *noninos* "nonny-no" was used as a meaningless refrain in songs.
6 *muse* "amuse," or perhaps, "inspire."
7 *Endymion* Loved by the moon, Selene, Endymion was thrown into a perpetual sleep, and the moon descended every night to embrace him.
8 *virelays* short lyric pieces with stanzas of two rhymes.
9 *Beta* Queen Elizabeth.
10 *Collin* Edmund Spenser, author of *The Shepheardes Calendar.* In the next two lines, Perkins states Spenser has left the pastoral mode to go to "fairy": the first part of Spenser's epic *Faerie Queene* appeared in 1590; *to gage* to pledge, a promise of performance.

ROWLAND.

What, Beta? Shepherd, she is Pan's[1] beloved.
Fair Beta's praise beyond our strain doth stretch,
Her notes too high for my poor pipe to reach,
poor oaten reed:[2]

So far unfit to speak of worthy's deed,
But set my stops unto a lower key,
Whereas a horn-pipe I may safely play,
yet unreproved.

With flattery my Muse could never fage,[3]
Nor could affect such vain scurrility,
To please lewd lorrels,[4] in their foolery,
too base and vile:

Nor but a note yet will I raise my style,[5]
Myself above Will Piper to advance,
Which so bestirs him at the morris dance,[6]
for penny wage.

PERKIN.

Rowland, so toys oft times esteemed are,
And fashions ever changing with the time,
Then frolic it a while in lusty rhyme,
with mirth and glee:

And let me hear that roundelay[7] of thee,
Which once thou sangst to me in Janeveer,[8]
When Robin-redbreast sitting on a brier,
the burthen bear.[9]

ROWLAND.

Well needs I must, yet with a heavy heart:
But were not Beta sure[10] I would not sing,
Whose praise the echoes never cease to ring
unto the skies.

PERKIN.

Be blithe good Rowland then, and clear thine eyes:
And now sith Robin to his roost is gone,
Good Rowland then supply the place alone,
and show thy art.

ROWLAND.

"O thou fair silver Thames, O clearest crystal flood,
Beta alone the phoenix[11] is of all thy watery brood,
The Queen of Virgins only she,
And thou the queen of floods shalt be:
Let all thy nymphs be joyful then to see this happy day,
Thy Beta now alone shall be the subject of my lay.

"With dainty and delightsome strains of sweetest virelays,
Come lovely shepherds sit we down and chant our Beta's praise,
And let us sing so rare a verse,
Our Beta's praises to rehearse,
That little birds shall silent be to hear poor shepherds sing,
And rivers backward bend their course and flow unto the spring.

"Range all thy swans, fair Thames, together on a rank,[12]
And place them duly one by one upon thy stately bank,
Then set together all agood,[13]

---

[1] *Pan* a Greek rural deity, often pictured with the head, arms, and trunk of a man and the lower parts of a goat; he presided over shepherds and flocks and delighted in rural music (associated with the "oaten reed" of this stanza).

[2] This is a traditional lament of the pastoral poet, who fears it is indecorous to speak of royalty in humble verse. However, the pastoral was traditionally a genre used to discuss politics covertly.

[3] *fage* toil.

[4] *lorrels* rogues, worthless people.

[5] *style* the manner of expression, and the pen.

[6] *morris dance* a rustic dance associated with fantastic movements and costumes, especially bells, and often performed at Whit Sunday (the seventh Sunday after Easter).

[7] *roundelay* short, simple song with a refrain.

[8] *Janeveer* January.

[9] *the burthen bear* "to bear the burthen" means to sing the bass accompaniment or undersong, or to sing the chorus; *brier* a thorny bush or wildrose bush.

[10] *were not Beta sure* i.e., if it were not Beta.

[11] *phoenix* The phoenix is a beautiful, mythical bird, the only one of its kind. It lives for approximately 500 years in the Arabian desert, when it burns itself to death, only to rise with renewed youth from its own ashes.

[12] *on a rank* in a row.

[13] *agood* in good earnest, thoroughly.

Recording to the silver flood,
And crave the tuneful nightingale to help you with her lay,
The osel and the throstlecock,[1] chief music of our May.

"O see what troops of nymphs been sporting on the strands,
And they been blessed nymphs of peace, with olives in their hands.
How merrily the Muses sing,
That all the flow'ry meadows ring,
And Beta sits upon the bank, in purple and in pall,[2]
And she the Queen of Muses is and wears the corinall.[3]

"Trim up her golden tresses with Apollo's sacred tree,[4]
O happy sight unto all those that love and honour thee,
The blessed angels have prepared,
A glorious crown for thy reward,
Not such a golden crown as haughty Caesar wears,
But such a glittering starry crown as Ariadne[5] bears.

"Make her a goodly chapilet[6] of azured colombine,
And wreath about her coronet with sweetest eglantine:
Bedeck our Beta all with lilies,
And the dainty daffodillies,
With roses damask, white, and red, and fairest flower delice,[7]
With cowslips of Jerusalem, and cloves of Paradise.

"O thou fair torch of heaven, the day's most dearest light,
And thou bright-shining Cynthia,[8] the glory of the night:
You stars the eyes of heaven,
And thou the gliding levin,[9]
And thou O gorgeous Iris[10] with all strange colours dyed,
When she[11] streams forth her rays, then dashed is all your pride.

"See how the day stands still, admiring of her face,
And time lo stretcheth forth her arms, thy Beta to embrace,
The Sirens[12] sing sweet lays,
The Tritons[13] sound her praise,
Go pass on, Thames, and hie thee fast unto the ocean sea,
And let thy billows there proclaim thy Beta's holy-day.

"And water thou the blessed root of that green olive tree,
With whose sweet shadow all thy banks with peace preserved be,
Laurel for poets and conquerors,
And myrtle[14] for love's paramours,
That fame may be thy fruit, the boughs preserved by peace,
And let the mournful cypress[15] die, now storms and tempests cease.

"We'll straw[16] the shore with pearl where Beta walks alone,
And we will pave her princely bower with richest Indian stone,

---

1 *osel and the throstlecock* ouzel or blackbird; the throstlecock is the male song thrush.
2 *pall* a rich robe or mantle.
3 *corinall* coronal, a crown; the same as coronet.
4 *Apollo's sacred tree* the laurel, whose leaves were an emblem of victory and distinction.
5 *Ariadne* In some versions of the myth, Ariadne provided Theseus not with a thread, but with a wreath which lit his way through the Labyrinth. Theseus took Ariadne to Naxos, where he deserted her, and where Dionysus found her. Dionysus set her wreath in the heavens, where it became the constellation Corona.
6 *chapilet* string or wreath.
7 *damask* weave with rich designs. This could also refer to the variegated colour of the red and white roses; *delice* delight, pleasure.
8 *Cynthia* the moon.
9 *levin* bright flash of light or flame, lightning.
10 *Iris* a messenger of the gods whose symbol is the rainbow.
11 *she* Beta.
12 *Sirens* mythical creatures, part woman, part bird, who lure sailors to destruction with enchanted singing.
13 *Tritons* a race of sea monsters or sea deities in semi-human form.
14 *myrtle* sacred to Venus and an emblem of love.
15 *cypress* symbolizes mourning.
16 *straw* scatter.

Perfume the air and make it sweet,
For such a goddess it is meet,
For if her eyes for purity contend with Titan's[1] light,
No marvel then although they so do dazzle human sight.

"Sound out your trumpets then from London's stately towers,
To beat the stormy winds aback and calm the raging showers,
Set to the cornet and the flute,
The orpharyon[2] and the lute,
And tune the tabor[3] and the pipe to the sweet violins,
And move the thunder in the air with loudest clarions.[4]

"Beta, long may thine altars smoke with yearly sacrifice,
And long thy sacred temples may their Sabbaths solemnize,
Thy shepherds watch by day and night,
Thy maids attend the holy light,
And thy large empire stretch her arms from east unto the west,
And thou under thy feet mayst tread that foul seven-headed beast."[5]

PERKIN.

Thanks, gentle Rowland, for my roundelay,
And blessed be Beta, burthen of thy song,
The shepherds' goddess may she flourish long,
O happy she.

Her years and days thrice doubled may they be.
Triumphing Albion[6] clap thy hands for joy,
And pray the heavens may shield her from annoy,
so will I pray.

ROWLAND.

So do, and when my milk-white ewes have yeaned,[7]
Beta shall have the firstling of the fold;
I'll burnish all his horns with finest gold,
and paint his fleece with purple grain.[8]

PERKIN.

Believe me as I am true shepherds' swain,
Then for thy love all other I forsake,
And unto thee myself I will betake,
with faith unfeigned.

Ipse ego thura dabo, fumosis candidus aris:
Ipse feram ante tuos munera vota pedes.[9]

—1593

from *Idea's Mirror*[10]

My heart imprisoned in a hopeless isle,
Peopled with armies of pale jealous eyes,
The shores beset with thousand secret spies,
Must pass by air or else die in exile.
He framed him wings with feathers of his thought,[11]
Which by their nature learned to mount the sky,

[1] *Titan* the sun god.

[2] *orpharyon* The name of this instrument combines the names of two mythical musicians, Orpheus and Arion. It is similar to a large lute.

[3] *tabor* a small drum.

[4] *clarion* a type of trumpet used in war, loud and clear.

[5] *seven-headed beast* See Revelation 12:3 for "a great red dragon, having seven heads," a figure of Satan. It is also an allusion to the seven hills of Rome (and thus Roman Catholicism).

[6] *Albion* England.

[7] *yeaned* given birth to lambs.

[8] *grain* dye.

[9] from Ovid's *Amores* 2.13, 23-24. Marlowe's translation (1602) of Ovid reads: "In white, with incense I'll thine altars greet, / Myself will bring vowed gifts before thy feet."

[10] This title was shortened to *Idea* in 1599; editions of 1600, 1602, 1605, and 1619 retain the shortened title. Only 20 of the 51 original sonnets from the 1594 edition made it into the 1619 *Idea*, which expanded to 63 sonnets. "My heart imprisoned" appeared in all editions but that of 1619; all of the other sonnets selected here appeared in all editions.

[11] The pattern follows the story of Icarus, who attempted to fly with wings of wax and feathers. When he flew too close to the sun, his wings melted and he plunged into the Aegean sea.

And with the same he practised to fly,
Till he himself this eagle's art had taught.
Thus soaring still, not looking once below,
So near thine eyes' celestial sun aspired,
That with the rays his wasting pinions[1] fired.
Thus was the wanton cause of his own woe.
Down fell he in thy beauty's ocean drenched,
Yet there he burns, in fire that's never quenched.

Some wits there be which like my method well,
And say my verse runs in a lofty vein,
Some say I have a passing[2] pleasing strain,
Some say that in my humour I excel.
Some, who reach not the height of my conceit,
They say (as poets do) I use to feign,
And in bare words paint out my passions' pain.
Thus sundry men their sundry minds repeat.
I pass not,[3] I, how men affected be,
Nor who commend or discommend my verse,
It pleaseth me if I my plaints rehearse,
And in my lines if she my love may see.
I prove my verse authentic still in this:
Who writes my mistress' praise, can never write amiss.

Why do I speak of joy or write of love,
When my heart is the very den of horror,
And in my soul the pains of hell I prove,
With all his torments and infernal terror.
Mine eyes want tears thus to bewail my woe,[4]
My brain is dry with weeping all too long,
My sighs be spent with grief and sighing so,[5]
And I want words for to express my wrong.
But still distracted in love's lunacy,
And Bedlam-like[6] thus raving in my grief,
Now rail[7] upon her hair, now on her eye,
Now call her goddess, then I call her thief,
Now I deny her, then I do confess her,
Now do I curse her, then again I bless her.

My heart the anvil where my thoughts do beat,
My words the hammers, fashioning my desire,
My breast the forge, including all the heat,
Love is the fuel which maintains the fire.
My sighs, the bellows which the flame increaseth,
Filling mine ears with noise and nightly groaning,
Toiling with pain, my labour never ceaseth,
In grievous passions my woes still bemoaning.
Mine eyes with tears against the fire striving,
With scorching gleed[8] my heart to cinders turneth,
But with those drops the coals again reviving,
Still more and more unto my torment burneth.
With Sisyphus[9] thus do I roll the stone,
And turn the wheel with damned Ixion.[10]

When first I ended, then I first began,
The more I travel, further from my rest,
Where most I lost, there most of all I wan,[11]
Pined with hunger, rising from a feast.
Methinks I flee, yet want I legs to go,
Wise in conceit, in act a very sot,[12]
Ravished with joy, amidst a hell of woe,

---

1 *pinions* feathers, wings.
2 *passing* extremely.
3 *pass not* care not.
4 The 1619 edition of this line reads "What should I say? What yet remains to do?"
5 *with grief and sighing so* The 1619 edition reads "in uttering of my woe."
6 *Bedlam-like* Bedlam is a short form of Bethlehem, the name of a hospital for the mentally insane in London.
7 *rail* shout at, abuse.
8 *gleed* live coals or embers.
9 *Sisyphus* Sisyphus' punishment in the infernal regions was eternally to roll a huge stone up a hill; just as it neared the crest, the stone would roll back down to the plain.
10 *Ixion* mythical king of Thessaly, who was punished in the infernal regions by being fastened to an eternally revolving wheel.
11 *wan* won.
12 *sot* drunken fool.

What most I seem, that surest am I not.
I build my hopes a world above the sky,
Yet with the mole I creep into the earth,
In plenty am I starved with penury,
And yet I surfeit in the greatest dearth.
I have, I want, despair, and yet desire,
Burned in a sea of ice, and drowned amidst a fire.

—1594

from *England's Heroical Epistles*

The Lady Jane Gray, to the Lord Gilford Dudley.

The Argument

After the death of that virtuous young prince King Edward the Sixth, the son of that famous King Henry the Eighth, Jane, the daughter of Henry Gray, duke of Suffolk, by the consent of John Dudley, duke of Northumberland, was proclaimed Queen of England, being married to Gilford Dudley, the fourth son of the foresaid duke of Northumberland, which match was concluded by their ambitious fathers, who went about by this means to bring the crown unto their children and to dispossess the Princess Mary, eldest daughter of King Henry the Eighth, heir to King Edward her brother. Queen Mary, rising in arms to claim her rightful crown, taketh the said Jane Gray and the Lord Gilford her husband, being lodged in the Tower for their more safety, which place being lastly their palace, by this means becomes their prison; where being severed in sundry prisons, they write these epistles one to another.[1]

Mine own dear lord, sith[2] thou art locked from me,
In this disguise my love must steal to thee,
Since to renew all loves, all kindness past,
This refuge scarcely left, yet this the last.
My keeper coming, I of thee inquire,
Who with thy greeting answers my desire,
Which my tongue willing to return again,
Grief stops my words, and I but strive in vain;
Wherewith amazed, away in haste he goes,
When through my lips my heart thrusts forth my woes;
Whenas the doors, that make a doleful sound,
Drive back my words, that in the noise are drowned,
Which somewhat hushed, the echo doth record,
And twice or thrice reiterates my word;
When like an adverse wind in Isis'[3] course,
Against the tide bending his boist'rous force,
But when the flood hath wrought itself about,
He following on, doth headlong thrust it out:
Thus strive my sighs with tears ere they begin,
And breaking out, again sighs drive them in.
A thousand forms present my troubled thought,
Yet prove abortive when they forth are brought.
From strongest woe we hardly[4] language wrest,
The depth of grief with words is sounded least.
As tears do fall and rise, sighs come and go,
So do these numbers[5] ebb, so do they flow.
These briny tears do make my ink look pale,
My ink clothes tears in this sad mourning vale,[6]
The letters, mourners, weep with my dim eye,

---

[1] This introduction was versified in 1619:
Edward the Sixth his timeless life bereft,
(Though doubtfully) yet his dominion left
To his sister MARY: but by HENRY GRAY,
Then duke of Suffolk, bearing mighty sway,
With the consent, and by the pow'rful hand
Of JOHN, the stout duke of Northumberland,
His fourth son GILFORD DUDLEY, they affied*
To fair JANE GRAY, which by the mother's side
Some title claimed: this marriage them between,
The Lady JANE was here proclaimed Queen.
But MARY soon prevailing by her pow'r,
Causes those two preserved in the Tower,
There to be prisoned; where, their blame to quite,**
They each to other these epistles write.

* *affied* betrothed; ** *quite* quit.

[2] *sith* since.

[3] *Isis* Egyptian goddess who represents the female productive force of nature.

[4] *hardly* with difficulty.

[5] *numbers* verses.

[6] *vale* "this vale of woe" was a familiar phrase to describe the world.

The paper pale, grieved at my misery.
Yet miserable ourselves why should we deem,
Sith none is so, but in their own esteem?
Who in distress from resolution flies
Is rightly said to yield to miseries;
That life is only miserable and vile
From which fair patience doth itself exile.
They which begot us did beget this sin,[1]
They first begun what did our grief begin;
We tasted not; 'twas they which did rebel,
Not our offence, but in their fall we fell;
They which a crown would to my lord have linked,
All hope, all life, all liberty extinct;
A subject born, a princess to have been,
Hath made me now nor subject, nor a queen.
Ah vile ambition, how dost thou deceive us,
Which show'st us heav'n, and yet in hell dost leave us?
Seldom untouched doth innocence escape,
When error commeth in good counsel's shape;
A lawful title counterchecks proud might;
The weakest things become strong props to right.
Then my dear lord, although affliction grieve us,
Yet let our spotless innocence relieve us.
Death but an acted passion doth appear,
Where truth gives courage, and the conscience clear,
And let thy comfort thus consist in mine,
That I bear part of whatsoe're is thine;
As when we lived untouched with these disgraces,
When as our kingdom was our dear embraces;
At Durham Palace, where sweet Hymen sang,[2]
Whose buildings with our nuptial music rang;
When prothalamions[3] praised that happy day,
Wherein great Dudley matched with noble Gray,
When they devised to link by wedlock's band,
The house of Suffolk to Northumberland,
Our fatal dukedom to your dukedom bound,
To frame this building on so weak a ground.
For what avails a lawless usurpation,
Which gives a sceptre, but not rules a nation?
Only the surfeit of a vain opinion.
What gives content, gives more than all dominion.
When first mine ears were pierced with the fame[4]
Of Jane, proclaimed by a prince's name,
A sudden fright my trembling heart appals,
The fear of conscience ent'reth iron walls.
Thrice happy for our fathers had it been,
If what we feared, they wisely had foreseen,
And kept a mean gate in an humble path,
To have escaped these furious tempests'[5] wrath.
The cedar-building eagle bears the wind,
And not the falcon, though both hawks by kind;
The kingly bird doth from the clouds command
The fearful fowl that moves but near the land.
Though Mary be from mighty kings descended,
My blood not from Plantagenet pretended;
My grandsire Brandon did our house advance,[6]
By princely Mary, dowager of France;
The fruit of that fair stock, which did combine
And York's sweet branch with Lancaster's entwine,
And in one stalk did happily unite
The pure vermillion rose with purer white:
I, the untimely slip of that rich stem,
Whose golden bud brings forth a diadem.[7]
But oh, forgive me lord, it is not I,

---

[1] <*> They which begot us did beget this sin.
Showing the ambition of the two dukes, their fathers, whose pride was the cause of the utter overthrow of their children. [Drayton's note.]

[2] <*> At *Durham* Palace, where sweet *Hymen* sang,
The buildings, &c.
The Lord Gilford Dudley, fourth son to John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, married the Lady Jane Gray, daughter to the Duke of Suffolk, at Durham House in the Strand. [Drayton's note.]

[3] *prothalamions* preliminary nuptial songs.

[4] <*> When first mine ears were pierced with the fame
Of Jane, proclaimed by a prince's name.
Presently upon the death of King Edward, the Lady Jane was taken as queen, conveyed by water to the Tower of London, for her safety, and after proclaimed in divers parts of the realm, as so ordained by King Edward's Letters patents, and his will. [Drayton's note.]

[5] *these furious tempests* The 1619 edition reads "the heavens impetuous."

[6] <*> My grandsire Brandon did our house advance,
By princely Mary, dowager of France.
Henry Gray, Duke of Suffolk, married Francis, the eldest daughter of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, by the French queen; by which Francis he had this Lady Jane: This Mary, the French queen, was daughter to King Henry the seventh, by Elizabeth his queen; which happy marriage conjoined the two noble families of Lancaster and York. [Drayton's note.]

[7] *diadem* crown.

Nor do I boast of this, but learn to die.
Whilst we were as ourselves conjoined then,
Nature to nature, now an alien.
The purest blood polluted is in blood,
Nearest contemned, if sov'reignty withstood.
A diadem once dazzling the eye,
The day too dark to see affinity;[1]
And where the arm is stretched to reach a crown,
Friendship is broke, the dearest things thrown down:
For what great Henry most strove to avoid,[2]
The heavens have built, what earth would have destroyed.
And seating Edward on his regal throne,
He gives to Mary all that was his own,
By death assuring what by life is theirs,
The lawful claim of Henry's lawful heirs.
By mortal laws the bond may be divorced,
But Heaven's decree by no means can be forced:
That rules the case, when men have all decreed;
Who took him hence knew well who should succeed.
In vain be counsels, statutes, human laws,
When chief of counsels pleads the justest cause.
Thus rule the heavens in their continual course;
That yields to fate that doth not yield to force.
Man's wit doth build for time but to devour,
But virtue's free from time and fortune's power.
What virtue gets, once got, doth never waste,
And having this, this thou forever hast.
Then, my kind lord, sweet Gilford, be not grieved;
The soul is heavenly, and from Heaven relieved.
And as we once have plighted troth together,
Now let us make exchange of minds to either:
To thy fair breast take my resolved mind,
Armed against black despair and all her kind;
And to my bosom breathe that soul of thine,
There to be made as perfect as is mine;
So shall our faiths as firmly be approved,
As I of thee, or thou of me beloved.
This life, no life, wert thou not dear to me,
Nor this no death, were I not woe for thee.
Thou my dear husband, and my lord before,
But truly learn to die, thou shalt be more.
Now live by prayer, on Heaven fix all thy thought,
And surely find what ere by zeal is sought;
For each good motion that the soul awakes,
A heavenly figure sees, from whence it takes
That sweet resemblance, which by power of kind,
Forms (like itself) an image in the mind,
And in our faith the operations be
Of that divineness, which by faith we see,
Which never errs, but accidentally,
By our frail flesh's imbecility,
By each temptation over-apt to slide,
Except our spirit becomes our bodies' guide.
For as our bodies' prisons be these towers,
So to our souls, these bodies be of ours,
Whose fleshly walls hinder that heavenly light,
As these stone walls deprive our wished sight.
Death is the key which unlocks misery,
And lets them out to blessed liberty.
Then draw thy forces all unto thy heart,
The strongest fortress of this earthly part,
And on these three let thy assurance lie:
On faith, repentance, and humility.
Humility to heaven the step, the stair,
Is for devotion, sacrifice, and prayer;
The next place doth to true repentance fall,
A salve, a comfort, and a cordial.
He that hath that, the keys of Heaven hath,
That is the guide, that is the port, the path;
Faith is thy fort, thy shield, thy strongest aid,
Never controlled, ne're yielded, ne're dismayed,
Which doth dilate, unfold, foretell, expresseth,
Which gives rewards, investeth, and possesseth.
Then thank the Heaven, preparing us this room,
Crowning our heads with glorious martyrdom,
Before the black and dismal days begin,
The days of all idolatry and sin,
Not suffering us to see that wicked age,
When persecution vehemently shall rage,

---

[1] *affinity* relations by marriage.

[2] <*> For what great Henry most strove to avoid.
Noting the distrust that King Henry the eighth ever had in the Princess Mary, his daughter, fearing she should alter the state of religion in the land by matching with a stranger, confessing the right that King Henry's issue had to the crown. [Drayton's note.]

When tyranny new tortures shall invent,
Inflicting vengeance on the innocent.
Yet Heav'n forbids that Mary's womb shall bring
England's fair sceptre to a foreign king,
But unto fair Elizabeth shall leave it,[1]
Which broken, hurt, and wounded shall receive it,
And on her temples having placed the crown,
Root out the dregs idolatry hath sown;
And Sion's[2] glory shall again restore,
Laid ruin, waste, and desolate before,
And from black cinders, and rude heaps of stones,
Shall gather up the martyrs' scattered bones,
And shall extirp[3] the pow'r of Rome again,
And cast aside the heavy yoke of Spain.
Farewell, sweet Gilford, know our end is near;
Heaven is our home; we are but strangers here.
Let us make haste to go unto the blest,
Which from these weary worldly labours rest,
And with these lines, my dearest lord, I greet thee,
Until in heaven thy Jane again shall meet thee.

The Lord Gilford Dudley to the Lady Jane Gray

Thus from the strongest treble-walled tower,
Swan-like I sing, before my dying hour.
Oh, if there were such power but in my verse,
As in these woes my wounded heart do pierce,
Stones taking sense, th'obdurate flint that hears,
Should at my plaints dissolve itself to tears.
Lend me a tear, I'll pay thee with a tear,
And interest too, if thou the stock[4] forbear;
Woe, for a woe, and for thy interest loan,
I will return thee frankly, two for one.
I'll give thee hours of woe and years of sorrow,
And turn the day to night, the night to morrow,
And if thou think'st time yet doth pass too soon,
When evening comes, we'll make it but our noon;
And if a grief prove weak and not of force,
I will exchange a better for a worse;
And if thou think too quickly sorrow ends,
Another twice so long shall make amends.
Perhaps thou'lt judge, in such extremes as these,
That words of comfort might far better please,
But such strange power in thy perfection liveth,
As smiles in tears and tears in gladness giveth.
Yet think not Jane that cowardly I faint,
As begging mercy by this sad complaint,
Or yet suppose my courage daunted so
That thou should'st stand betwixt me and my foe,
That grim-aspected death should now control
And seem so fearful to my parting soul,
For were one life a thousand lives to me,
Yet were all those too few to die with thee,
When thou thy woes so patiently dost bear,
As if in death no cause of sorrow were,
And no more dost life's dissolution shun,
Than if cold age his longest course had run.
Thou which[5] did'st once give comfort to my woe,
Now art alone become my comfort's foe;
Not that I leave wherein I did delight,
But that thou art debarred my wished sight;
For if I speak and would complain my wrong,
Straightways thy name doth come into my tongue,
And thou art present as thou still did'st lie
Or in my heart, or[6] in my lips or eye.
No evil planet reigned at thy birth,
Nor was that hour prodigious here on earth;
No fatal mark of froward[7] destiny
Could be divined in thy nativity;
'Tis only I that did thy fall devise,
And thou by me art made a sacrifice;
As in the East, whereas the loving wives
Do with their husbands ever end their lives,
And crowned with garlands, in their brides' attire,

---

1 <*> But unto ... leave it *A prophecy of Queen Mary's barrenness and of the happy and glorious reign of Queen Elizabeth, her restoring of religion, the abolishing of the Romish servitude, and casting aside the yoke of Spain.* [Drayton's note.]

2 *Sion* Sion or Zion, the name of one of the hills of Jerusalem, on which the city of David was built, and which became the centre of Jewish life and worship; used allusively for the household of God (the Protestant church).

3 *extirp* extirpate, root out, destroy.

4 *stock* capital or principal (as distinguished from interest).

5 *which* who.

6 *Or ... or* either ... or.

7 *froward* adverse, contrary.

Go with their husbands to that holy fire;
And she unworthy thought to live of all
Whom fear of death or danger doth appal.[1]
I boast not of Northumberland's great name,
(Nor of Ket's conquest, which adorns the same)[2]
When he to Norfolk led his troops from far,
And yoked the rebels in the chain of war,
When our white-bear did furiously respire[3]
The flames that singed their villages with fire,
And brought sweet peace in safety to our doors,
Yet left our fame upon the eastern shores;
Nor of my princely brothers, which might grace[4]
And plant true honour in the Dudley's race;
Nor of Gray's match, my children borne by thee,[5]
Allied to York and Lancaster should be;
But of thy virtues proudly boast I dare,
That she is mine, whom all perfections are.
I craved no kingdom, though I thee did crave,
And having thee, I wished no more to have.
Yet let me say how, ere this fortune fell,
Me thinks a crown should have becomed thee well;
Me thinks thy wisdom was ordained alone
To bless a sceptre, beautify a throne;[6]
Thy lips a sacred oracle retain,
Wherein all holy prophecies remain.
More highly prized thy virtues were to me,
Than crowns, than kingdoms, or than sceptres be;
So chaste thy love, so innocent thy life,
As wifed virgin, and a maided wife;
The greatest gifts that heaven could give me here,
Nothing so sweet, so good, so pure, so dear.
This was the joy wherein we lived of late,
Ere worldly cares did us excruciate,
Before these troubles did our peace confound,
Or war, or weapon, massacre, or wound,
Ere dreadful armies did disturb our shores,
Or walls were shaken with the cannons' roars.
Suspect bewrays[7] our thoughts, betrays our words,
One crown is guarded with a thousand swords;
To mean estate but common woes are shown,
But crowns have cares that ever be unknown,
And we by them are to those dangers led,
Of which the least we are experienced.
When Dudley led his armies to the east,[8]
Of all the bosom of the land possesst,[9]
What earthly comfort was it that he lacked,
That with a council's warranty was backed?[10]
That had a kingdom, and the power of laws,
Still to maintain the justice of his cause?
And with the clergy's help, the common's aid,
In every place the peopled kingdom swayed?
But what (alas) can parliaments avail
When Mary's might must Edward's act repeal?

---

[1] The 1619 version of these lines is a bit clearer: "And she the worthiest reckn'ned is of all, / Whom least the peril seemeth to appal."

[2] <*> Nor of Ket's conquest, which adorns the same.
JOHN, *Duke of* Northumberland, *when before he was Earl of Warwick, in his expedition against* Ket, *overthrew the rebels of* Norfolk *and* Suffolk, *encamped at* Mount-Surrey *in* Norfolk. [Drayton's note.]

[3] *white-bear* refers to Northumberland; *respire* breathe on.

[4] <*> Nor of my princely brothers, which might grace.
Gilford Dudley, *as remembering in this place the towardness of his brothers, which were all likely indeed to have raised that house of the* Dudleys, *of which he was a fourth brother, if not suppressed by their father's overthrow.* [Drayton's note.]

[5] <*> Nor of Gray's match, my children borne by thee.
Noting in this place the alliance of the Lady Jane Gray *by her mother, which was* Francis, *the daughter of* Charles Brandon, *by* Mary *the French* Queen, *daughter to* Henry *the seventh, and sister to* Henry *the eighth.* [Drayton's note.]

[6] <*> To bless a sceptre, beautify a throne.
Seldom hath it ever been known of any woman indued with such wonderful gifts, as was this Lady, both for her wisdom and learning: of whose skill in the tongues, one reporteth by this epigram;

Miraris *Janam Graio* sermone valere?
Quo prinum nata est tempore *Graia* fuit. [Drayton's note.] Latin, "Are you surprised that Jane Gray can speak Greek? At the time of her birth she was Greek."

[7] *bewrays* exposes, reveals.

[8] <*> When Dudley led his armies to the east.
The Duke of Northumberland *prepared his power at* London, *for his expedition against the rebels in* Norfolk, *and making haste away, appointed the rest of his forces to meet him at* Newmarket Heath: *of whom, this saying is reported: that passing through* Shoreditch, *the Lord* Gray *in his company seeing the people in great numbers came to see him, he said: "The people press to see us, but none bid God speed us."* [Drayton's note.]

[9] *possesst* possessed.

[10] <*> That with a counsel's warranty was backed.
John Dudley, *Duke of* Northumberland, *when he went out against Queen* Mary, *had his commission sealed for the generalship of the army, by the consent of the whole counsel of the land: insomuch, that passing through the counsel chamber at his departure, the Earl of* Arundel *wished that he might have gone with him in that expedition, and to spend his blood in the quarrel.* [Drayton's note.]

When Suffolk's power doth Suffolk's hopes withstand,[1]
Northumberland doth leave Northumberland,
And those which should our greatness underprop,
Raze[2] our foundation, overthrow our top.
Ere greatness come, we wish it with our heart,
But being come, we wish it would depart,
And indiscreetly follow that so fast
Which, when it comes, brings peril at the last.
If any man do pity our offence,
Let him be sure to get him far from hence.
Here is no place, no comfort here at all,
For any one that shall bewail our fall,
And we in vain of mercy should but think,
Our briny tears the sullen earth doth drink.
Oh that all tears for us should be forlorn,
And all abortive when they should be born;
Mothers that should their children's fortunes rue,
Fathers in death to kindly bid adieu;
Friends of their friends, a kind farewell to take,
The faithful servant mourning for our sake;
Brothers and sisters waiting on our bier,
Mourners to tell what we were living here.
Those ears are stopped which should bewail our fall,
And we the mourners, and the dead and all;
And that which first our palace was ordained,
The prison which our liberty restrained;
And where our court we held in princely state,
There now alone are left disconsolate.
Thus then resolved, as thou, resolved am I,
Die thou for me, and I for thee will die.
And yet that Heaven Elizabeth may bless,
Be thou (sweet Jane) a faithful prophetess.
With that health gladly resaluting thee,
Which thy kind farewell wished before to me.

—1597

---

[1] <*> When Suffolk's power doth Suffolk's hopes withstand, Northumberland doth leave *Northumberland.*
The Suffolk *men were the first that ever resorted to Queen* Mary *in her distress, repairing to her succours, whilst she remained both at* Keningall, *and at* Fremingham *Castle, still increasing her aides, until the Duke of* Northumberland *was left forsaken at* Cambridge. [Drayton's note.]

[2] *Raze* rase, tear down.

Robert Southwell
1561-1595

Robert Southwell received a Catholic education abroad, was ordained a Jesuit priest in 1584, and returned to England in 1586 as a missionary priest. He began offering the Sacrament and attempting to create an organization enabling the growth of the Roman Catholic religion and the conversion of England. Catholic priests were considered traitors to the state and monarch, and so Southwell relied on the kindness and secrecy of a number of patrons and followers. One of these patrons, the Countess of Arundel, may have supplied Southwell with a printing press, allowing him to disseminate his poems and prose works to a wider audience than secret sermons could allow. Many of his poems were printed in 1595, though there continued to be a strong circulation of his manuscripts. His poems are therefore part of his larger work as a missionary priest, but his writings carried an aesthetic as well as a religious purpose; he wished to turn fellow poets from secular to sacred subjects, and his conviction that his writings could convert his readers follows traditional humanist beliefs in the importance of education and art. He was captured in 1592, tortured, and left in the Tower for almost three years, after which he was brought to trial, convicted of treason, and hanged, drawn, and quartered. His martyrdom was celebrated in the period, and he was canonized in 1970; his feast day is 21 February.

EDITIONS: *St Peters complainte, Mary Magdal[ene's funerall] teares. With other workes of the author R:S.* London: Printed by I. Haviland and sold by Robert Allott, 1630. STC 22966; "Decease Release," from *The Complete Poems of Robert Southwell*, ed. A.B. Grosart. London: Robson and Sons, 1872, pp. 171-72.

The Author to His Loving Cousin[1]

Poets, by abusing their talent and making the follies and feignings of love the customary subject of their base endeavours, have so discredited this faculty, that a poet, a lover, and a liar, are by many reckoned but three words of one signification. But the vanity of men cannot counterpoise the authority of God, who delivering many parts of Scripture in verse, and by his Apostle willing us to exercise our devotion in hymns and spiritual sonnets, warranteth the art to be good, and the use allowable.[2] And therefore not only among the heathen, whose gods were chiefly canonized by their poets, and their paynim[3] divinity oracled in verse, but even in the Old and New Testament it hath been used by men of greatest piety in matters of most devotion. Christ himself, by making a hymn the conclusion of his Last Supper and the prologue to the first pageant of his Passion, gave his spouse a method to imitate, as in the office of the Church it appeareth, and to all men a pattern to know the true use of this measured and footed style. But the Devil, as he affecteth deity and seeketh to have all the complements of divine honour applied to his service, so hath he among the rest possessed also most poets with his idle fancies. For in lieu of solemn and devout matter, to which in duty they owe their abilities, they now busy themselves in expressing such passions as only serve for testimonies to how unworthy affections they have wedded their wills. And because the best course to let them see the error of their works is to weave a new web in their own loom, I have here laid a few coarse threads together, to invite some skillfuller wits to go forward in the same or to begin some finer piece, wherein it may be seen how well verse and virtue suit together. Blame me not (good cousin) though I send you a blame-worthy present, in which the most that can commend it is the good will of the writer, neither art nor invention giving it any credit. If in me this

[1] It is not clear who this "cousin" is; this dedicatory letter opens some editions of *Saint Peter's Complaint.*

[2] See Ephesians 5:19 and Colossians 3:16; both passages celebrate psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs.

[3] *paynim* pagan, non-Christian.

be a fault, you cannot be faultless that did importune me to commit it, and therefore you must bear part of the penance, when it shall please sharp censurers to impose it. In the meantime with many good wishes I send you these few ditties, add you the tunes, and let the mean, I pray you, be still a part in all your music.

—1595

from *Saint Peter's Complaint*

Launch forth my soul into a main[1] of tears,
Full fraught with grief the traffic of thy mind:
Torn sails will serve, thoughts rent with guilty fears:
Give care the stern: use sighs in lieu of wind:
Remorse, the pilot: thy misdeed, the card:[2]
Torment, thy haven: shipwrack, thy best reward.

Shun not the shelf[3] of most deserved shame:
Stick in the sands of agonizing dread:
Content thee to be storm's and billow's game:
Divorc'd from grace thy soul to penance wed:
Fly not from foreign evils, fly from thy heart:
Worse than the worst of evils is that thou art.

Give vent unto the vapours of thy breast,
That thicken in the brims of cloudy eyes:
Where sin was hatched, let tears now wash the nest:
Where life was lost, recover life with cries.
Thy trespass foul: let not thy tears be few:
Baptize thy spotted soul in weeping dew.

Fly mournful plaints, the echoes of my ruth,[4]
Whose screeches in my freighted conscience ring:
Sob out my sorrows, fruits of mine untruth:
Report the smart of sin's infernal sting.

Tell hearts that languish in the sorriest plight,
There is on earth a far more sorry wight.[5]

A sorry wight, the object of disgrace,
The monument of fear, the map of shame,
The mirror of mishap, the stain of place,
The scorn of time, the infamy of fame:
An excrement of earth, to Heaven hateful:
Injurious to man, to God ungrateful.

Ambitious heads, dream you of fortune's pride,
Fill volumes with your forged goddess' praise.
You fancy's drudges, plunge in folly's tide:
Devote your fabling wits to lovers' lays:[6]
Be you, O sharpest griefs, that ever wrung,
Text to my thoughts, theme to my plaining tongue.

[...]

Vain in my vaunts, I vow'd if friends had fail'd,
Alone Christ's hardest fortunes to abide:
Giant, in talk: like dwarf, in trial quail'd:
Excelling none, but in untruth and pride.
Such distance is between high words and deeds:
In proof the greatest vaunter seldom speeds.

[...]

Could servile fear of rendring[7] nature's due,
Which growth in years was shortly like to claim,
So thrall my love, that I should thus eschew
A vowed death and miss so fair an aim?
Die: Die: disloyal wretch thy life detest:
For saving thine, thou hast forsworn the best.

[...]

Ah wretch, why was I nam'd son of a dove,[8]
Whose speeches voided[9] spite and breathed gall?

---

1 *main* open sea.
2 *card* chart or map.
3 *shelf* a sandbank or submerged ledge of rock.
4 *ruth* sorrow.
5 *wight* person.
6 *lays* songs.
7 *rendring* returning, surrendering.
8 In Matthew 16:17, Peter is called "Simon Barjona" or "son of a dove."
9 *voided* poured forth, vomited.

No kin I am unto the bird of love:
My stony name[1] much better suits my fall.
My oaths were stones: my cruel tongue the sling:
My God the mark, at which my spite did fling.

Were all the Jewish tyrannies too few,
To glut thy hungry looks with his disgrace,
That thou more hateful tyrannies must shew,[2]
And spit thy poison in thy maker's face?
Didst thou to spare his foes put up thy sword,
To brandish now thy tongue against thy Lord?[3]

Ah tongue, that didst his praise and Godhead sound,
How wert thou stain'd with such detesting words,
That every word was to his heart a wound,
And lanced him deeper than a thousand swords?
What rage of man, yea what infernal sprite,
Could have disgorg'd more loathsome dregs of spite?

Why did the yielding sea like marble way
Support a wretch more wavering than the waves?
Whom doubt did plunge, why did the water stay,[4]
Unkind, in kindness; murthering, while it saves?
Oh that this tongue had then been fishes' food,
And I devour'd before this cursing mood.

[...]

Threats threw me not, torments I none assayed:[5]
My fray,[6] with shades: conceits[7] did make me yield,
Wounding my thoughts with fears: selfly dismayed
I neither fought, nor lost; I gave the field.
Infamous foil:[8] a maiden's easy breath
Did blow me down, and blast my soul to death.

Titles I make untruths: am I a rock?
That with so soft a gale was overthrown?
And I fit pastor for a faithful flock,[9]
To guide their souls that murdred thus mine own?
A rock, of ruin; not a rest, to stay:
A pastor, not to feed: but to betray.

Fidelity was flown when fear was hatched,
Incompatible brood in virtue's nest:
Courage can less with cowardice be matched,
Prowess nor love lodged in divided breast.
O Adam's child cast by a silly Eve,[10]
Heir to thy father's foils, and born to grieve.

In Thabor's[11] joys I eager was to dwell,
An earnest friend while pleasure's light did shine:
But when eclipsed glory prostrate fell,
Those zealous heats to sleep I did resign.
And now my mouth hath thrice his name defil'd,
That cried so loud three dwellings there to build.

When Christ attending the distressful hour
With his surcharged breast did bless the ground,
Prostrate in pangs, raining a bleeding shower,
Me, like myself, a drowsy friend he found.[12]
Thrice in his care sleep closed my careless eye:
Presage, how him my tongue should thrice deny.[13]

[...]

Can virtue, wisdom, strength by woemen[14] spilled
In David's, Solomon's, and Samson's falls,[15]

---

[1] *My stony name* Matthew 16:18: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I build my church"; Greek, "petros" or stone.

[2] *shew* show.

[3] Peter's betrayal of Christ is found in Matthew 26, Mark 14, Luke 22, and John 18.

[4] Matthew 14:25-31.

[5] *assayed* tried or assailed.

[6] *fray* "fear," or perhaps "assault."

[7] *conceits* "fanciful notions" or perhaps more generally, "thoughts."

[8] *foil* defeat, disgrace.

[9] In John 21:1, Jesus tells Peter for the third time, "Feed my sheep."

[10] All people are the children of Adam, overthrown by the fall of Eve and her temptation of Adam.

[11] *Thabor* a mountain east of Nazareth, thought to be the place of the Transfiguration of Christ into a vision of light, when he is named the son of God, which is alluded to in the next line. See Matthew 17:1-9.

[12] The speaker is drowsy literally and metaphorically or morally.

[13] See Matthew 26:69-75; when women question him, Peter denies his relationship to Jesus three times.

[14] *woemen* women; this false etymological spelling (1595 edition) emphasizes the woe brought about by deceit of women.

[15] For David, see 2 Samuel 11; for Solomon, see 1 Kings 11; for Samson, see Judges 16.

With semblance of excuse my error guild,
Or lend a marble gloss[1] to muddy walls?
Oh no their fault had show of some pretence.
No veil can hide the shame of my offence.

The blaze of beauty's beams allured their looks:
Their looks, by seeing oft, conceived love:
Love, by affecting,[2] swallowed pleasure's hooks:
Thus beauty, love, and pleasure them did move.
These sirens' sugar'd tunes rock'd them asleep:
Enough to damn, yet not to damn so deep.

But gracious features dazzled not mine eyes,
Two homely droyles[3] were authors of my death:
Not love, but fear, my senses did surprise:
Not fear of force, but fear of woman's breath.[4]
And those unarm'd, ill grac'd, despised, unknown:
So base a blast my truth hath overthrown.

O women, woe to men, traps for their falls,
Still actors in all tragical mischances:
Earth's necessary evils, captiving thralls,[5]
Now murdring with your tongues, now with your glances,
Parents of life, and love: spoilers of both,
The thieves of hearts: false do you love or loath.

In time, O Lord, thine eyes with mine did meet,
In them I read the ruins of my fall:
Their cheering rays that made misfortune sweet,
Into my guilty thoughts pour'd floods of gall.
Their heavenly looks that blest where they beheld,
Darts of disdain, and angry checks did yield.

O sacred eyes, the springs of living light,
The earthly heavens, where angels joy to dwell:
How could you deign to view my deathful plight,
Or let your heavenly beams look on my hell?

But those unspotted eyes encountered mine,
As spotless sun doth on the dunghill shine.

Sweet volumes stored with learning fit for saints,
Where blissful quires[6] imparadise their minds,
Wherein eternal study never faints,
Still finding all, yet seeking all it finds,
How endless is your labyrinth of bliss,
Where to be lost the sweetest finding is?

Ah wretch, how oft have I sweet lessons read,
In those dear eyes, the registers of truth?
How oft have I my hungry wishes fed,
And in their happy joys redress'd my ruth?
Ah that they now are heralds of disdain,
That erst were ever pitiers of my pain.

Yet flames divine that sparkle out your heats
And kindle pleasing fires in mortal hearts:
You nectar'd ambrys[7] of soul-feeding meats,
You graceful quivers of love's dearest darts:
You did vouchsafe to warm, to wound, to feast,
My cold, my stony, my now famished breast.

The matchless eyes, match'd only each by other,
Were pleas'd on my ill-matched eyes to glance:
The eye of liquid pearl, the purest mother,
Broach'd tears in mine to weep for my mischance;
The cabinets of grace unlock'd their treasure,
And did to my misdeeds their mercies measure.

[...]

Christ, health of fevered soul, heaven of the mind,
Force of the feeble, nurse of infant loves,
Guide to the wandring foot, light to the blind,
Whom weeping wins, repentant sorrow moves,
Father in care, mother in tender heart,
Revive and save me slain with sinful dart.

---

1 *gloss* indicates both a false show and a superficial brilliance.

2 *Love, by affecting* by bringing about love or desire.

3 *droyles* drudges, servants.

4 Southwell makes much here of the women's questioning of Peter.

5 Women, like Eve, are in thrall to the Devil while they attempt to captivate men.

6 *quires* small books, originally of eight leaves.

7 *ambrys* pantries, treasuries.

If King Manasses[1] sunk in depth of sin,
With plaints and tears recovered grace and crown,
A worthless worm some mild regard may win,
And lowly creep, where flying threw it down.
A poor desire I have to mend my ill:
I should, I would, I dare not say, I will.

I dare not say, I will; but wish, I may:
My pride is checked, high words the speaker spilt:
My good, O Lord, thy gift; thy strength my stay:
Give what thou bidst, and then bid what thou wilt.
Work with[2] me what thou of me dost request:
Then will I dare the most, and vow the best.

Prone look, crossed arms, bent knee, and contrite heart,
Deep sighs, thick sobs, dewed eyes and prostrate prayers,
Most humbly beg release[3] of earned smart,
And saving shroud in mercy's sweet repairs.
If justice should my wrongs with rigour wage:
Fears, would despairs: ruth, breed a hopeless rage.

Lazar[4] at pity's gate I ulcered lie,
Craving the refuse crumbs of children's plate:
My sores, I lay in view to mercy's eye,
My rags, bear witness of my poor estate.
The worms of conscience that within me swarm,
Prove that my plaints are less than is my harm.

With mildness, Jesu, measure my offence:
Let true remorse thy due revenge abate:
Let tears appease when trespass doth incense:
Let pity temper thy deserved hate.
Let grace forgive, let love forget my fall:
With fear I crave, with hope I humbly call.

Redeem my lapse with ransom of thy love,
Traverse[5] th'inditement, rigour's doom suspend:
Let frailty favour, sorrows succour move:
Be thou thy self, though changeling I offend.
Tender my suit, cleanse this defiled den,
Cancel my debts, sweet Jesu, say Amen.

The End of Saint Peter's Complaint.

—1595

From Fortune's Reach

Let fickle fortune run her blindest race:
I settled have an unremoved mind:
I scorn to be the game of fancy's chase,
Or vane to show the change of every wind.
Light giddy humours stinted to no rest,[6]
Still change their choice, yet never choose the best.

My choice was guided by foresightful heed,
It was averred with approving will,
It shall be followed with performing deed,
And seal'd with vow, till death the chooser kill,
Yea death though final date of vain desires,
Ends not my choice, which with no time expires.

To beauty's fading bliss I am no thrall:
I bury not my thoughts in metal mines,
I am not at such fame, as feareth fall,
I seek and find a light that ever shines:
Whose glorious beams display such heavenly sights,
As yield my soul a sum of all delights.

My light to love, my love to life doth guide
To life that lives by love, and loveth light:
By love to one, to whom all loves are tied

[1] *Manasses* For the story of King Manasseh's idolatry and redemption, see 2 Chronicles 33.

[2] *with* Some early printed editions have "in" here.

[3] *release* Some early printed editions have "relief" here.

[4] *Lazar* For the parable of Lazarus, see Luke 16:19-31.

[5] *Traverse* act against.

[6] *stinted to no rest* without a fixed limit.

By dewest[1] debt, and never equalled right.
Eye's light, heart's love, soul's truest life he is,
Consorting in three joys, one perfect bliss.

—1595

Christ's Bloody Sweat[2]

Fat soil, full spring, sweet olive, grape of bliss,
That yields, that streams, that pours, that dost distill,
Untilled, undrawn, unstamped, untouched of press,
Dear fruit, clear brooks, fair oil, sweet wine at will:
Thus Christ unforced prevents in shedding[3] blood
The whips, the thorns, the nails, the spear, and rood.[4]

He pelican's, he phoenix' fate doth prove,[5]
Whom flames consume, whom streams enforce to die,
How burneth blood, how bleedeth burning love?
Can one in flame and stream both bathe and fry?
How could he join a phoenix' fiery pains
In fainting pelican's still bleeding veins?

Elias once to prove God's sovereign power
By prayer procur'd a fire of wondrous force[6]
That blood and wood and water did devour,
Yea stones and dust, beyond all nature's course:
Such fire is love that fed with gory blood
Doth burn no less than in the driest wood.

O sacred fire come show thy force on me
That sacrifice to Christ I may return,
If withered wood for fuel fittest be,
If stones and dust, if flesh and blood will burn,
I withered am and stony to all good,
A sack of dust, a mass of flesh and blood.

—1595

The Prodigal Child's Soul Wrack[7]

Disanchored from a blissful shore,
And launched into the main[8] of cares,
Grown rich in vice, in virtue poor,
From freedom fall'n in fatal snares,

I found myself on every side
Enwrapped in the waves of woe,
And tossed with a toilsome tide
Could to no port for refuge go.

The wrastling winds with raging blasts
Still hold me in a cruel chase.
They broke my anchors, sails, and masts,
Permitting no reposing place.

The boist'rous seas with swelling floods,
On every side did work their spite;
Heaven overcast with stormy clouds,
Denied the planet's guiding light.[9]

The hellish furies lay in wait
To win my soul into their power,
To make me bite at every bait,
Wherein my bane I might devour.

---

[1] *dewest* most due.

[2] Most early editions of this poem included only the first two stanzas. The last two stanzas were first printed in 1856 by William B. Turnbull in *The Poetical Works of the Reverend Robert B. Southwell.*

[3] *shedding* One edition has "sweating" here.

[4] *rood* the cross on which Christ was crucified, but perhaps also "rod."

[5] The pelican was said to feed its young with the blood from its own pierced breast. The mythical phoenix is one of its kind, a bird that lives for 500-600 years and then burns on a funeral pyre of its own making, only to emerge with renewed strength. Both the pelican and phoenix were traditional and widely-used emblems of Christ.

[6] *Elias once to prove … a fire of wondrous force* Elijah calls down fire from Heaven in 2 Kings 1:10-14.

[7] In a number of early printed editions, this poem is not divided into stanzas.

[8] *main* open waters, high seas.

[9] Ships navigated by the light of the North Star.

Thus Heaven and Hell, thus sea and land,
Thus storms and tempests did conspire,
With just revenge of scourging hand
To witness God's deserved ire.[1]

I plunged in this heavy plight
Found in my faults just cause of fears:
By darkness taught to know my light,
The loss thereof enforced tears.

I felt my inward bleeding sores,
My festered wounds began to smart;
Stepped far within death's fatal doors,
The pangs thereof were near my heart.

I cried truce, I craved peace,
A league with death I would conclude,
But vain it was to sue release:
Subdue I must or be subdued.

Death and deceit had pitched their snares
And put their wicked proofs in ure[2]
To sink me in despairing cares,
Or make me stoop to pleasure's lure;

They sought by their bewitching charms
So to enchant my erring sense,
That when they sought my greatest harms,
I might neglect my best defence.

My dazzled eyes could take no view,
No heed of their deceiving shifts,
So often did they alter hue
And practise new devised drifts:

With sirens' songs[3] they fed mine ears,
Till lulled asleep on error's lap,
I found these tunes turned into tears,
And short delights to long mishap.

For I enticed to their lore,
And soothed with their idle toys,
Was trained to their prison door,
The end of all such flying joys:

Where chained in sin I lay in thrall,
Next to the dungeon of despair,
Till mercy raised me from my fall,
And grace my ruins did repair.

—1595

from *The Sequence on the Virgin Mary and Christ*

vi. The Nativity of Christ

Behold the father is his daughter's son:
The bird that built the nest is hatched therein:
The old of years an hour hath not out run:
Eternal life to live doth now begin.
The word is dumb, the mirth of heaven doth weep:
Might feeble is, and force doth faintly creep.

O dying souls, behold your living spring:
O dazzled eyes, behold your son of grace:
Dull ears, attend what word this word doth bring:
Up heavy hearts, with joy your joy embrace.
From death, from dark, from deafness, from despairs:
This life, this light, this word, this joy repairs.

Gift better than himself, God doth not know:
Gift better than his God, no man can see:
This gift doth here the giver given bestow:
Gift to this gift let each receiver be.
God is my gift, himself he freely gave me:
God's gift am I, and none but God shall have me.

Man altered was by sin from man to beast:
Beast's food is hay, hay is all mortal flesh:
Now God is flesh, and lies in manger pressed:
As hay, the brutest sinner to refresh.

---

[1] *God's deserved ire* i.e., God's anger is deserved by the speaker.

[2] *And put … ure* i.e., death and deceit bring their wicked tests to bear.

[3] *sirens' song* sirens were mythical creatures, part-women, part-bird, who lured sailors to their deaths with enchanting songs.

O happy field wherein this fodder grew,
Whose taste doth us from beasts to men renew.

—1595

The Burning Babe[1]

As I in hoary winter's night
Stood shivering in the snow,
Surpis'd I was with sudden heat,
Which made my heart to glow;

And lifting up a fearful eye,
To view what fire was near,
A pretty babe all burning bright
Did in the air appear;

Who scorched with excessive heat,
Such floods of tears did shed,
As though his floods should quench his flames,
Which with his tears were fed:[2]

Alas (quoth he) but newly born,
In fiery heats I fry,
Yet none approach to warm their hearts,
Or feel my fire, but I;

My faultless breast the furnace is,
The fuel wounding thorns:
Love is the fire, and sighs the smoke,
The ashes, shame and scorns;

The fuel justice layeth on,
And mercy blows the coals,
The metal in this furnace wrought,
Are men's defiled souls:

For which, as now on fire I am
To work them to their good,
So will I melt into a bath,
To wash them in my blood.

With this he vanished out of sight,
And swiftly shrunk away,
And straight I called unto mind,
That it was Christmas day.

—1602

Decease Release
Dum morior orior[3]

The pounded spice both taste and scent doth please,
In fading smoke the force doth incense show,
The perished kernel springeth with increase,
The lopped tree doth best and soonest grow.

God's spice I was and pounding was my due,
In fading breath my incense savoured best,
Death was the mean my kernel to renew,
By lopping shot I up to heavenly rest.

Some things more perfect are in their decay,
Like spark that going out gives clearest light
Such was my hap[4] whose doleful dying day
Began my joy and termed fortune's spite.

Alive a queen, now dead I am a saint,
Once N:[5] called, my name now martyr is,
From earthly reign debarred by restraint,
In lieu whereof I reign in heavenly bliss.

My life my grief, my death hath wrought my joy,
My friends my foil, my foes my weal procur'd,
My speedy death hath shortened long annoy,
And loss of life an endless life assur'd.

---

[1] In the 1630 edition, the poem is printed without stanza divisions.

[2] *fed* Some early editions have "bred" here.

[3] This poem was inspired by the execution of the Catholic Mary Stuart, queen of Scots in 1587. It was first printed in 1817 by Joseph W. Walter, but the copytext for this anthology is Grossart's 1871 edition; *Dum morior orior* Latin, "As I die, I rise."

[4] *hap* happenstance, chance or luck.

[5] "N" stands for *nomen* or name, which the reader is meant to fill with "Mary."

My scaffold was the bed where ease I found,
The block a pillow of eternal rest,
My headman cast me in a blissful swound,[1]
His axe cut off my cares from cumbered
breast.

Rue not my death, rejoice at my repose,
It was no death to me but to my woe,
The bud was opened to let out the rose,
The chains unloos'd to let the captive go.

A prince by birth, a prisoner by mishap,
From crown to cross, from throne to thrall I fell,
My right my ruth, my titles wrought my trap,
My weal my woe, my worldly heaven my hell.

My death from prisoner to a prince enhanc'd,
From cross to crown, from thrall to throne again,
My ruth my right, my trap my style advanc'd,
From woe to weal, from hell to heavenly reign.

—date unknown

[1] *swound* contains the idea of swoon and wound.

Sir Walter Ralegh (or Raleigh)
1554-1618

Often represented as the epitome of the "Renaissance man," Sir Walter Ralegh was not just a writer, but a courtier, explorer, soldier, member of Parliament, and diplomat. While his first expedition to North America, under the auspices of his half-brother Sir Humphrey Gilbert, came to little, Ralegh seems soon after to have attracted the attention of the Queen's chief favourite, the earl of Leicester, who acquired for him the command of a troop sent to Ireland in 1580 to put down a rebellion. His success, his growing reputation for reckless courage, and his intelligent criticism of England's current policies concerning Ireland brought him in turn to the Queen's attention. Although Ralegh's political career soon brought him a number of important and valuable patronage posts, his explorations and colonizing endeavours occupied him for much of the rest of his life. Taking over from his half-brother Gilbert (lost at sea in 1583), Ralegh undertook a series of expeditions to the New World. Although his attempts to create a permanent colony on Roanoke Island in 1585 and 1587 were tragic failures, Ralegh still managed to transform North American colonization into a major national concern. In 1595—following a period of imprisonment in the Tower for his secret marriage to one of Elizabeth's ladies in waiting, Bess Throckmorton—Ralegh led an expedition to South America, intending to repair his relationship with the Queen by encouraging her to think in terms of wider imperial ambitions. During his expedition to Cadiz in 1596, Ralegh established his military reputation and regained the Queen's favour as he fought the Spanish for the gold of the country. With the death of Elizabeth, however, Ralegh's political and court career came to an end. He spent much of the period between 1603 (when James I came to the throne) and 1618 (when he was executed for treason) in the Tower. While in the Tower, however, he composed one of his most ambitious works, *The History of the World*; never finished, it was published in 1614.

Ralegh's literary reputation rests on his love poetry and his prose tracts dealing with his expeditions and military accomplishments. An assiduous creator of his own mythology, Ralegh's prose tracts, in particular, present an image of himself as part of a great national and indeed imperial endeavour. "The Last Fight of the *Revenge*" (1591) and *The Discovery of the Large, Rich, and Beautiful Empire of Guiana* (1596) promote the ideals associated with national and imperial expansion as well as the martial, Protestant character needed to bring them about. The former aims at justifying the English loss of the ship *Revenge* to the Spaniards, partly through a celebration of the heroism of the *Revenge*'s captain, Sir Richard Grenville (1542-91), which transforms him into a symbol of England's national virtues (for selections, see the additional online texts). Ralegh's political and rhetorical project here—"rewriting of a failure as a success, or the defense of the seemingly indefensible"—is echoed both in his other Elizabethan works and in his Jacobean prison writings. In short, he "attempt[s] to explain away his political (and sexual) betrayal of Queen Elizabeth in the poetry of 1592, ... to justify his lack of gold in his 1596 pamphlet, *The Discovery of Guiana*, and [to] deny his political betrayal of King James in the series of texts written in the months prior to his execution."[1] Unlike his prose, Ralegh's poems have been haunted by uncertainty concerning their authorship and dating, so much so that the modern editions of his works vary wildly in terms of the number of poems their editors are willing to ascribe to him.[2] The editorial problems are so intractable and complex that Ralegh's most recent critic and editor, Michael Rudick, adopts a radically different approach, offering both those works which are indisputably by Ralegh, as well as "a materially documented Ralegh canon which, although far from authorially sanctioned in whole, represents in historical conspectus what comprised Ralegh's poetic work for sixteenth- and seventeenth-century readers."[3] Many of Ralegh's lyrics exploit the conventional Petrarchan relationship between the poet-lover and his beloved to address his own relationship with the Queen.

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[1] A. Beer, *Sir Walter Ralegh and His Readers in the Seventeenth Century* (Houndmills, Basingstoke, 1997), p. 4.

[2] A.C. Latham's 1951 edition assigns 41 poems to Ralegh's hand (with another twelve included under the category "conjectural"), while M. Rudick's 1970 edition assigns 23 poems (with an additional seven "possible" works). See J. Leath Mills, "Sir Walter Ralegh (1554?-29 October 1618)," *DLB 172*, p. 205.

[3] M. Rudick, ed., *The Poems of Sir Walter Ralegh: An Historical Edition* (Tempe, AZ, 2000), p. xvi.

Note: For an account of the death of Ralegh's half-brother, the explorer Sir Humphrey Gilbert, as well as an account of Roanoke, see the selections from Richard Hakluyt's *Principal Voyages and Navigations* (pp. 652-65).

EDITIONS: Excerpts from *The Poems of Sir Walter Ralegh: A Historical Edition*, edited by Michael Rudick. MRTS Volume 209. Tempe, AZ, 2000. Copyright Arizona Board of Regents for Arizona State University. Reprinted by permission; *The discoverie of the large, rich, and bewtiful empire of Guiana*. London: [Imprinted] By Robert Robinson, 1596. STC 20634.

Additional Online Texts: Walter Ralegh. From *A Report of the Truth of the Fight ... Betwixt the Revenge ... and an Armada of the King of Spain* ["The Last Fight of the Revenge"] (1591).

A Vision upon this Conceit of "The Faerie Queene"[1]

Methought I saw the grave, where Laura[2] lay,
Within that temple, where the vestal[3] flame
Was wont to burn, and passing by that way,
To see that buried dust of living fame,
Whose tomb fair Love and fairer Virtue kept,
All suddenly I saw the Faerie Queene;
At whose approach the soul of Petrarch[4] wept,
And from thenceforth those graces were not seen,
For they this Queen attended, in whose steed[5]
Oblivion laid him down on Laura's hearse:
Hereat the hardest stones were seen to bleed,
And groans of buried ghosts the heavens did perse;[6]
Where Homer's spright did tremble all for grief,
And cursed th'access of that celestial thief.

—1590

The Lie[7]

Go, soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless arrant;[8]
Fear not to touch[9] the best,
The truth shall be thy warrant.[10]
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie.[11]

Say to the court, it glows
And shines like rotten wood;
Say to the church, it shows
What's good, and doth no good:
If church and court reply,
Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentates they live
Acting by others' action,
Not loved unless they give,

---

[1] Also known as "Methought I saw the grave, where Laura lay," the poem was included in the prefatory material to the 1590 edition of Spenser's epic romance.

[2] *Laura* See p. 1111, note 4.

[3] *vestal* like the eternal flame which burned in the temple of the goddess Vesta, which was attended by virgin priestesses; thus, "pure, sacred."

[4] *Petrarch* Francesco Petrarca (1304-74), Italian poet and scholar, whose most famous and influential work is the *Canzoniere* (also known as the *Rime* or *Rime sparse)*, a collection of lyric verse celebrating the incomparable and idealized Laura.

[5] *steed* stead.

[6] *perse* pierce.

[7] "The Lie" circulated anonymously in manuscripts in the 1590s, but it was not attributed to Ralegh in manuscripts until after 1620. It attracted a number of replies, two of which Rudick states "are allusive enough in personal details to make clear their attacks are directed" against Ralegh himself ("Attributions, Arrangement, Chronology," *Poems*, p. xliii). For replies to "The Lie," see Rudick, *Poems*, pp. 30-45. On the critical disagreement concerning Ralegh's authorship of the poem, see Rudick, *Poems*, pp. xliii-xlvii.

[8] *arrant* errand.

[9] *touch* reprove, rebuke.

[10] *warrant fig.*, a token or evidence of authorization; thus, authorization.

[11] *give the world the lie* i.e., accuse the world (right to its face) of lying.

Not strong but by affection.
If potentates reply,
Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition[1]
That manage the estate,[2]
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practice only hate.
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it[3] most,
They beg for more by spending,
Who, in their greatest cost,
Seek nothing but commending.
And if they make reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell zeal it wants[4] devotion;
Tell love it is but lust;
Tell time it metes[5] but motion;
Tell flesh it is but dust.
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

Tell age it daily wasteth,
Tell honour how it alters,
Tell beauty how she blasteth,[6]
Tell favour how it falters.
And as they shall reply,
Give every one the lie.

Tell wit how much it wrangles
In tickle points of niceness;[7]
Tell wisdom she entangles
Herself in over-wiseness.
And when they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell physic[8] of her boldness,
Tell skill it is prevention,[9]
Tell charity of coldness,
Tell law it is contention.
And as they do reply,
So give them still the lie.

Tell fortune of her blindness,[10]
Tell nature of decay,
Tell friendship of unkindness,
Tell justice of delay.
And if they will reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell arts[11] they have no soundness,
But vary by esteeming;[12]
Tell schools[13] they want profoundness,
And stand too much on seeming.
If arts and schools reply,
Give arts and schools the lie.

Tell faith it's fled the city,
Tell how the country erreth,
Tell manhood shakes off pity,
Tell virtue least preferreth.[14]
And if they do reply,
Spare not to give the lie.

---

1 *high condition* elevated social position, high rank.
2 *estate* the state or nation.
3 *brave it* dress splendidly; make a showy display.
4 *wants* lacks.
5 *metes* measures.
6 *blasteth* withers, shrivels.
7 *In tickle points of niceness* i.e, in arguments employing delicate points characterized by finicky exactness or subtlety.
8 *physic* medicine.
9 *Tell skill it is prevention* i.e., tell understanding that it is merely the faculty which allows one to prudently anticipate and avoid disaster.
10 The goddess Fortuna is traditionally depicted as blindfolded and holding a wheel, respectively emblems of the inscrutable nature of her favour and her perpetual inconstancy.
11 *arts* i.e., the seven liberal arts, the basis of the Renaissance educational curriculum.
12 *by esteeming* i.e., according to how they are valued.
13 *schools* i.e., bodies of knowledge; here, "the four principal philosophical schools of antiquity: the Platonic, Aristotelean (Peripatetic), Stoic, and Epicurean" (Rudick, "Commentary," *Poems*, p. 152).
14 *preferreth* advances.

So when thou hast, as I
Commanded thee, done blabbing,
Although to give the lie
Deserves no less than stabbing,
Stab at thee he that will,
No stab thy soul can kill.

—composed, c. 1590/92?; published in Francis Davison's *A Poetical Rapsodie* (1608)

The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd[1]

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.

Time drives the flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold,
And Philomel becometh dumb,[2]
The rest complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields;
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,[3]
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy poesies[4]
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee and be thy love.

But could youth last and love still breed,[5]
Had joys no date[6] nor age no need,
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee and be thy love.

—published in *England's Helicon* (1600)

Sir Walter Ralegh to His Son[7]

Three things there be that prosper up apace
And flourish, whilst they grow asunder far,
But on a day, they meet all in one place,
And when they meet they one another mar.
And they be these: the wood, the weed, the wag.
The wood is that, which makes the gallow tree;

[1] Rudick includes "The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd" among those poems attributed posthumously to Ralegh between approximately 1625 and 1660. Also known as "If all the world and love were young," this poem is one of a number of replies to Christopher Marlowe's "The Passionate Shepherd to His Love." The earliest copy of "The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd" appears in Bodleian MS Rawlinson Poetry 148; it is there unattributed. There are two works which ascribe the poem to Ralegh: a marginal note in a copy of *England's Helicon* (1600) in the John Rylands Library, and one in Izaak Walton's *The Compleat Angler* (1653). In both *England's Helicon* and *The Compleat Angler*, Ralegh's poem follows Marlowe's (Rudick, "Attributions, Arrangement, Chronology," *Poems*, p. lxv).

[2] Tereus, husband of Procne, raped his wife's sister, Philomel; he then cut out her tongue in an attempt to conceal his crime. When Procne finally learned of her sister's violation, she and Philomel killed Tereus and Procne's son, Itys, and served him to Tereus for dinner. When he realized what they had done, he tried to kill them, but the gods transformed them and Tereus into birds (*Metamorphosis*, 6.423-672).

[3] *gall* bitterness.

[4] *kirtle* skirt or outer petticoat; *poesies* The original spelling here suggests both gifts of posies (small bouquets of flowers) and of poesies (verses or poems).

[5] *still breed* always be developing or coming into being.

[6] *date* end.

[7] Rudick includes this poem, sometimes known as "Three things there be," among those attributed posthumously to Ralegh between approximately 1625 and 1660. Although it appears in three post-1625 manuscript verse miscellanies, and, where attributed, it is consistently identified as written by Ralegh for his son, Walter (Wat [1593-1618]), there are no copies of it prior to this approximate date. Given the widespread identification of Wat Ralegh as a rash, if courageous, young man, and given the fact that Ralegh had written an advice manual for Wat (*Instructions to his Son*, 4 editions, 1632-33), the attribution may be largely wishful thinking, the desire to assign an anonymous poem on the basis of the perceived similarity between its themes, the character of Wat, and the relationship between Ralegh and his son (Rudick, "Attributions, Arrangement, Chronology," *Poems*, p. lxviii-lxix). Copy text: Lathum, p. 49.

The weed is that, which strings the hangman's bag;[1]
The wag,[2] my pretty knave, betokeneth thee.
Mark well, dear boy, whilst these assemble not,
Green springs the tree, hemp grows, the wag is wild;
But when they meet, it makes the timber rot,
It frets the halter,[3] and it chokes the child.
Then bless thee, and beware, and let us pray,
We part not with thee at this meeting day.[4]

—MS. Additional 23229, British Library: circulated, c. 1625-60

from *The Ocean to Cynthia*[5]
The 21th: and Last Book of the Ocean to Cynthia[6]

Sufficeth it to you, my joys interred,
In simple words that I my woes complain,
You that then died when first my fancy erred,
Joys under dust that never live again.

If to the living were my Muse addressed,
Or did my mind her own spirit still inhold,
Were not my living passion so repressed
As to the dead the dead did these unfold,

Some sweeter words, some more becoming verse,
Should witness my mishap in higher kind;
But my love's wounds, my fancy in the hearse,
The idea but resting of a wasted[7] mind,

The blossoms fallen, the sap gone from the tree,
The broken monuments of my great desires:
From these so lost what may th'affections be?
What heat in cinders of extinguished fires?

Lost in the mud of those high-flowing streams,
Which through more fairer fields their courses bend,
Slain with self-thoughts, amazed in fearful dreams,
Woes without date,[8] discomforts without end,

From fruitful trees I gather withered leaves,
And glean the broken ears with miser's hands;
Who sometime did enjoy the weighty sheaves,
I seek fair flowers amid the brinish sand.

[...]

---

[1] *hangman's bag* perhaps, the bag that the hangman placed over the condemned person's head just prior to execution.

[2] *wag* a mischievous boy (a term of affection).

[3] *frets the halter* i.e., causes the hangman's noose to rub and chafe (thus, to tighten).

[4] "God bless the child" replaces "Then bless thee ... at this meeting day" in the other three manuscript versions of this poem (in Harvard Eng 686; Bodleian Malone 19; and Folger V.a.162). See Rudick, "Commentary," *Poems*, p. 125.

[5] The "Cynthia" poems (which comprise in Rudick's edition five poems) exist in Ralegh's autograph; four of the "Cynthia" poems were discovered in the mid-nineteenth century. Critics believe that the poems were spurred by Elizabeth's imprisonment of Ralegh and his new wife Elizabeth Throckmorton; they had married without the queen's knowledge or consent (Rudick, "Attributions, Arrangement, Chronology," *Poems*, p. xlviii). Although in Book III of *The Faerie Queene* and in a sonnet appended to its 1590 edition Spenser refers to a poem of Ralegh addressed to Elizabeth as Cynthia, Rudick cautions against identifying these references as alluding to the "Cynthia" poems. Although Spenser refers again to what seem to be Ralegh's "Cynthia" poems in "Colin Clout's Come Home Againe," Rudick and other critics have viewed with skepticism attempts to reconstruct Ralegh's poem by any of the references in Spenser's works (xlix-l). How the "Cynthia" poems ended up among the Cecil family papers is a matter of some speculation, although Ralegh may have asked Cecil to deliver them to the queen (ibid., p. li).

[6] There is much disagreement among critics about the actual numbering of this the longest of the "Cynthia" poems, with Latham reading the poem's subtitle as "The 11th: and last booke of the Ocean to Scinthia." Rudick, however, supports S. Clanton's argument that Ralegh's subtitle here should be read as "The 21th [the one and twentieth] and [then the] last [i.e., the 22nd] booke of the Ocean to Scinthia." D. and M. Brooks-Davies argue that the number in the subtitle is actually in italic (i.e., "vith") and thus the subtitle refers to the fragment as the "sixth book." The attractiveness of the latter proposal lies in the "thematic appropriateness of a 'sixth book' on the basis of a Vergilian echo: like *Aeneid* 6, this poem is a *descensus ad inferos* (i.e., a descent into the underworld) wherein Ralegh as Aeneas confronts his betrayal of Queen Elizabeth as Dido" (Rudick, "Commentary," *Poems*, p. 159). Cynthia was one of the many names under which Elizabeth was represented in sixteenth-century verse. Cynthia was another name for Diana or Artemis, the huntress, the goddess of the moon, chastity, and virginity. While Rudick has left spelling and punctuation as in the original manuscript, we have modernized spelling and punctuation, and have divided the verse paragraphs up into their constituent quatrains for ease of reading.

[7] *resting* remaining; *wasted* devastated.

[8] *date* end, termination.

O hopeful love, my object and invention,
O true desire, the spur of my conceit,[1]
O worthiest spirit, my mind's impulsion,[2]
O eyes transpersant,[3] my affection's bait,

O princely form, my fancy's adamant,[4]
Divine conceit, my pain's acceptance,
O all in one, O Heaven on earth transparent,
The seat of joys, and love's abundance!

Out of that mass of miracles my Muse
Gathered those flowers, to her pure senses pleasing;
Out of her eyes (the store of joys) did choose
Equal delights, my sorrows counterpeising.[5]

Her regal looks my rigorous sighs suppressed;
Small drops of joys sweetened great worlds of woes;
One gladsome day a thousand cares redressed.
Whom Love defends, what fortune overthrows?

When she did well, what did there else amiss?
When she did ill, what empires could have pleased?
No other power effecting woe or bliss,
She gave, she took, she wounded, she appeased.

The honour of her love, love still devising,
Wounding my mind with contrary conceit,
Transferred itself sometime to her aspiring,
Sometime the trumpet of her thought's retreat.

To seek new worlds for gold, for praise, for glory,
To try[6] desire, to try love severed far,
When I was gone, she sent her memory,
More strong than were ten thousand ships of war,

To call me back, to leave great honour's thought,
To leave my friends, my fortune, my attempt,
To leave the purpose I so long had sought,
And hold both cares and comforts in contempt.

Such heat in ice, such fire in frost remained,
Such trust in doubt, such comfort in despair,
Much like the gentle lamb, though lately weaned,
Plays with the dug,[7] though finds no comfort there.

But as a body, violently slain,
Retaineth warmth although the spirit be gone,
And by a power in nature moves again,
Till it be laid below the fatal stone;

Or as the earth, even in cold winter days,
Left for a time by her life-giving sun,
Doth by the power remaining of his rays
Produce some green, though not as it hath done;

Or as a wheel forced by the falling stream,
Although the course be turned some other way,
Doth for a time go round upon the beam,
Till, wanting strength to move, it stands at stay;

So my forsaken heart, my withered mind,
Widow of all the joys it once possessed,
My hopes clean out of sight, with forced wind
To kingdoms strange, to lands far-off, addressed,

Alone, forsaken, friendless, on the shore,
With many wounds, with death's cold pangs embraced,

---

1 *conceit* invention.
2 *impulsion* impulse, incitement.
3 *transpersant* transparent.
4 *adamant* i.e., loadstone or magnet.
5 *counterpoising* counterpoising, counterbalancing, counter-weighing.
6 *try* test.
7 *dug* teat.

Writes in the dust, as one that could no more,
Whom love, and time, and fortune, had defaced,

Of things so great, so long, so manifold,
With means so weak, the soul even then departing,
The weal,[1] the woe, the passages of old,
And worlds of thoughts described by one last sighing;

[...]

My weary limbs her memory embalmed;
My darkest ways her eyes make clear as day.
What storms so great but Cynthia's beams appeased?
What rage so fierce, that love could not allay?

Twelve years entire I wasted in this war,[2]
Twelve years of my most happy younger days;
But I in them, and they now wasted are,
Of all which past the sorrow only stays.

[...]

Therefore, all lifeless and all helpless bound,
My fainting spirits sunk, and heart appaled,
My joys and hopes lay bleeding on the ground,
That not long since the highest heaven scaled.

I hated life and cursed destiny;
The thoughts of passed times, like flames of hell,
Kindled afresh within my memory
The many dear achievements that befell

In those prime years and infancy of love,
Which to describe were but to die in writing;
Ah, those I sought, but vainly, to remove,
And vainly shall, by which I perish living.

And though strong reason hold before mine eyes
The images and forms of worlds past,
Teaching the cause why all those flames that rise
From forms external can no longer last

Than that those seeming beauties hold in prime[3]
Love's ground, his essence, and his empery,
All slaves to age, and vassals unto time,
Of which repentance writes the tragedy.[4]

But this my heart's desire could not conceive,[5]
Whose love outflew the fastest flying time,
A beauty that can easily deceive
Th'arrest of years, and creeping age outclimb,

A spring of beauties which time ripeth not,
Time that but works on frail mortality,
A sweetness which woe's wrongs outwipeth not,
Whom love hath chose for his divinity,

A vestal[6] fire that burns but never wasteth,
That loseth nought by giving light to all,
That endless shines each-where[7] and endless lasteth,
Blossoms of pride that can nor vade[8] nor fall.

These were those marvellous perfections,
The parents of my sorrow and my envy,
Most deathful and most violent infections,
These be the tyrants that in fetters tie

Their wounded vassals, yet nor kill nor cure,
But glory in their lasting misery,

---

1 *weal* happiness.

2 *Twelve years entire I wasted in this war* between the commencement of Ralegh's Irish military service (1580) and his fall from favour and imprisonment (1592). See Rudick, "Attributions, Arrangement, Chronology," *Poems*, p. li.

3 *in prime* primarily, in the first place.

4 *Teaching the cause ... tragedy* the well-known Platonic notion that a man who grounds his love for a physical object in its physical attractiveness will find his love waning with the inevitable passing of such beauty.

5 *conceive* understand, apprehend.

6 *vestal* pure.

7 *each-where* everywhere.

8 *vade* fade, decay, perish.

That as her beauties would our woes should dure;[1]
These be the effects of powerful empery.

Yet have these wonders want, which want[2] compassion;
Yet hath her mind some marks of human race;
Yet will she be a woman for a fashion,
So doth she please her virtues to deface.

And like as that immortal power doth seat[3]
An element of waters to allay
The fiery sunbeams that on earth do beat,
And temper by cold night the heat of day,

So hath perfection, which begat her mind,
Added thereto a change of fantasy,[4]
And left her the affections of her kind,
Yet free from every evil but cruelty.

But leave her praise; speak thou of nought but woe;
Write on the tale that sorrow bids thee tell;
Strive to forget, and care no more to know
Thy cares are known, by knowing those too well.

Describe her now as she appears to thee,
Not as she did appear in days fordone;[5]
In love those things that were no more may be,
For fancy[6] seldom ends where it begun.

And as a stream by strong hand bounded in
From nature's course where it did sometime run,
By some small rent or loose part doth begin
To find escape, till it a way hath won,

Doth then all unawares in sunder tear
The forced bounds, and raging run at large
In th'ancient channels as they wonted[7] were;
Such is of women's love the careful charge,[8]

Held and maintained with multitude of woes;
Of long erections such the sudden fall,
One hour diverts, one instant overthrows,
For which our lives, for which our fortunes, thrall.[9]

[...]

But I, unblessed and ill born creature,
That did embrace the dust her body bearing,
That loved her both by fancy[10] and by nature,
That drew, even with the milk in my first sucking,

Affection from the parent's breast that bare me,
Have found her as a stranger so severe,
Improving my mishap[11] in each degree.
But love was gone; so would I my life were!

A queen she was to me, no more Belphebe,[12]
A lion then, no more a milk-white dove;
A prisoner in her breast I could not be;
She did untie the gentle chains of love.

Love was no more the love of hiding
All trespass and mischance for her own glory.

---

1 *dure* continue, last.

2 *want* something lacking, a deficiency; *which want* which lack.

3 *immortal power* God; *seat* establish.

4 *change of fantasy* unclear; perhaps, "caprice, changeful mood," or "inclination, liking, desire," or perhaps simply "the capacity to imagine."

5 *fordone* completely finished; completely in the past.

6 *fancy* love.

7 *wonted* accustomed.

8 *careful charge* responsibility full of care; wearisome burden or responsibility.

9 in the MS: "For which our lives, for which our fortunes thrale": thus, perhaps, "[that] for which our lives and fortunes are enthralled or enslaved." See Rudick, "Commentary," *Poems*, p. 162 for different readings of this line.

10 *fancy* inclination.

11 *Improving* magnifying, intensifying; *mishap* bad luck, misfortune.

12 *Belphebe* a variation on Phoebe, another name for Cynthia (see p. 1114, note 6). Belphoebe is also the name of the virginal huntress in Book III of Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, yet another version of Elizabeth I.

It had been such; it was still for th'elect;[1]
But I must be th'example in love's story;
This was of all forepast the sad effect.

But thou, my weary soul and heavy thought,
Made by her love a burden to my being,
Dost know my error never was forethought,[2]
Or ever could proceed from sense of loving.

Of other cause if then it had proceeding,
I leave th'excuse, sith[3] judgement hath been given;
The limbs divided, sundered, and a-bleeding
Cannot complain the sentence was uneven.[4]

This did that nature's wonder, virtue's choice,
The only paragon of time's begetting,
Divine in words, angelical in voice,
That spring of joys, that flower of love's own setting,

Th'Idea remaining of those golden ages,[5]
That beauty braving heavens, and earth embalming,
Which after worthless worlds but play on stages;
Such didst thou her long since describe, yet sighing

That thy unable spirit could not find aught
In heaven's beauties or in earth's delight
For likeness fit to satisfy thy thought.
But what hath it availed thee so to write?

She cares not for thy praise, who knows not theirs;
It's now an idle labour, and a tale
Told out of time that dulls the hearer's ears,
A merchandise whereof there is no sale.

Leave them, or lay them up with thy despairs.
She hath resolved, and judged thee long ago.
Thy lines are now a murmuring to her ears,
Like to a falling stream, which passing slow

Is wont to nourish sleep and quietness.
So shall thy painful labours be perused,
And draw on rest, which sometime had regard;[6]
But those her cares thy errors have excused;

Thy days fordone have had their day's reward.
So her hard heart, so her estranged mind,
In which above the heavens I once reposed,
So to thy error have her ears inclined,

And have forgotten all thy past deserving,
Holding in mind but only thine offence,
And only now affecteth thy depraving,[7]
And thinks all vain that pleadeth thy defence.

[...]

She is gone, she is lost! She is found, she is ever fair!
Sorrow draws weakly where love draws not too;
Woe's cries sound nothing, but only in love's ear;
Do then by dying what life cannot do.

Unfold thy flocks and leave them to the fields,
To feed on hills, or dales, where likes them best,
Of what the summer or the springtime yields,
For love, and time, hath given thee leave to rest.

---

[1] *elect* i.e., those specially chosen or picked out (the word has strong religious overtones; "the elect" was that group of people chosen by God for salvation).

[2] *forethought* premeditated.

[3] *sith* since, seeing that.

[4] *uneven* unfair, unjust.

[5] *Th'Idea ... golden ages* a reference to the Platonic definition of "idea": Elizabeth is the general or ideal form, type, or model of the perfection characteristic of the golden age, when humanity lived in harmony with nature and when time, death, and change were unknown. Ralegh's plural form may be occasioned by the fact that there was a classical and a Christian conception of the golden age. See I. Rivers, "The Golden Age and the Garden of Eden," *Classical and Christian Ideas in English Renaissance Poetry*, 2nd ed. (London, 1996), pp. 9-19.

[6] *draw on rest, which sometime had regard* i.e., make her fall asleep, which at one time would have made her pay observant attention (and, thus, give due attention and respect to).

[7] *only now affecteth thy depraving* i.e., is now only fond of (hearing about) thy vilification, disparagement, or representation as vile or bad.

Thy heart which was their fold, now in decay,
By often storms and winter's many blasts
All torn and rent, becomes misfortune's prey;
False hope, my shepherd's staff, now age hath
brast.[1]

My pipe, which love's own hand gave my desire
To sing her praises and my woe upon,
Despair hath often threatened to the fire,
As vain to keep now all the rest are gone.

Thus home I draw, as death's long night draws on;
Yet every foot old thoughts turn back mine eyes.
Constraint me guides, as old age draws a stone
Against the hill, which over-weighty lies

For feeble arms or wasted strength to move;
My steps are backward, gazing on my loss,
My mind's affection and my soul's sole love,
Not mixed with fancy's chaff or fortune's dross.

To God I leave it, who first gave it me,
And I her gave, and she returned again,
As it was hers; so let his mercies be
Of my last comforts the essential mean.[2]

But be it so or not, th'effects are past;
Her love hath end; my woe must ever last.

—Cecil Papers 144, Hatfield House: composed, 1582-83; first published, 1870

[1] *brast* burst.

[2] *mean* means.

Nature that Washed Her Hands in Milk[3]

Nature that washed her hands in milk
And had forgot to dry them,
Instead of earth took snow and silk
At Love's request to try[4] them,
If she a mistress could compose
To please Love's fancy out of those.

Her eyes he would should be of light,
A violet breath, and lips of jelly;
Her hair not black, nor over-bright,
And of the softest down her belly;
As for her inside, he'ld[5] have it
Only of wantonness and wit.

At Love's entreaty such a one
Nature made, but with her beauty
She hath framed a heart of stone;
So as Love by ill destiny
Must die for her whom Nature gave him,
Because her darling would not save him.

[3] Rudick includes this poem among those attributed posthumously to Ralegh between approximately 1625 and 1660. He notes that the poem's provenance is particularly complex, since there are two versions of it: "The last six lines of 'Nature that washed' served, with a couplet added, as Ralegh's valediction in 1618 [i.e., the poem which he is said to have written just before his death]; [however], no copy of the preceding stanzas [of "Nature that washed"] is extant before the second quarter of the seventeenth century, when two versions were in circulation: one of eighteen verses [i.e., lines], all of whose copies are anonymous [...], and one of thirty-six verses, three of whose four known copies are attributed to Ralegh" (Rudick, "Attributions, Arrangement, Chronology," *Poems*, p. lxiii). Two of the attributed copies are titled "'S.W.R. to his Mistress Serena' and add the valedictory couplet to the last stanza, with a marginal note: 'This last staf was said to be made by Sir Walter Raleigh a little before his death, with the addition of those two last verses.'" On the basis of these copies, then, it would appear that "the poem was written before 1618 [many would say before 1603], by Ralegh, and his valediction was, like his petitions to Queen Anne, a resurrection of his own previously written verse." However, there are also a number of factors that tend to cast doubt on Ralegh's authorship: "no trace of ascription to Ralegh before 1625 (... no trace of the poem, in either form, before then); ascription to Ralegh only in verse miscellanies ...; and an available explanation of the ascription through connection with some features of Ralegh's posthumous reputation (in this case, the verses shared with the valediction)" (p. lxiv).

[4] *try* test.

[5] *he'ld* he would.

But Time—which Nature doth despise,
And rudely gives her love the lie,[1]
Makes hope a fool, and sorrow wise—
His hands doth neither wash nor dry,
But being made of steel and rust,
Turns snow, and silk, and milk to dust.

The light, the belly, lips and breath,
He dims, discolours, and destroys;
With those he feeds, but fills not Death,
Which sometimes were the food of joys.
Yea, Time doth dull each lively wit,
And dries all wantonness with it.

O cruel Time which takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, and all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust,
Who in the dark and silent grave
When we have wandered all our ways
Shuts up the story of our days.

—MS. Harley 6917, British Library: composed, c. 1603-18?; circulated c. 1625-60

[1] *gives her love the lie* i.e., accuses her love right to her face of lying. In Rudick, "discovers" (p. 114).

[from *The Discovery of Guiana*]

from *The Discovery of the Large, Rich, and Beautiful Empire of Guiana*[2]

To the Right Honourable My Singular Good Lord and Kinsman, Charles Howard,[3] Knight of the Garter, Baron, and Councillor, and of the Admirals of England the Most Renowned: And to the Right Honourable Sir Robert Cecil,[4] Knight, Councillor in Her Highness' Privy Councils.

For your Honours' many honourable and friendly

[2] *Guiana* This territory represents roughly the equivalent of modern-day Venezuela; for Ralegh, it was a region on the NE coast of South America, between the rivers Orinoco and Amazon. For invaluable maps which show the native polities, peoples, and locations mentioned in the *Discovery*, see N.L. Whitehead's excellent edition, *The Discoverie of the Large, Rich and Bewtiful Empyre of Guiana by Sir Walter Ralegh* (Manchester, 1997), especially p. 61. The title page continues: "With a Relation of the Great and Golden City of Manoa (which the Spaniards call El Dorado) and the Provinces of Emeria, Arromaia, Amapaia, and Other Countries, with Their Rivers, Adjoining. Performed in the Year 1595, by Sir W. Ralegh, Knight, Captain of Her Majesty's Guard, Lo[rd] Warden of the Sanneries, and her Highness' Lieutenant-General of the County of Cornwall."

[3] *Charles Howard* (1536-1624), earl of Nottingham (the title being a reward for his leadership in the raid against Spanish Cadiz in 1596), and lord high admiral (1585-1618), who in 1588 led his forces to victory against the Spanish Armada. Although he and Ralegh had served together at sea and had been comrades-in-arms, Howard had not hesitated to take over the family's valuable wine monopolies when Ralegh began his long imprisonment in the Tower (R. Lacey, *Sir Walter Ralegh* [London, 1973], pp. 316-17), even dunning the family for arrears in payment (M. Irwin, *That Great Lucifer: A Portrait of Sir Walter Ralegh* [Harmondsworth, 1962], p. 211).

[4] *Sir Robert Cecil* (?1563-1612), son of William Cecil, Lord Burghley, Robert Cecil was later first earl of Salisbury and first viscount Cranborne; he was a member of Elizabeth's Privy Council and secretary of state for both Elizabeth and James I. Although Cecil and Ralegh were at one point allies at Elizabeth's court in opposition to the influential faction of the earl of Essex, later Cecil prevented Ralegh from gaining a peerage and a seat on Elizabeth's Privy Council, planning behind the scenes to undermine Ralegh with the future James I in an attempt to bolster his own position on the death of the Queen (R. Trevelyan, *Sir Walter Raleigh* [New York, 2002], pp. 349-52). However, Cecil was also instrumental in saving Ralegh's life, by arranging for his death sentence to be commuted to imprisonment in the Tower (for thirteen years), and in rescuing Ralegh's property for his wife and son (M. Irwin, *That Great Lucifer*, pp. 211-12).

parts[1] I have hitherto only returned promises, and now for answer of both your adventures[2] I have sent you a bundle of papers, which I have divided between your lordship and Sir Robert Cecil in these two respects chiefly: first, for that it is reason that wasteful factors[3] when they have consumed such stocks as they had in trust do yield some colour for the same in their account;[4] secondly, for that I am assured that whatsoever shall be done or written by me shall need a double protection and defence. The trial that I had of both your loves, when I was left of all but of malice and revenge,[5] makes me still presume that you will be pleased (knowing what little power I had to perform ought, and the great advantage of forewarned enemies) to answer that out of knowledge which others shall but object out of malice. In my more happy times as I did especially honour you both, so I found that your loves sought me out in the darkest shadow of adversity, and that the same affection which accompanied my better fortune soared not away from me in my many miseries. All which, though I cannot requite, yet I shall ever acknowledge; and the great debt which I have no power to pay, I can do no more for a time but confess to be due. It is true that as my errors were great so they have yielded very grievous effects, and if ought might have been deserved in former times to have counterpoised any part of offences, the fruit thereof (as it seemeth) was long before fallen from the tree, and the dead stalk only remained. I did, therefore, even in the winter of my life, undertake these travels—fitter for bodies less blasted with misfortunes, for men of greater ability, and for minds of better encouragement—that thereby (if it were possible) I might recover but the moderation of excess,[6] and the least taste of the greatest plenty formerly possessed. If I had known other way to win, if I had imagined how greater adventures might have regained, if I could conceive what farther means I might yet use but even to appease so powerful a displeasure, I would not doubt but for one year more to hold fast my soul in my teeth[7] till it were performed. Of that little remain[8] I had, I have wasted in effect all herein; I have undergone many constructions;[9] I have been accompanied with many sorrows, with labour, hunger, heat, sickness, and peril. It appeareth notwithstanding that I made no other bravado[10] of going to the sea than was meant, and that I was neither hidden in Cornwall or elsewhere, as was supposed. They have grossly belied me that forejudged that I would rather become a servant to the Spanish king than return, and the rest were much mistaken, who would have persuaded that I was too easeful[11] and sensual to undertake a journey of so great travail.[12] But if what I have done receive the gracious construction of a painful pilgrimage, and purchase the least remission,[13] I shall think all too little, and that there were wanting[14] to the rest many miseries. But if both the times past, the present, and what may be in the future do all by one grain of gall continue in an eternal distaste, I do not then know whether I should bewail myself either for my too much travel and expense, or condemn myself for doing less than that, which can deserve nothing. From myself I have deserved no thanks, for I am returned a beggar and withered. But that I might have bettered my poor estate, it shall appear by the

[1] *parts* acts, favours.

[2] *for answer of both your adventures* i.e., in response to the risks you have taken (for me).

[3] *factors* agents, middle-men.

[4] *do yield some colour for the same in their account* i.e., come up with some way of concealing or at least favourably representing this waste in their official account.

[5] *The trial … revenge* Both Cecil and Howard invested in Ralegh's Guiana expedition, with Howard even providing one of Ralegh's ships, the *Lion's Whelp* (R. Trevelyan, *Sir Walter Raleigh*, p. 216). Cecil also seems to have actively promoted Ralegh's achievements to the Queen when Ralegh returned from Guiana (pp. 251-52).

[6] *excess* abundance.

[7] *hold fast my soul in my teeth* i.e., hang tenaciously and determinedly onto life.

[8] *remain* remnant.

[9] *constructions* explanations, interpretations.

[10] *bravado* ostentatious display of courage or boldness.

[11] *easeful* slothful, lazy.

[12] *travail* labour, hardship, suffering.

[13] *pilgrimage … remission* Religious pilgrimage was sometimes undertaken as a penance, in order to gain forgiveness ("remission") for sins.

[14] *wanting* lacking, absent from.

following discourse, if I had not only respected her Majesty's future honour and riches. It became not the former fortune in which I once lived to go journeys of picory,[1] and it had sorted ill with the offices of honour, which by her Majesty's grace I hold this day in England, to run from cape to cape, and from place to place, for the pillage of ordinary prizes.

[...]

The country hath more quantity of gold by manifold[2] than the best parts of the Indies or Peru. All the most of the kings of the borders are already become her Majesty's vassals,[3] and seem to desire nothing more than her Majesty's protection and the return of the English nation. It hath another ground and assurance of riches and glory than the voyages of the West Indies, and an easier way to invade the best parts thereof than by the common course. The King of Spain is not so impoverished by taking three or four port towns in America as we suppose; neither are the riches of Peru or Nueva Espania[4] so left by the seaside, as it can be easily washed away with a great flood or spring tide, or left dry upon the sands on a low ebb. The port towns are few and poor in respect of the rest within the land, and are of little defence, and are only rich when the fleets are to receive the treasure for Spain. And we might think the Spaniards very simple, having so many horses and slaves, that if they could not upon two days' warning carry all the gold they have into the land, and far enough from the reach of our footmen, especially the Indies being (as it is for the most part) so mountainous, so full of woods, rivers, and marshes. [...] But I hope it shall appear that there is a way found to answer every man's longing, a better Indies for her Majesty than the King of Spain hath any, which if it shall please her Highness to undertake, I shall most willingly end the rest of my days in following the same. If it be left to the spoil and sackage[5] of common persons, if the love and service of so many nations be despised, so great riches, and so mighty an empire refused, I hope her Majesty will yet take my humble desire and my labour therein in gracious part, which if it had not been in respect of her Highness' future honour and riches, I could have laid hands and ransomed many of the kings and *cassiqui*[6] of the country, and have had a reasonable proportion of gold for their redemption. But I have chosen rather to bear the burden of poverty than reproach, and rather to endure a second travel and the chances thereof than to have defaced an enterprise of so great assurance, until I knew whether it pleased God to put a disposition in her princely and royal heart either to follow or foreslow[7] the same. I will, therefore, leave it to his ordinance that hath only power in all things, and do humbly pray that your Honours will excuse such errors as, without the defence of art, overrun in every part the following discourse, in which I have neither studied phrase, form, nor fashion; and that you will be pleased to esteem me as your own (though over-dearly bought) and I shall ever remain ready to do you all honour and service.

W.R.

To the Reader

Because there have been divers[8] opinions conceived of the gold ore brought from Guiana, and for that an alderman of London and an officer of her Majesty's Mint hath given out that the same is of no price,[9] I have thought good by the addition of these lines to give answer as well to the said malicious slander as to other objections. It is

[1] *picory* looting, plundering, marauding.

[2] *by manifold* many times over.

[3] *vassals* technically, those who hold lands from a superior and who owe their overlord loyalty and allegiance in return.

[4] *Nueva Espania* New Spain, comprising all of present-day Mexico and Central America, down to the southern border of Costa Rica and portions of the United States (California, Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas). See *Handbook of Texas Online*, U of Texas, <http://www.thsaonline.org>.

[5] *spoil and sackage* pillaging and plundering.

[6] *cassiqui* lords or chiefs (from a native Haitian word, *cacique*).

[7] *foreslow* put off, pursue in a slow or dilatory fashion.

[8] *divers* many, varied.

[9] *price* value.

true that while we abode at the island of Trinidad, I was informed by an Indian that not far from the port where we anchored there were found certain mineral stones, which they esteemed to be gold, and were thereunto persuaded the rather for that they had seen both English and French men gather and embark[1] some quantities thereof. Upon this likelihood, I sent forty men and gave order that each one should bring a stone of that mine to make trial of the goodness;[2] which being performed, I assured them at their return that the same was marcasite,[3] and of no riches or value. Notwithstanding, divers, trusting more to their own sense than to my opinion, kept of the said marcasite, and have tried[4] thereof, since my return, in divers places. In Guiana itself I never saw marcasite, but all the rocks, mountains, all stones in the plains, in woods, and by the rivers' sides are in effect thorow[5] shining, and appear marvellous rich, which being tried to be no marcasite, are the true signs of rich minerals, but are no other than *El madre del oro* (as the Spaniards term them) which is "the mother of gold," or as it is said by others, "the scum of gold." Of divers sorts of these many of my company brought also into England, everyone taking the fairest for the best, which is not general. For mine own part, I did not countermand any man's desire or opinion, and I could have afforded them little, if I should have denied them the pleasing of their own fancies therein. But I was resolved that gold must be found either in grains separate from the stone (as it is in most of all the rivers in Guiana) or else in a kind of hard stone, which we call the white spar, of which I saw divers hills, and in sundry places, but had neither time, nor men, nor instruments fit to labour. Near unto one of the rivers I found of the said white spar or flint a very great ledge or bank, which I endeavoured to break by all the means I could, because there appeared on the outside some small grains of gold; but finding no mean to work the same upon the upper part, seeking the sides and circuit of the said rock, I found a clift[6] in the same, from whence with daggers and with the head of an ax we got out some small quantity thereof, of which kind of white stone (wherein gold is engendered) we saw divers hills and rocks in every part of Guiana wherein we travelled. Of this there hath been made many trials, and in London it was first assayed[7] by Master Westwood, a refiner dwelling in Wood street, and it held after the rate of 12,000 or 13,000 pounds a ton. Another sort was afterward tried by Master Bulmar and Master Dimoke, assay-master,[8] and it held after the rate of 23,000 pounds a ton. There was some of it again tried by Master Palmer, comptroller of the Mint,[9] and Master Dimoke in Goldsmiths' Hall, and it held after 26,900 pounds a ton. There was also at the same time, and by the same persons, a trial made of the dust of the said mine which held 8 pounds, 6 ounces weight of gold in the hundred. There was likewise, at the same time, a trial made of an image of copper made in Guiana, which held a third part gold, besides divers trials made in the country, and by others in London. But because there came of ill with the good, and belike the said alderman was not presented with the best, it hath pleased him therefore to scandal all the rest, and to deface the enterprise as much as in him lieth. It hath also been concluded by divers that if there had been any such ore in Guiana, and the same discovered,

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1 *embark* put on board [their] ships.

2 *to make trial of the goodness* i.e., to test whether or not it were genuine.

3 *marcasite* pyrites of copper and iron, which had the lustre of gold and silver and were thus wrongly supposed to contain these precious ores; sometimes called "fool's gold."

4 *tried* tested.

5 *thorow* throughout, completely, right through.

6 *clift* crevice.

7 *assayed* tested its composition in order to determine the exact amount of gold in the ore.

8 *assay-master* master of an assay-house; an officer appointed to assay coin, gold, and silver plate.

9 *Master Palmer, comptroller of the Mint* Dr. Andrew Palmer was the comptroller or controller of the Royal Mint before 1581; later, he was city chamberlain. See J. Craig, *The Mint: A History of the London Mint from A.D. 287 to 1948* (Cambridge, 1953), p. 124.

that I would have brought home a greater quantity thereof. First, I was not bound to satisfy any man of the quantity, but such only as adventured,[1] if any store had been returned thereof. But it is very true that, had all their mountains been of massy gold, it was impossible for us to have made any longer stay to have wrought[2] the same; and whosoever hath seen with what strength of stone the best gold ore is environed, he will not think it easy to be had out in heaps, and especially by us who had neither men, instruments, nor time (as it is said before) to perform the same. There were on this discovery no less than one hundred persons, who can all witness that when we passed any branch of the river to view the land within, and stayed from our boats but six hours, we were driven to wade to the eyes at our return; and if we attempted the same the day following, it was impossible either to ford it or to swim it, both by reason of the swiftness and also for that the borders[3] were so pestered with fast[4] woods, as neither boat nor man could find place either to land or to embark; for in June, July, August, and September, it is impossible to navigate any of those rivers, for such is the fury of the current, and there are so many trees and woods overflown, as if any boat but touch upon any tree or stake, it is impossible to save any one person therein;[5] and ere[6] we departed the land, it ran with that swiftness as we drove down most commonly against the wind little less than one hundred miles a day; besides, our vessels were no other than wherries, one little barge, a small cockboat, and a bad galiota,[7] which we framed in haste for that purpose at Trinidad, and those little boats had nine or ten men apiece, with all their victuals and arms. It is further true that we were about 400 miles from our ships, and had been a month from them, which also we left weakly-manned in an open road,[8] and had promised our return in fifteen days.

Others have devised that the same ore was had from Barbary,[9] and that we carried it with us into Guiana. Surely, the singularity of that device I do not well comprehend. For mine own part, I am not so much in love with these long voyages as to devise thereby to cozen[10] myself, to lie hard, to fare worse,[11] to be subjected to perils, to diseases, to ill savours,[12] to be parched and withered, and withal to sustain the care and labour of such an enterprise, except[13] the same had more comfort than the fetchings of marcasite in Guiana, or buying of gold ore in Barbary. But I hope the better sort will judge me by themselves, and that the way of deceit is not the way of honour or good opinion. I have herein consumed much time and many crowns, and I had no other respect[14] or desire than to serve her Majesty and my country thereby.

If the Spanish nation had been of like belief to these detractors, we should little have feared or doubted[15] their attempts, wherewith we now are

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[1] *such only as adventured* i.e., only those who had invested in the venture.

[2] *wrought* worked, mined.

[3] *borders* river banks.

[4] *fast* impenetrable.

[5] *for in June, July … therein* Ralegh and his men explored the Orinoco River during the country's rainy season, so this is probably not much of an exaggeration.

[6] *ere* before.

[7] *cockboat* a small ship's-boat (the smallest or lightest of floating craft); *galiota* galliot: a small galley or boat, propelled by sails and oars, used for swift navigation.

[8] *open road* A road was a sheltered piece of water near the shore where vessels could lie at anchor in safety; "open" implies, however, that this place was also exposed and thus the ship could be easily attacked.

[9] *Barbary* referring generally to North Africa along the Mediterranean, from Egypt to the Atlantic, and from the sea to the Sahara desert, including Tripoli, Tunis, Algiers, and Morocco (*Topographical Dict.*, p. 45). This rumour and the one Ralegh mentions earlier (that he had never actually gone to Guiana, but had been hiding in Cornwall) were apparently spread by his enemies at court, among them the earl of Oxford and Henry Howard (R. Trevelyan, *Sir Walter Raleigh*, p. 252).

[10] *cozen* cheat, defraud, deceive.

[11] *lie hard* sleep roughly (on the ground, or other hard surface); *fare worse* i.e., to be worse fed.

[12] *ill savours* revolting odours.

[13] *except* unless.

[14] *respect* aim, end.

[15] *doubted* suspected [the evil intentions behind].

daily threatened. But if we now consider of the actions both of Charles V[1]—who had the maidenhead of Peru and the abundant treasures of Atabalipa[2]—together with the affairs of the Spanish king now living[3]—what territories he hath purchased; what he hath added to the acts of his predecessors; how many kingdoms he hath endangered; how many armies, garrisons, and navies he hath and doth maintain; the great losses which he hath repaired, as in 88 above 100 sail of great ships with their artillery;[4] and that no year is less unfortunate but that many vessels, treasures, and people are devoured; and yet notwithstanding he beginneth again like a storm to threaten shipwreck to us all—we shall find that these abilities rise not from the trades of sacks[5] and Seville oranges, nor from ought else that either Spain, Portugal, or any of his other provinces produce. It is his Indian gold that endangereth and disturbeth all the nations of Europe: it purchaseth intelligence, creepeth into councils, and setteth bound loyalty at liberty in the greatest monarchies of Europe. If the Spanish king can keep us from foreign enterprises, and from the impeachment[6] of his trades, either by offer of invasion or by besieging us in Britain, Ireland, or elsewhere, he hath then brought the work of our peril in great forwardness. Those princes which abound in treasure have great advantages over the rest, if they once constrain them to a defensive war,[7] where they are driven once a year or oftener to cast lots for their own garments,[8] and from such shall all trades and intercourse be taken away, to the general loss and impoverishment of the kingdom and commonweal so reduced. Besides, when men are constrained to fight, it hath not the same hope as when they are pressed and encouraged by the desire of spoil[9] and riches. Farther it is to be doubted how those that in time of victory seem to affect their neighbour nations will remain after the first view of misfortunes or ill success; to trust also to the doubtfulness of a battle is but a fearful and uncertain adventure, seeing therein fortune is as likely to prevail as virtue. It shall not be necessary to allege all that might be said, and therefore I will thus conclude: that whatsoever kingdom shall be enforced to defend itself may be compared to a body dangerously diseased, which for a season may be preserved with vulgar[10] medicines, but in a short time, and by little and little, the same must needs fall to the ground and be dissolved. I have, therefore, laboured all my life, both according to my small power and persuasion, to advance all those attempts that might either promise return of profit to ourselves, or at last be a let[11] and impeachment to the quiet course and plentiful trades of the Spanish nation, who in my weak judgement by such a war were as easily endangered and brought from his powerfulness as any prince in Europe, if it be considered from how

[1] *Charles V* (1500-58) (King Charles I of Spain, reigned 1516-56). Under Charles V, the Spanish increased their possessions in the New World, conquering the Inca Empire by 1535, and claiming what is now Mexico and Peru for the Spanish crown. By the time Charles resigned the crown to his heir, Philip II, his possessions in the Americas stretched as far north as California and Texas ("Charles V," *Hist. Dict. Spanish Empire*, pp. 163-64).

[2] *Atabalipa* i.e., Atahuallpa, last ruler of the Inca Empire in Peru. See p. 1135, note 6.

[3] *the Spanish king now living* Philip II (1527-98), who was even more active than his father in gaining and consolidating Spanish possessions in the Americas, as well as in Europe: he extended and consolidated Spain's control over Mexico, Central America, and South America, and he also conquered Portugal in 1580 ("Philip II," *Hist. Dict. Spanish Empire*, p. 487).

[4] *as in 88 above 100 sail of great ships with their artillery* perhaps a reference to the Spanish losses in their failed invasion of English (the Spanish Armada, 1588), although modern accounts put the number of Spanish losses somewhat lower (only about half of Spain's 131 ships returned home, having lost approximately 5,500 men) (*Tudor England*, pp. 349, 342).

[5] *trades of sacks* i.e., trade in sack, a type of dry white wine from Spain and the Canary Islands.

[6] *impeachment* hindrance, disruption.

[7] *if they once constrain them to a defensive war* i.e., if the Spanish once force or compel their enemies (those princes who do not abound in treasure) to defend themselves against attack.

[8] *where they are driven once a year or oftener to cast lots for their own garments* For the prince who lacks the vast wealth that the Spanish derive from trade, conquest, and imperial possessions, a defensive war is like gambling in order to win his own possessions.

[9] *spoil* plunder, booty, war prizes.

[10] *vulgar* common, ordinary.

[11] *let* hindrance.

many kingdoms and nations his revenues are gathered, and those so weak in their own beings, and so far severed from mutual succour.[1] But because such a preparation and resolution is not to be hoped for in haste, and that the time which our enemies embrace cannot be had again to advantage, I will hope that these provinces and that empire now by me discovered shall suffice to enable[2] her Majesty and the whole kingdom with no less quantities of treasure than the King of Spain hath in all the Indies, east and west, which he possesseth. Which if the same be considered and followed, ere the Spaniards reinforce the same, and if her Majesty will undertake it, I will be contented to lose her Highness' favour and good opinion forever, and my life withal, if the same be not found rather to exceed than to equal whatsoever is in this discourse promised or declared. I will now refer the reader to the following discourse, with the hope that the perilous and chargeable[3] labours and endeavours of such as thereby seek the profit and honour of her Majesty and the English nation shall by men of quality and virtue receive such construction, and good acceptance, as themselves would look to be rewarded withal in the like.

The Discovery of Guiana

[...]

We then hastened away towards our purposed discovery, and first I called all the captains of the island together that were enemies to the Spaniards—for there were some which Berreo[4] had brought out of other countries and planted there to eat out and waste those that were natural of the place—and by my Indian interpreter, which I carried out of England, I made them understand that I was the servant of a queen, who was the great *casique*[5] of the north, and a virgin, and had more *casiqui* under her than there were trees in their island; that she was an enemy to the *Castellani*[6] in respect of their tyranny and oppression, and that she delivered all such nations about her as were by them oppressed; and having freed all the coast of the northern world[7] from their servitude had sent me to free them also, and withal to defend the country of Guiana from their invasion and conquest. I showed them her Majesty's picture, which they so admired and honoured as it had been easy to have brought them idolatrous thereof.

The like and a more large discourse I made to the rest of the nations, both in my passing to Guiana and to those of the borders, so as in that part of the world her Majesty is very famous and admirable, whom they now call *Ezrabeta Cassipuna Aquerewana*, which is as much as: Elizabeth, the great princess or greatest commander.

[...]

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[1] *succour* aid, assistance.

[2] *enable* strengthen, empower.

[3] *chargeable* burdensome, often in the sense of being "expensive or costly."

[4] *Berreo* Antonio de Berrío, governor of Trinidad, an experienced soldier who had served Charles V in Italy. In 1593, he wrote to Philip II of Spain, making the case for more men and arms, since he and his small contingent were far outnumbered by Trinidad's native inhabitants. Ralegh recounts how he and his men easily took San José de Oruña, the Spanish capital in Trinidad, sacked the city, burned it to the ground, slaughtered the Spanish, and captured Berrío himself. Given that in 1593 Berrío had ordered eight of Jacob Whiddon's men killed, while Whiddon was engaged on Ralegh's behalf in a reconnaissance mission in Guiana, Ralegh clearly had some personal scores to settle (Trevelyan, *Sir Walter Raleigh*, p. 226; "Trinidad," *Hist. Dict. Spanish Empire*, p. 605).

[5] *casique* lord or chief.

[6] *Castellani* i.e., Castilians: Spaniards.

[7] *and having freed all the coast of the northern world* It seems highly unlikely that Ralegh is referring to the native peoples of the E coast of North America. Although Spain had occupied what is now Florida from 1565, and attempted to bar any other nations, particularly England and France, from gaining a foothold there, they themselves did not manage to establish permanent colonies or military outposts north of Santa Elena, North Carolina. Ralegh's own attempts to establish permanent English settlements in North America were failures, and the English could not claim to have freed the peoples of coastal North America from the oppression of their Spanish conquerors (D.B. Quinn, *England and the Discovery of America, 1481-1620* [New York, 1974], especially chapters 10 and 11). Ralegh's claim here must be related to England's role in helping the Protestant Netherlands revolt against its Spanish Catholic overlords.

I made inquiry amongst the most ancient and best travelled of the Orenoqueponi,[1] and I had knowledge[2] of all the rivers between Orenoque and Amazones,[3] and was very desirous to understand the truth of those warlike women,[4] because of some it is believed, of others not. And though I digress from my purpose, yet I will set down that hath been delivered me for truth of those women, and I spoke with a *casique* or lord of people that told me he had been in the river, and beyond it also. The nations of these women are on the south side of the river in the provinces of Topago, and their chiefest strengths and retraicts[5] are in the islands situate on the south side of the entrance, some sixty leagues within the mouth of the said river. The memories of the like women are very ancient as well in Africa as in Asia: in Africa those that had Medusa[6] for queen; others in Scythia near the rivers of Tanais and Thermadon:[7] we find also that Lampedo and Marthesia were queens of the Amazons.[8] In many histories they are verified to have been, and in divers ages and provinces, but they which are not far from Guiana do accompany with[9] men but once in a year, and for the time of one month, which I gather by their relation to be in April. At that time all kings of the borders assemble, and queens of the Amazons, and after the queens have chosen, the rest cast lots for their valentines.[10] This one month, they feast, dance, and drink of their wines in abundance, and the moon being done,[11] they all depart to their own provinces. If they conceive and be delivered of a son, they return him to the father, if of a daughter they nourish it, and retain it, and as many as have daughters send unto the begetters a present, all being desirous to increase their own sex and kind. But that they cut off the right dug of the breast[12] I do not find to be true. It was farther told me that if in these wars they took any prisoners, that they used to accompany with those also at what time soever, but in the end for certain they put them to death, for they are said to be very cruel and bloodthirsty, especially to such as offer to invade their territories. These Amazons have likewise great store of these plates of gold, which they recover by exchange chiefly for a kind of green stones, which the Spaniards call *piedras hijadas*, and we use for spleen-stones,[13] and for the disease of the stone we also esteem them. Of these I saw divers in Guiana, and commonly every king or *casique* hath one, which their wives for the most part wear, and they esteem them as great jewels.

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1 *Orenoqueponi* also, Orinoqueponi: inhabitants of Guiana, living to the south of the Orinoco River.

2 *I had knowledge* i.e., I received information about.

3 *Orenoque and Amazones* i.e., the Orinoco River and the Amazon, two of the geographical limits of Ralegh's Guiana.

4 *those warlike women* i.e., the Amazons, a race of women dedicated to war and to a woman-only nation; the origin of the Amazon nation, and their customs and practices are recounted by Justin in his *Epitome of the Philippic History of Pompeius Trogus* (2nd-4th century CE). See the translation by J.C. Yardley (Atlanta, 1994), pp. 28-31, 2.4. Ralegh was not the only explorer to report on the Amazons. During his journey up the Amazon River, Francisco de Orellana (d. 1545) claimed to have encountered and fought a pitched battle with Amazon warriors on 24 June 1542 (*The Times Atlas of World Exploration*, ed. F. Fernández-Armesto [New York, 1991], p. 135).

5 *retraicts* places of retreat or refuge.

6 *Medusa* The connection between the Gorgon, Medusa, and the Amazons was an ancient one, going back to Diodorus Siculus, and one which was repeated in many Renaissance texts (such as George Sandys' *Ovid's Metamorphosis Englished, Mythologized and Represented in Figures*, 1632). See K. Schwarz, *Tough Love: Amazon Encounters in the English Renaissance* (Durham, 2000), pp. 29-31.

7 *Tanais and Thermadon* in Cappadocia, where classical writers early assumed the land of the Amazons to lie (Justin, *Epitome*, 2.4.2-3).

8 *Lampedo and Marthesia were queens of the Amazons* According to Justin, Lampeto (sometimes Lampedo) and Marpesia (Martesia) were two of the most famous Amazon queens; joint rulers of the nation, they alternated responsibility for wars of conquest and defense of their nation's boundaries. They both claimed to be the daughters of Mars, and "after conquering most of Europe, they also seized a number of city-states in Asia," going on to found "Ephesus and several other cities." Martesia and her warriors who remained behind to guard the Amazons' new Asian possessions were later killed (*Epitome*, 2.4.12-17).

9 *accompany with* cohabit, have sexual intercourse with.

10 *cast lots for their valentines* an English custom, where a person of the opposite sex is chosen, drawn by lot, or otherwise determined, on St Valentine's Day (February 14th), as a sweetheart, lover, or special friend for the ensuing year.

11 *the moon being done* the month being completed.

12 *the right dug of the breast* See Justin, *Epitome*, 2.4.11.

13 *spleen-stones* a kind of jasper used in the treatment of diseases of the spleen; they were also used to treat kidney stones.

[...]

Berreo affirmed that there fell a hundred rivers into Orenoque from the north and south, whereof the least was as big as Rio Grande, that passeth between Popayan and Nuevo Reyno de Granada[1] (Rio Grande being esteemed one of the renowned rivers in all the West Indies, and numbered among the great rivers of the world). But he knew not the names of any of these, but Caroli[2] only, neither from what nations they descended, neither to what provinces they led, for he had no means to discourse with the inhabitants at any time; neither was he curious in these things, being utterly unlearned, and not knowing the east from the west. But of all these I got some knowledge, and of many more, partly by mine own travel and the rest by conference; of some one I learned one, of others the rest, having with me an Indian that spoke many languages and that of Guiana naturally. I sought out all the aged men and such as were greatest travellers, and by the one and the other I came to understand the situations, the rivers, the kingdoms from the east sea to the borders of Peru, and from Orenoque southward as far as Amazones or Maragnon, and the regions of Maria Tamball;[3] and of all the kings of provinces and captains of towns and villages, how they stood in terms of peace or war, and which were friends or enemies the one with the other, without which there can be neither entrance nor conquest in those parts nor elsewhere.

[...]

These Tivitivas[4] are a very goodly people and very valiant, and have the most manly speech and most deliberate that ever I heard of what nation soever. In the summer they have houses on the ground as in other places; in the winter they dwell upon the trees, where they build very artificial[5] towns and villages, as it is written in the Spanish story of the West Indies[6] that those people do in the lowlands near the gulf of Uruba. For between May and September the river of Orenoque riseth thirty foot upright, and then are those islands overflowen twenty foot high above the level of the ground, saving some few raised grounds in the middle of them, and for this cause they are enforced to live in this manner. They never eat of anything that is set or sown, and as at home they use neither planting nor other manurance,[7] so when they come abroad they refuse to feed of ought but of that which nature without labour

[1] *Rio Grande, that passeth between Popayan and Nuevo Reyno de Granada* in Ralegh's geography, the Great River (the Magdalena River) that passes between Popayan (a region that was located in SW Colombia) and the New Kingdom of Granada (generally, the region around Santa Fé de Bogatá, Colombia). See "Colombia," *Hist. Dict. Spanish Empire*, pp. 182-85.

[2] *Caroli* i.e., the Caroní River, which joins the Orinoco at Seiba and San Thomé. That Berrío had such a scanty knowledge of Guiana's geography is very improbable: Berrío, in his own search for the golden city of El Dorado, had travelled himself overland from Bogatá to Guiana and down the whole length of the Orinoco River, a journey of some seventeen months; however, his "second journey was even longer," lasting from 1585 to 1588, but it was this journey which convinced him that finally discovering El Dorado depended upon mastering the Orinoco River, and that Trinidad was an ideal base of operations. His last journey in 1590 is the one that Ralegh partly recounts earlier in the *Discovery*, and it involved Berrío's explorations of the Caroní River and his conflict with the chieftain, Morequito, who was eventually killed by Berrío's men. See Trevelyan, *Sir Walter Raleigh*, pp. 207-08, 218-21.

[3] *Amazones or Maragnon* the Amazon River and its environs (the Spanish sometimes called the Amazon, the Marañon) (*Times Atlas of World Exploration*, p. 130); *regions of Maria Tamball* not identified.

[4] *Tivitivas* a native people of Guiana, living N of the Orinoco River, between the River of the Red Cross and the ocean.

[5] *artificial* ingeniously constructed.

[6] *the Spanish story of the West Indies* This might refer to any one of a number of works written on the customs of the New World's native peoples, perhaps, Toribio de Benavente's (Motolinía) *Historia de los Indios de la Nueva España* (1541), or Bartolomé de Las Casas's massive comparative ethnology *Apologética historia summaria* (1559). After 1577, Philip II of Spain banned the further production of such ethnographic literature, and had confiscated those books and manuscripts already produced. See J. LaFaye, "Literature and Intellectual Life in Colonial Spanish America," *Cambridge History of Latin America*, vol. 2, ed. L. Bethell (Cambridge, 1984), pp. 663-67.

[7] *manurance* cultivation.

bringeth forth. They use the tops of *palmitos*[1] for bread, and kill deer, fish and porks for the rest of their sustenance. They have also many sorts of fruits that grow in the woods, and great variety of birds and fowl.

And if to speak of them were not tedious and vulgar, surely we saw in those passages of very rare colours and forms, not elsewhere to be found, forasmuch as I have either seen or read. Of these people, those that dwell upon the branches of Orenoque, called Capuri and Macureo, are for the most part carpenters of *canoas*,[2] for they make the most and fairest houses, and sell them into Guiana for gold, and into Trinidad for tobacco, in the excessive taking whereof they exceed all nations. And notwithstanding the moistness of the air in which they live, the hardness of their diet, and the great labours they suffer to hunt, fish, and fowl for their living, in all my life, either in the Indies or in Europe, did I never behold a more goodly or better-favoured[3] people, or a more manly. They were wont[4] to make war upon all nations, and especially on the cannibals, so as none durst without a good strength trade by those rivers. But of late they are at peace with their neighbours, all holding the Spaniards for a common enemy. When their commanders die, they use great lamentation, and when they think the flesh of their bodies is putrefied and fallen from the bones, then they take up the carcass again and hang it in the *casique's* house that died, and deck his skull with feathers of all colours, and hang all his gold plates about the bones of his arms, thighs, and legs. Those nations which are called Arwacas, which dwell on the south of Orenoque (of which place and nation our Indian pilot was), are dispersed in many other places, and do use to beat the bones of their lords into powder, and their wives and friends drink it all in their several sorts of drinks.

[...]

On both sides of this river,[5] we passed the most beautiful country that ever mine eyes beheld. And whereas all that we had seen before was nothing but woods, prickles, bushes, and thorns, here we beheld plains of twenty miles in length, the grass short and green, and in divers parts groves of trees by themselves, as if they had been by all the art and labour in the world so made of purpose. And still as we rowed, the deer came down, feeding by the waterside, as if they had been used to a keeper's call.[6] Upon this river there were great store of fowl, and of many sorts; we saw in it divers sorts of strange fishes, and of marvellous bigness, but for *lagartos*[7] it exceeded, for there were thousands of those ugly serpents, and the people call it for the abundance of them the river of *lagartos*, in their language. I had a Negro, a very proper young fellow that, leaping out of the galley to swim in the mouth of this river, was in all our sights taken and devoured with one of those *lagartos*.

[...]

[...] and as I was creeping through the bushes,[8] I saw an Indian basket hidden, which was the refiner's basket, for I found in it his quicksilver, saltpeter, and divers things for the trial of metals, and also the dust of such ore as he had refined. But in those *canoas* which escaped there was a good quantity of ore and gold. I then landed more men, and offered £500 to what soldier soever could take one of those three Spaniards that we thought were landed. But our labours were in vain in that behalf, for they put themselves into one of the small *canoas*, and so,

[1] *palmitos* palmetto: a smaller variety of palm tree (its fruit grows on the top of the tree).

[2] *canoas* canoes (a native Haitian word); a boat fashioned by hollowing out a single tree trunk.

[3] *better-favoured* more handsome or good-looking.

[4] *wont* accustomed.

[5] *this river* the Orinoco.

[6] *keeper's call* gamekeeper's call.

[7] *lagartos* alligators (Spanish, *lagarto*).

[8] *and as I was creeping through the bushes* Ralegh and his men, having come across a group of Spaniards and Arwacas in four canoes, pursued them to the shore and into the bush. Although the Spaniards escaped, the captain of the Arwacas later told Ralegh that they consisted of a *cavallero* (a gentleman trained in arms), a soldier, and a refiner.

while the greater *canoas* were in taking, they escaped. But seeking after the Spaniards, we found the Arwacas hidden in the woods, which were pilots for the Spaniards and rowed their *canoas*; of which I kept the chiefest for a pilot, and carried him with me to Guiana, by whom I understood where and in what countries the Spaniards had laboured for gold, though I made not the same known to all. For when the springs began to break, and the rivers to raise themselves so suddenly as by no means we could abide the digging of any mine, especially for that the richest are defended with rocks of hard stones, which we call the *white spar*, and that it required both time, men, and instruments fit for such a work, I thought it best not to hover thereabouts, lest if the same had been perceived by the company, there would have been by this time many barks[1] and ships set out; and perchance[2] other nations would also have gotten of ours for pilots, so as both ourselves might have been prevented, and all our care taken for good usage of the people been utterly lost by those that only respect present profit, and such violence or insolence offered as the nations which are borderers would have changed their desire of our love and defence into hatred and violence. And for any longer stay to have brought a more quantity (which I hear hath been often objected) whosoever had seen or proved the fury of that river after it began to arise, and had been a month and odd days as we were from hearing ought from our ships, leaving them meanly-manned, above 400 miles off, would perchance have turned somewhat sooner than we did, if all the mountains had been gold or rich stones. And to say the truth, all the branches and small rivers which fell into Orenoque were raised with such speed as, if we waded them over the shoes in the morning outward, we were covered to the shoulders homeward the very same day. And to stay to dig out gold with our nails had been *opus laboris*, but not *ingenii*:[3] such a quantity as would have served our turns we could not have had, but a discovery of the mines to our infinite disadvantage we had made, and that could have been the best profit of farther search or stay; for those mines are not easily broken, nor opened in haste, and I could have returned a good quantity of gold ready cast,[4] if I had not shot at another mark than present profit.

The Arwacan pilot with the rest feared that we would have eaten them, or otherwise have put them to some cruel death, for the Spaniards—to the end that none of the people in the passage towards Guiana or in Guiana itself might come to speech with us—persuaded all the nations that we were men eaters and cannibals. But when the poor men and women had seen us, and that we gave them meat, and to everyone something or other, which was rare and strange to them, they began to conceive the deceit and purpose of the Spaniards, who indeed (as they confessed) took from them both their wives and daughters daily, and used them for the satisfying of their own lusts, especially such as they took in this manner by strength. But I protest before the majesty of the living God that I neither know nor believe that any of our company, one or other, by violence or otherwise, ever knew[5] any of their women; and yet we saw many hundreds, and had many in our power, and of those very young and excellently-favoured, which came among us without deceit,[6] stark naked.

Nothing got us more love among them than this usage, for I suffered not any man to take from any of the nations so much as a *piña* or a potato root[7] without giving them contentment,[8] nor any man so much as to offer to touch any of their wives or daughters. Which course, so contrary to the Spaniards (who tyrannize over them in all things), drew them to admire her Majesty, whose

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1 *barks* small ships.

2 *perchance* perhaps.

3 *opus laboris but not ingenii* Latin, "a work of labour, but not of wit" (i.e., laborious work, but not [an] intelligent [thing to do]).

4 *ready cast* i.e., already melted and moulded into the shape of an ingot.

5 *knew* i.e., had sexual intercourse with.

6 *without deceit* without mistake, assuredly; or, perhaps, referring to the women's attitude, "innocently, without expecting any deceit or harm from the English."

7 *piña* pineapple; *potato-root* the tuberous root of the sweet potato.

8 *contentment* payment.

commandment I told them it was, and also wonderfully to honour our nation. But I confess it was a very impatient work[1] to keep the meaner sort from spoil[2] and stealing, when we came to their houses; which because in all I could not prevent, I caused my Indian interpreter at every place when we departed to know of the loss or wrong done, and if ought were stolen or taken by violence, either the same was restored, and the party punished in their sight, or else it was paid for to their uttermost demand. They also much wondered at us after they heard that we had slain the Spaniards at Trinidad,[3] for they were before resolved that no nation of Christians durst abide their presence;[4] and they wondered more when I had made them know of the great overthrow that her Majesty's army and fleet have given them of late years in their own countries.[5]

[...]

When we came to his town[6] we found two *cassiques*, whereof one of them was a stranger that had been up the river in trade, and his boats, people, and wife encamped at the port where we anchored, and the other was of that country, a follower of Toparimaca. They lay each of them in a cotton *hamaca*,[7] which we call brazil beds, and two women attending them with six cups and a little ladle to fill them out of an earthen pitcher of wine, and so they drank each of them three of those cups at a time, one to the other, and in this sort they drink drunk[8] at their feasts and meetings.

That *cassique* that was a stranger had his wife staying at the port where we anchored, and in all my life I have seldom seen a better-favoured woman. She was of good stature, with black eyes, fat of body, of an excellent countenance, her hair almost as long as herself, tied up again in pretty knots, and it seemed she stood not in that awe of her husband as the rest, for she spoke and discoursed, and drank among the gentlemen and captains, and was very pleasant, knowing her own comeliness and taking great pride therein. I have seen a lady in England so like her as, but for the difference of colour, I would have sworn might have been the same.

[...]

The next day we arrived at the port of Morequito[9] and anchored there, sending away one of our pilots to seek the King of Aromaia, uncle to Morequito, slain by Berreo as aforesaid.[10] The next day following, before noon, he came to us on foot from his house, which was fourteen English miles, (himself being 110 years old) and returned on foot the same day, and with him many of the borderers, with many women and children, that came to wonder at our nation and to bring us down victual. [...]

After this old king had rested awhile in a little tent that I caused to be set up, I began by my interpreter to discourse with him of the death of Morequito, his predecessor, and afterward of the Spaniards; and ere I went any farther I made him

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1 *impatient work* i.e., a labour that provoked (in Ralegh) much irritation.

2 *spoil* plunder.

3 *that we had slain the Spaniards at Trinidad* See p. 1126, note 4.

4 I.e., they (the Arwacans) were resolved (assured or convinced by the Spaniards), that no nation of Christians dared withstand, face, or encounter them (the Spanish).

5 *the great overthrow ... countries* After the Spanish Armada (1588), England and Spain were at war, and the English participated in victories over the Spanish in the Netherlands and northern France (between 1589 and 1595). Under the joint command of Charles Howard and the earl of Essex, an English fleet sacked and burned Cadiz, as well as Faro in southern Portugal; some attacks on Spanish possessions in the Americas were also successful (the 1598 sacking of Puerto Rico). See *Tudor England*, especially pp. 343-51.

6 *his town* i.e., the town which was part of the domain of Toparimaca, whom Ralegh describes a little earlier as a "lord of that border" (i.e., of that land bordering on a particular stretch of the river).

7 *hamaca* hammock.

8 *they drink drunk* i.e., they drink until they are drunk.

9 *port of Morequito* a settlement near the mouth of the Caroní River (a six-day journey up the Orinoco), about 600 miles inland.

10 As Ralegh notes below, the king's name is Topiawari. In Ralegh's terms, the province of Aromaia is located on the Caroli River, approximately 50 miles upriver from where the Caroli meets the Orenoque. See p. 1128, note 2.

know the cause of my coming thither, whose servant I was, and that the Queen's pleasure was I should undertake the voyage for their defence, and to deliver them from the tyranny of the Spaniards, dilating at large (as I had done before to those of Trinidad) her Majesty's greatness, her justice, her charity to all oppressed nations, with as many of the rest of her beauties and virtues as either I could express or they conceive; all which being with great admiration attentively heard and marvellously admired, I began to sound[1] the old man as touching Guiana and the state thereof, what sort of commonwealth it was, how governed, of what strength and policy, how far it extended, and what nations were friends or enemies adjoining, and finally of the distance and way to enter the same. He told me that himself and his people with all those down the river towards the sea, as far as Emeria, the province of Carapana, were of Guiana, but that they called themselves Orenoqueponi, because they bordered the great river of Orenoque, and that all the nations between the river and those mountains in sight, called Wacarima, were of the same cast and appellation; and that on the other side of those mountains of Wacarima, there was a large plain (which after I discovered in my return) called the valley of Amariocapana; in all that valley the people were also of the ancient Guianians. I asked what nations those were which inhabited on the further side of those mountains, beyond the valley of Amariocapana. He answered with a great sigh (as a man which had inward feeling of the loss of his country and liberty, especially for that his eldest son was slain in a battle on that side of the mountains, whom he most entirely loved) that he remembered in his father's lifetime, when he was very old and himself a young man, that there came down into that large valley of Guiana a nation from so far off as the sun slept (for such were his own words), with so great a multitude as they could not be numbered nor resisted; and that they wore large coats, and hats of crimson colour—which colour he expressed by showing a piece of red wood wherewith my tent was supported—and that they were called Oreiones, and Epuremei, those that had slain and rooted out so many of the ancient people as there were leaves in the wood upon all the trees, and had now made themselves lords of all, even to that mountain foot called Curaa, saving only[2] of two nations, the one called Iwarawaqueri and the other Cassipagotos; and that in the last battle fought between the Epuremei and the Iwarawaqueri, his eldest son was chosen to carry to the aid of the Iwarawaqueri a great troop of the Orenoqueponi, and was there slain with all his people and friends; and that he had now remaining but one son; and farther told me that those Epuremei had built a great town called Macureguarai at the said mountain foot, at the beginning of the great plains of Guiana, which have no end; and that their houses have many rooms, one over the other, and that therein the great King of the *Oreiones* and Epuremei kept 3,000 men to defend the borders against them, and withal daily to invade and slay them; but that of late years, since the Christians offered to invade his territories and those frontiers, they were all at peace, and traded one with another, saving only the Iwarawaqueri and those other nations upon the head of the river of Caroli, called Cassipagotos, which we afterwards discovered, each one holding the Spaniard for a common enemy.

After he had answered thus far, he desired leave to depart, saying that he had far to go, that he was old and weak, and was everyday called for by death, which was also his own phrase. I desired him to rest with us that night, but I could not entreat him. But he told me that at my return from the country above, he would again come to us, and in the meantime provide for us the best he could of all that his country yielded. The same night he returned to Orocotona, his own town, so as he went that day twenty-eight miles, the weather being very hot, the country being situate between 4 and 5 degrees of the equinoctial.[3] This Topiawari is held for the proudest and wisest of all the

[1] *to sound* to question cautiously and indirectly.

[2] *saving only* with the exception of only.

[3] *of the equinoctial* from the terrestrial equator.

Orenoqueponi, and so he behaved himself towards me in all his answers at my return, as I marvelled to find a man of that gravity and judgement, and of so good discourse, that had no help of learning nor breed.[1]

[...]

To make mention of the several[2] beasts, birds, fishes, fruits, flowers, gums, sweet woods, and of their several religions and customs would for the first require as many volumes as those of Gesnerus, and for the rest another bundle of *Decades*.[3] The religion of the Epuremei is the same which the Ingas,[4] emperors of Peru, used, which may be read in Cieca[5] and other Spanish stories, how they believe the immortality of the soul, worship the sun, and bury with them alive their best beloved wives and treasure, as they likewise do in Pegu in the East Indies,[6] and other places. The Orenoqueponi bury not their wives with them but their jewels, hoping to enjoy them again. The Arwacas dry the bones of their lords, and their wives and friends drink them in powder. In the graves of the Peruvians, the Spaniards found their greatest abundance of treasure. The like also is to be found among these people in every province. They have all many wives, and the lords five-fold to the common sort. Their wives never eat with their husbands, nor among the men, but serve their husbands at meals, and afterwards feed by themselves. Those that are past their younger years make all their bread and drink, and work their cotton beds, and do all else of service and labour, for the men do nothing but hunt, fish, play, and drink, when they are out of the wars.

I will enter no further into discourse of their manners, laws and customs. And because I have not myself seen the cities of Inga, I cannot avow on my credit what I have heard, although it be very likely that the Emperor Inga hath built and erected as magnificent palaces in Guiana as his ancestors did in Peru, which were for their riches and rareness most marvellous and exceeding all in Europe, and I think of the world, China excepted; which also the Spaniards (which I had) assured me to be of truth, as also the nations of the borderers, who being but *salvaios*[7] to those of the land do cause much treasure to be buried with them, for I was informed of one of the *cassiqui* of the valley of Amariocapana which had buried with him, a little before our arrival, a chair of gold most curiously wrought, which was made either in

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[1] *breed* more commonly, "breeding": the training and education of the young, but also those qualities which individuals inherit from their parents and more generally their lineage.

[2] *several* individual.

[3] *Gesnerus* Conrad Gesner (1516-65), author of an extensive zoological encyclopaedia, *Historia Animalium* (*The History of Animals*, 5 vols., compiled between 1551 and 1558); *Decades* Pietro Martire d'Anghiera (1457-1526), the Italian humanist sometimes called "the first historian of America," published *De Orbe Novo ... decades* (Alcalá, 1516; English translation published, 1555), an account of the Spanish conquest of the Indies (J. LaFaye, "Literature and Intellectual Life in Colonial Spanish America," *Cambridge History of Latin America*, vol. 2, p. 678); he also compiled *Opus epistolarum*, a collection of 813 letters many of which "concern the discovery of America and events in the New World from 1488 to 1525" (E.J. Polak, "Letterbooks," *Encycl. Renaissance*, vol. 3, p. 417).

[4] *Ingas* i.e., the Incas. Originally migrants from the Lake Titicaca area, the Incas had (by the beginning of the sixteenth century) created a vast "empire that extended from Quito in Ecuador to Tucumán in Argentina"; "Inga" is also the name of one of their emperors (see below). Although the Spaniards referred to all the peoples in this area as Incas, the term is really only accurately applied to the ruling elite. See "Incas," *Hist. Dict. Spanish Empire*, pp. 323-25.

[5] *in Cieca* Pedro Cieza de León (1518-?60) is the author of a four-part study of Peru, the Incas, and Francisco Pizarro's conquest of the Inca Empire. Written between 1541 and 1550, his work was based on his own extensive travels in the New World, and enabled by his appointment as official chronicler in Peru. Only the first part was published during his lifetime (Seville, 1553); parts two and three had to wait until the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, respectively; the fourth part has been lost ("Cieza de León, Pedro," *Hist. Dict. Spanish Empire*, pp. 175-76). For the Incas' belief in the immortality of the soul, their worship of the Sun, and their funeral customs, see the following: *The Second Part of the Chronicle of Peru*, trans. and ed. C. Markham (New York, n.d.), pp. 19, 94, 103-04, and 115; *The Discovery and Conquest of Peru* (Part Three of *The Chronicle of Peru*, trans. and ed. A.P. Cook and N.D. Cook [Durham, 1998], pp. 226, 228-29, 259, 267-69, and 285). Cieza de León also notes that women and boys (and sometimes men) would be killed as well as commit suicide upon the death of their lord in order to accompany him to Heaven as his servants.

[6] *the East Indies* the name formerly given to SE Asia.

[7] *salvaios* Spanish, "savages."

Macureguarai adjoining or in Manoa.[1] But if we should have grieved them in their religion at the first, before they had been taught better, and have digged up their graves, we had lost them all. And therefore I held my first resolution: that her Majesty should either accept or refuse the enterprise ere anything should be done that might in any sort hinder the same. And if Peru had so many heaps of gold, whereof those Ingas were princes, and that they delighted so much therein, no doubt but this which now liveth and reigneth in Manoa hath the same humour, and I am assured hath more abundance of gold within his territory than all Peru and the West Indies.

[...]

To conclude, Guiana is a country that hath yet her maidenhead,[2] never sacked, turned, nor wrought: the face of the earth hath not been torn, nor the virtue and salt of the soil spent by manurance; the graves have not been opened for gold; the mines not broken with sledges, nor their images pulled down out of their temples. It hath never been entered by any army of strength, and never conquered or possessed by any Christian prince. It is besides so defensible, that if two forts be builded in one of the provinces which I have seen, the flood setteth in so near the bank, where the channel also lieth, that no ship can pass up but within a pike's length of the artillery, first of the one, and afterwards of the other; which two forts will be a sufficient guard both to the empire of Inga, and to a hundred other several[3] kingdoms, lying within the said river, even to the city of Quito in Peru.

There is, therefore, great difference between the easiness of the conquest of Guiana, and the defense of it being conquered, and the West or East Indies. Guiana hath but one entrance by the sea (if it have that) for any vessels of burden, so as whosoever shall first possess it, it shall be found inaccessible for any enemy, except he come in wherries, barges, or *canoas*, or else in flat-bottomed boats; and if he do offer to enter it in that manner, the woods are so thick 200 miles together upon the rivers of such entrance, as a mouse cannot sit in a boat unhit from the bank. By land it is more impossible to approach, for it hath the strongest situation of any region under the sun, and is so environed with impassable mountains on every side as it is impossible to victual any company in the passage; which hath been well proved by the Spanish nation, who since the conquest of Peru have never left five years free from attempting this empire or discovering some way into it, and yet of twenty-three several gentlemen, knights, and noblemen, there was never any that knew which way to lead an army by land, or to conduct ships by sea, anything near the said country. [...]

Besides, by keeping one good fort, or building one town of strength, the whole empire is guarded, and whatsoever companies shall be afterwards planted within the land, although in twenty several provinces, those shall be able all to reunite themselves upon any occasion, either by the way of one river, or be able to march by land without either wood, bog, or mountain. Whereas, in the West Indies there are few towns or provinces that can succour or relieve one the other, either by land or sea: by land the countries are either desert, mountainous, or strong enemies; by sea, if any man invade to the eastward, those to the west cannot in many months turn against the breeze and easter[n] wind, besides the Spaniards are therein so dispersed as they are nowhere strong but in Nueuva Hispania[4] only. The sharp mountains, the thorns, and poisoned prickles, the sandy and deep ways in the valleys, the smothering heat and air, and want of water in other places are their only and best defence, which (because those nations that invade them are not victualled or provided to stay, neither have any place to friend

[1] *Macureguarai … or in Manoa* On the title page of *Guiana*, Ralegh identifies Manoa as "the great and Golden City ... (which the Spaniards call *El Dorado*)".

[2] *maidenhead* virginity.

[3] *several* individual.

[4] *Nueva Hispania* New Spain.

adjoining) do serve them instead of good arms and great multitudes. The West Indies were first offered her Majesty's grandfather by Columbus,[1] a stranger[2] in whom there might be doubt of deceit,[3] and besides it was then thought incredible that there were such and so many lands and regions never written of before. This empire is made known to her Majesty by her own vassal, and by him that oweth to her more duty than an ordinary subject, so that it shall ill sort with the many graces and benefits which I have received to abuse her Highness either with fables or imaginations. The country is already discovered, many nations won to her Majesty's love and obedience, and those Spaniards which have latest and longest laboured about the conquest beaten out, discouraged, and disgraced, which among these nations were thought invincible. Her Majesty may in this enterprise employ all those soldiers and gentlemen that are younger brethren, and all captains and chieftains that want employment, and the charge will be only the first setting out in victualling and arming them; for after the first or second year I doubt not but to see in London a contractation-house of more receipt[4] for Guiana than there is now in Seville for the West Indies.

And I am resolved that if there were but a small army afoot in Guiana, marching towards Manoa, the chief city of Inga, he would yield her Majesty by composition[5] so many hundred thousand pounds yearly, as should both defend all enemies abroad and defray all expenses at home, and that he would besides pay a garrison of 3,000 or 4,000 soldiers very royally to defend him against other nations; for he cannot but know how his predecessors, yea how his own great-uncles Guascar and Atibalipa, sons to Guanacapa, emperor of Peru, were (while they contended for the empire) beaten out by the Spaniards,[6] and that, both of late years and ever since the said conquest, the Spaniards have sought the passages and entry of his country. And of their cruelties used to the borderers he cannot be ignorant. In which respects, no doubt but he will be brought to tribute with great gladness; if not, he hath neither shot nor iron weapon in all his empire, and therefore may easily be conquered.

And I farther remember that Berreo confessed to me and others (which I protest before the majesty of God to be true) that there was found among prophecies in Peru (at such time as the empire was reduced to the Spanish obedience) in their chiefest temples, amongst divers others which foreshowed the loss of the said empire, that from Inglatierra[7] those Ingas should be again, in time to come, restored and delivered from the servitude of the said conquerors. And I hope, as we with these few hands have displanted the first garrison and driven them out of the said country, so her Majesty will give order for the rest, and either defend it and hold it as tributary, or conquer and keep it as empress of the same. For whatsoever prince shall possess it, shall be greatest, and if

[1] *The West Indies ... Columbus* In 1489, when Columbus was seeking out patrons for his voyage to discover a western route to Asia, he wrote to Henry VII asking him to finance this venture. When Henry refused, Columbus found funding from Isabella of Spain; he discovered Cuba and the mainland of America (J. Ridley, *The Tudor Age* [London, 2002], p. 210).

[2] *stranger* foreigner.

[3] *doubt of deceit* suspicion or fear of deception.

[4] *contractation-house* an exchange or treasury in Seville where contracts were made in connection with the West Indies trade; *of more receipt* generating more profit.

[5] *by composition* i.e., in obedience to the terms set out in a treaty or truce.

[6] *for he cannot but know how his predecessors ... by the Spaniards* In the early 1530s, Francisco Pizarro conquered the Inca Empire (in Peru) for Spain with a tiny contingent of approximately 180 soldiers and 27 horses. Riven by civil war and its chaotic aftermath, the empire was in disarray and unable to defend itself when Pizarro arrived. Atahuallpa, heir to the northern part of the Inca Empire after the death of his father, Huayna Cápac, had wrested away from his brother, Huáscar (here, Guascar), the southern half of the empire. Not taking the Spanish seriously and allowing his own civil strife to take priority over the foreign threat, Atahuallpa was quickly defeated. Having killed his brother in order to keep him from allying himself with the Spanish, Atahuallpa was in turn, along with the rest of his nobles, killed by Pizarro. The empire's conquered peoples, accustomed to the autocratic rule and rigidly hierarchical nature of Inca society, could not effectively resist the Spanish after the warrior-elite had been annihilated. See "Atahuallpa," *Hist. Dict. Spanish Empire*, p. 57; and "Incas," *ibid.*, pp. 323-25.

[7] *Inglatierra* Spanish, "Inglaterra" (England).

the King of Spain enjoy it, he will become unresistable. Her Majesty hereby shall confirm and strengthen the opinions of all nations as touching her great and princely actions. And where the south border of Guiana reacheth to the dominion and empire of the Amazons, those women shall hereby hear the name of a virgin, which is not only able to defend her own territories and her neighbours, but also to invade and conquer so great empires and so far removed.

To speak more at this time, I fear would be but troublesome: I trust in God, this being true will suffice, and that he which is King of all kings, and Lord of lords, will put it into her heart which is lady of ladies to possess it; if not, I will judge those men worthy to be kings thereof that by her grace and leave will undertake it of themselves.

—1596

Sir John Davies
1569-1626

John Davies was born in Tisbury, Wiltshire, and although some sources report that his father was a prosperous tanner, others suggest more conventional gentry origins for the man who was to rise to be, by the time of his death, lord chief justice of England. The youngest of three brothers, Davies was educated at Winchester and Queen's College (Oxford), entering the Middle Temple (London) in 1588, and was called to the bar in 1595, the conjectured publication date of his first work (in collaboration with Christopher Marlowe), *Epigrams and Elegies.* Composed around 1594, *Orchestra, or a Poem of Dancing* (published 1596) was, however, Davies's first major work: a philosophical meditation on the cosmos and the nature of love. His promising future as a lawyer suffered a severe setback, however, when he violently assaulted Richard Martin, fellow lawyer, member of the Middle Temple, and dedicatee of *Orchestra.* Disbarred as a result in February 1598, Davies undertook a forced "retirement" to Oxford, where he composed his other famous poetic works: *Nosce Teipsum* (1599; 2nd edition 1602), a discussion of the significance of humanist learning and the immortality of the soul; and *Hymns of Astraea* (1599), a collection of acrostic panegyrics in celebration of Queen Elizabeth I. Readmitted to the Middle Temple in 1601 after having made a public apology to Martin, Davies found his political and legal career on the upswing. In 1603 he was made solicitor-general for Ireland, a post which he held until 1606 when he was made attorney-general for Ireland (until 1619). During his tenure in these posts he energetically promoted English national interests: he convinced English authorities to expel Roman Catholic priests from Ireland and enforce the attendance of the native population at Protestant services; he later encouraged and helped carry out the forced dispossession of northern Irish inhabitants in favour of English and Scottish migrants (the plantation of Ulster); he also tried to establish English property law and abolish Irish forms that were tied to clan allegiances. After completing his service in Ireland, he returned to England where he became a circuit judge, King's sergeant, and (in 1621) the member of Parliament for Newcastle-under-Lyme. His marriage to Eleanor Touchet (Audley) in 1609 produced three children, but the relationship seems to have been a difficult one. Writer of numerous visionary and prophetic tracts, Eleanor Davies made herself increasingly unpopular at the English court. When Davies burned some of his wife's prophecies in 1625, apparently in an attempt to silence her, she predicted that he would die within three years. He died in 1626, just before he was to take up his post as lord chief justice of England.

EDITIONS: *Epigrammes and elegies* by I.D. and C.M. At Middleborugh [i.e., London?]: [s.n., ca. 1599]. STC 6350; "Gulling Sonnets," from *The Complete Poems of Sir John Davies*, 2 vols., ed. A.B. Grosart, London, 1876, vol. 2, pp. 53-62; "Of Human Knowledge," contained in *Nosce teipsum: This oracle expounded in two elegies 1. Of humane knowledge. 2. Of the soule of man, and the immortalitie thereof.* London: Printed by Richard Field for John Standish, 1599. STC 6355; *Hymnes of Astraea in acrosticke verse.* London: Printed [by R. Field] for I. S[tandish], 1599. STC 6351.

ADDITIONAL ONLINE TEXTS: From *Orchestra, Or a Poem of Dancing* (1596).

from *Epigrams and Elegies*

By I.D. and C.M.[1]
At Middelburg.[2]

Ad Musam (Epigram 1)[3]

Fly, merry Muse, unto that merry town
Where thou mayst plays, revels, and triumphs see,
The house of fame and theatre of renown
Where all good wits and spirits love to be.

Fall in between their hands that praise and love thee,
And be to them a laughter and a jest;
But as for them which, scorning, shall reprove thee,
Disdain their wits and think thine own the best.

But if thou find any so gross and dull
That think I do to private taxing[4] lean,
Bid him go hang, for he is but a gull,[5]
And knows not what an epigram doth mean:
Which taxeth under a particular name
A general vice that merits public blame.

[1] *I.D.* John Davies; *C.M.* Christopher Marlowe (1564-93), poet and dramatist. While Davies is the sole author of the epigrams in this volume, Marlowe is responsible for the elegies (a translation of Ovid's *Amores*).

[2] no date of publication. Internal evidence places it between 1594 and 1596, with most critics adopting J.M. Nosworthy's conjecture of 1595. See J.L. Sanderson, *Sir John Davies* (Boston, 1975), pp. 39-40. Middelburg (Middleburgh or Middleborough) is in Holland, and the book may have been published there at Davies's or a friend's request, since its satiric and erotic content meant that it would have been difficult to get a licence for its printing in England. However, it is also possible that the title page is deliberately misleading, and may have the added purpose of poking fun at the morally censorious attitudes that would have frowned on such a work, since Middelburg's presses often published Puritan works (Sanderson, *Sir John Davies*, p. 40).

[3] Latin, "To the Muse."

[4] *private taxing* the censure or reproof of particular persons.

[5] *gull* simpleton, fool.

In Rufum (Epigram 3)[6]

Rufus the courtier, at the theatre
Leaving the best and most conspicuous place,[7]
Doth either to the stage himself transfer[8]
Or through a grate[9] doth show his doubtful face;

For that the clamorous fry of Inns of Court[10]
Fills up the private rooms of greater price,[11]
And such a place where all may have resort
He, in his singularity,[12] doth despise.

Yet doth not his particular humour[13] shun
The common stews[14] and brothels of the town,
Though all the world in troops do thither run,

[6] Latin, "On Rufus."

[7] *the best and most conspicuous place* In the public theatres of the 1590s, this would be the lords' room, which by the time Thomas Dekker writes his famous advice on "How a Gallant Should Behave Himself in a Playhouse" has become an unfashionable place for the elite to sit. Dekker notes that the lords' room "is now but the stage's suburbs" (*The Gull's Hornbook*, 1609, ed. R.B. McKerrow [New York, 1971], p. 50). London's suburbs (such as Southwark where the Globe and other theatres were located) were famous for their brothels.

[8] *to the stage himself transfer* Sitting on the stage became in the 1590s the preferred seating for fashionable young gentlemen. By the early seventeenth century, this behaviour had become a common topic for satire (Dekker, *Gull's Hornbook*, pp. 50-53).

[9] *through a grate* According to Malone (*Shakespeare by Boswell*, 3.81), the grate refers to "one of the two boxes (sometimes called private boxes) which were situated on each side of the balcony or upper stage."

[10] *For that* because; *fry* a swarm of young or insignificant persons; *Inns of Court* the Inner Temple, the Middle Temple, Lincoln's Inn, and Gray's Inn, where the period's lawyers and barristers were trained. Students at the Inns were notorious for their licentious and riotous behaviour.

[11] *the private rooms of greater price* i.e., the boxes where wealthier members of the audience could sit (W. Archer and W.J. Lawrence, "The Playhouse," *Shakespeare's England*, 2.285).

[12] *singularity* assumption of a deliberately independent stance, meant to call attention to oneself.

[13] *humour* characteristic mental outlook, dominant personality trait, or cast of mind.

[14] *stews* public bathhouses (frequently employed in the Elizabethan sex trade).

Clean and unclean, the gentle and the clown.[1]
Then why should Rufus in his pride abhor
A common seat, that loves a common whore?

In Titum (Epigram 6)

Titus, the brave and valorous young gallant,
Three years together in this town hath been,
Yet my Lord Chancellor's tomb[2] he hath not seen,
Nor the new water-work, nor the elephant.[3]
I cannot tell the cause without a smile:
He hath been in the Counter[4] all this while.

In Severum (Epigram 13)[5]

The Puritan Severus oft doth read
This text that doth pronounce vain speech a sin,
That thing defiles a man that doth proceed
From out the mouth, not that which enters in;[6]
Hence is it that we seldom hear him swear,
And thereof like a Pharisee he vaunts,[7]
But he devours more capons[8] in a year
Than would suffice a hundred Protestants;
And sooth, those sectaries are gluttons all,
As well the threadbare cobbler as the knight;
For those poor slaves which have not wherewithal
Feed on the rich till they devour them quite;
And so, like Pharaoh's kine, they eat up clean
Those that be fat, yet still themselves be lean.[9]

In Gerontem (Epigram 20)[10]

Geron, whose mouldy memory corrects
Old Holinshed,[11] our famous chronicler,
With moral rules and policy collects
Out of all actions done this fourscore[12] year;

Accounts the time of every odd[13] event
Not from Christ's birth nor from the prince's reign
But from some other famous accident[14]
Which in men's general notice doth remain—

The siege of Bulloigne and the plaguy sweat,[15]
The going to Saint Quintine's and New Haven,[16]

---

[1] *Clean and unclean* i.e., the good and the bad. See Ecclesiastes 9:2: "... one fate comes to all, to the righteous and the wicked, to the good and the evil, to the clean and the unclean ..."; *the gentle and the clown* the gentleman and the rustic, country-dweller.

[2] *my Lord Chancellor's tomb* That of Sir Christopher Hatton (c. 1540-91); his ostentatious memorial was erected in St Paul's Cathedral in 1592.

[3] *new water-work* Erected in a large, impressive building in 1594-95, this pumping station provided water from the Thames to London's middle and western districts ("water work," *OED*, 2a; *Survey London*, 1.18); *the elephant* Although a common name then (and now) for taverns, this refers to an actual elephant, a tourist attraction mentioned in Donne's "Satire I," l.81.

[4] *the Counter* a debtors' prison in London.

[5] Latin, "On Severus" ("severus," means "severe" or "rigid").

[6] *That thing defiles ... in* When the Pharisees accuse his disciples of violating Jewish law, Jesus responds, "Hear and understand: not what goes into the mouth defiles a man, but what comes out of the mouth, this defiles a man" (Matthew 15:10-11).

[7] *Pharisee* member of an ancient Jewish sect, represented in the New Testament as strictly observant of Jewish law and with a firm belief in its members' superior holiness and righteousness; a byword for religious hypocrisy in the period; *vaunts* boasts, brags.

[8] *capons* castrated cockerels (male chickens), bred for the table, a delicacy.

[9] *And so ... be lean* In Genesis 41:14-36, Joseph interprets the Egyptian Pharaoh's prescient dream, wherein the Pharaoh sees seven fat and healthy cows devoured by seven gaunt and starving cows, yet the latter seven remain gaunt and starving even after their huge meal. Joseph accurately interprets the seven fat cows as representing seven years of abundant harvests in Egypt, and the seven gaunt cows as representing seven succeeding years of terrible famine.

[10] Latin, "On Geron" ("gerontem" means "old man").

[11] Raphael Holinshed (c. 1525-80), editor, compiler, and author of the enormously popular and influential *Chronicles of England, Scotland and Ireland* (1578; see pp. 513-26), a prime historical source for writers of the period.

[12] *fourscore* eighty.

[13] *odd* single, sole.

[14] *accident* incident, occurrence.

[15] The town of Boulogne (France) was besieged and taken by Henry VIII in 1544 (*Topographical Dict.*, p. 70); *the plaguy sweat* Davies may refer to either of the two major outbreaks of the plague in London in this period: 1563 or 1593.

[16] *Saint Quintine's* At Saint Quentin's, a town in France on the Somme, the Spanish fought and were victorious over the French; English soldiers aided the Spanish (*Topographical Dict.*, p. 475); *New Haven* a village in Scotland on the Firth of Forth, with a nearby harbour; it was the scene of Sir William Winter's 1560 blockade of the Firth of Forth, part of English attempts to stop the French from aiding Mary of Guise. This blockade was instrumental in ending English-French hostilities in Scotland (*Topographical Dict.*, p. 365; D. Loades, "Sir William Winter," *DNB online*, 2006).

The Rising in the North, the frost so great[1]
That cartwheel-prints on Thames's face were graven,

The fall of money and burning of Paul's steeple,[2]
The blazing star and Spaniards' overthrow—[3]
By these events, notorious to the people,
He measures times, and things forepast doth show.

But most of all he chiefly reckons by
A private chance, the death of his cursed[4] wife;
This is to him the dearest memory
And th'happiest accident of all his life.

In Ciprium (Epigram 22)

The fine youth Ciprius is more terse[5] and neat
Than the new garden of the Old Temple[6] is,
And still the newest fashion he doth get,
And with the time doth change from that to this.
He wears a hat now of the flat crown block,[7]
The treble ruffs,[8] long cloak, and doublet French;
He takes tobacco and doth wear a lock,[9]
And wastes more time in dressing than a wench.
Yet this new-fangled youth, made for these times,
Doth above all praise old Gascoigne's[10] rhymes.

In Haywodum (Epigram 29)[11]

Heywood, which did in epigrams excel,
Is now put down since my light[12] muse arose,
As buckets are put down into a well,
Or as a schoolboy putteth down his hose.[13]

In Dacum (Epigram 30)

Amongst the poets Dacus[14] numbered is,
Yet could he never make an English rhyme;
But some prose speeches I have heard of his,
Which have been spoken many a hundred time.
The man that keeps the elephant hath one,[15]
Wherein he tells the wonders of the beast.
Another Banks pronounced long agone,

---

1 *The Rising in the North* i.e., the Northern Rebellion (1569-70), triggered by the proposed marriage between the English peer Thomas Howard, duke of Norfolk and Mary, queen of Scots. When Norfolk was arrested and imprisoned for his treason, his supporters, the earls of Northumberland and Westmorland, raised an army in the north of England. With little popular support and the arrival of royal forces, the rebellion crumbled (D.J. Lamburn, "The Northern Rebellion," *Hist. Dict. Tudor England*, pp. 351-52); *the frost so great* The Thames froze over in 1565, an extremely unusual and highly memorable event (L. Picard, *Elizabeth's London* [London, 2003], p. 279).

2 *fall of money* In 1560, Elizabeth I attempted to address the economic consequences of her predecessors' debasement of the coinage, by recalling and re-coining all of England's gold and silver currency. This action was so politically sensitive that the government subsequently proclaimed that "no man should dare to speak of [the] falling of money but they should be put in prison three months and after had to the pillory" (Picard, *Elizabeth's London*, p. 256); *burning of Paul's Steeple* A fire destroyed the steeple of St Paul's Cathedral (London) in 1561 (*Topographical Dict.*, p. 395).

3 *the blazing star* probably a reference to the supernova that appeared in November 1572, about which much was written (R.J. Roberts, "John Dee," *DNB online*, 2006); *the Spaniards' overthrow* the defeat of the Spanish Armada, intent on invading England in 1588.

4 *cursed* shrewish, bad-tempered.

5 *terse* spruce, well-dressed.

6 *Old Temple* one of the first buildings constructed on a piece of land known as "the Temple" (between Fleet Street and the Thames), joined later by the other Inns of Court. The gardens lying between the buildings and the Thames were famous for their beauty (*Topographical Dict.*, pp. 503-04).

7 *block* shape, style, fashion.

8 *ruff* an elaborate article of neckwear, usually consisting of starched linen or muslin arranged in horizontal flutings, and standing out all around the neck. French fashions had long been a by-word for extravagance, vanity, and "softness" unbecoming of men. Cf. Jonson's "On the English Monsieur."

9 *lock* i.e., a lovelock, a lock of hair worn longer than the rest and arranged so as to hang forward over one shoulder, often tied with a ribbon (popular among late sixteenth- and early seventeenth-century courtiers).

10 George Gascoigne (?1534/35-77), poet, playwright, and fiction writer, whose works came to be seen as increasingly old-fashioned. See pp. 339-76.

11 Latin, "On Heywood." John Heywood (?1497-?1580) was a playwright and author of several books of proverbs and epigrams, published between 1550 and 1562. See *The Proverbs and Epigrams of John Heywood*, reprint of 1562 edition (New York, 1967).

12 *light* active, nimble.

13 *hose* stockings. Putting down his hose was the student's traditional preparation for corporal punishment at the hands of his schoolmaster. See R.W. Bushnell, *A Culture of Teaching* (Ithaca, 1996), pp. 23-30.

14 *Dacus* poet and dramatist Samuel Daniel (1562/63-1619).

15 On the elephant, see "In Titum," p. 1139, note 3.

When he his curtal's qualities expressed.[1]
He first taught him that keeps the monuments
At Westminster his formal tale to say,[2]
And also him which puppets represents,[3]
And also him which with the ape doth play.[4]
Though all his poetry be like to this,
Amongst the poets Dacus numbered is.

Of Tobacco (Epigram 36)

Homer of moly and nepenthe sings:
Moly, the gods' most sovereign[5] herb divine,
Nepenthe,[6] Heaven's[7] drink which gladness brings,
Heart's grief expels, and doth the wits refine.

But this our age another world hath found
From whence an herb of heavenly power is brought;[8]
Moly is not so sovereign[9] for a wound,
Nor hath nepenthe so great wonders wrought.

It is tobacco, whose sweet substantial[10] fume
The hellish torment of the teeth doth ease,
By drawing down and drying up the rheum,
The mother and the nurse of each disease.[11]

It is tobacco which doth cold expel,
And clears the obstructions of the arteries,
And surfeits threat'ning death digesteth well,[12]
Decocting all the stomach's crudities.[13]

It is tobacco which hath power to clarify
The cloudy mists before dim eyes appearing;[14]
It is tobacco which hath power to rarefy
The thick, gross humour which doth stop the hearing,[15]

The wasting hectic and the quartan fever[16]
Which doth of physic[17] make a mockery;
The gout[18] it cures, and helps ill breaths forever,
Whether the cause in tooth or stomach be.

And though ill breaths were by it but confounded,[19]
Yet that medicine it doth far excel

---

[1] *Another Banks ... expressed* William (Richard) Banks (fl. 1591-1637) was a famous popular entertainer, renowned for his dancing horse, Morocco, who was reputed to perform arithmetic calculations (A. Freeman, *Elizabeth's Misfits* [New York, 1978], pp. 123-75; and E. Griffith, "William [Richard] Banks," *DNB online*, 2006); *curtal* horse with its tail cut short and docked, and sometimes with its ears cropped.

[2] In "Satire IV," Donne says this individual "keeps the Abbey tombs, / And for his price doth with whoever comes, / Of all our Harrys, and our Edwards talk, / From king to king and all their kin can walk: / Your ears shall hear naught, but kings ..." (ll. 75-79).

[3] *represents* exhibits, presents.

[4] Like the elephant, the ape was an exotic side-show attraction for visitors to Westminster Abbey. It is also mentioned in Donne's "Satire I," l.81.

[5] *sovereign* supreme, excellent.

[6] *Moly* fabled herb with magic properties, said by Homer to have been given by Hermes to Odysseus (Ulysses) as a charm against the sorceries of Circe; *Nepenthe* an Egyptian drug capable of banishing grief or trouble from the mind (see *Odyssey*, book 4).

[7] *Heaven's* while the 1st edition has "heavens," later editions have "Hekens." Grosart notes that "Helens" is also a possible emendation (2.32-33, note 8).

[8] *But this our age another world hath found ... brought* a reference to the European discovery of tobacco in the Americas. It was first brought back to England by the explorer Sir John Hawkins in 1565. It grew in popularity throughout the seventeenth-century.

[9] *sovereign* efficacious.

[10] *substantial* In the MS, "substantial" is "subtle" (Grosart, ed., *Complete Poems*, 2.33, note 2).

[11] *The hellish torment ... By drawing down ...each disease* Abnormal rheums—watery matter secreted by mucus glands or membranes—were thought to be the origin of many diseases, such as the tooth-ache.

[12] It was thought that a "surfeit" (the action and result of gluttonous eating and/or drinking) could lead to serious illness or derangement of a person's bodily systems.

[13] Tobacco, Davies suggests, aides in "decocting" (refining, purifying, or indeed digesting) the "crudities" (the imperfectly concocted humours) of the stomach.

[14] *cloudy mists before dim eyes appearing* the result of disorders of the eyes, such as cataracts.

[15] *power to rarefy ... stop the hearing* Tobacco can also "rarefy" (thin or lessen the density of) the thick humoural liquid which results in hearing impairment. Cf. Baldwin, *Beware the Cat*, p. 258, note 5.

[16] *hectic* a fever that accompanies wasting diseases, such as consumption, and leaves the skin flushed, hot, and dry; *quartan fever* a type of fever characterized by convulsions that occur every four days.

[17] *physic* medical knowledge and practice, as well as medicines.

[18] *gout* painful inflammatory disease that attacks the smaller joints.

[19] *confounded* abashed, put to shame (here, used *fig.*, to mean "marginally aided").

Which by Sir Thomas More hath been
propounded,[1]
For this is thought a gentlemanlike smell.

Oh, that I were one of these mountebanks[2]
Which praise their oils and powders which they
sell!
My customers would give me coin with thanks,
I for this ware so smooth a tale would tell.

Yet would I use none of those terms before;
I would but say that it the pox[3] will cure.
This were enough, without discoursing more,
All our brave gallants in the town t'allure.

In Philonem (Epigram 38)[4]

Philo the gentleman, the fortune teller,
The schoolmaster, the midwife and the bawd,[5]
The conjurer, the buyer and the seller
Of painting[6] which with breathing will be thawed,

Doth practice physic, and his credit[7] grows
As doth the ballad-singer's auditory,
Which hath at Temple Bar[8] his standing chose,
And to the vulgar sings an ale-house story.[9]

First stands a porter, then an oyster-wife[10]
Doth stint her cry and stay her steps to hear him,
Then comes a cutpurse[11] ready with his knife,
And then a country client[12] presseth near him.

There stands the constable, there stands the whore,
And hark'ning to the song mark not[13] each other.
There by the sergeant[14] stands the debtor poor,
And doth no more mistrust him than his brother.
Thus Orpheus[15] to such hearers giveth music,
And Philo to such patients giveth physic.

Meditations of a Gull (Epigram 47)

See yonder melancholy gentleman,
Which, hoodwinked with his hat, alone doth sit!
Think what he thinks, and tell me if you can
What great affairs troubles his little wit.

He thinks not of the war 'twixt France and
Spain,[16]
Whether it be for Europe's good or ill,

---

[1] In his *Epigrammata* (*Thomae Mori Latina Opera* [Louvanii, 1566]), More has a brief poem about bad breath, *Medicinae ad tollendos foetores anhelitus provenientes a cibis quibusdam* ("Remedies for ending the foul breath which results from certain foods"). He suggests jestingly that a person who has eaten a strong-smelling food should eat in sequence those even more foul (leeks, then onions, then garlic), until finally (if the garlic does no good) he should eat excrement. See Epigram 238, trans. and ed., L. Bradner and C.A. Lynch, *The Latin Epigrams of Thomas More* (Chicago, 1953), pp. 223-24.

[2] *mountebank* an itinerant quack, who from a makeshift stage appealed to his audience by means of stories, tricks, songs, etc.

[3] *pox* sexually transmitted infection.

[4] Latin, "On Philo" ("philo" means "lover").

[5] *bawd* pimp, procurer.

[6] *painting* cosmetics.

[7] *credit* reputation.

[8] *Temple Bar* the name of the barrier or gateway closing the entrance into the city of London from the Strand.

[9] The ale-house was the most informal and disreputable drinking establishment in the period; often simply a room in the host's house, it had a reputation for encouraging the drunkenness, sexual licentiousness, and riotous behaviour of the labouring poor. See J. Friedman, *The Battle of the Frogs and Fairford's Flies* (New York, 1993), pp. 159-61.

[10] *oyster-wife* a woman or girl who sold oysters; her "cry" was a notoriously loud and piercing invitation to buy her wares.

[11] *cutpurse* one who steals purses by cutting the cord that fastened them to their owners' belts.

[12] *country client* People who came from the countryside to London to deal with legal matters are conventionally represented as naive and overwhelmed by "the big city"; they are thus the cutpurse's and pickpocket's favourite target.

[13] *mark not* do not notice or pay close attention to.

[14] *sergeant* here, an officer of the court who was responsible for arresting offenders and issuing summonses.

[15] *Orpheus* legendary singer and musician, son of the muse Calliope (muse of heroic epic) and Apollo (god of poetry). Given a lute by Apollo himself, Orpheus' music could quiet wild beasts and cause inanimate objects like rocks and trees to move (Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, 11.1-67).

[16] *the war 'twixt France and Spain* Henry IV of France declared war on Spain in January 1595, and although the English sided with the French and provided some 2,000 men, the war was quickly concluded in May 1598 when Henry made peace with Spain (*Tudor England*, p. 345).

Nor whether the Empire can itself maintain
Against the Turkish power encroaching still;[1]

Nor what great town in all the Netherlands,
The States determine to besiege this spring;[2]
Nor how the Scottish policy now stands,
Nor what becomes of th'Irish mutining.[3]

But he doth seriously bethink him whether
Of the gulled people he be more esteemed
For his long cloak or for his great black feather,
By which each gull is now a gallant deemed;

Or of a journey he deliberates
To Paris-garden, cock-pit or the play;[4]
Or how to steal a dog he meditates,
Or what he shall unto his mistress say:
Yet with these thoughts he thinks himself most fit
To be of counsel with a king for wit.

Ad Musam (Epigram 48)[5]

Peace, idle Muse, have done! for it is time,
Since lousy Ponticus[6] envies my fame,
And swears the better sort are much to blame
To make me so well known for so ill rhyme:

Yet Banks his horse is better known than he,[7]
So are the camels and the western hog,[8]
And so is Lepidus[9] his printed dog:
Why doth not Ponticus their fames envy?

Besides, this Muse of mine and the black feather
Grew both together fresh in estimation,
And both grown stale were cast away together.
What fame is this that scarce last out a fashion?

Only this last in credit doth remain,
That from henceforth each bastard cast-forth rhyme,
Which doth but savour of a libel vain,
Shall call me father, and be thought my crime;
So dull, and with so little sense endued
Is my gross-headed judge, the multitude.

Ignoto[10]

[I love thee not for sacred chastity]

I love thee not for sacred chastity,
Who loves for that? Nor for thy sprightly wit.
I love thee not for thy sweet modesty,
Which makes thee in perfection's throne to sit.

I love thee not for thy enchanting eye,
Thy beauty ravishing perfection.
I love thee not for unchaste luxury,
Nor for thy body's fair proportion.

---

1 *Nor whether ... encroaching still* a reference to the long series of military invasions and victories by the Ottoman Turks at the expense of the Holy Roman Empire, beginning with the taking of Constantinople in 1453; Vienna was besieged in 1529 and Cyprus in 1571 (D.J. Vitkus, Introduction, *Three Turk Plays from Early Modern England* [New York, 2000], p. 7).

2 *Nor what ... spring* The "States" refers to the parliament of the Netherlands, but perhaps more narrowly to those in charge of government affairs in the United Netherlands; from 1567 to 1609, the Protestant Netherlands were in revolt against their Spanish overlords, spurred by the Catholic Philip II's policy of political centralization and religious persecution.

3 *th'Irish mutining* In 1594 the Nine Years War began under the leadership of Hugh O'Neill, who, with the collusion of the Spanish, almost succeeded in driving the English out of Ireland. (A. Hadfield and W. Maley, Introduction, *A View of the State of Ireland* by Edmund Spenser [1633], ed. A. Hadfield and W. Maley [Oxford, 1997], p. xiv).

4 *Paris-garden* a bear garden, a place for the blood sport of bear-baiting, where a bear would be tied to a stake and dogs set upon it; *cock-pit* a pit or enclosed area for cock-fighting; *play* theatre.

5 *Latin*, "To the Muse."

6 Ponticus (if he represents an actual individual at all) has remained unidentified.

7 On Banks and his horse, see p. 1141, note 1.

8 Clearly, the camels were another sideshow attraction in London (see p. 1139, note 3 and p. 1141, note 4); *the western hog* A 1562 ballad describes a monstrous pig born in Hampstead, a small village about five miles NW of St Paul's, London. Such deformed creatures were often displayed at fairs and markets, some bodies even being preserved after death for this purpose (D. Cressy, *Agnes Bowker's Cat* [Oxford, 2000], pp. 45-46). A 1571 ballad describes a deformed swine, born in Denmark but "brought over by an Englishman," and advertises its display ("A mervaylous straunge deformed Swyne," *STC* 19071).

9 Lepidus is Sir John Harington (1560-1612), translator of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso* (1591). The "printed dog" is Harington's favourite dog, Bungey, so-called because an engraving of him appears on the translation's 1st edition title page (Grosart, ed., *Complete Poems*, 2.44-45, note l).

10 Latin, "the unknown." Given the sexually explicit nature of two of these three sonnets, it is no wonder that they appear with this authorial disclaimer. There has been some debate, however, over whether or not they are actually by Davies.

I love thee not for that my soul doth dance
And leap with pleasure when those lips of thine
Give musical and graceful utterance
To some (by thee made happy) poet's line.
I love thee not for voice or slender small,
But wilt thou know wherefore? Fair sweet, for all.

[Faith (wench) I cannot court thy sprightly eyes]

Faith (wench) I cannot court thy sprightly eyes,
With the bass viol placed between my thighs,
I cannot lisp nor to some fiddle sing,
Nor run upon a high-stretched minikin.[1]
I cannot whine in puling[2] elegies,
Entombing Cupid with sad obsequies;
I am not fashioned for these amorous times,
To court thy beauty with lascivious rhymes.
I cannot dally, caper, dance, and sing,
Oiling[3] my saint with supple sonneting.
I cannot cross my arms or sigh "Ay me,
Ay me, forlorn": Egregious foppery!
I cannot buss thy fist,[4] play with thy hair,
Swearing by Jove thou art most debonaire:
  Not I, by cock![5] But shall I tell thee roundly,
  Hark in thine ear, Zounds I can ( )[6] thee soundly.

[Sweet wench, I love thee, yet I will not sue]

Sweet wench, I love thee, yet I will not sue,
Or show my love as musky[7] courtiers do;
I'll not carouse a health[8] to honour thee,
In this same bezzling[9] drunken courtesy,
And when all's quaffed, eat up my bousing[10] glass,
In glory that I am thy servile ass.
Nor will I wear a rotten Burbon lock,[11]
As some sworn peasant to a female smock.
Well-featured lass, thou knowest I love thee dear,
Yet for thy sake I will not bore mine ear
To hang thy dirty silken shoe-tires[12] there.
Nor for thy love will I once gnash a brick,[13]
Or some pied colours in my bonnet stick:
  But by the chaps[14] of hell to do thee good,
  I'll freely spend my thrice-decocted blood.[15]

—1595?

from *Gulling Sonnets*[16]

To His Good Friend, Sir Anthony Cooke.[17]

Here my chameleon Muse herself doth change
To divers shapes of gross absurdities,
And like an antic mocks with fashion strange
The fond admirers of lewd gulleries.
Your judgment sees with pity and with scorn
The bastard sonnets of these rhymers base,
Which in this whisking age are daily born

---

1 *minikin* the treble string of a lute or viol.

2 *puling* complaining, whimpering.

3 *Oiling* flattering.

4 *buss* kiss; *fist* hand. C. Howard's facsimile edition of Davies's poems (New York, 1941, p. 60) based on the Huntington Library 1st edition clearly has "fist" here, but the 1st edition in the "Early English Books Online" series has "fill."

5 *by cock* version of the oath, "By God."

6 *Zounds* euphemistic abbreviation of the oath "God's wounds"; *( )* In the 1st edition, the obvious four-letter obscenity—fuck—is replaced by this ellipsis.

7 *musky* perfumed.

8 *carouse a health* drink deeply in the manner of a toast.

9 *bezzling* guzzling.

10 *bousing* boozing.

11 *Burbon lock* A fashionable courtier would grow a lock of his hair longer than the rest, tie it with a ribbon, and let in hang in front of his shoulder, signifying he was in love; here, the particular fashion was a French one.

12 *shoe-tires* shoe-ties, shoe-strings.

13 *gnash a brick* probably a printer's error for the expression "wash a brick," referring to an impossible, futile and/or useless endeavour (*Erasmus, Adages*, I.iv.48: *Laterem lavas*, "You are washing a brick").

14 *chaps* jaws, mouth.

15 *thrice-decocted blood* semen, which was believed to be made from super-refined blood.

16 These satiric sonnets were not published during Davies's lifetime; *gulling* that which deceives; cheating, deceptive.

17 Sir Anthony Cooke (d. 1604), grandson of the famous educator and humanist of the same name, was knighted for his service at Cadiz in 1596. Thus, critics assume that the "Gulling Sonnets" were composed between 1596 and 1604; the poems themselves, however, offer few details that would help us date them (Sanderson, *Sir John Davies*, p. 50).

To their own shames and poetry's disgrace.
Yet some praise those and some perhaps will praise
Even these of mine: and therefore these I send
To you that pass in court your glorious days;
That if some rich, rash gull these rhymes commend,
Thus you may set this formal wit to school,
Use your own grace, and beg him for a fool.

2

As when the bright cerulean firmament[1]
Hath not his glory with black clouds defast,[2]
So were my thoughts void of all discontent
And with no mist of passions overcast.
They all were pure and clear, till at the last
An idle, careless thought forth wand'ring went,
And of that poisonous beauty took a taste
Which does the hearts of lovers so torment.
Then as it chanceth in a flock of sheep
When some contagious ill breeds first in one,
Daily it spreads, and secretly doth creep
Till all the silly[3] troop be overgone,
So by close neighbourhood within my breast
One scurvy[4] thought infecteth all the rest.

3

What eagle can behold her sunbright eye,[5]
Her sunbright eye that lights the world with love,
The world of love wherein I live and die,
I live and die and divers changes prove;
I changes prove, yet still the same am I,
The same am I and never will remove,
Never remove until my soul doth fly,
My soul doth fly and I surcease to move;
I cease to move which now am moved by you,
Am moved by you that move all mortal hearts,
All mortal hearts whose eyes your eyes doth view
Your eyes doth view whence Cupid shoots his darts,
Whence Cupid shoots his darts and woundeth those
That honour you, and never were his foes.

6

The sacred Muse that first made love divine
Hath made him naked and without attire;
But I will clothe him with this pen of mine
That all the world his fashion shall admire:
His hat of hope, his band[6] of beauty fine,
His cloak of craft, his doublet[7] of desire;
Grief for a girdle[8] shall about him twine;
His points of pride, his ilet-holes[9] of ire,
His hose of hate, his codpiece[10] of conceit,
His stockings of stern strife, his shirt of shame;
His garters of vain-glory, gay and slight,
His pantofles[11] of passions I will frame;
Pumps[12] of presumption shall adorn his feet,
And socks[13] of sullenness exceeding sweet.

8

My case is this: I love Zepheria[14] bright.
Of her I hold my heart by fealty[15]

---

1 *cerulean firmament* sky-blue heavens.

2 *defast* defaced.

3 *silly* innocent; helpless.

4 *scurvy* diseased; worthless, contemptible.

5 The eagle was believed able to look directly into the sun (*Pliny, Natural History*, 1.272k). See Shakespeare's "Sonnet 130" for a similarly satiric use of the commonplace comparison of the beloved's eyes to the sun.

6 *band* collar.

7 *craft* deceit, guile; *doublet* a close-fitting body garment, worn by men from the fourteenth to the eighteenth centuries.

8 *girdle* belt worn around the waist to secure one's garments; a method of carrying light articles (especially a purse or weapon).

9 *points* tagged laces or cords, used to attach a man's hose to his doublet; *ilet-holes* the holes through which laces and points would be threaded (like button-holes today).

10 *codpiece* a bagged appendage on the front of a man's hose or breeches, covering his genitals, often conspicuous and elaborately ornamented; worn from the fifteenth to the seventeenth centuries ("cod" means "scrotum").

11 *pantofles* slippers, indoor shoes.

12 *Pumps* light shoes; the soft-soled variety were often used for dancing (L. Picard, *Elizabeth's London*, p. 139).

13 *socks* light shoes, slippers, or pumps, but perhaps simply "socks" in the modern sense.

14 "Zepheria" is the title of an anonymously authored sonnet sequence published in 1594. Davies alludes to it here because of the large number of its sonnets that employ legal language and imagery (such as 5, 6, 20, 21, 37, and 38). For other love poems that employ legal conceits, see Drayton, *Idea*, "Sonnet 2"; and Shakespeare's Sonnets 87 and 134 (L.M. Storozynsky, "Zepheria," *DLB 172*, p. 251).

15 *fealty* the obligation of fidelity on the part of a vassal to his lord.

Which I discharge[1] to her perpetually,
Yet she thereof will never me accquite.[2]
For now supposing I withhold her right,[3]
She hath distrained[4] my heart to satisfy
The duty which I never did deny,
And far away impounds it with despite.
I labour therefore justly to repleve[5]
My heart which she unjustly doth impound,
But quick conceit which now is love's high shrieve[6]
Returns it as esloigned,[7] not to be found;
Then, which the law affords, I only crave
Her heart for mine in withernam[8] to have.

—composed, c. 1594-1604

from *Nosce Teipsum.*[9] *This Oracle Expounded in Two Elegies.*

1. Of Human Knowledge.
2. Of the Soul of Man, and the Immortality Thereof.

To My Most Gracious Dread Sovereign

To that clear majesty which, in the north,
Doth like another sun in glory rise,
Which standeth fixed yet spreads her heavenly worth,
Loadstone to hearts and loadstar[10] to all eyes,

Like Heav'n in all, like th' earth in this alone,
That though great states by her support do stand,
Yet she herself supported is of none
But by the finger of th' Almighty's hand,

[...]

I offer up some sparkles of that fire
Whereby we reason, live, and move, and be.[11]
These sparks by nature evermore aspire,
Which makes them to so high a Highness flee.

Fair soul, since to the fairest body knit
You give such lively life, such quick'ning[12] power,
Such sweet, celestial influence to it
As keeps it still in youth's immortal flower,

(As where the sun is present all the year
And never doth retire his golden ray
Needs[13] must the spring be everlasting there,
And every season like the month of May,

Oh, many, many years may you remain
A happy angel to this happy land!
Long, long may you on earth our Empress reign
Ere[14] you in Heaven a glorious angel stand.

---

[1] *discharge* fulfil, execute, perform.

[2] *accquite* acquit: release, liberate (a person *of* or *from* a duty or obligation).

[3] *I withhold her right* i.e., I refuse to fulfill those obligations or perform those duties to which she has a legal right.

[4] *distrained* In a legal sense, "to distrain" means to constrain or force someone to perform an obligation, by seizing the person's property.

[5] *repleve* replevy: to bail out, to have restored (to one) property that has been distrained, upon the owner's giving security that he will have the matter tried in a court of justice and (if the case goes against him) to return the property to one who had originally seized it.

[6] *quick conceit* lively thought, wit or ability to conceive; *shrieve* a shrive or sheriff, a civil officer whose duties would have included executing writs (such as those for replevin).

[7] *esloigned* conveyed or removed out of the jurisdiction of the court or the sheriff.

[8] *withernam* In an action of replevin, the reprisal of other goods in lieu of those taken by a first distress and esloigned.

[9] Latin, *Nosce te ipsum*, or "Know thyself." This famous motto was inscribed on the temple of Apollo at Delphi and was later included in Cicero's *Tusculan Disputations*, i. 52. In *Protagoras*, Plato says it is an expression of the legendary Seven Wise Men (343).

[10] *Loadstone* literally a magnet, and thus *fig.*, something that attracts and guides; *loadstar fig.*, a "guiding star," that on which one's attention or hopes are fixed.

[11] *Whereby ... and be* During one of St Paul's proselytizing speeches in Athens, he quotes from a Greek poet, sometimes identified as Epimenides: "Yet he [i.e., God] is not far from each one of us, for 'In him we live and move and have our being'" (Acts 17:28).

[12] *quick'ning* quickening: life-giving, vivifying.

[13] *Needs* of necessity.

[14] *Ere* before.

Stay long, sweet spirit, ere thou to Heaven depart,
Which mak'st each place a heaven wherein thou art.

Her Majesty's least and unworthiest subject,
John Davies.

Of Human Knowledge[1]

Why did my parents send me to the schools
That I with knowledge might enrich my mind?
Since the desire to know first made men fools,
And did corrupt the root of all mankind.

For when God's hand had written in the hearts
Of the first parents[2] all the rules of good,
So that their skill infused did pass all arts
That ever were, before or since the Flood;[3]

And when their reason's eye was sharp and clear,
And (as an eagle can behold the sun)[4]
Could have approached the Eternal Light as near
As th' intellectual angels could have done;

Even then to them the Spirit of Lies[5] suggests
That they were blind because they saw not ill,
And breathes into their incorrupted[6] breasts
A curious wish, which did corrupt their will.

For that same ill they straight desired to know:
Which ill, being nought but a defect of good,[7]
In all God's works the Devil could not show,
While man their lord in his perfection stood.

So that themselves were first to do the ill,
Ere they thereof the knowledge could attain,
Like him that knew not poison's power to kill,
Until by tasting it himself was slain.

Even so by tasting of that fruit forbid,
Where they sought knowledge, they did error find:
Ill they desired to know, and ill they did,
And to give passion eyes made reason blind.

For then their minds did first in passion see
Those wretched shapes of misery and woe,
Of nakedness, of shame, of poverty,
Which then their own experience made them know.

But then grew reason dark, that she no more
Could the fair forms of good and truth discern:
Bats they became that eagles[8] were before,
And this they got by their desire to learn.

But we their wretched offspring, what do we?
Do not we still taste of the fruit forbid
Whiles with fond fruitless curiosity,
In books profane we seek for knowledge hid?

What is this knowledge but the sky-stol'n fire
For which the thief[9] still chained in ice doth sit?

---

[1] This first section of Davies's philosophic poem occupies approximately one-tenth of its entire length (180 of 1,924 lines).

[2] *first parents* Adam and Eve. Lines 1-36 offer an interpretation of Genesis 1-3. God places Adam and Eve, the first humans, in the garden of Eden, with a single injunction: do not eat from the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil, because if they do they "shalt surely die" (2:17). Seduced by the serpent's (the Devil's) assertion that if they eat of the tree, they will "be as gods, knowing both good and evil" and by her desire for wisdom, Eve eats, as does Adam; they fall into sin, mutability, and death. The linking of this sin of disobedience with the desire for knowledge can be found in numerous Renaissance texts, such as Aemilia Lanyer's *Salve Deus Rex Judaeorum* (1611).

[3] *the Flood* Genesis 6:5-8:22 recounts the great flood that God visits upon humanity, wherein all creation perishes with the exception of Noah, his family, and the animals which they take with them in their ark.

[4] Eagles were popularly believed able to look directly into the sun without being blinded (*Pliny, Natural History*, 272k).

[5] *the Spirit of Lies* the Devil, Satan.

[6] *incorrupted* uncorrupted.

[7] Although the 1st edition has "God," given the context this is clearly a printer's error for "good."

[8] Bats were traditionally thought blind. On eagles, see p. 1147, note 4.

[9] *the thief* Prometheus. Condemned by Zeus (Jupiter/Jove) for the crime of stealing fire from Heaven to give to suffering mankind, Prometheus was chained on the top of Mount Caucasus (hence, the ice). There, a vulture devoured his liver, which was miraculously restored each day. In another story, Prometheus' theft of fire from the chariot of the sun allowed him to bring to life the first man and woman, whom he had fashioned out of clay (See *Bibliotheca*, attributed to Apollodorus of Athens [c. 180-c. 110 BCE]).

And which the poor rude satyr[1] did admire,
And needs would kiss but burnt his lips with it?

What is it but the cloud empty of rain
Which when Jove's guest[2] embraced, he monsters got?
Or the false pails which, oft being filled with pain,
Received the water but retained it not?[3]

Shortly, what is it but the fiery coach
Which the youth sought, and sought his death withal?[4]
Or the boy's wings which, when he did approach
The sun's hot beams, did melt and let him fall?[5]

And yet, alas, when all our lamps are burned,
Our bodies wasted and our spirits spent,
When we have all the learned volumes turned
Which yield men's wits both help and ornament,

What can we know or what can we discern
When error chokes the windows of the mind?
The divers forms of things how can we learn,
That have been ever from our birthday blind?

When reason's lamp, which like the sun in sky
Throughout man's little world[6] her beams did spread,
Is now become a sparkle, which doth lie
Under the ashes, half extinct and dead,

How can we hope that through the eye and ear
This dying sparkle in this cloudy place
Can recollect these beams of knowledge clear
Which were infused in the first minds by grace?

So might the heir, whose father hath in play[7]
Wasted a thousand pounds of ancient rent,
By painful earning of a groat[8] a day
Hope to restore the patrimony spent.

The wits that dived most deep and soared most high,
Seeking man's powers, have found his weakness such:
"Skill comes so slow, and life so fast doth fly,
We learn so little and forget so much."[9]

For this the wisest of all mortal men
Said "he knew nought but that he nought did know":[10]

---

[1] *poor rude satyr* In an addition to the ancient myth, a satyr, inspired by the beauty of the fire Prometheus brings from Heaven, kisses it and burns his lips. The exact origin of this addition is unclear, but it does turn up in Lyly's *Euphues: The Anatomy of Wit* (edited by L. Scragg [Manchester, 2003], p. 191) and Sidney's *Certain Sonnets*, where Sidney replies to a poem on this subject by his friend and fellow-poet, Edward Dyer.

[2] *Jove's guest* Ixion, king of Thessaly, who fell in love with Jove's wife, Juno, and attempted to seduce her. Jove forestalled this attempt by substituting a cloud shaped in the image of his wife. Making love to the cloud-shaped image of Juno, Ixion begot the race of the Centaurs, creatures half-human and half-horse. Jove punished Ixion by striking him with lightning and then pinning him on an ever-revolving wheel in Hades, the classical version of Hell. In the Middle Ages and Renaissance, Ixion became an emblem of the deadly sins of pride, lust, and greed.

[3] *Or the false pails ... not* referring to punishment of the Danaides. They were the fifty daughters of Danaus, to whom Danaus' brother, Aegyptus, wanted to marry his fifty sons. A reluctant Danaus agreed to the marriages, but secretly arranged with his daughters that they would kill their new husbands on their joint wedding night. Only one of the fifty daughters did not murder her husband. Later additions to the story have the Danaides condemned to Hades, where they are forced eternally to fill leaky vessels with water.

[4] The "youth" is Phaethon, son of Phoebus Apollo, god of the sun, and Clymene, a sea-nymph. In search of confirmation of his paternity, Phaethon visits Apollo, who reluctantly fulfills a rash promise to the boy, allowing him to drive the chariot of the sun. Unable to control the fiery horses, Phaethon is destroyed by Zeus who fears that the careening sun-chariot will consume both heaven and earth. Renaissance commentators saw Phaethon's story as a warning against pride and over-confidence.

[5] The "boy" is Icarus, who was given a pair of wings by his father, the great artificer Daedalus, so that they could escape from their imprisonment in Crete. Icarus, disobeying his father's injunction to fly midway between the ocean and the heavens, soared too close to the sun; the wax holding his wings together melted, and he fell into the ocean and was drowned. Renaissance commentators saw his story as a warning against disobedience, pride, and ambition.

[6] *man's little world* Man was popularly conceived as a microcosm (a "little world") that reflects the macrocosm (or universe).

[7] *in play* by gambling.

[8] *groat* a coin that came to be recognized as the "type" of a very small sum.

[9] Proverb, "Art is long, life is short" (*Tilley* A332).

[10] The saying is ascribed to Socrates in Plato's *Apology*, 21-22.

And the great mocking-master mocked not then,
When he said, "truth was buried deep below."[1]

For how may we to other things attain
When none of us his own soul understands?
For which the Devil mocks our curious brain
When "know thyself" his oracle commands.[2]

For why should we the busy soul believe
When boldly she concludes of that and this,
When of herself she can no judgment give,
Nor how, nor whence, nor where, nor what she is?

All things without, which round about we see,
We seek to know and have therewith to do;
But that whereby we "reason, live, and be,"
Within ourselves, we strangers are thereto.

We seek to know the moving of each sphere,[3]
And the strange cause of th' ebbs and floods of Nile;
But of that clock which in our breasts we bear,
The subtle motions we forget the while.

We that acquaint ourselves with every zone[4]
And pass both tropics and behold both poles,
When we come home are to ourselves unknown,
And unacquainted still with our own souls.

We study speech, but others we persuade;
We leechcraft[5] learn, but others cure with it;
W' interpret laws, which other men have made,
But read not those which in our hearts are writ.

Is it because the mind is like the eye,
Through which it gathers knowledge by degrees,
Whose rays reflect not, but spread outwardly,
Not seeing itself when other things it sees?

No, doubtless; for the mind can backward cast
Upon herself her understanding light;
But she is so corrupt, and so defaced,
As her own image doth herself affright.

As in the fable of that lady fair
Which for her lust was turned into a cow,[6]
When thirsty to a stream she did repair
And saw herself transformed (she wist not how),

At first she startles, then she stands amazed,
At last with terror she from thence doth fly;
And loathes the watery glass wherein she gazed,
And shuns it still though she for thirst do die:

Even so man's soul which did God's image bear,
And was at first fair, good, and spotless pure,
Since with her sins her beauties blotted were,
Doth of all sights her own sight least endure:

For even at first reflection she espies
Such strange chimeras[7] and such monsters there,
Such toys, such antics,[8] and such vanities,
As she retires and shrinks for shame and fear.

---

[1] The "mocking master" is the Greek philosopher Democritus, who reportedly said: "In reality we know nothing; for truth is in the depths." See C.C.W. Taylor, ed. and trans., *The Atomists: Leucippus and Democritus: Fragments. A Text and Translation* (Toronto, 1999), D15, p. 9. See also *Laertius*, 2.9.72: "of a truth we know nothing, for truth is in a well (i.e., in an abyss)."

[2] See p. 1146, note 9. It was a common belief in the Renaissance that the oracles of Apollo (as well as the classical gods themselves) were historically agents of the devil.

[3] *sphere* referring to the Ptolemaic notion of the universe as a series of concentric spheres, set one inside the other with the Earth at its centre. In their motion, these spheres created a harmonious and divine music, the "music of the spheres."

[4] *zone* each of the five "belts" or encircling regions, distinguished by difference of climate, into which the surface of the earth (and, in ancient cosmography, the celestial sphere) is divided by the tropics (of Cancer and Capricorn) and the polar (Arctic and Antarctic) circles.

[5] *leechcraft* medicine.

[6] *that lady fair … cow* Zeus (Jove) first raped Io, daughter of Inachus, and then turned her into a cow in order to conceal her from his suspicious wife, Hera (Juno). Forced to give the transformed Io to Hera as a gift, Zeus finally appeased his wife, ended the torment of the wandering Io, and restored her to human form. Her story, including the description of her horrified reaction to her transformation, can be found in book 1 of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.

[7] *chimeras* grotesque monsters comprised of the parts of various animals.

[8] *toys* foolish or idle fancies; *antics* grotesque or ludicrous behaviours.

And as the man loves least at home to be
That hath a sluttish house haunted with sprites,[1]
So she, impatient her own faults to see,
Turns from herself and in strange things delights.

For this, few "know themselves": for merchants broke[2]
View their estate with discontent and pain;
And seas are troubled when they do revoke
Their flowing waves into themselves again.

And while the face of outward things we find
Pleasing and fair, agreeable and sweet,
These things transport and carry out the mind,
That with herself her self can never meet.

Yet if affliction once her wars begin,
And threat the feeble sense with sword and fire,
The mind contracts herself and shrinketh in,
And to herself she gladly doth retire,

As spiders, touched, seek their webs' inmost part;
As bees in storms unto their hives return;
As blood, in danger, gathers to the heart;
As men seek towns when foes the country burn.

If aught can teach us aught, affliction's looks,
Making us look into ourselves so near,
Teach us to "know ourselves" beyond all books,
Or all the learned schools that ever were.

This mistress[3] lately plucked me by the ear,
And many a golden lesson hath me taught;
Hath made my senses quick, and reason clear,
Reformed my will and rectified my thought.

So do the winds and thunders cleanse the air;
So working seas settle and purge the wine;[4]
So lopped and pruned trees do flourish fair;
So doth the fire the drossy[5] gold refine.

Neither Minerva nor the Learned Muse,[6]
Nor rules of art nor precepts of the wise,
Could in my brain those beams of skill infuse
As but the glance of this dame's angry eyes.

She within lists[7] my ranging mind hath brought,
That now beyond myself I list not[8] go:
Myself am centre of my circling thought,
Only myself I study, learn, and know.

I know my body's of so frail a kind
As force without, fevers within, can kill;
I know the heavenly nature of my mind,
But 'tis corrupted both in wit and will.

I know my soul hath power to know all things,
Yet is she blind and ignorant in all;
I know I am one of nature's little kings,
Yet to the least and vilest things am thrall.[9]

I know my life's a pain and but a span,
I know my sense is mocked with every thing:
And, to conclude, I know myself a man,
Which is a proud, and yet a wretched thing.

[...]

—1599

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[1] *sluttish* grimy, unclean; *sprites* spirits. In Renaissance folklore, domestic fairies would help with household chores—such as cleaning, brewing, and baking—in exchange for gifts of food and drink. However, such spirits could also punish those who did not recompense their work or who were simply slovenly housekeepers.

[2] *broke* bankrupt.

[3] "this mistress" is affliction, and Davies might be referring to any number of setbacks he had suffered by the time of the work's publication in 1599, including, but not limited to, his disbarment in 1598 (see above, p. 1137).

[4] Grosart emends "seas" to "lees," but R. Kreuger's 1975 Oxford edition of Davies's poem leaves it as "seas," noting that people would occasionally use the motion of a ship to ensure that any lees remaining in a container of wine would sink to its bottom (p. 332, l. 158, note).

[5] *drossy* impure.

[6] *Minerva* (also known as Athena), goddess of learning, wisdom, and war; *the Learned Muse* perhaps Urania, muse of astronomy and heavenly matters generally, but given that each of the nine muses was the patron of a particular art or science, any may be meant here.

[7] *lists* limits, boundaries.

[8] *I list not* I do not desire; I choose not.

[9] *thrall* slave.

from *Hymns of Astraea, in Acrostic Verse.*[1]

Hymn I.
Of Astraea.

E arly before the day doth spring,
L et us awake my Muse, and sing;
I t is no time to slumber,
S o many joys this time doth bring,
A s time will fail to number.

B ut whereto shall we bend our lays?[2]
E ven up to Heaven, again to raise
T he maid, which thence descended
H ath brought again the golden days,[3]
A nd all the world amended.

R udeness[4] itself she doth refine,
E ven like an alchemist[5] divine,
G ross times of iron turning
I nto the purest form of gold:
N ot to corrupt till heaven wax[6] old,
A nd be refin'd with burning.[7]

Hymn II.
To Astraea.

E ternal virgin, goddess true,
L et me presume to sing to you.
I ove, even great Iove[8] hath leisure
S ometimes to hear the vulgar crew,[9]
A nd hears them oft with pleasure.

B lessed Astraea, I in part
E njoy the blessings you impart,
T he peace, the milk and honey,
H umanity, and civil art,
A richer dower than money.

R ight glad am I that now I live,
E ven in these days whereto you give
G reat happiness and glory;
I f after you I should be born,
N o doubt I should my birthday scorn,
A dmiring your sweet story.

Hymn XV.
Of Her Wit.

E ye of that mind most quick and clear,
L ike heav'ns eye, which from his sphere.
I nto all things prieth,
S ees through all things everywhere,
A nd all their natures trieth.

B right image of an angel's wit,
E xceeding sharp, and swift like it,
T hings instantly discerning:
H aving a nature infinite,
A nd yet increased by learning.

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1 *Astraea* According to some writers, Astraea is the daughter of Titan, Saturn's brother, and Aurora, goddess of the dawn; according to others, she is the daughter of Zeus and Themis. She is the virgin goddess of justice, who lived on Earth during the so-called golden age. However, the increasing evil and impiety of humankind drove her away into the heavens, although she was the last of the gods to abandon the Earth (*Metamorphoses*, 1.103-76). Like Diana, Phoebe, and Cynthia, Astraea is a common epithet for Elizabeth I in her character as "the Virgin Queen"; *Acrostic verse* a poem where the first letter of each line spells out a word when read from top to bottom; from the Middle Ages on, the acrostic word was often the name of the author, a saint, a beloved, or a patron (*Encycl. Poetry and Poetics*, p. 4). Each of the hymns spells out "Elisabetha Regina" (Latin, "Elizabeth Queen").

2 *bend our lays* direct our songs.

3 *the golden days* In classical literature, the golden age was the age of original human and natural perfection, before humanity's fall into a series of increasingly degenerate periods, characterized by violence and impiety: the ages of silver, bronze, and iron.

4 *Rudeness* lack of culture or refinement; uncouthness.

5 *alchemist* the practitioner of the chemistry of the Middle Ages and Renaissance, who aimed at transforming base metals into gold; here, the connotations of the word are positive, but more often the alchemist is represented as a charlatan or "conman" in Renaissance writing.

6 *wax* grow.

7 *till heaven wax old … burning* a reference to the fate ordained for the world at the end of time in the book of Revelation.

8 *Iove* i.e., Jove, king and father of the gods.

9 *vulgar crew* common or ordinary people.

R ebound upon thyself thy light,
E njoy thine own sweet precious sight:
G ive us but some reflection;
I t is enough for us if we,
N ow in her speech, now policy,
A dmire thine high perfection.

Hymn XVI.
Of Her Will.

E ver well affected will,
L oving goodness, loathing ill,
I nestimable treasure:
S ince such a power hath power to spill[1]
A nd save us at her pleasure.

B e thou our law, sweet will, and say
E ven what thou wilt, we will obey.
T his law, if I could read it,
H erein would I spend night and day,
A nd study still to plead it.

R oyal free will, and only free,
E ach other will is slave to thee:
G lad is each will to serve thee.
I n thee such princely power is seen,
N o spirit but takes thee for her queen,
A nd thinks she must observe thee.

Hymn XX.
Of the Passions of Her Heart

E xamine not th'inscrutable heart,
L ight Muse, of her, though she in part
I mpart it to the subject;
S earch not, although from heav'n thou art,
A nd this an heavenly object.

B ut since she hath a heart, we know
E ver some passions thence do flow,
T hough ever ruled with honour;
H er judgment reigns, they wait below,
A nd fix their eyes upon her.

[1] *spill* kill, destroy.

R ectified[2] so, they in their kind
E ncrease each virtue of her mind,
G overned with mild tranquility;
I n all the regions under heav'n,
N o state doth bear itself so even,
A nd with so sweet facility.

Hymn XXIII.
Of Her Justice.

E xiled Astraea is come again,
Lo here she doth all things maintain
I n number, weight, and measure:[3]
S he rules us with delightful pain,
A nd we obey with pleasure.

B y love she rules more than by law,
E ven her great mercy breedeth awe:
T his is her sword and sceptre,
H erewith she hearts did ever draw,
A nd this guard ever kept her.

R eward doth sit in her right hand:
E ach virtue thence takes her garland
G athered in honour's garden:
I n her left hand (wherein should be
N ought but the sword) sits clemency,
A nd conquers vice with pardon.

[2] *Rectified* an odd word to use here since many of its contemporary meanings involved remedying, amending, or correcting (a bad or faulty condition or state of things, as well as bringing or restoring to a good or normal condition). The word is perhaps used here *fig.* in reference to a literal chemical process, and thus means "purified" or "refined." More likely, it has the obscure and rare meaning of "guided" or "directed aright," although the *OED* dates the first usage in this sense to 1603.

[3] *In number, weight, and measure* from the Old Testament apocryphal book the Wisdom of Solomon, where the writer describes God's power and mercy: "Even apart from these, men could fall at a single breath when pursued by justice and scattered by the breath of thy power. But thou hast arranged all things by measure and number and weight" (11:20).

Hymn XXIV.
Of Her Magnanimity.

E ven as her state, so is her mind,
L ifted above the vulgar kind.
I t treads proud fortune under,
S un-like it sits above the wind,
A bove the storms and thunder.

B rave spirit, large heart, admiring nought,[1]
E steeming each thing as it ought,
T hat swelleth not, nor shrinketh.
H onour is always in her thought,
A nd of great things she thinketh.

R ocks, pillars, and heav'n's axle-tree[2]
E xemplify her constancy;
G reat changes never change her.
I n her sex fears are wont to rise,
N ature permits, virtue denies,
A nd scorns the face of danger.

Hymn XXVI.
To Envy.

E nvy go weep, my Muse and I
L augh thee to scorn; thy feeble eye
I s dazzled with the glory
S hining in this gay poesy
A nd little golden story.

B ehold how my proud quill doth shed
E ternal nectar on her head.
T he pomp of coronation
H ath not such power her fame to spread
A s this my admiration.

R espect my pen as free and frank,
E xpecting not reward nor thank;
G reat wonder only moves it.
I never made it mercenary;
N or should my muse this burden carry
A s hired, but that she loves it.

FINIS.

—1599

[1] *admiring nought* wondering or marvelling at nothing.

[2] *axle-tree* the imaginary or geometrical line which forms the axis of revolution of any body (such as the Earth, a planet, or the heavens).

Francis Bacon, Viscount St Alban
1561-1626

Francis Bacon was born in London, the second son of Anne (Cooke) Bacon (see pp. 169-79), daughter of Sir Anthony Cooke, and sister of the wife of William Cecil, later Lord Burghley, Elizabeth I's principal minister and councillor. After leaving Trinity College, Cambridge in 1575, Francis Bacon entered Gray's Inn, one of the Inns of Court, where he studied law and began seeking a position at court. After having served as a diplomat in France, he was called to the bar in 1582. A five-time member of Parliament, the first of which seats he gained at least partly through the influence of his uncle, Lord Burghley, Bacon was an ally of the ill-fated earl of Essex from 1592 until he spoke out against a Crown grant in 1593-94, seriously damaging his career and favour with the Queen. Around this time he had a number of career and personal setbacks, failing to attain the high positions he sought, including attorney-general, solicitor-general, and master of the Rolls. He also failed to win the wife of his choice, Elizabeth Hatton, and to gain financial security: he was arrested for debt in 1598.

However, he also had some achievements in his early career, becoming Queen's Counsel in 1596 and publishing his first edition of the *Essays* in 1597. Bacon's star truly began to rise, first with his rejection of the earl of Essex in 1600-01, and later during the reign of James I, to whom Bacon dedicated his *Advancement of Learning* (1605), securing for himself the long-sought-after post of solicitor-general (1607) and attorney-general (1613). Lord chancellor from 1618-21, Bacon was imprisoned in the Tower and heavily fined after being found guilty of corruption, although James I intervened and remitted both penalties.

Bacon's final years were spent in a number of intellectual and scientific pursuits; the *Novum Organum* (1620), imagined as the first instalment in a major reassessment of knowledge (the *Instauratio Magna*) which was never completed, was dedicated to James I. Other works, including *A History of Henry VII* (1622), followed, but Bacon was becoming increasingly interested in scientific experimentation. He died after having contracted a cold while researching the properties of refrigeration by stuffing a fowl with snow to see whether it would preserve the meat.

Based on the example of Montaigne's *Essais* (Bourdeaux, 1580), the original seven of Bacon's *Essays* were reprinted in 1598, 1604, and 1606; in 1612 a new edition expanding the number of essays to thirty-eight appeared; and the book in its final 1625 form contained fifty-eight.

EDITIONS: "Letter to my Lord Treasurer Burghley," from *Resuscitatio, or, Bringing into publick light severall pieces of the works, civil, historical, philosophical, & theological, hitherto sleeping, of the Right Honourable Francis Bacon, Baron of Verulam, Viscount Saint Alban according to the best corrected coppies: together with his Lordships life by William Rawley*. London: Printed [by] Sarah Griffin, for William Lee, 1657. STC (Wing) B319; *Essayes Religious Meditations Places of perswasion and disswasion*. London: Printed [by John Windet] for Humfrey Hooper, 1597. STC 1137.

ADDITIONAL ONLINE TEXTS: John Florio and Michel de Montaigne. "To the Courteous Reader" (Florio), "The Author to the Reader" (Florio), and "Of the Cannibals" (Montaigne, trans Florio) from *The Essays or Moral, Politic and Military Discourse of Lord Michel de Montaigne* (1603).

Letter to Lord Burghley[1]

My Lord,

With as much confidence as mine own honest and faithful devotion unto your service and your honourable correspondence[2] unto me and my poor estate can breed in a man, do I commend myself unto your lordship. I wax[3] now somewhat ancient; one and thirty years is a great deal of sand in the hour-glass. My health, I thank God, I find confirmed;[4] and I do not fear that action shall impair it, because I account my ordinary course of study and meditation to be more painful[5] than most parts of action are. I ever bare a mind (in some middle place that I could discharge[6]) to serve her Majesty; not as a man born under Sol that loveth honour; nor under Jupiter that loveth business (for the contemplative planet carrieth me away wholly);[7] but as a man born under an excellent sovereign, that deserveth the dedication of all men's abilities. Besides, I do not find in myself so much self love,[8] but that the greater parts of my thoughts are to deserve well (if I were able) of my friends, and namely of your lordship; who being the Atlas[9] of this commonwealth, the honour of my house, and the second founder of my poor estate, I am tied by all duties, both of a good patriot, and of an unworthy kinsmen, and of an obliged servant, to employ whatsoever I am to do you service. Again, the meanness of my estate[10] doth somewhat move[11] me: for though I cannot accuse myself that I am either prodigal or slothful, yet my health is not to spend, nor my course to get.[12]

Lastly, I confess that I have as vast contemplative ends as I have moderate civil ends: for I have taken all knowledge to be my province; and if I could purge it of two sorts of rovers,[13] whereof the one with frivolous disputations,[14] confutations, and verbosities, the other with blind[15] experiments and auricular[16] traditions and impostures,[17] hath committed so many spoils,[18] I hope I should bring in industrious[19] observations, grounded conclusions, and profitable[20] inventions and discoveries—the best state of that province. This, whether it be curiosity, or vain-glory, or nature, or (if one take it favourably) *philanthropia*,[21] is so fixed in my mind as it cannot be removed. And I do easily see, that place of any reasonable countenance[22] doth bring commandment of more wits[23] than of a man's own; which is the thing I

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[1] The letter was written by Bacon perhaps in 1592 after he had become an acknowledged legal authority, but before he had attained the high office of his later career. William Cecil, Lord Burghley (1520-98) was Bacon's uncle, and Elizabeth's most valued and powerful counsellor, holding the offices of secretary, lord treasurer, and principal minister. Bacon's early career owes much to his influence: he helped his nephew become an MP and secure some early patronage offices.

[2] *correspondence* relationship.

[3] *wax* grow.

[4] *confirmed* stable.

[5] *painful* demanding.

[6] *in some middle place that I could discharge* i.e., some middling position/office I could carry out.

[7] *not as a man born under Sol that loveth honour; nor under Jupiter that loveth business (for the contemplative planet carrieth me away wholly)* Sol is the sun and traditionally linked with the military service, thus the "honour" gained in war; Jupiter is traditionally the planet thought to govern the active life ("business") in the public sphere; the "contemplative" planet is Saturn, traditionally linked with the life of retirement and study. The choice between the *viva activa* (public life) and the *viva contemplativa* (life of study, and thus a private withdrawn life) is one commonly rehearsed by young men like Bacon in their letters.

[8] *self love* selfishness.

[9] *Atlas* the god who supports the world on his shoulders.

[10] *meanness of my estate* i.e., the lowliness of my position, both socially and financially.

[11] *move* "trouble," but also "impel."

[12] *my health is not to spend, nor my course to get* i.e., I'm not good either at spending money (through fashionable and extravagant living) nor earning it (by professional activity).

[13] *purge it of two sorts of rovers* i.e., purify it of two kinds of distracting influences.

[14] *disputations* here, wholly theoretical discussions of controversies in logic.

[15] *blind* unplanned.

[16] *auricular* conveyed by word of mouth; rumour.

[17] *impostures* deceptions.

[18] *spoils* damages.

[19] *industrious* painstaking.

[20] *profitable* beneficial.

[21] *philanthropia* Greek, "love of humanity."

[22] *place of any reasonable countenance* i.e., social position of any reasonable reputation.

[23] *wits* minds.

greatly affect.[1] And for your lordship, perhaps you shall not find more strength and less encounter[2] in any other. And if your lordship shall find now, or at any time, that I do seek or affect any place whereunto any[3] that is nearer unto your lordship shall be concurrent,[4] say then that I am a most dishonest man. And if your lordship will not carry me on, I will not do as Anaxagoras[5] did, who reduced himself with contemplation unto voluntary poverty,[6] but this I will do: I will sell the inheritance that I have, and purchase some lease of quick revenue,[7] or some office of gain that shall be executed by deputy,[8] and so give over all care of service,[9] and become some sorry book-maker,[10] or a true pioneer[11] in that mine of truth, which (he[12] said) lay so deep.

This which I have writ unto your lordship is rather thoughts than words, being set down without all art, disguising, or reservation. Wherein I have done honour both to your lordship's wisdom, in judging that that will be best believed of your lordship which is truest, and to your lordship's good nature, in retaining[13] nothing from you. And even so I wish your lordship all happiness, and to myself means and occasion to be added to my faithful desire to do you service.

From my lodging at Gray's Inn.[14]

—1592?

from *Essays*

The Epistle Dedicatory

TO MASTER ANTHONY BACON
His Dear Brother

Loving and beloved brother, I do now like some that have an orchard ill-neighboured, that gather their fruit before it is ripe to prevent stealing. These fragments of my conceits were going to print. To labour the stay of them[15] had been troublesome, and subject to interpretation; to let them pass had been to adventure[16] the wrong they might receive by untrue copies,[17] or by some garnishment which it might please any that should set them forth to bestow upon them. Therefore I held it best discretion to publish them myself as they passed long ago from my pen, without any further disgrace than the weakness of the author. And as I did ever hold,[18] there might be as great a vanity in retiring and withdrawing men's conceits (except they be of some nature) from the world, as in obtruding them: So in these particulars I have played myself the inquisitor, and find nothing to my understanding in them contrary or infectious to the state of religion, or manners, but rather (as I suppose) medicinable. Only I disliked now to put them out because they will be like the late new half-pence, which though the silver were good, yet the pieces were small. But since they would not

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1 *affect* desire.

2 *encounter* lack of firm direction.

3 *any* anyone.

4 *concurrent* rival or competitor.

5 *Anaxagoras* Greek philosopher (c. 500-428 BCE), who maintained (among other things) that the stars and planets were not gods but natural phenomena; his impious views led to his banishment and impoverishment.

6 See *Laertius*, 2.2.6.

7 *lease of quick revenue* i.e., a property that would guarantee a speedy return or income.

8 *some office of gain that shall be executed by deputy* i.e., some public office which Bacon would hire a deputy to undertake while he himself received the income from said office.

9 *give over all care of service* i.e., surrender all desire for a life of public service.

10 *book-maker* a compiler or editor rather than an original writer (a term of contempt).

11 *pioneer* miner.

12 *he* Democritus, Greek philosopher (b. c. 460 BCE), who is reported to have said, "Of a truth we know nothing, for truth is in a well (i.e., in an abyss)" (*Laertius*, 2.9.72).

13 *retaining* withholding.

14 Even when no longer a student there, Bacon maintained rooms at Gray's Inn.

15 *To labour the stay of them* i.e., to work to prevent their appearance in print.

16 *adventure* risk.

17 *untrue copies* imperfect or flawed copies of the texts, unapproved by the author.

18 *hold* believe.

stay with their master, but would needs travel abroad, I have preferred them to you that are next myself; dedicating them, such as they are, to our love, in the depth whereof (I assure you) I sometimes wish your infirmities translated upon myself, that her Majesty might have the service of so active and able a mind, and I might be with excuse confined to these contemplations and studies for which I am fittest, so commend I you to the preservation of the divine Majesty. From my chamber at Gray's Inn, this 30th of January, 1597.

Your entire loving brother.

Fran. Bacon.

Of Studies[1]

Studies serve for pastimes, for ornaments, and for abilities.[2] Their chief use for pastime is in privateness and retiring;[3] for ornament is in discourse,[4] and for ability is in judgement. For expert[5] men can execute,[6] but learned men are fittest to judge or censure.[7]

To spend too much time in them is sloth,[8] to use them too much for ornament is affectation: to make judgement wholly by their rules is the humour[9] of a scholar.[10]

They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience.

Crafty[11] men contemn[12] them, simple[13] men admire[14] them, wise men use them: For they teach not their own use, but that is[15] a wisdom without them, and above them,[16] won by observation.

Read not to contradict, nor to believe, but to weigh and consider.

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested: that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read but cursorily, and some few to be read wholly and with diligence and attention.

Reading maketh a full man, conference[17] a ready man, and writing an exact man. And therefore if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer[18] little, he had need have a present wit;[19] and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that[20] he doth not.

Histories make men wise, poets witty;[21] the mathematics subtle, natural philosophy deep; moral grave,[22] logic and rhetoric able to contend.[23]

Of Discourse

Some in their discourse desire rather commendation of wit in being able to hold[24] all arguments, than of judgement in discerning what is true,[25] as if it were a praise to know what might be said, and

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1 The paragraph divisions here and below are those indicated in the first edition.

2 *for abilities* i.e., to produce men of ability.

3 *retiring* retirement.

4 *discourse* i.e., the ability to engage effectively in social conversation and public oratory.

5 *expert* experienced.

6 *execute* perform (particular actions).

7 *censure* evaluate.

8 *sloth* laziness (since in spending too much time in private study, the gentleman neglects the sphere of public service).

9 *humour* governing characteristic or temperament of.

10 *scholar* i.e., specifically a university scholar, one not engaged in the active life of public service.

11 *Crafty* cunning, full of guile.

12 *contemn* despise.

13 *simple* innocent; but the pejorative meaning (foolish, ignorant) is also implied.

14 *admire* wonder at.

15 *that is* i.e., that which is.

16 *For they teach … without them, and above them* i.e., although the study of a particular discipline can make a student learned in its specific content and methods, this study alone is not enough: the application of a discipline's content and methods relies upon a student's engagement with and observation of the world around him.

17 *conference* discussing, discoursing.

18 *confer* discourse, engage in conversation.

19 *present wit* nimble intellect.

20 *that* i.e., that which.

21 *witty* ingenious, imaginative.

22 *grave* serious.

23 *contend* argue.

24 *hold* maintain.

25 In Renaissance faculty psychology, "wit" is described as that mental faculty which allows one to join disparate ideas and images together, while "judgement" is a mental faculty which allows one to discriminate between ideas, images, etc.

not what should be thought.[1] Some have certain commonplaces and themes[2] wherein they are good, and want[3] variety, which kind of poverty is for the most part tedious, and now and then ridiculous.

The honourablest part[4] of talk is to guide the occasion,[5] and again to moderate and pass to somewhat else.

It is good to vary and mix speech of the present occasion[6] with argument,[7] tales with reasons,[8] asking of questions with telling of opinions, and jest[9] with earnest.

But some things are privileged[10] from jest, namely religion, matters of state,[11] great persons,[12] any man's present[13] business of importance, and any case that deserveth pity.

He that questioneth much shall learn much, and content[14] much, specially if he apply[15] his questions to the skill of the person of whom he asketh, for he shall give them occasion to please themselves in speaking, and himself shall continually gather knowledge.

If you dissemble[16] sometimes your knowledge of that[17] you are thought to know, you shall be thought another time to know that you know not.

Speech of a man's self is not good often, and there is but one case wherein a man may commend himself with good grace,[18] and that is in commending virtue in another, especially if it be such a virtue as whereunto himself pretendeth.[19]

Discretion of speech is more than[20] eloquence, and to speak agreeably[21] to him with whom we deal is more than to speak in good words or in good order.

A good continued[22] speech without a good speech of interlocution showeth slowness; and a good reply or second speech without a good set speech showeth shallowness and weakness, as we see in beasts that those that are weakest in the course are yet nimblest in the turn.[23]

To use too many circumstances[24] ere one come to the matter is wearisome, to use none at all is blunt.

Of Ceremonies and Respects[25]

He that is only real[26] had need[27] have exceeding great parts of virtue,[28] as the stone had need be rich that is set without foil.[29]

But commonly it is in praise as it is in[30] gain. For as the proverb is true, that "Light gains[31] make heavy purses": Because they come thick,[32] whereas great come but now and then, so it is as true that small matters[33] win great commendation:

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1 *should be thought* i.e., the truth.

2 *commonplaces and themes* Students were often asked to prepare speeches on a particular theme or commonplace observation or aphorism.

3 *want* lack.

4 *part* undertaking, action.

5 *occasion* topic or theme of conversation.

6 *present occasion* i.e., a topic of interest at the time, but one which lacks real substance (the topic of "light" conversation).

7 *argument* i.e., more substantive or serious topic of discussion.

8 *reasons* statements.

9 *jest* joking, playfulness.

10 *privileged* exempt.

11 *matters of state* i.e., things that pertain to the nation, government, and politics.

12 *great persons* powerful people.

13 *present* current, immediate.

14 *content* please [other people].

15 *apply* adapt.

16 *dissemble* disguise, hide.

17 *that* i.e., that which.

18 *with good grace* graciously, properly.

19 *pretendeth* aspires.

20 *more than* i.e., more important than.

21 *agreeably* suitably, appropriately.

22 *continued* sustained, lengthy.

23 *in the turn* in manoeuvring.

24 *circumstances* introductory remarks.

25 *Ceremonies and Respects* formal even ritualistic aspects of social behaviour and respectful comportment towards others, much like that which Sir Thomas Hoby recommends in his translation of Castiglione's *Book of the Courtier* (see pp. 309-31).

26 *real* straightforward.

27 *had need* needs to have.

28 *parts of virtue* merits, good qualities.

29 *foil* thin leaf of metal used in the setting of jewels and semi-precious stones to throw their colour/lustre into relief.

30 *it is in* i.e., it is the same for.

31 *Light gains* trivial profits.

32 *thick* frequently and in great number.

33 *small matters* minor acts of civility or politeness.

because they are continually in use and in note, whereas the occasion of any great virtue cometh but on holy days.[1]

To attain[2] good forms,[3] it sufficeth not to despise them, for so shall a man observe them in others, and[4] let him trust himself with the rest:[5] for if he care[6] to express them he shall leese[7] their grace, which is to be natural and unaffected. Some men's behaviour is like a verse wherein every syllable is measured.[8] How can a man comprehend[9] great matters that breaketh[10] his mind too much to small observations?

Not to use ceremonies at all is to teach others not to use them again,[11] and so diminish his respect; especially they be[12] not to be omitted to strangers and strange[13] natures.

Amongst a man's peers a man shall be sure of familiarity, and therefore it is a good title[14] to keep state;[15] amongst a man's inferiors one shall be sure of reverence, and therefore it is good a little to be familiar.

He that is too much[16] in any thing, so that he give another[17] occasion of satiety, maketh himself cheap.

To apply[18] oneself to others is good, so it be with demonstration that man doth it upon regard, and not upon facility.[19]

It is a good precept generally in seconding[20] another, yet to add somewhat of one's own; as if you will grant his opinion, let it be with some distinction; if you will follow his motion,[21] let it be with condition; if you allow his counsel,[22] let it be with alleging[23] further reason.

Of Followers and Friends

Costly[24] followers are not to be liked, lest while a man maketh his train[25] longer he make his wings shorter. I reckon to be costly not them alone which charge the purse,[26] but which are wearisome and importune in suits.[27]

Ordinary following ought to challenge no higher conditions than countenance,[28] recommendation, and protection from wrong.

Factious[29] followers are worse to be liked, which follow not upon affection to him with whom they range[30] themselves, but upon discontentment conceived against some other; whereupon commonly ensueth that ill intelligence[31] that we many times see between great personages.

The following by certain states,[32] answerable[33] to that[34] which a great person himself professeth, as of soldiers to him[35] that hath been employed in

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1 *on holy days* holidays (i.e., infrequently; only periodically).

2 *attain* acquire.

3 *good forms* proper manners.

4 *and* then.

5 *the rest* i.e., with the practicing of them himself.

6 *for if he care* i.e., for if he takes too much trouble, if he seems to labour too obviously (in their practice and display).

7 *leese* lose.

8 *measured* calculated.

9 *comprehend* "understand," but also "deal with."

10 *breaketh* subordinates, is wholly engaged in considering.

11 *again* in return.

12 *be* are.

13 *strange* unknown, unfamiliar.

14 *good title* an appropriate behaviour.

15 *keep state* be somewhat formal or dignified.

16 *too much* too familiar.

17 *another* i.e., another person.

18 *apply* accommodate.

19 *upon regard, and not upon facility* i.e., because of personal respect and not because of sycophancy or flattery.

20 *seconding* agreeing with.

21 *follow his motion* agree with his proposal; follow his "lead."

22 *allow his counsel* accept and approve of his advice.

23 *alleging* adding.

24 *Costly* expensive.

25 *train* retinue (with the subsequent reference to "wings," Bacon plays on the peacock's long tail or "train," a familiar Renaissance emblem of vanity and pride).

26 *which charge the purse* who are an expense to (one's) income.

27 *importune in suits* i.e., importunate in their requests or petitions for favour and advancement.

28 *challenge no higher conditions than countenance* i.e., command no more significant treatment or favours than approval (a favourable look).

29 *Factious* those who follow a man in order to inconvenience their political rivals or enemies.

30 *range* ally.

31 *ill intelligence* misunderstanding, personal conflict.

32 *certain states* classes or kinds of men.

33 *answerable* corresponding.

34 *to that* i.e., to that profession or course of life.

35 *him* i.e., the aristocrat or person of rank that the essay is discussing.

the wars, and the like, has ever been a thing civil[1] and well taken even in monarchies, so[2] it be without too much pomp or popularity.[3]

But the most honourable kind of following is to be followed as one that apprehendeth to advance virtue and desert[4] in all sorts of persons; and yet where there is no eminent odds in sufficiency,[5] it is better to take with the more passable than with the more able.[6] In government[7] it is good to use men of one rank equally,[8] for to countenance[9] some extraordinarily is to make them insolent and the rest discontent, because they may claim a due.[10] But in favours[11] to use men with much difference and election[12] is good, for it maketh the persons preferred more thankful and the rest more officious,[13] because all is of favour.[14]

It is good not to make too much[15] of any man at first, because one cannot hold out that proportion.[16]

To be governed by one[17] is not good, and to be distracted[18] with many is worse; but to take the advice of friends is ever honourable: for "Lookers-on many times see more than gamesters;[19] And the vale best discovereth the hill."[20] There is little friendship in the world, and least of all between equals, which was wont to be magnified.[21] That that is, is between superior and inferior, whose fortunes may comprehend[22] the one the other.

Of Suits[23]

Many ill matters[24] are undertaken, and many good matters with ill minds. Some embrace suits which[25] never mean to deal[26] effectually in them. But if they see there may be life in the matter by some other mean,[27] they will be content to win a thank or take a second[28] reward. Some take hold of suits only for an occasion to cross[29] some other, or to make[30] an information whereof they could not otherwise have an apt precept,[31] without care what become of the suit when that turn is served. Nay some undertake suits with a full purpose to let them fall, to the end to gratify the adverse party or competitor.

Surely there is in sort[32] a right in every suit, either a right of equity,[33] if it be a suit of contro-

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1 *civil* decent.

2 *so* provided.

3 *popularity* In both classical and Renaissance political theory, currying favour with the common people (looking to achieve "popularity") was considered a politically and socially subversive action.

4 *apprehendeth to advance virtue and desert* i.e., works energetically to promote or reward virtue and merit.

5 *no eminent odds in sufficiency* i.e., when of two candidates neither is superior.

6 *take with the more passable than with the more able* i.e., employ or associate with [the man] who is more easily acceptable than [the man] who is more capable.

7 *government* employment, business.

8 *to use men of one rank equally* to treat men of equal capacity or abilities, and perhaps also men of the same social rank, in the same way.

9 *countenance* approve of.

10 *claim a due* demand favours as a right (rather than request them as a gift).

11 *in favours* i.e., in distributing favours or rewards.

12 *difference and election* discrimination and choice.

13 *officious* ready to serve, subservient, obedient.

14 *all is of favour* i.e., everything depends upon a patron's favour.

15 *make too much* i.e., give too much attention to.

16 *hold out that proportion* i.e., maintain that type of treatment.

17 *one* i.e., the servant.

18 *distracted* i.e., confused.

19 *gamesters* gamblers.

20 *And the vale best discovereth the hill* i.e., the valley has the best view of a hill (people beneath the great have a clearer view of them).

21 *which was wont to be magnified* i.e., which we are accustomed to see celebrated; Bacon refers here to the Renaissance glorification of male friendship in texts like Cicero's *Laelius: De Amicitia* ("On Friendship").

22 *comprehend* include.

23 In the 1598 edition and all subsequent editions, this essay is entitled "Of Suitors."

24 *ill matters* evil suits.

25 *which* who.

26 *deal* act.

27 *life in the matter by some other mean* i.e., the suit "has legs," and therefore might succeed if undertaken in another way.

28 *second* secondary, less significant.

29 *cross* obstruct, hinder.

30 *make* obtain.

31 *precept* perhaps in the sense of "a rule for action or conduct, *esp.* a rule for moral conduct" (*OED* precept, n. 1a).

32 *sort* measure.

33 *equity* justice.

versy;[1] or a right of desert,[2] if it be a suit of petition.[3] If affection[4] lead a man to favour the wrong side in justice,[5] let him rather use his countenance[6] to compound[7] the matter than to carry[8] it. If affection lead a man to favour the less worthy in desert, let him do it without depraving[9] or disabling[10] the better deserver.

In suits a man doth not well understand, it is good to refer them to some friend of trust and judgement, that may report whether he may deal in them with honour.[11]

Suitors are so distasted[12] with delays and abuses that plain dealing in denying to deal in suits at first,[13] and reporting the success barely,[14] and in challenging[15] no more thanks than one hath deserved, is grown not only honourable but also gracious.[16]

In suits of favour the first coming ought to take little place.[17] So far forth consideration may be had of his[18] trust, that if intelligence of the matter could not otherwise have been had but by him, advantage be not taken of the note.[19]

To be ignorant of the value[20] of a suit is simplicity,[21] as well as to be ignorant of the right[22] thereof is want[23] of conscience.

Secrecy in suits is a great mean of obtaining, for voicing them to be in forwardness[24] may discourage some kind of suitors, but doth quicken and awake others.

But timing of the suits is the principal, timing I say not only in respect of the person that should grant it, but in respect of those which are like to cross it.

Nothing is thought so easy[25] a request to a great person as his letter, and yet if it be not in a good cause, it is so much out of his reputation.

Of Negotiating

It is generally better to deal by speech than by letter, and by the mediation of a third[26] than by a man's self.[27] Letters are good when a man would draw[28] an answer by letter back again, or when it may serve for a man's justification afterwards to produce his own letter. To deal in person is good when a man's face breeds regard,[29] as commonly with inferiors.

In choice of instruments[30] it is better to choose men of a plainer[31] sort, that are like[32] to do that that is committed to them, and to report back again faithfully the success,[33] than those that are cunning to contrive out of other men's business

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1 *suit of controversy* a legal suit.

2 *desert* merit.

3 *suit of petition* i.e., a personal suit (perhaps where the suitor is seeking help in obtaining an office, monopoly, or other favour that the patron has within his power to grant or can effectively influence the granting of).

4 *affection* liking, and the partiality which accompanies it.

5 *in justice* i.e., in matters that deal with issues of law and justice.

6 *countenance* influence.

7 *compound* settle privately by agreement.

8 *carry* pursue or prosecute publicly through the courts.

9 *depraving* disparaging, speaking badly of.

10 *disabling* depreciating.

11 *deal in them with honour* i.e., act in them honourably.

12 *distasted* offended.

13 *denying to deal in suits at first* i.e., refusing to deal in suits from the moment they are proposed.

14 *reporting the success barely* i.e., giving an honest and unvarnished account of the outcome of one's acting in a suitor's behalf.

15 *challenging* claiming, demanding.

16 *gracious* agreeable.

17 *In suits of favour the first coming ought to take little place* i.e., just because a suitor has presented his petition to you first, that does not mean that this petition should receive priority over a later (and perhaps more deserving) one.

18 *his* i.e., the first petitioner.

19 *note* information.

20 *value* import, meaning.

21 *simplicity* stupidity, ignorance.

22 *right* justice.

23 *want* lack.

24 *voicing them to be in forwardness* i.e., revealing that they are in preparation.

25 *easy* sure of success.

26 *third* a third party.

27 *by a man's self* i.e., in person.

28 *draw* obtain.

29 *breeds regard* commands respect.

30 *instruments* agents.

31 *plainer* more straightforward.

32 *like* likely.

33 *success* outcome or result (whether bad or good).

somewhat to grace themselves,[1] and will help the matter in report for satisfaction's sake.[2]

It is better to sound[3] a person with whom one deals afar off,[4] than to fall upon the point at first,[5] except you mean to surprise him by some short[6] question.

It is better dealing with men in appetite[7] than with those which are where they would be.

If a man deal with another upon conditions,[8] the start or first performance is all;[9] which a man cannot reasonably demand,[10] except either the nature of the thing be such, which must go before,[11] or else a man can persuade the other party that he[12] shall still need him in some other thing, or else that he be counted the honester[13] man.

All practice[14] is to discover or to work.[15] Men discover themselves in trust, in passion, at unawares,[16] and of necessity, when they would have somewhat done, and cannot find an apt precept. If you would work[17] any man, you must either know his nature and fashions,[18] and so lead him; or his ends, and so win him; or his weakness or disadvantages, and so awe[19] him; or those that have interest in[20] him, and so govern him. In dealing with cunning persons we must ever consider their ends to interpret their speeches; and it is good to say little to them, and that which they least look for.[21]

—1597

[1] *somewhat to grace themselves* i.e., something to ensure that they curry favour for themselves (with their employers).

[2] *help the matter in report for satisfaction's sake* i.e., colour the matter in such a way as to please their employer.

[3] *sound* try (them) out, investigate.

[4] *afar off* indirectly.

[5] *than to fall upon the point at first* i.e., than to come immediately to the point.

[6] *short* blunt, without any preparation, without laying the groundwork for.

[7] *in appetite* i.e., when they're hungry; in a state of expectation.

[8] *upon conditions* conditionally (expecting in return a reward).

[9] *the start … all* i.e., the beginning (of any such negotiation) is crucial.

[10] *demand* expect.

[11] *which must go before* i.e., that it must be performed first without any guarantee that you will return the action or favour.

[12] *he* the first agent.

[13] *honester* having more credibility than.

[14] *practice* negotiation; but, perhaps, also "stratagem."

[15] *to discover or to work* display the true nature of your opponent or to manipulate him.

[16] *in trust* in trusting; *in passion* in anger; *at unawares* unexpectedly.

[17] *would work* i.e., desire to manipulate.

[18] *fashions* customs, generally accepted usages.

[19] *awe* cow him, put him in awe.

[20] *have interest in* i.e., have a stake or are personally invested in.

[21] *look for* expect.

George Chapman
1559/1560-1634

George Chapman is perhaps best known today for the immortalization of his most influential work—the verse translation of Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*—in Keats's "On First Looking Into Chapman's Homer." Chapman's journey to the production of these poetic "realms of gold," however, was plagued by poverty, imprisonment, and ill-fated patronage relationships. Born in Hitchin, a town about thirty miles north of London, Chapman was the second son in a well-to-do middle class family, who as such had little access to his father's estate. During his career as a poet, dramatist, and soldier, Chapman was twice charged for debt, once arrested, and once imprisoned. More famously, however, he was arrested and imprisoned along with Ben Jonson for his hand in the collaborative play *Eastward Ho* (1605?), the satiric references to the Scots angering the new king, James I. His public life began promisingly enough, with a stint at Oxford (c. 1574) and service in the household of Sir Ralph Sadler (c. 1583). Leaving his position, Chapman saw military action in the Low Country campaigns (1591-92), returning to London sometime between 1592 and 1594, when his first work, *The Shadow of Night*, was published. This work reflects his membership in a group of learned young men—astronomers, mathematicians, poets, and writers—headed and supported by Sir Walter Ralegh. "The School of Night," as the group came to be known, were all interested in natural philosophy and the new sciences, as well as hermetic philosophy. Both Shakespeare (in *Love's Labour's Lost*) and Thomas Nashe (in *The Terrors of the Night*) parodied the preoccupation with esoteric and Neoplatonic philosophy as well as the intentional obscurity that characterize Chapman's first work and, to a certain extent, his second, *Ovid's Banquet of Sense* (1595). Chapman's dedications to both *The Shadow of Night* and Ovid's *Banquet of Sense* are partly an attempt to justify them against these attacks. His continued association with "The School of Night"—testified to by his celebration of Ralegh's Guiana expedition in "De Guiana, Carmen Epicum" (1596) and his poetic tribute to fellow "School" member, Thomas Harriot, astronomer and mathematician, in *Achilles Shield* (1598)—did not prevent him from producing some fifteen plays between 1596 and 1624 for three different companies.

Chapman's search for poetic patronage, however, met with mixed success: Prince Henry, James I's son, died suddenly at the age of 18 and his promised financial support of Chapman's "Homer" went unfulfilled by his father; Chapman's relationship with Robert Carr, later earl of Somerset, was affected by the scandal of Somerset's marriage to Frances, countess of Essex, and the couple's subsequent trial, imprisonment, and royal pardon for the murder of Thomas Overbury. *Andromeda Liberata* (1614), a celebration of Carr's marriage, was read as an allegory of Frances's imprisonment in her marriage to the aged Essex, and her liberation through its annulment and her subsequent wedding to Carr. Chapman found himself having to publish a defence of the work to silence accusations of libel. Chapman's crowning poetic achievements are his translation of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* (collected in *The Whole Works of Homer* [1616]) and Homer's minor works (*The Crown of Homer's Works* [1624]). The latter precedes his death by ten years, yet nothing is known of this last decade of his life.

EDITIONS: *Ovids banquet of sence.* London: Printed by J[ames] R[oberts] for Richard Smith, 1595. STC 4985; *Achilles shield.* London: Imprinted by John Windet, 1598. STC 13635; "De Guiana, Carmen Epicum," contained in Lawrence Kemys's *A relation of the second voyage to Guiana.* London: [Imprinted] By Thomas Dawson, 1596. STC 14947.

ADDITIONAL ONLINE TEXTS: George Chapman. From "A Coronet for His Mistress Philosophy" in *Ovid's Banquet of Sense* (1595).

from *Ovid's Banquet of Sense*[1]

A Coronet for His Mistress Philosophy, and His Amorous Zodiac.[2]

With a translation of a Latin copy, written by a Friar, Anno. Dom. 1400.[3]

To the Truly Learned, and My Worthy Friend, Master Matthew Royden[4]

Such is the wilful poverty of judgements, sweet Matthew, wandering like passportless men in contempt of the divine discipline of poesy, that a man may well fear to frequent their walks. The profane multitude I hate, and only consecrate my strange[5] poems to these searching spirits whom learning hath made noble and nobility sacred, endeavouring that material oration, which you call *schema*, varying in some rare fiction from popular custom, even for the pure sakes of ornament and utility.[6] This of Euripides exceeding sweetly relishing with me: *Lentem coquens ne quicquam olentis addito.*[7]

But that poesy should be as pervial[8] as oratory, and plainness her special ornament, were the plain way to barbarism, and to make the ass run proud of his ears,[9] to take away strength from lions, and give camels horns.

That *enargia*, or clearness of representation, required in absolute[10] poems is not the perspicuous delivery of a low invention, but high and hearty invention expressed in most significant and unaffected phrase.[11] It serves not a skilful painter's turn to draw the figure of a face only to make known who it represents; but he must limn,[12] give lustre, shadow, and heightening, which though ignorants will esteem spiced and too curious,[13] yet

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[1] Although *Ovid's Banquet of Sense* did not receive a second edition until 1639, its popularity is testified to by the inclusion of twenty-five selections from the poem in R. Allott's anthology of Elizabethan verse, *England's Parnassus* (1600).

[2] On the genre of the coronet or crown of sonnets, see the extracts from *A Coronet*, in the additional online texts. *The Amorous Zodiac* is a translation of a French poem by Gilles Durant, describing a mistress's beauty by comparing her body to the zodiac. See M. MacLure, *George Chapman: A Critical Study* (Toronto, 1966), p. 59.

[3] The third work in the volume is "The Amorous Contention," a translation by Chapman's friend, Richard Stapleton, of a medieval Latin poem *De Phyllide et Flora* (C.S. Lewis, *English Literature in the Sixteenth Century* [Oxford, 1959], p. 513). It debates the relative claims of a soldier and a clerk to being "fitst for venerie" (sexual intercourse); Cupid settles the question in favour of the clerk (MacLure, *George Chapman*, p. 59). The title page also includes an epigram from the Latin poet Persius' "Satire 1": "Quis legat haec? Nemo Hercule nemo, vel duo vel nemo." In the satire, a poet is reciting his verse when someone asks, "Who will read stuff like that?" The poet replies "Not a soul, by Hercules. One or two perhaps or nobody" (qtd. in R.B. Waddington, "Chapman and Persius: The Epigraph to *Ovid's Banquet of Sence*," *RES* 19.74 [May 1968], p. 159). Chapman may have been attracted to Persius because, like himself, this classical satirist had a reputation for being less than direct in style and approach. Persius was also famous for castigating his society's moral and aesthetic degeneracy (pp. 160-61).

[4] Matthew Royden (fl. 1580-1622), Oxford MA (1580), and member of "The School of Night." Roydon had studied at the Inns of Court (London), was the author of occasional verse, and a friend of Sidney, Spenser, Lodge, Marlowe, and Nashe.

[5] *strange* unusual or exceptional to a degree that excites wonder or astonishment.

[6] *The profane multitude I hate … utility* That early poets, such as Homer, chose to write in such a way as to appeal to the learned at the same time that they protected themselves from the ignorant goes back at least to Plato's *Protagoras*.

[7] Latin, "Pray perfume not the good pea-soup." The comic poet Strattis' criticism of the Greek playwright Euripides' style which Strattis thought nauseatingly over-refined (Aristotle, *De Sensu*, 443b). "Olentis" is "dentis" in the original, but this is clearly a misprint.

[8] *pervial* clear.

[9] *to make the ass run proud of his ears* Proverb, "An ass is known by his ears" (i.e., "a proverb applied to them, which although they lack learning, yet will they babble and make countenance, as if they knew somewhat" [*Tilley* A355]). In Aesop's "The Camel and Zeus," a camel begs Zeus for the horns of a bull. Angry that the camel is dissatisfied with his great size and strength, Zeus not only refuses the camel's request but cuts off part of his ears as a punishment: A man should beware of the greed that makes him envy the attributes of others, since such greed will blind him to his own attributes and even cause their loss.

[10] *absolute* perfect, consummate.

[11] *That enargia … phrase* Renaissance writers believed that good poetry should display both *enargia*, a delightful surface created largely through the employment of rhetorical ornament, and *energia*, a compelling central idea. See G. Puttenham, *The Arte of English Poesie* (1589) in *Elizabethan Critical Essays*, ed. G.G. Smith, vol. 2 (Oxford, 1937), p. 148; and Sidney, *Defence of Poesy*, p. 737, note 5.

[12] *limn* to paint in watercolour; here, perhaps, more specifically, to adorn or embellish with bright colours, gold, or silver.

[13] *spiced* exoticized; *too curious* overly ingenious or elaborate.

such as have the judicial perspective will see it hath motion, spirit, and life.

There is no confection made to last but it is admitted more cost and skill than presently-to-be-used simples;[1] and, in my opinion, that which being with a little endeavour searched adds a kind of majesty to poesy is better than that which every cobbler may sing to his patch.[2]

Obscurity in affection of words and indigested conceits is pedantical and childish; but where it shroudeth itself in the heart of his subject, uttered with fitness of figure and expressive epithets, with that darkness will I still labour to be shadowed.[3] Rich minerals are digged out of the bowels of the earth, not found in the superficies[4] and dust of it; charms made of unlearned characters are not consecrate by the Muses which are divine artists, but by Evippe's daughters that challenged them with mere nature, whose breasts, I doubt not, had been well worthy commendation if their comparison had not turned them into pies.[5]

Thus (not affecting glory for mine own slight labours, but desirous others should be more worthily glorious, nor professing sacred poesy in any degree), I thought good to submit to your apt judgement, acquainted long since with the true habit of poesy; and now since your labouring wits endeavour heaven-high thoughts of nature, you have actual means to sound[6] the philosophical conceits that my new pen so seriously courteth. I know that empty and dark spirits will complain of palpable night, but those that before-hand have a radiant and light-bearing intellect will say they can pass through Corinna's garden without the help of a lantern.

Your own most worthily
and sincerely affected,
George Chapman.

[...]

I.D. of the Middle Temple[7]

Only that eye which for true love doth weep,
Only that heart which tender love doth pierse,[8]
May read and understand this sacred vierse,[9]
For other wits too mystical and deep.
Between these hallowed leaves Cupid doth keep
The golden lesson of his second artist,
For love, till now, hath still a master missed,
Since Ovid's eyes were closed with iron sleep;
But now his waking soul in Chapman lives,
Which shows so well the passions of his soul,

[1] *There is no confection ... simples* Chapman uses a pharmaceutical metaphor to convey the distinction between his own complex poetry and the simpler sort desired by "ignorants." He compares his own to a "confection," a medicinal preparation compounded of various drugs, here including a sweetening and preserving agent that will make the remedy, like the poem, "last"; simpler poetry is compared to a medicine concocted of only one ingredient, especially one herb or plant; unlike the more expensive confections, simples contained no preserving agents and thus had to be used immediately ("presently"). The distinction between the two types of remedies also lies in the "book-learning" necessary to make confections, as opposed to the folk knowledge which was the basis of simples.

[2] *is better ... patch* i.e., is better than that which any and every shoemaker may sing while repairing shoes.

[3] *Obscurity ... shadowed* In his letter to Somerset, Chapman writes, "[T]he poet creates both a body and a soul in them [i.e., his verses]. Wherein, if the body (being the letter, or history) seem fictive, and beyond possibility to bring into act: the sense then and allegory (which is the soul) is to be sought: which intends a more eminent expressure of virtue for her loveliness; and of vice for her ugliness, in their several effects; going beyond the life, than any art within life, can possibly delineate." Chapman consistently defends the obscurity that accompanies allegorical writing, citing ancient authority for using such obscurity to "hide [learning and truth] from the base and profane vulgare [i.e., vulgar, ignorant, or simply 'common' men]." In the dedication to *Ovid's Banquet*, Chapman celebrates obscurity of conception, not simply obscurity born from the use of pedantic terms, as a method of addressing a learned audience. There are similar justifications for difficulty and obscurity in poetry in Erasmus's *Adages* (1500), Minturno's *De Poeta* (1559), and Castelvetro's commentary on Aristotle's *Poetics* (1576) [M. Bottrall, "George Chapman's Defence of Difficulty in Poetry," *The Criterion* 16 (1937): pp. 647-48].

[4] *superficies* surfaces.

[5] Evippe's nine daughters foolishly challenged the Muses to a singing contest, were defeated, and were punished by being transformed into magpies, birds whose singing is harsh, whose reputation is poor ("scandalmongers of the woods"), and whose voices can imitate any other sound (*Metamorphoses*, 5.289-335).

[6] *sound* explore deeply.

[7] *I.D.* Sir John Davies. See pp. 1137-53, above.

[8] *pierse* pierce.

[9] *vierse* verse.

And yet this Muse more cause of wonder gives,
And doth more prophet-like love's art enroll:
For Ovid's soul now grown more old and wise
Pours forth itself in deeper mysteries.

Another.

Since Ovid (love's first gentle master) died
He hath a most notorious truant been,
And hath not once in thrice five ages seen
That same sweet Muse that was his first sweet guide;
But since Apollo who was gratified
Once with a kiss, hunting on Cynthus green,
By Love's fair mother, tender beauty's queen,[1]
This favour unto her hath not envied,
That into whom she will, she may infuse,
For the instruction of her tender son,[2]
The gentle Ovid's easy supple Muse,
Which unto thee (sweet Chapman) she hath done:
She makes (in thee) the spirit of Ovid move,
And calls thee second master of her love.
Futurum invisible.[3]

Ovid's Banquet of Sense.

The Argument.

Ovid, newly enamoured of Julia, (daughter to Octavius Augustus Caesar, after by him called Corinna,)[4] secretly conveyed himself into a garden of the Emperor's Court, in an arbour whereof Corinna was bathing, playing upon her lute, and singing;[5] which Ovid overhearing was exceedingly pleased with the sweetness of her voice, and to himself uttered the comfort he conceived in his sense of Hearing.[6]

Then the odours she used in her bath, breathing a rich savour, he expresseth the joy he felt in his sense of Smelling.[7]

Thus growing more deeply enamoured, in great contentation[8] with himself, he ventures to see her in the pride of her nakedness, which doing by stealth, he discovered the comfort he conceived in Seeing, and the glory of her beauty.[9]

Not yet satisfied, he useth all his art to make known his being there without her offence, or (being necessarily offended) to appease her; which done, he entreats a kiss to serve for satisfaction of his Taste, which he obtains.[10]

Then proceeds he to entreaty for the fifth sense and there is interrupted.[11]

---

[1] *Love's fair mother, tender beauty's queen* Venus, goddess of love. *Love* = her son, Cupid.

[2] *her tender son* Cupid.

[3] Latin, "The future is unknowable."

[4] *Ovid* Publius Ovidius Naso (43 BCE-17 CE), popular Roman poet, author of *Metamorphoses*, *Amores*, and *Heroides*. The emperor Augustus exiled Ovid to Tomis (Costanza) on the Black Sea, partly in punishment for his scandalous and witty poem *Ars Amatoria* ("The Art of Love"), which Augustus also had banned from Rome's public libraries. On Ovid's reputation in the Renaissance as a "counter-Plato" and patron of sensual licence, see F. Kermode, "The Banquet of Sense," in *Shakespeare, Spenser, Donne* (London, 1971), pp. 89-90, and p. 101. Ben Jonson's comedy *Poetaster* (1602) represents Ovid in this light, especially in 4.5 and 4.6; *Julia* (39 BCE-c. 14 CE), only daughter of the Emperor Augustus and his wife Scribonia. Traditionally, Julia's relationship with Ovid is the other reason for Ovid's exile, given that Julia had a reputation for adultery and lasciviousness, and that the Emperor banished her at around the same time. In Ovid's *Amores*, the speaker compares the lustful Corinna to an Eastern queen on her way to her wedding night romp, or to a high-class prostitute (1.5.11-12; cf. *Amores* 2.12.1-28). On Julia/Corinna's reputation in the Renaissance, see Kermode, "Banquet," pp. 102, 105, 106, and MacLure, *George Chapman*, pp. 50-51.

[5] Some Renaissance writers apparently believed that Ovid's exile was most directly caused by his observation of the naked Julia bathing. However, the image of the lover/poet watching his mistress bathing is an ancient and popular one, going back at least to the story of Diana and Actaeon. When Actaeon looks upon the goddess Diana bathing naked in a pool, she punishes him by turning him into a stag and setting his own dogs upon him; they tear him to pieces. The myth is traditionally viewed as showing the fatal effects of succumbing to sexual passion (Kermode, "Banquet," p. 107). Ovid compares his fate as an exile to that of Actaeon in Book 2 of his *Tristia*, and this comparison seems to be the origin for this apocryphal episode in Ovid's life (L. Vinge, "Chapman's *Ovid's Banquet of Sense*: Its Sources and Themes," *JWCI* 38 [1975]: p. 253).

[6] Latin marginalia: *Auditus* [Chapman's note].

[7] Latin marginalia: *Olfactus* [Chapman's note].

[8] *contentation* contentment.

[9] Latin marginalia: *Visus* [Chapman's note].

[10] Latin marginalia: *Gustus* [Chapman's note].

[11] Latin marginalia: *Tactus* [Chapman's note]. Chapman's hierarchy of the senses ultimately derives from the Neoplatonic tradition, perhaps

Narratio[1]

The Earth, from heavenly light conceived heat,
Which mixed all her moist parts with her dry,
When with right beams the Sun her bosom beat,
And with fit food her plants did nutrify;
They (which to Earth, as to their mother cling
In forked roots) now sprinkled plenteously
With her warm breath; did hasten to the spring,
Gather their proper forces, and extrude
All power but that with which they stood indued.

2[2]

Then did Cyrrhus[3] fill his eyes with fire,
Whose ardour curled the foreheads of the trees,
And made his green-love burn in his desire,[4]
When youth, and ease, (collectors of love's fees)
Enticed Corinna to a silver spring,
Enchasing a round bow'r; which with it sees,[5]
(As with a diamond doth an ameld[6] ring.)
Into which eye, most pitifully stood
Niobe, shedding tears, that were her blood.

3[7]

Stone Niobe, whose statue to this fountain,
In great Augustus Caesar's grace was brought
From Sypilus, the steep Mygdonian Mountain:
That statue 'tis, still weeps for former thought,
Into this spring Corinna's bathing place;
So cunningly to optic reason[8] wrought,
That afar off it showed a woman's face,
Heavy, and weeping; but more nearly viewed,
Nor weeping, heavy, nor a woman shewed.[9]

4

In summer only wrought her ecstacy;[10]
And that her story might be still observed,
Octavius caused in curious imagery,
Her fourteen children should at large be carved,
Their fourteen breasts, with fourteen arrows gored,
And set by her, that for her seed so starved
To a stone sepulchre herself deplored,
In ivory were they cut; and on each breast,
In golden elements[11] their names impressed.

---

particularly the works of Ficino, who in *Commentary on Plato's Symposium on Love* (1548) orders the senses as follows: "Ratio [Reason], Visus [Sight], Auditus [Hearing], Olfactus [Smell], Gustus [Taste], & Tactus [Touch]" (qtd. in D. Bush, *Mythology and the Renaissance Tradition in English Poetry* [New York, 1963], p. 212, n13). Ficino goes on to state: "... of those six powers of the soul, three pertain more to the body and matter (touch, taste, and smell) whereas the other three (reason, sight, and hearing) pertain to the spirit." See *Commentary on Plato's* Symposium *on Love*, trans. S. Jayne (Dallas, 1985), 5.2.85-86. Aristotle makes sight the most important sense in terms of dealing with the "necessities of life," but hearing is the most important in the gaining of wisdom (J.P. Myers, "'This Curious Frame': Chapman's *Ovid's Banquet of Sense*," *Studies in Philology* 65 [1968]: pp. 199-200).

1 Latin, "the story."

2 This garden of sensual delights (*hortus deliciarum*) warns Ovid against pride, presumption, and arrogance (Kermode, "Banquet," p. 105). Myers adds that the garden is specifically not the *hortus conclusus* ("the enclosed garden") which is biblically and traditionally an emblem of virginity, but an open garden, suggesting the openness of Corinna and the accessibility of her chastity ("'This Curious Frame,'" p. 203).

3 <*> Cyrrhus is a surname of the Sun, from a town called Cyrrha, where he was honoured [Chapman's note].

4 Stanzas 1.1-2.3: D.J. Gless argues that these lines are inspired by Ficino's belief that love is the "perpetual knot and binder of the world, the immoveable support of its parts and the firm foundation of the whole creation" (III.iii, p. 152), for from "common relation[s] a common love is born, and from that love a common attraction.... [Hence] the magnet draws iron ... the sea turns many flowers and leaves toward itself, the moon attracts the seas [VI.x, p. 200]" ("Chapman's Ironic Ovid" *ELR* 9 [1979]: p. 29).

5 *Enchasing* set as a jewel in; <*> By *prosopopaeia*, he makes the fountain the eye of the round arbour, as a diamant (i.e., diamond) seems to be the eye of a ring: and therefore says, the arbour sees with the fountain [Chapman's note].

6 *ameld* enamelled.

7 Stanzas 3-6: Niobe, daughter of Tantalus, king of Sipylus in Lydia, boasted that her seven sons and seven daughters made her superior to Leto, mother of the sun-god Apollo and the goddess of the hunt, Artemis (or Diana). In response to Leto's grief and anger, Apollo and Artemis/Diana killed all of Niobe's children and drove Niobe's husband to commit suicide. Niobe was transformed into an eternally weeping rock (*Metamorphoses*, 6.132-312). Niobe is an emblem of and a warning against the sins of pride and presumption (Vinge, "Chapman's *Ovid's Banquet of Sense*," p. 235).

8 *optic reason* i.e., the reason that depends on information gathered by the sight.

9 *shewed* showed.

10 I.e., only in summer is the terrible suffering ("ecstacy") of Niobe observable, and for this reason the Emperor Octavius Augustus carves the cause of her grief into the statue itself.

11 *elements* letters.

5

Her sons were Sypilus, Agenor, Phaedimus,
Ismenus, Argus, and Damasicthen,
The seventh called like his grandsire, Tantalus.
Her daughters, were the fair Astiochen,
Chloris, Naeera, and Pelopie,
Phaeta, proud Phthia, and Eugigen,
All these apposed[1] to violent Niobe
Had looks so deadly sad, so lively done,
As if death lived in their confusion.[2]

6[3]

Behind their mother two pyramides[4]
Of freckled marble, through the arbour viewed,
On whose sharp brows, Sol and Tytanides
In purple and transparent glass were hewed,[5]
Through which the sun-beams on the statues staying,
Made their pale bosoms seem with blood imbrued,[6]
Those two stern planets' rigours still bewraying[7]
To these dead forms, came living beauty's essence[8]
Able to make them startle with her presence.

7

In a loose robe of tinsel[9] forth she came,
Nothing but it betwixt her nakedness
And envious light. The downward-burning flame
Of her rich hair did threaten new access
Of ventrous[10] Phaeton to scorch the fields:
And thus to bathing came our poet's goddess,
Her handmaids bearing all things pleasure yields
To such a service: odours most delighted,
And purest linen which her looks had whited.[11]

8

Then cast she off her robe, and stood upright,
As lightning breaks out of a labouring cloud;
Or as the morning heaven casts off the night,
Or as that heaven cast off itself, and showed
Heaven's upper light, to which the brightest day
Is but a black and melancholy shroud:
Or as when Venus striv'd for sovereign sway
Of charmful beauty, in young Troy's desire,[12]
So stood Corinna vanishing her tire.[13]

9[14]

A soft enflowered bank embraced the fount;
Of Chloris'[15] ensigns, an abstracted field;
Where grew melanthy, great in bees' account,
Amareus, that precious balm doth yield,
Enamelled pansies, used at nuptials still,

---

[1] *apposed* opposed: placed in juxtaposition to (as a contrast).

[2] *confusion* overthrow, ruin, destruction.

[3] In the Platonic and Neoplatonic traditions, the pyramid came to symbolize an individual's ascent from sensual apprehension of the world to a spiritual and intellectual comprehension of the realities that lay beyond it; it symbolized the possibility of humanity's relationship with the divine, Heaven with earth (J.L. Smarr, "The Pyramid and the Circle: *Ovid's Banquet of Sense*," *Philological Quarterly* 63.3 [1984]: pp. 374-75). The pyramid was more generally associated in the emblem tradition with the unimaginable age of the Egyptian world, the notion of "eternal durability," and sacred love (R.M. Ribner, "'The Compasse of this Curious Frame': Chapman's *Ovid's Banquet of Sence* and the Emblematic Tradition," *Studies in the Renaissance* 17 [1970]: pp. 242-43).

[4] *pyramides* pyramids (stress falls on the second of the four syllables).

[5] The caps of the pyramids are composed of stained glass, representing Sol and Tytanides, more commonly known as Apollo and Artemis (Diana). See p. 1167, note 7; *hewed* carved (with a pun on "hued").

[6] *imbrued* stained or soaked.

[7] *stern planets' rigours* i.e., the rigours of the sun and the moon, the planets traditionally associated with Apollo and Artemis/Diana; *bewraying* revealing, disclosing.

[8] *living beauty's essence* i.e., Corinna.

[9] *tinsel* a rich cloth interwoven with precious threads of gold or silver; sometimes, a thin gauze material so enriched.

[10] *ventrous* adventurous. Phaethon, son of Clymene and the sun god Apollo, persuaded his father to allow him to drive the chariot of the sun. Unable to control the fiery horses, Phaethon endangered heaven and earth before Zeus struck him down with a thunderbolt (*Metamorphoses*, 2.1-329). Phaethon is an emblem of pride and presumption.

[11] *whited* made white.

[12] *Or as when Venus ... desire* When Eris, the goddess of discord, threw a golden apple at the feet of Juno (Hera), Minerva (Athena), and Venus (Aphrodite), saying that it belonged to the most beautiful, Jupiter (Zeus) commanded Paris to be the arbiter of the quarrel which arose. Paris awarded the apple to Venus in return for her promise that he would possess Helen, wife of Menelaus. Fleeing together to Troy, Paris and Helen triggered the Trojan War.

[13] *vanishing her tire* i.e., casting off her clothes.

[14] On the symbolic significance of the flowers in stanzas 9-10, see Appendix at the end of this selection.

[15] *Chloris* the goddess of flowers (also known as Flora).

Diana's arrow, Cupid's crimson shield,
Ope-morn, night-shade, and Venus' navel,
Solemn violets, hanging head as shamed,
And verdant calaminth, for odour famed.

10

Sacred nepenthe, purgative of care,
And sovereign rumex that doth rancour kill,
Sya, and hyacinth, that Furies wear,[1]
White and red jessamines, merry, melliphill:
Fair crown-imperial, emperor of flowers,
Immortal amaranth,[2] white aphrodill,
And cup-like twill-pants, strewed in Bacchus'[3] bowers,
These cling about this nature's naked gem,
To taste her sweets, as bees do swarm on them.

11

And now she used the fount, where Niobe,
Tombed in herself, poured her lost soul in tears
Upon the bosom of this Roman Phoebe;[4]
Who, bathed and odoured, her bright limbs she rears,
And drying her on that disparent[5] ground
Her lute she takes t'enamour heavenly ears,
And try if with her voice's vital sound,
She could warm life through those cold statues spread,[6]
And cheer the dame that wept when she was dead.

12

And thus she sung, all naked as she sat,
Laying the happy lute upon her thigh,
Not thinking any near to wonder at
The bliss of her sweet breasts' divinity.

The Song of Corinna.

'Tis better to contemn[7] than love,
And to be fair than wise;
For souls are ruled by eyes:
And Jove's bird, seized by Cypris' dove,[8]
It is our grace and sport to see,
Our beauties' sorcery,
That makes (like destiny)
Men follow us the more we flee;
That sets wise glosses on the fool,
And turns her cheeks to books,
Where wisdom sees in looks
Derision, laughing at his school,
Who (loving) proves, profaneness, holy;
Nature, our fate; our wisdom, folly.

13

While this was singing, Ovid young in love
With her perfections, never proving yet
How merciful a mistress she would prove,[9]

[1] *and hyacinth, that Furies wear* Although there is an English hyacinth, the jacinth or hare-bells, the mythological significance is of prime importance here. Apollo loved the young man Hyacinthus, but in a discus contest Apollo accidentally struck and killed him. Where Hyacinthus' blood touched the ground those flowers sprang up which bear his name, inscribed with the letters AI AI ("Alas") to immortalize Apollo's love and grief (*Metamorphoses*, 10.149-223). Why the Furies (or Erinyes), the Greek spirits of vengeance or nemesis, might wear sya or hyacinth is unclear, although like the hyacinth the Furies were born of blood. According to Apollodorus, the great ur-god Ouranos (the Heavens) married Ge (the Earth), but Ouranos threw their offspring into Tartaros (Hell). The angry Ge incited the Titans, her later offspring by Ouranos, to attack their father. One of the Titans, Cronos (Time), cut off his father's genitals and threw them into the sea; the three Furies were born from this blood.

[2] *Immortal amaranth* a genus of ornamental plants known for its resistance to wilting and decaying after being picked (J. Gerard, *Gerard's Herbal* [1636] (London, 1985), p. 69). In ancient Greece, amaranth was a plant sacred to Artemis (Diana), the goddess of the moon, virginity, and the hunt. It is a symbol of immortality. For its many relevant medical uses and meanings, see the accompanying Appendix.

[3] *twill-pants* unknown; *Bacchus* the Greek god of wine and revelry.

[4] *Phoebe* Diana/Artemis, the goddess of the moon, chastity, and the hunt.

[5] *disparent* diverse, of various appearance (apparently referring back to the profusion of flowers and plants noted above).

[6] *warm life … spread* Orpheus, son of Calliope, muse of eloquence and heroic poetry, and Apollo, god of the sun, music, and poetry, was given a lyre by his father; with it he created music so powerful that it could animate rocks and trees (*Metamorphoses*, 11.1-105).

[7] *contemn* despise, scorn.

[8] Jove's bird (the eagle) is an emblem of his sovereignty and the emissary of his will. It also represents insight and dominance (Kermode, "Banquet," p. 105). Corinna imagines his bird conquered by that of Venus, representing lust and desire.

[9] *proving* learning, realizing; *prove* turn out to be.

Boldly embraced the power he could not let[1]
And like a fiery exhalation[2]
Followed the sun he wished might never set;
Trusting herein his constellation
Ruled by love's beams, which Julia's eyes erected,
Whose beauty was the star his life directed.[3]

14

And having drenched his ankles in those seas,
He needs would swim, and cared not if he drowned:
Love's feet are in his eyes; for if he please[4]
The depth of beauty's gulfy[5] flood to sound,
He goes upon his eyes, and up to them,
At the first step he is; no shader[6] ground
Could Ovid find; but in love's holy stream
Was past his eyes, and now did wet his ears,
For his high sovereign's silver voice he hears.

15

Whereat his wit, assumed fiery wings,
Soaring above the temper of his soul,[7]
And he the purifying rapture sings
Of his ears' sense, takes full the thespian[8] bowl
And it carouseth to his mistress' health,
Whose sprightful verdure[9] did dull flesh control,
And his conceit[10] he crowneth with the wealth
Of all the Muses in his pleased senses,
When with the ear's delight he thus commences:

16

"Now Muses come, repair your broken wings,
(Plucked and profaned by rustic ignorance,)
With feathers of these notes my mistress sings;
And let quick[11] verse her drooping head advance
From dungeons of contempt to smite the stars;
In Julia's tunes, led forth by furious trance[12]
A thousand Muses come to bid you wars,
Dive to your spring,[13] and hide you from the stroke,
All poets' furies will her tunes invoke.

17

"Never was any sense so set on fire
With an immortal ardour, as mine ears;
Her fingers to the strings doth speech inspire
And numbered laughter;[14] that the descant bears
To her sweet voice; whose species[15] through my sense
My spirits to their highest function rears;
To which impressed with ceaseless confluence
It useth them, as proper to her power
Marries my soul, and makes itself her dower;"

[...]

---

1 *let* hinder, oppose.

2 *exhalation* meteor.

3 Just as Renaissance (and modern) astrology asserts that an individual is influenced, shaped, and to an extent governed by the constellation and planet under which he or she is born, so Chapman makes Corinna's beauty Ovid's governing "constellation," planet, or "star."

4 Conventionally, Love's feet swiftly pursue the beloved (here, as swiftly as a glance).

5 *gulfy* full of whirlpools or eddies; deep as an abyss.

6 *shader* shadier.

7 *Whereat ... soul* While wings are a traditional emblem of poetic inspiration (Ribner, "'The Compasse of this Curious Frame,'" p. 237), there may also be a buried allusion to Icarus (Myers, "'This Curious Frame,'" p. 204). In classical mythology, Icarus is given a pair of wings by his father, Daedalus, so that they can escape from their imprisonment in Crete. Icarus, disobeying his father, flies too close to the sun; the wax holding his wings together melts and he falls into the ocean and is drowned. Renaissance commentators saw his story as a warning against disobedience, pride, and ambition.

8 *thespian* of or pertaining to tragedy, or the dramatic arts in general.

9 *sprightful verdure* lively, fresh, and flourishing condition.

10 *conceit* fancy, imagination as an attribute or faculty of the mind. Cf. Sidney, *Defense* (1581): "That high flying liberty of conceit proper to the poet."

11 *quick* living.

12 *furious trance* the classical *furor poeticus* ("poetic fury") or divine inspiration as the motivation for true poetry.

13 *your spring* the sacred spring of the Muses on Mount Helicon.

14 *numbered laughter* i.e., laughter that mirrors the song's meter and rhythm.

15 *species* usage obscure: perhaps, its essential qualities or specific properties?

41[1]

So vulture love on his increasing liver
And fruitful entrails eagerly did feed,[2]
And with the gold'nest arrow in his quiver,[3]
Wounds him with longings, that like torrents bleeds,
To see the mine of knowledge that enriched
His mind with poverty and desperate need:
A sight that with the thought of sight bewitched,
A sight taught magic his deep mystery,
Quicker in danger than[4] Diana's eye.

42[5]

"Stay therefore, Ovid, venture not a sight
May prove thy rudeness more than show thee loving,
And make thy mistress think thou think'st her light:[6]
Which thought with lightest dames is nothing moving.
The slender hope of favour thou hast yet
Should make thee fear, such gross conclusions proving.
Besides, the thicket Flora's[7] hands hath set
To hide thy theft is thin and hollow-hearted,
Not meet to have so high a charge imparted.[8]

43

"And should it keep thy secrets, thine own eye
Would fill thy thoughts so full of lightenings,
That thou must pass through more extremity,
Or stand content to burn beneath their wings.
Her honour 'gainst thy love, in wager laid,
Thou would'st be pricked with other senses' stings,
To taste, and feel, and yet not there be stayed."[9]
These casts, he cast, and more, his wits more quick
Than can be cast, by wit's arithmetic.[10]

44

Forward, and back, and forward went he thus,[11]
Like wanton Thamysis[12] that hastes to greet
The brackish court of old Oceanus;
And as by London's bosom she doth fleet
Casts herself proudly through the Bridge's twists,[13]
Where (as she takes again her crystal feet:)
She curls her silver hair like amorists,[14]

---

[1] The second "course" in the banquet of sense is the sense of smell, and in stanza 41, Ovid segues into the third course of the banquet, the sense of sight. Vinge points out that ll. 5-6 echo *Metamorphoses* iii.466: *inopem me copia fecit* ("abundance makes me poor"). Occurring as it does in the context of Ovid's story of Narcissus, this echo suggests that Ovid may come to the same fate as Narcissus, a fate driven by misdirected sight and lack of self-knowledge ("Chapman's *Ovid's Banquet of Sense*", p. 244). The beautiful young man Narcissus cruelly rejects the love offered him by others, but, glimpsing his own reflection in a pool, falls in love with it, and pines away and dies for unrequited love.

[2] Zeus, the king of the gods, punished Prometheus for giving mankind the gift of fire by chaining him to a rock and sending an eagle (sometimes a vulture) to tear out his liver. The liver grew back each day, and each day was torn out, thus constituting an eternal punishment. The liver was also thought to be the seat of passion and desire in Renaissance humoural physiology and psychology.

[3] *with the gold'nest … quiver* Love personified as Cupid with the arrows of desire that, piercing an individual, fill him with longing for the beloved.

[4] <*> Allusion to the transformation of Actaeon with the sight of Diana [Chapman's note]. For the myth, see p. 1166, note 5.

[5] Stanzas 42-43: There has been some critical disagreement over who is actually speaking here, Ovid or the poem's narrator, although 43.8-9 makes pretty clear that it is Ovid.

[6] *light* wanton, unchaste, licentious.

[7] *Flora* goddess of flowers (another name for Chloris).

[8] *Not meet … imparted* i.e., not fit to have so great a responsibility, charge, or duty imposed upon it.

[9] *stayed* halted, stopped.

[10] Stanza 43.8-9: A triple pun on "cast": i.e., these "mental revolvings" ("casts") he threw out ("cast") as a trial of their soundness, his wits more quick than can be reckoned or calculated ("cast") by wit's arithmetic.

[11] <*> A simile, expressing the manner of his mind's contention in the desire of her sight, and fear of her displeasure [Chapman's note].

[12] *Thamysis* Greek form of "Thames," imagined as a nymph or goddess running towards her sovereign, Oceanus.

[13] The sole bridge crossing the Thames in the period, London Bridge, was notoriously dangerous to pass under (to "shoot the bridge"), since the piers that supported it "occupied quite one-half of the breadth of the river." The resultant "banking up of the tide caused a difference of level on the 2 sides of the Bridge of as much as 4 ft." (*Topographical Dict.*, p. 316). Chapman imagines the feminized Thames being disordered by this violent passage, necessitating some cosmetic "repair" when she reaches the other side.

[14] *amorist* a professed lover; usually, a votary of (sexual) love, a gallant (*OED* suggests that this word is usually used of men).

Smooths her bright cheeks, adorns her brows with ships,
And empress-like along the coast she trips.[1]

45

Till coming near the sea, she hears him roar,
Tumbling her churlish billows in her face;
Then, more dismayed than insolent before,
Charged to rough battle for his smooth embrace,
She croucheth close within her winding banks,
And creeps retreat into her peaceful palace;
Yet straight[2] high-flowing in her female pranks
Again she will be wanton, and again,
By no means stayed, nor able to contain.

46

So Ovid with his strong affections striving,
Masked in a friendly thicket near her bow'r,
Rubbing his temples, fainting, and reviving,
Fitting his garments, praying to the hour,
Backwards and forwards went, and durst not venter[3]
To tempt the tempest of his mistress' lour,[4]
Or let his eyes her beauty's ocean enter;
At last, with prayer he pierceth Juno's ear,
Great goddess of audacity and fear:

47

"Great Goddess of audacity and fear,[5]
Queen of Olympus, Saturn's eldest seed,
That dost the sceptre over Samos bear,
And rul'st all nuptial rites with power and meed,[6]
Since thou in nature art the mean to mix
Still sulphur humours, and canst therefore speed
Such as in Cyprian sports their pleasures fix,
Venus herself, and Mars by thee embracing,[7]
Assist my hopes, me and my purpose gracing.

48

"Make love within me not too kind but pleasing,
Exiling aspen fear out of his forces,[8]
My inward sight, with outward seeing, easing,
And if he please further to stretch his courses,
Arm me with courage to make good his charges.
Too much desire to please, pleasure divorces;
Attempts and not entreats get ladies' larges;[9]
Wit is with boldness prompt, with terror daunted,
And grace is sooner got of dames than graunted."[10]

49

This said, he charged the arbour with his eye,
Which pierced it through, and at her breasts reflected,
Striking him to the heart with ecstasy:
As do the sun-beams 'gainst the earth prorected,[11]

---

[1] *trips* walks, skips, or runs with a light and lively motion.

[2] *straight* immediately, at once.

[3] *venter* venture.

[4] *lour* frown, threatening look.

[5] The description of Juno (Hera), queen of the gods, eldest daughter of Saturn, wife of Jupiter (Jove, Zeus) and goddess of marriage and childbirth is from Natale Conti's (sometimes, "Natales Comes") *Mythologies*. According to Conti, the ancients saw Juno as representing "the element of air ... and because the air is not only the means by which we breathe, live and see, but it stimulates in our blood a hidden natural power that enables us to apprehend dangers and to undergo them bravely, Juno was on this account believed by the ancients to inspire the powers of Fear and Daring" ("Juno," *Natale Conti's Mythologies: A Select Translation*, trans. and ed. A. DiMatteo [New York, 1994], pp. 78-79).

[6] Juno was most commonly thought to have been born in Samos, an island in the Aegean Sea, "because the air is most healthy there" (Conti, *Mythologies*, p. 72; 79); *meed* prize for excellence.

[7] Conti notes that in alchemical terms, Juno's responsibility for marriage in myth represents her function of "conjoining the sulphuric vapours, Venus and Mars, as it were and ... before the distilling process, she is joined with Jove, and the two together engender the alchemical Sun, hence her being called the wife of Jove" (p. 81). Given the sexual relationship between Venus and Mars, Juno perhaps is that which brings them together and facilitates such a sexual joining "because the richness of all things and the fertility of the fields arise from the temperament of the air" (p. 84), although strictly speaking, Conti refers to Mars and Hebe, in this context; *Cyprian sports* i.e., love games (Venus was thought to have been born from the sea near the island of Cyprus).

[8] Aspens were thought to tremble in the air.

[9] *larges* largess, bounty, gifts (rhymes with "charges" above).

[10] *got* taken from; *graunted* granted.

[11] *prorected* not in *OED*, but clearly from the Latin, "pro" (against) and "rectus" (projected straight, directly, or undeviatingly at).

With their reverberate vigour mount in flames,
And burn much more than where they were directed,
He saw th'extraction[1] of all fairest dames:
The fair of beauty, as whole countries come
And show their riches in a little room.

50

Here Ovid sold his freedom for a look,
And with that look was ten times more enthralled;
He blushed, looked pale, and like a fever shook,[2]
And as a[3] burning vapour being exhaled
Promised by Phoebus' eye to be a star,
Heaven's walls denying to be further scaled
The force dissolves that drew it up so far,
And then it lightens 'gainst his death and falls:
So Ovid's pow'r, this powerful sight appals.

51

This beauty's fair is an enchantment made
By nature's witchcraft, tempting men to buy
With endless shows what endlessly will fade,
Yet promise chapmen[4] all eternity:
But like to goods ill got a fate it hath
Brings men enriched therewith to beggary
Unless th'enricher be as rich in faith,[5]
Enamoured (like good self-love) with her own,
Seen in another, then 'tis heaven alone.[6]

52

For sacred beauty is the fruit of sight,
The courtesy that speaks before the tongue,
The feast of souls, the glory of the light,
Envy of age, and everlasting young,
Pity's commander, Cupid's richest throne,
Music intransed,[7] never duly sung,
The sum and court of all proportion:
And that I may dull speeches best afford,
All rhetoric's flowers[8] in less than in a word.

53

Then in the truest wisdom can be thought,
Spite of the public axiom worldings hold,
That nothing wisdom is that getteth nought,
This all-things-nothing, since it is no gold.[9]
Beauty enchasing love, love gracing beauty,
To such as constant sympathies enfold,
To perfect riches doth a sounder duty
Than all endeavours, for by all consent
All wealth and wisdom rests in true content.

54

Contentment is our heaven, and all our deeds
Bend in that circle, seld[10] or never closed,
More than the letter in the word precedes,
And to conduce that compass is reposed.[11]
More force and art in beauty joined with love,
Than thrones with wisdom; joys of them composed
Are arms more proof 'gainst any grief we prove,[12]

---

[1] *extraction* distillation.

[2] All of these reactions are traditional physiological manifestations of obsessive love. See J. Ferrand, *A Treatise on Lovesickness*, trans. and ed. D.A. Beecher and M. Ciavolella (Syracuse, 1990), chapters 13 and 14, and *Hamlet*, 2.1.77-100.

[3] <*> This simile expresseth the cause and substance of those exhalations which are vulgarly called falling stars: both Homer and Virgil call them, *stellas cadentes*, Homer comparing the descent of Pallas among the Trojans to a falling star [Chapman's note].

[4] *chapmen* merchants, traders, hawkers, but also an obvious pun on the poet's surname.

[5] *faith* faithfulness, loyalty in love.

[6] Stanza 51.7-9 i.e., it is only when love is mutual that it leads to great happiness rather than utter misery.

[7] *intransed* entranced.

[8] *flowers* adornments.

[9] I.e., worldly men see wisdom as defined by financial gain, and thus nothing can be considered wisdom which does not result in monetary gain; wisdom may encompass "all things" but it is "nothing" to such crass materialists.

[10] *seld* seldom.

[11] I.e., we never achieve the perfect circle of contentment we seek, just as the letter "C" remains an unfinished circle at the beginning of this word.

[12] *proof* impenetrable, impervious, invulnerable; *prove* have experience of, go through, suffer.

Than all their virtue-scorning misery
Or judgements graven in Stoic gravity,[1]

55

But as weak colour always is allowed
The proper object of a human eye,
Though light be with a far more force endowed
In stirring up the visual faculty,
This colour being but of virtuous light
A feeble image; and the cause doth lie
In th'imperfection of a human sight,
So this for love, and beauty, love's cold fire,
May serve for my praise, though it merit higher.

56

With this digression, we will now return
To Ovid's prospect in his fancy's storm.
He thought he saw the arbour's bosom burn,
Blazed with a fire wrought in a lady's form:
Where silver past the least and Nature's vant[2]
Did such a precious miracle perform,
She lay, and seemed a flood of diamant[3]
Bounded in flesh: as still as Vesper's[4] hair,
When not an aspen leaf is stirred with air.

57

She lay[5] at length, like an immortal soul
At endless rest in blest Elysium:[6]
And then did true felicity enrol
So fair a lady, figure of her kingdom.
Now Ovid's Muse as in her tropic shined,
And he (struck dead) was mere heaven-born become,[7]
So his quick[8] verse in equal height was shrined,
Or else blame me as his submitted debtor,
That never mistress had to make me better.

58

Now as she lay, attired in nakedness,
His eye did carve him on that feast of feasts:
"Sweet[9] fields of life which Death's foot dare not press,
Flow'red with th'unbroken waves of my love's breasts,
Unbroke by depth of those her beauties' floods!
See where with bent[10] of gold curled into nests
In her head's grove, the spring-bird lameate broods;

---

[1] Stoicism is a Greek school of philosophy, which advocates that men should govern their lives through reason and virtue, and thus be indifferent to pain, death, and other reversals of fortune.

[2] *Where silver past the least* an extremely obscure passage. The punctuation here, the word "vant," and the phrase "silver past the least" are all problematic. According to *OED*, "vant" is a "font" or "fountain," specifically here, a receptacle for the water used in the sacrament of baptism. In this reading, "vant" is one of two subjects of the *vb.* "perform," the other being the phrase "silver past the least." The "vant" may also refer to the receptacle within which alchemists performed the transformation of base metal in the stage known as the "albedo," when "the putrefied body of the metal or matter for the [alchemist's ultimate goal] the [Philosopher's] Stone ... has been washed to whiteness by the mercurial waters or fire" (L. Abraham, "Albedo" in *Dictionary of Alchemical Imagery* [Cambridge, 1998], pp. 4-5). Alchemical texts represent "the female principle of the alchemical opus [i.e., work], Luna, [or silver] [as that] which must be united with the male principle, Sol [or gold], in the chemical wedding, in order to create the magical philosopher's stone" (Abraham, p. 183). For a seventeenth-century illustration of Luna as a female figure surrounded by the flames of the Sun (Sol), see Abraham, p. 119.

[3] *diamant* diamond.

[4] *Vesper* Hesperus, the evening star; thus, the evening.

[5] <*> The amplification of this simile is taken from the blissful state of souls in Elysium, as Virgil feigns: and expresseth a regenerate beauty in all life and perfection, not imitating any rest of death. But in peace of that eternal spring, he pointeth to that life of life, this beauty-clad, naked lady [Chapman's note].

[6] *Elysium* the classical haven of the blessed dead, traditionally identified with the Christian Heaven (especially in Virgil's *Aeneid*, book 6). Christian writers sometimes make Elysium specifically the resting place for the souls of virtuous pagan philosophers (Dante, *Inferno*, book 4). Conti calls it "the heaven of philosophers" (Smarr, "The Pyramid and the Circle," p. 377).

[7] The tropic of Cancer, the zodiacal sign for those born at the beginning of July (like Corinna's original, Julia) marks the point where the days begin to shorten, signalling the long approach of winter. For Neoplatonists, this tropic took on special significance, since it became for them the entrance point where souls descended from Heaven to be embodied (Smarr, "The Pyramid and the Circle," p. 379).

[8] *quick* lively, animated.

[9] <*> He calls her body (as it were divided with her breasts), the fields of Paradise, and her arms and legs the famous rivers in it [Chapman's note].

[10] *bent* collective noun, "grass" (refers to Corinna's golden hair).

Her body doth present those fields of peace[1]
Where souls are feasted with the soul of ease.

59

"To prove which Paradise that nurseth these,
See, see the golden rivers that renown it:
Rich Gehon, Tigris, Phison, Euphrates,
Two from her bright Pelopian shoulders[2] crown it,
And two out of her snowy hills do glide,
That with a deluge of delights do drown it;
The highest two, their precious streams divide
To ten pure floods, that do the body duty
Bounding themselves in length, but not in beauty.[3]

60

"These[4] wind their courses through the painted bow'rs,
And raise such sounds in their inflection,
As ceaseless start from Earth fresh sorts of flow'rs,
And bound that book of life with every section.[5]
In these the Muses dare not swim for drowning,
Their sweetness poisons with such blest infection,
And leaves the only lookers on them swouning,[6]
These forms so decks, and colour makes so shine,
That gods for them would cease to be divine.

61

"Thus though my love be no Elysium
That cannot move from her prefixed place;
Yet have her feet no pow'r from thence to come,
For where she is, is all Elysian grace:
And as those happy men are sure of bliss
That can perform so excellent a race
As that Olympiad where her favour is,
So she can meet them; blessing them the rather
And give her sweets, as well as let men gather.

62

"Ah, how should I be so most happy then
T'aspire that place, or make it come to me?
To gather, or be given, the flow'r of women?
Elysium must with virtue gotten be,
With labours of the soul and continence,
And these can yield no joy with such as she:
She is a sweet Elysium for the sense,[7]
And nature doth not sensual gifts infuse
But that with sense,[8] she still intends their use.

63

"The sense is given us to excite the mind,
And that can never be by sense excited
But first the sense must her contentment find;
We therefore must procure the sense delighted,
That so the soul may use her faculty;[9]
Mine eye then to this feast hath her[10] invited

---

1 *those fields of peace* Elysium (see p. 1174, note 6, above).

2 *Pelopian shoulders* In classical mythology, Tantalus, king of Sipylos, and father of Niobe, killed his son Pelops and prepared the flesh for the gods to unwittingly feast upon; none of the gods touched this cannibalistic banquet except for Demeter, goddess of the harvest, who consumed the boy's shoulder. After bringing Pelops back to life, Zeus provided him with an ivory shoulder to replace the one that had been consumed.

3 In Genesis 2:10-14, these four rivers run through Eden, having sprung from a single source. The first two ("the highest two") are compared to Corinna's arms; these rivers then divide into "ten pure floods," Corinna's ten fingers. The last two are compared to her breasts, perhaps more specifically to her nipples, since breasts themselves are often compared to snowy "hills" or "mounds" in Renaissance love poetry. See Chapman's note to stanza 60.

4 <*> He intends the office of her fingers in attiring her, touching this of their courses, in their inflection following, their playing upon an instrument [Chapman's note].

5 *These wind … every section* In Corinna's attiring of herself (where her bodily parts are compared to "painted bowers"), her fingers' actions are compared with those of touching a musical instrument. The line—"And bound that book of life with every section"—is less clear. Probably, "bound" refers back to the action of Corinna's fingers ("every section"), which is fastening together parts of her dress over the various parts of her body ("the book of life"). There is an obvious allusion to bookbinding.

6 *swooning* swooning (fainting, losing consciousness).

7 *for the sense* i.e., in terms of the way she appeals to the physical senses.

8 *sense* reason.

9 Stanza 63.1-63.5 J.D. Jahn finds the source for this representation of the relationship between the sense, reason, and the soul in Ficino (5.1.164-65), but Ficino also offers a corrective to these sensual assumptions at 5.8.193 ("Chapman's *Enargia* and the Popular Perspective in *Ovid's Banquet of Sence*," *Tennessee Studies in Literature* 23 [1978]: p. 19).

10 *her* sense, not Corinna or the soul (Kermode, "Banquet," p. 110).

That she might serve the sovereign of mine eye;
She shall bid Time, and Time so feasted never
Shall grow in strength of her renown forever.

64

"Betwixt mine eye and object, certain lines
Move in the figure of a pyramis,
Whose chapter in mine eye's gray apple[1] shines,
The base within my sacred object is:
On this will I inscribe in golden verse
The marvels reigning in my sovereign's bliss,
The arcs of sight, and how her arrows pierce:
This in the region of the air shall stand
In Fame's brass court, and all her trumps command.[2]

65

"Rich beauty, that each lover labours for,
Tempting as heaps of new-coined-glowing gold,
(Racked of[3] some miserable treasurer)
Draw his desires, and them in chains enfold,
Urging him still to tell it,[4] and conceal it,
But beauty's treasure never can be told:[5]
None can peculiar joy,[6] yet all must steal it.

O beauty, this same bloody siege of thine
Starves me that yield, and feeds me till I pine."[7]

[...]

72

"Not Tygris, Nilus, nor swift Euphrates,"
Quoth Ovid now, "can more subdue my flame.
I must through hell adventure to displease,
To taste and touch, one kiss may work the same:
If more will come, more than much more I will;
Each natural agent doth his action frame,
To render that he works on like him still:
The fire on water working doth induce
Like quality unto his own in use.

73

"But heaven in her a sparkling temper blew
(As love in me) and so will soon be wrought;
Good wits will bite at baits most strange and new,
And words well placed move things were never thought;
What goddess is it Ovid's wits shall dare,
And he disgrace them with attempting nought?
My words shall carry spirits to ensnare,
The subtlest hearts affecting suits importune:
Best loves are lost for wit when men blame fortune."

74

With this, as she was looking in her glass,[8]
She saw therein[9] a man's face looking on her,
Whereat she started from the frighted grass,
As if some monstrous serpent had been shown her;
Rising as when (the sun in Leo's sign)
Auriga with the Heavenly Goat upon her,
Shows her horned forehead with her kids divine,

---

[1] *chapter* here, referring to the literal Latin meaning, "head" (of a column); top; *apple* the pupil of the eye, or more generally the eyeball.

[2] Stanza 64.1-64.9 Based on Aristotle, this description of perception suggests that artistic creativity relies on the physical gap between the artist and the observed phenomenon. Cf. the earlier emphasis on the need for an observer to achieve a certain physical distance from Niobe's statue in order to perceive it completely (Vinge, "Chapman's *Ovid's Banquet of Sense*," p. 236). According to Smarr, this process of perception takes the form of a pyramid, where the artist's eye is its point and the observed phenomenon its base. While this image suggests the sacred nature of Ovid's vision and that of the poet (see p. 1168, note 3 for the emblematic meanings of the pyramid), the image of sight as an arrow physically striking Ovid's eye is more ominous: it creates a parallel between Niobe's children and Ovid, the former struck down by the arrows of Apollo and Artemis, the latter in danger of being destroyed by the arrows of sight that allow desire to enter the mind and heart (Smarr, "The Pyramid and the Circle," p. 370).

[3] *Racked of* i.e., gotten by torture from; forcibly taken from.

[4] *Draw* entice, encourage; *tell it* i.e. count it (the gold).

[5] *told* a pun: "calculated, counted" and also "related, described."

[6] *None can peculiar joy* i.e., no one can calculate/relate joy which is personal, particular, or special.

[7] *pine* waste away.

[8] *glass* mirror.

[9] NARRATIO. <*> Ovid standing behind her, his face was seen in the glass [Chapman's note].

Whose rise kills vines, heaven's face with storms disguising;
No man is safe at sea, the Haedy rising.[1]

75

So straight wrapped she her body in a cloud,
And threatened tempests for her high disgrace,
Shame from a bow'r of roses did unshroud
And spread her crimson wings upon her face;
When running out, poor Ovid humbly kneeling
Full in the arbour's mouth did stay her race
And said: "Fair nymph, great goddess, have some feeling
Of Ovid's pains; but hear, and your dishonour
Vainly surmised shall vanish with my horror."

76

"Traitor to ladies' modesties," said she,
"What savage boldness hardened thee to this?
Or what base reckoning of my modesty?
What should I think thy fact's[2] proud reason is?"
"Love, sacred madam, love exhaling me
(Wrapped in his sulphur,) to this cloud of his
Made my affections his artillery,
Shot me at you his proper citadel,
And loosing all my forces, here I fell."

77

"This gloss is common, as thy rudeness strange[3]
Not to forbear these private times," quoth she,
"Whose fixed rites none should presume to change
Not where[4] there is adjudged inchastity;
Our nakedness should be as much concealed
As our accomplishments desire the eye:
It is a secret not to be revealed,
But—as virginity and nuptials—clothed,
And to our honour all to be betrothed.

78

"It is a want, where our abundance lies,
Given a sole dow'r t'enrich chaste Hymen's bed,
A perfect image of our purities,
And glass by which our actions should be dressed.
That tells us honour is as soon defiled
And should be kept as pure and incompressed,
But sight attainteth it:[5] for thought, sight's child,
Begetteth sin; and nature bides[6] defame,
When light and lawless eyes bewray[7] our shame."

79

"Dear mistress," answered Ovid, "to direct
Our actions by the straightest rule that is,
We must in matters moral quite reject
Vulgar opinion, ever led amiss,
And let authentic reason be our guide,
The wife of truth, and wisdom's governiss:[8]
The nature of all actions must be waide,[9]
And as they then appear, breed love or loathing,
Use makes things nothing huge, and huge things nothing.[10]

80

"As in your sight, how can sight, simply being
A sense receiving essence to his flame
Sent from his object, give it harm by seeing,

---

[1] Stanza 74.5-9: Auriga is a constellation of the northern sky, representing a charioteer; the Heavenly Goat is the star Capella in this constellation, whose offspring, known familiarly as "the Kids," are the stars Zeta and Eta Aurigae (Latin, "Haedi"). It was thought that all three goats were being carried by Auriga, the charioteer (*Dict. Astronomy*).

[2] *fact* deed, crime.

[3] *gloss* "explanation," but also "lie"; *rudeness* uncouthness/lack of courtesy; *strange* unusual, exceptional; thus, perhaps also, "queer, surprising."

[4] *Not where* i.e., not even where.

[5] *honour is as soon defiled … attainteth it* i.e., as soon as (a woman's) nakedness is seen, (a woman's) honour is defiled; (a woman's honour) can only be maintained in its purity when it is kept from prying eyes; *incompressed* not in *OED*; "compress" can mean to "embrace," thus "unembraced" or "untouched."

[6] *bides* endures, suffers.

[7] *bewray* betray.

[8] *governiss* governess.

[9] *waide* weighed (rhymes with "guide").

[10] *Use ... nothing* i.e., custom, habitual usage, or common practice makes unimportant things, important, and important things, unimportant.

Whose action[1] in the seer hath his frame?
All excellence of shape is made for sight,
Else to be like a beast were no defame;
Hid beauties lose their ends, and wrong their right:
And can kind love, (where no harm's kind can be)
Disgrace with seeing that is given to see?

81

"'Tis I (alas) and my heart-burning eye
Do all the harm, and feel the harm we do;
I am no basilisk,[2] yet harmless I
Poison with sight, and mine own bosom too;
So am I to myself a sorceress
Bewitched with my conceits in her I woo,
But you unwronged and all dishonourless[3]
No ill dares touch; affliction, sorcery,
One kiss of yours can quickly remedy.

82

"I could not times observe,[4] as others might
Of cold affects and wat'ry tempers framed,
Yet well assured the wonder of your sight
Was so far off from seeing you defamed,
That ever in the fane[5] of memory
Your love shall shine by it, in me inflamed.
Then let your pow'r be clad in lenity;
Do not (as others would) of custom storm,
But prove your wit as pregnant[6] as your form.

83

"Nor is my love so sudden, since my heart
Was long love's Vulcan, with his pants unrest,[7]
Ham'ring the shafts bred this delightsome smart.
And as when Jove at once from east and west
Cast off two eagles to discern the sight
Of this world centre, both his birds joined breast
In Cynthian Delphos, since Earth's navel hight;[8]
So casting off my ceaseless thoughts to see
My heart's true centre, all do meet in thee.

84

"Cupid that acts in you, suffers in me
To make himself one triumph-place of twain,
Into your tunes and odours turned he,
And through my senses flew into my brain,
[9]Where rules the prince of sense, whose throne
he takes,
And of my motions' engines framed a chain
To lead me where he list;[10] and here he makes
Nature (my[11] fate) enforce me, and resigns
The reins of all to you, in whom he shines.

85

"For yielding love then, do not hate impart,
Nor let mine eye, your careful harbingere[12]
That hath purveyed[13] your chamber in my heart,
Be blamed for seeing who it lodged there;

---

[1] <*> Actio cernendi in homine vel animali, videnti collocanda est. *Aristotle* [Chapman's note]. Latin, "The act of sight should be located in the seeing man or animal" (Vinge, "Chapman's *Ovid's Banquet of Sense*," p. 246).

[2] *basilisk* a fabled reptile; its breath, and even its look, could kill.

[3] *all dishonourless* i.e., completely without dishonour.

[4] *I could not ... observe* i.e., I could not wait for a favourable opportunity or the right moment (but cf. Corinna's "private times" [77.2]).

[5] *fane* temple, shrine.

[6] *pregnant* in mental terms (in terms of "wit"), teeming with ideas; fertile, imaginative.

[7] *with pants unrest* i.e., with his ceaseless panting as he engages in the heavy labour described in the next line. Vulcan is the classical god of the forge, the husband of Venus, and the forger of Cupid's arrows.

[8] Stanza 83.4-7: Jove's eagles, travelling in opposite directions, seeking the centre of the world, met at Cynthian Delphos, most famously the site of Apollo's temple where oracles were pronounced, but also the site of an earlier temple, dedicated to Phoebe (Cynthia, Diana), goddess of the moon: "It was universally believed, and supposed, by the ancients, that Delphi was in the middle of the earth; and on that account it was called *terrae umbilicus*. This, according to mythologists, was first found out by two doves, which Jupiter had let loose from the two extremities of the earth, and which met upon the spot where the temple of Delphi was built" (*Classical Dict.*, p. 222); *hight* called.

[9] <*> In Cerebro est principium sentiendi, et inde nervi, qui instrumenta sunt motus voluntarii oriuntur [Chapman's note]. Latin, "In the brain is the origin of discerning through the senses, and from thence the nerves, which are the conduits of the voluntary impulses/passions, have their origin."

[10] *list* wishes, desires.

[11] <*> Natura est unius cuiusque Fatum, ut *Theophr* [Chapman's note]. Latin, "For one and all, nature is fate, as (says) Theophrastus." The Greek philosopher Theophrastus (c. 371-287 BCE) was a follower of Aristotle.

[12] *harbingere* harbinger; host.

[13] *purveyed* furnished, arranged, prepared.

The freer service merits greater meed,[1]
Princes are served with unexpected chere,
And must have things in store before they need:[2]
Thus should fair dames be wise and confident,
Not blushing to be noted excellent."

[...]

89[3]

"I see unbidden guests are boldest still,
And well you show how weak in soul you are
That let rude sense subdue your reason's skill
And feed so spoilfully on sacred fare;[4]
In temper of such needless feasts as this
We show more bounty still the more we spare,
Chiefly where birth and state so different is:
Air too much rarefied breaks forth in fire,
And favours too far urged do end in ire."

90

"The difference of our births, imperial dame,
Is herein noted with too trivial eyes
For your rare wits; that[5] should your choices frame
To state of parts, that most doth royalize,
Not to commend mine own; but that in yours
Beyond your birth, are peril's sovereignties
Which (urged) your words had struck with sharper powers;
'Tis for mere look-like ladies and for men
To boast of birth that still be childeren,

91

"Running to father straight to help their needs;
True dignities and rites of reverence
Are sown in minds and reaped in lively deeds,
And only policy makes difference
Twixt states, since virtue wants due imperance;[6]
Virtue makes honour, as the soul doth sense,
And merit far exceeds inheritance;
The Graces fill love's cup, his feasts adorning,
Who seeks your service now, the Graces scorning."

92

"Pure love," said she, "the purest grace pursues,
And there is contact, not by application
Of lips or bodies, but of bodies' virtues,
As in our elemental nation[7]
Stars by their powers, which are their heat and light,
Do heavenly works, and that which hath probation
By virtual contact hath the noblest plight,[8]
Both for the lasting[9] and affinity
It hath with natural divinity."

93

Ovid replied, "In this thy virtual presence
(Most fair Corinna) thou canst not effuse
The true and solid parts of thy pure essence,
But dost the superficial beams produce
Of thy rich substance; which because they flow
Rather from form than from the matter's use,
Resemblance only of thy body show,
Whereof they are thy wondrous species,[10]
And 'tis thy substance must my longings ease.

94

"Speak then, sweet air, that giv'st our speech event,[11]
And teach my mistress tractability,
That art to motion most obedient,[12]
And though thy nature swelling be and high

---

1 *meed* recompense, reward.

2 *Princes are … they need* i.e., princes often don't announce their arrival and must be offered cheer (hospitable entertainment [food, lodging, etc.]) which there is often no opportunity to prepare properly in advance ("unexpected cheer"), and thus hosts ("harbingers") must have things ready ("in store") before they (the princes, but also the harbingers) need them.

3 Corinna responds here to Ovid's justification.

4 *spoilfully* destructively; characterized by plundering; *fare* food.

5 *that* i.e., your rare wits as opposed to the conventional dedication to status and wealth.

6 *Twixt* between; *imperance* commanding quality; commandingness.

7 *elemental nation* perhaps, material as opposed to spiritual nativity or nature.

8 *probation* test or trial; *plight* manner of being, condition.

9 *lasting* permanence.

10 *species* Cf. stanza 17.5.

11 *that giv'st our speech event* i.e., that makes our speech possible.

12 *That art to motion most obedient* i.e., said of the air because it moves in response to the slightest actions of the human body.

And occupiest so infinite a space,
Yet yield'st to words, and art condensed thereby,
Past nature pressed into a little place.
Dear sovereign, then, make air thy rule in this,
And me thy worthy servant with a kiss."

95

"Ovid," said she, "I am well pleased to yield.
Bounty by virtue cannot be abused,
Nor will I coyly lift Minerva's[1] shield
Against Minerva; honour is not bruised
With such a tender pressure as a kiss,
Nor yielding soon to words, though seldom used.
Niceness[2] in civil favours, folly is;
Long suits make never good a bad detection,[3]
Nor yielding soon makes bad a good affection.

96

"To some I know, (and know it for a fault)
Order and reverence are repulsed in scaling,
When pride and rudeness enter with assault,
Consents to fall are worse to get than falling.
Willing resistance takes away the will,
And too much weakness 'tis to come with calling.
Force in these frays is better man than skill,[4]
Yet I like skill, and Ovid if a kiss
May do thee so much pleasure, here it is."

97

Her moving towards him made Ovid's eye
Believe the firmament was coming down
To take him quick[5] to immortality,
And that th'ambrosian[6] kiss set on the crown.
She spake in kissing, and her breath infused
Restoring syrup to his taste, in swoun:
And he imagined Hebe's hands had bruised
A banquet of the gods into his sense,[7]
Which filled him with this furious[8] influence:

98

"The motion of the heavens that did beget
The golden age, and by whose harmony
Heaven is preserved, in me on work is set;[9]
All instruments of deepest melody,
Set sweet in my desires to my love's liking
With this sweet kiss in me their tunes apply,
As if the best musicians' hands were striking.
This kiss in me hath endless music closed,[10]
Like Phoebus' lute on Nisus' tow'rs imposed.

99

"And as a pibble cast into a spring,
We see a sort of trembling circles rise,
One forming other in their issuing
Till over all the fount they circulize,[11]

---

[1] *Minerva* Roman goddess of wisdom, the arts and war.

[2] *Niceness* reserve, shyness, coyness.

[3] *suits* wooing or courting of a woman; courtship; *detection* uncertain, perhaps "concealed intention" (see *OED*, "detect," *vb.*).

[4] *Force ... skill* i.e., using force in these conflicts is more manly than using skill.

[5] *quick* (still) living.

[6] *ambrosian* having the qualities of ambrosia, the fabled food of the classical gods. The kiss crowns him a god in the heaven he experiences in the moment of said kiss.

[7] *And ... sense* Hebe is the daughter of Jupiter (Zeus) and Juno (Hera); she prepares the classical gods' special drink, nectar (ambrosia), by squeezing or crushing ("bruising") the grapes into cups.

[8] *furious* i.e., as in the divine inspiration for poetry known as "furor poeticus."

[9] Stanza 98.1-98.3 Referring to the Ptolemaic notion of the universe as a series of concentric spheres, set one inside of the other with the earth at its centre; these spheres, in their motion, created a harmonious and divine music, the music of the spheres. In classical literature, the golden age was the age of original human and natural perfection, with more recent history divided into a series of increasingly degenerate periods, characterized by violence and impiety: the ages of silver, bronze, and iron. Christian writers often represented the usurpation of Saturn by Jupiter as the fall from the worship of the one true god into antiquity's dedication to paganism.

[10] *closed* enclosed, encompassed. According to Ovid, there was a tower on the walls of the city of King Nisus where Apollo (Phoebus), god of the sun and music, put down his lyre, infusing the stones with music (*Metamorphoses*, 8.1-29). For the story of Nisus' daughter, Scylla, her crazed love for the city's besieger, King Minos of Crete, and her consequent betrayal of her father and people, see *Metamorphoses*, 8.30-150.

[11] *And as a pebble ... circulize* From the Middle Ages on, scholars often explained how sound moved through the air by using the analogy of how a pebble thrown into a body of water produces circles that spread outward from the point of impact (Vinge, "Chapman's *Ovid's Banquet of Sense*," p. 249).

So this perpetual-motion-making kiss
Is propagate through all my faculties,
And makes my breast an endless fount of bliss,
Of which, if gods could drink, their matchless fare
Would make them much more blessed than they are.

100

"But[1] as when sounds do hollow bodies beat,
Air gathered there, compressed, and thickened,
The self same way she came doth make retreat,
And so effects the sound reechoed
Only in part, because she weaker is
In that redition[2] than when first she fled:
So I, alas, faint echo of this kiss,
Only reiterate a slender part
Of that high joy it worketh in my heart.

101

"And thus with feasting, love is famished more,
Without my touch are all things turned to gold,
And till I touch, I cannot joy my store.[3]
To purchase others,[4] I myself have sold;
Love is a wanton famine, rich in food,
But with a richer appetite controlled,
An argument in figure and in mood,[5]
Yet hates all arguments, disputing still
For sense 'gainst reason with a senseless[6] will.

102

"Then, sacred madam, since my other senses
Have in your graces tasted such content,
Let wealth not to be spent,[7] fear no expenses,
But give thy bounty true eternizement,[8]
Making my senses' ground-work, which is feeling,
Effect the other, endless excellent,
Their substance[9] with flint-softening softness steeling:
Then let me feel, for know, sweet beauty's queen,
Dames may be felt, as well as heard or seen.

103

"For if we be allowed to serve the ear
With pleasing tunes, and to delight the eye
With gracious shows, the taste with dainty cheer,[10]
The smell with odours, is't immodesty
To serve the senses' emperor, sweet feeling,
With those delights that fit his empery?
Shall subjects free themselves and bind their king?
Minds taint no more with bodies' touch or tire,
Than bodies nourish with the minds' desire.

104

"The mind then clear, the body may be used,
Which perfectly your touch can spritualize;[11]
As by the great elixir is transfused
Copper to gold, then grant that deed of prize.[12]
Such as transform into corrupt effects
What they receive from nature's purities,
Should not wrong them that hold her due respects:
To touch your quick'ning[13] side then give me leave,
Th'abuse of things must not the use bereave."

---

1 <*> Qua ratione fiat Eccho [Chapman's note]. Latin, "The theory of the method by which an echo is produced."

2 *redition* the action of going or coming back; return.

3 Cf. stanza 65.8-9. Although unlike Midas in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, 11.68-198, Ovid asserts that his touch is not necessary to turn everything to gold, yet unless he can touch "all things" he cannot enjoy or rejoice in his treasures ("store").

4 *others* perhaps, other senses.

5 *in figure and in mood* i.e., in due logical form (see *OED*, "mood," *n*[2]).

6 *sense* sensation, sensuality; *senseless* unreasonable, irrational.

7 *Let wealth not to be spent* i.e., do not oppose the spending of wealth.

8 *eternizement* immortalization; immortal fame.

9 *Effect the other… Their substance* i.e., effect the substance of the other senses.

10 *cheer* food, fare.

11 *spritualize* spiritualize.

12 *deed of prize* deed of price: valuable, precious (perhaps, worthy or excellent) action. According to Vinge, just as alchemy can transform copper into gold, so Corinna's touch can transform the body from a physical to a spiritual entity ("Chapman's *Ovid's Banquet of Sense*," p. 250). Smarr adds that copper is "the element of Venus" which is transmuted in the alchemical process to gold, the element of "the intellectual Sun" ("The Pyramid and the Circle," p. 380). Cf. stanza 56.

13 *quick'ning* living.

105

Herewith, even glad his arguments to hear,
Worthily willing to have lawful grounds
To make the wondrous power of Heaven appear
In nothing more than her perfections found,
Close to her navel she her mantle wrests,
Slacking it upwards, and the folds unwound,
Showing Latona's twins,[1] her plenteous breasts,
The Sun and Cynthia in their triumph-robes
Of lady-skin, more rich than both their globes.

106

Whereto she bad[2] blest Ovid put his hand.
He, well acknowledging it much too base
For such an action, did a little stand,
Ennobling it with titles full of grace,
And conjures it with charge of reverend verse,
To use with piety that sacred place,
And through his feeling's organ to disperse
Worth to his spirits, amply to supply
The poorness of his flesh's faculty.

107[3]

And thus he said: "King of the king of senses,
Engines of all the engines under Heaven,
To health, and life, defence of all defences,
Bounty by which our nourishment is given,
Beauty's beautifier, kind acquaintance maker,
Proportion's oddness that makes all things even,[4]
Wealth of the labourer, wrong's revengement-taker,
Pattern of concord, lord of exercise,
And figure of that power the world did guise:[5]

108

"Dear hand, most duly honoured in this
And therefore worthy to be well employed:
Yet know, that all that honour nothing is,
Compared with that which now must be enjoyed.
So think in all the pleasures these have shown
(Likened to this) thou wert but mere annoyed,
That all hands' merits in thyself alone
With this one touch have more than recompense,
And therefore feel with fear and reverence.

109

"See Cupid's Alps[6] which now thou must go over,
Where snow that thaws the sun doth ever lie;
Where thou may'st plain and feelingly discover
The world's fore-past that flowed with milk and honey;[7]
Where, (like an empress seeing nothing wanting
That may her glorious child-bed beautify)
Pleasure herself lies big with issue panting,[8]
Ever[9] delivered, yet with child still growing,
Full of all blessings, yet all bliss bestowing."

110

This said, he laid his hand upon her side,
Which made her start like sparkles from a fire,
Or like Saturnia from th'ambrosian pride
Of her morn's slumber, frighted with admire,
When Jove laid young Alcides to her breast,[10]
So startled she, not with a coy retire
But with the tender temper she was blest,
Proving her sharp, undulled with handling yet,
Which keener edge on Ovid's longings set.

111

And feeling still, he sighed out this effect:
"Alas, why lent not heaven the soul a tongue?
Nor language, nor peculiar dialect,
To make her high conceits as highly sung,

---

1 *Latona's twins* Apollo (the Sun) and Artemis/Diana (Cynthia).

2 *bad* past tense of "bid": commanded.

3 In stanzas 107-09, Ovid addresses his hand.

4 *Proportion's oddness ... even* i.e., although each hand has five fingers (an odd number), together both hands make the even number "ten."

5 *figure* represented form, image, likeness; *guise* dress, array.

6 *Cupid's Alps* her breasts.

7 *fore-past* here, used as a noun, meaning "earlier age" (not a use noted in *OED*); *that flowed with milk and honey* the Scriptural Promised Land. See, for example, Exodus 3:8, 3:17; 33:3; Ezekiel 20:6, 20:15.

8 *big with issue panting* heavily pregnant and in the throes of labour.

9 *Ever* always.

10 Saturnia's (Juno's) husband, Jupiter (Zeus), placed the baby Alcides (Hercules) on her breast while she slept. Suckling, the infant Hercules became an immortal, and the milk that sprayed from the startled Juno's breasts became the Milky Way. See Conti, "On Juno" (pp. 74-75).

But that a fleshly engine[1] must unfold
A spiritual notion; birth from princes sprung
Peasants must nurse, free virtue wait on gold,
And a professed though flattering enemy
Must plead my honour and my liberty.

112

"O nature, how dost thou defame in this
Our human honours? yoking men with beasts
And noblest minds with slaves? thus beauty's bliss,
Love and all virtues that quick spirit feasts
Surfeit on flesh; and thou that banquets minds,
Most bounteous mistress, of thy dull-tongued guests
Reap'st not due thanks; thus rude frailety[2] binds
What thou giv'st wings; thus joys I feel in thee
Hang on thy lips and will not uttered be.

113

"Sweet touch, the engine that Love's bow doth bend,
The sense wherewith he feels him deified,
The object whereto all his actions tend,
In all his blindness his most pleasing guide,
For thy sake[3] will I write the *Art of Love*,
Since thou dost blow his fire and feed his pride,
Since in thy sphere his health and life doth move,
For thee I hate who hate society
And such as self-love makes his slavery.

114

"In these dog-days how this contagion[4] smothers
The purest bloods with virtue's diet fined:[5]
Nothing their own unless they be some others;
Spite of themselves, are in themselves confined,[6]
And live so poor they are of all despised;
Their gifts, held down with scorn, should be divined,
And they like mummers' mask,[7] unknown, unprized:
A thousand marvels mourn in some such breast
Would make a kind and worthy patron blest.

115

"To me, dear sovereign, thou art patroness,
And I, with that thy graces have infused,
Will make all fat and foggy[8] brains confess,
Riches may from a poor verse be deduced,
And that gold's love shall leave them grovelling here,
When thy perfections shall to Heaven be mused,
Decked in bright verse, where angels shall appear
The praise of virtue, love, and beauty singing,
Honour to noblesse, shame to avarice bringing."

116

Here Ovid interrupted with the view
Of other dames, who then the garden painted,[9]
Shrouded himself, and did as death eschew
All note by which his love's fame[10] might be tainted.
And as when mighty Macedon had won
The monarchy of Earth, yet when he fainted
Grieved that no greater action could be done,
And that there were no more worlds to subdue,[11]
So love's defects, love's conqueror did rue.

---

[1] *fleshly engine* the tongue.

[2] *frailety* frailty (3 syllables).

[3] *For thy sake* i.e., for the sake of the sense of touch, but perhaps also for Corinna. In *Ars Amatoria* ("The Art of Love") Ovid offers a mock educational manual on the art of seduction, which satirizes the degradation and exploitation of love for the purpose of sexual satisfaction.

[4] *dog-days* from ancient times believed the hottest and most unwholesome period of the year; *contagion* contagious or communicable disease; pestilence or plague ("this contagion" refers back to the "self-love," which Chapman presents as a kind of epidemic).

[5] *fined* made pure; refined or clarified.

[6] *Nothing their own … confined* i.e., not belonging to themselves at all, unless they be some others' in spite of themselves, (they) are in themselves confined.

[7] *mummers' mask* Mummings were an early English form of dramatic entertainment, including dumb-shows and masquerades, usually associated with holidays such as New Year.

[8] *fat* slow-witted, indolent, self-complacent; *foggy* unwholesomely bloated; thus, dull, bemuddled, confused.

[9] *painted* decorated, adorned, ornamented.

[10] *fame* reputation.

[11] Alexander the Great, king of Macedonia, reputedly had this reaction after conquering the known world. For the probable source of this legend, see Plutarch's essay "On Contentment."

117[1]

But as when expert painters have displayed,
To quickest[2] life a monarch's royal hand
Holding a sceptre, there is yet bewrayed
But half his fingers; when we understand
The rest not to be seen, and never blame
The painter's art, in nicest censures[3] scanned:
So in the compass of this curious[4] frame,
Ovid well knew there was much more intended,
With whose omission none must be offended.

Intentio, animi actio.
Explicit convivium.[5]

—1595

De Guiana, Carmen Epicum[6]

What work of honour[7] and eternal name,
For all the world t'envy and us t'achieve,
Fills me with fury,[8] and gives armed hands
To my heart's peace, that else would gladly turn
My limbs and every sense into my thoughts
Rapt with the thirsted action of my mind?
O Clio,[9] honour's Muse, sing in my voice,
Tell the attempt, and prophesy th'exploit
Of his Eliza-consecrated[10] sword,
That in this peaceful charm of England's sleep,
Opens most tenderly her[11] aged throat,
Off'ring to pour fresh youth through all her veins,
That flesh of brass, and ribs of steel retains.

Riches, and conquest, and renown I sing,
Riches with honour, conquest without blood,
Enough to seat the monarchy of earth,
Like to Jove's eagle,[12] on Eliza's hand.
Guiana, whose rich feet are mines of gold,
Whose forehead knocks against the roof of stars,
Stands on her tip-toes at fair England looking,
Kissing her hand, bowing her mighty breast,
And every sign of all submission making,
To be her sister and the daughter both
Of our most sacred maid:[13] whose barrenness
Is the true fruit of virtue, that may get,[14]
Bear, and bring forth anew in all perfection
What heretofore savage corruption held
In barbarous chaos; and in this affair
Become her father, mother, and her heir.

Then most admired sovereign, let your breath
Go forth upon the waters, and create
A golden world in this our iron age,[15]
And be the prosperous forewind to a fleet,

---

[1] The comparison of poetry to painting is a commonplace of Renaissance literary theory. Poetry as speaking picture (*ut pictura poesis*) appears most famously in Sidney's *Defence of Poesy* (1581): "Poesy therefore is an art of imitation, for so Aristotle termeth it in the word *μίμησις*—that is to say, a representing, counterfeiting, or figuring forth—to speak metaphorically, a speaking picture—with this end, to teach and delight." See pp. 719-20.

[2] *quickest* most animated.

[3] *nicest censures* most fastidious or exacting judgements.

[4] *curious* beautifully or artistically made; perhaps also, an acknowledgment of the poem's difficulty.

[5] *Latin*, "The aim is an act of the soul" (Vinge, "Chapman's *Ovid's Banquet of Sense*," p. 251) and "The banquet/symposium is finished."

[6] *Latin*, "An Epic Song About Guiana," first printed in Lawrence Keymis's *A Relation of the Second Voyage to Guiana* (1596) and reprinted in Hakluyt's *Principle Navigations* (1600), Vol. 3, p. 167. Keymis's text presents Ralegh's second expedition to Guiana in 1596. Although it reached the mouth of the Orinoco River, the expedition was not successful in discovering the gold which was Ralegh's ultimate goal. See pp. 1120-36.

[7] *work of honour* the conquest of Guiana, the personal and national benefits of which the rest of the poem depicts.

[8] *fury* here, not anger or wrath but the classically based idea of *furor poeticus*, the divine inspiration which Chapman depicts as the source of his poem.

[9] *Clio* muse of epic poetry and history.

[10] *his* Sir Walter Ralegh's; *Eliza* Elizabeth I.

[11] *her* i.e., the English nation's.

[12] *Jove's eagle* In classical mythology Jove's (Jupiter's) eagle was an emblem of divine power, since it was said to carry Jove's thunder underneath its wings. Here, the reference is also to the eagle's function as Jove's messenger and instrument of power (*Classical Dict.*, p. 340).

[13] *maid* Elizabeth I (a "maid" is an unmarried, virginal woman).

[14] *get* engender, impregnate; beget (said of the male parent).

[15] *A golden world in this our iron age* On the golden world and iron age, see p. 1180, note 9. The previous line echoes the description of God's acts of creation in Genesis 1:2 ("The earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep; and the Spirit of God was moving over the face of the waters") and 2:7 ("then the Lord God formed man of dust from the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living being").

That, seconding your last, may go before it[1]
In all success of profit and renown:
Doubt not but your election[2] was divine,
(As well by Fate as your high judgement ordered)
To raise him with choice bounties,[3] that could add
Height to his height; and like a liberal vine,
Not only bear his virtuous fruit aloft,
Free from the press of squint-eyed Envy's feet,
But deck his gracious prop[4] with golden bunches,
And shroud it with broad leaves of rule o'er-grown
From all black tempests of invasion.

Those conquests[5] that like general earthquakes shook
The solid world, and made it fall before them,
Built all their brave attempts on weaker grounds,
And less persuasive likelihoods than this;
Nor was there ever princely fount so long
Poured forth a sea of rule with so free course,
And such ascending majesty as you.
Then be not like a rough and violent wind,
That in the morning rends the forests down,
Shoves up the seas to heaven, makes earth to tremble,
And tombs his wasteful bravery in the even;[6]
But as a river from a mountain running,
The further he extends, the greater grows,
And by his thrifty race strengthens his stream,
Even to join battle with th'imperious sea
Disdaining his repulse, and in despite
Of his proud fury, mixeth with his main,[7]
Taking on him his titles and commands:

So let thy sovereign empire be increased,
And with Iberian Neptune part the stake,[8]
Whose trident he the triple world would make.[9]
You then that would be wise in wisdom's spite,
Directing with discredit[10] of direction,
And hunt for honour, hunting him to death,
With whom before you will inherit gold,
You will lose gold, for which you lose your souls;
You that choose nought for right, but certainty,
And fear that valour will get only blows,
Placing your faith in incredulity;[11]
Sit till you see a wonder, virtue rich:
Till honour having gold, rob gold of honour;
Till as men hate desert that getteth nought,[12]
They loathe all getting that deserves not ought,[13]
And use you gold-made men, as dregs of men;
And till your poisoned souls, like spiders lurking
In sluttish[14] chinks, in mists of cobwebs hide
Your foggy[15] bodies, and your dunghill pride.

O incredulity, the wit of fools,
That slovenly will spit on all things fair,
The coward's castle, and the sluggard's cradle,
How easy 'tis to be an infidel?

But you patrician[16] spirits that refine
Your flesh to fire, and issue like a flame
On brave endeavours, knowing that in them

---

1 I.e., that, succeeding or following your last or most recent fleet, may outdo or outstrip it.

2 *election* decision.

3 *him* Ralegh; *bounties* gifts; favours.

4 *prop* support (stick, rod, etc.) used to sustain an incumbent weight; here, Elizabeth I is Ralegh's prop and support. In return, he bears golden grapes (referring to the riches of imperial conquest) and protects Elizabeth's colonial possessions from attack ("invasion," l. 44).

5 *Those conquests* i.e., of territories in the Americas, Asia, the Caribbean, and Africa.

6 *tombs* buries; *bravery* display, show; *even* evening.

7 *main* high sea or open sea.

8 *Iberian* of or pertaining to ancient Iberia (comprising Spain and Portugal, the Iberian peninsula); here, "Iberian Neptune," is specifically Spain, the rival power already entrenched in the territories near Guiana, and the dominant naval power in this period. In classical mythology, Neptune was the god of sea, and his trident, a three-pronged forked weapon, is the emblem of his sovereignty; *part the stake* share.

9 *Whose trident ...make* i.e., the Spaniards aspire to rule over not just the earth, but the "triple world": the earth, the seas, and the underworld.

10 *discredit* impaired reputation, reproach.

11 *incredulity* scepticism.

12 *desert* merit, worthiness; *nought* nothing.

13 *ought* anything.

14 *sluttish* grimy, dirty.

15 *foggy* unwholesomely bloated; flabby.

16 *patrician* noble, aristocratic.

The tract[1] of heaven in morn-like glory opens,
That know you cannot be the kings of earth,
(Claiming the rights of your creation)[2]
And let the mines of earth be kings of you;
That are so far from doubting likely drifts,[3]
That in things hardest y'are most confident;
You that know death lives, where power lives unused,
Joying to shine in waves that bury you,
And so make way for life even through your graves;
That will not be content like horse to hold
A thread-bare beaten way to home affairs,
But where the sea in envy of your reign,
Closeth her womb, as fast as 'tis disclosed,
That she like Avarice might swallow all,
And let none find right passage through her rage:
There your wise souls as swift as Eurus[4] lead
Your bodies through to profit and renown,
And scorn to let your bodies choke your souls,
In the rude breath and prisoned life of beasts;
You that herein renounce the course of earth,
And lift your eyes for guidance to the stars,
That live not for yourselves, but to possess[5]
Your honoured country of a general store;[6]
In pity of the spoil[7] rude self-love makes,
Of them whose lives and yours one air doth feed,
One soil doth nourish, and one strength combine;
You that are blest with sense of all things noble
In this attempt your complete worths redouble.

But how is Nature at her heart corrupted,
(I mean even in her most ennobled birth?)
How in excess of sense[8] is sense bereft her?
That her most lightning-like effects of lust
Wound through her flesh, her soul, her flesh unwounded;
And she must need incitements to her good,
Even from that part[9] she hurts. O how most like
Art thou (heroic author of this act)[10]
To this wronged soul of Nature: that sustain'st
Pain, charge,[11] and peril for thy country's good,
And she much like a body numbed with surfeits,[12]
Feels not thy gentle applications[13]
For the health, use, and honour of her powers.
Yet shall my verse through all her ease-locked[14] ears
Trumpet the noblesse[15] of thy high intent,
And if it cannot into act proceed,
The fault and bitter penance of the fault
Make red some others' eyes with penitence,
For thine are clear; and what more nimble spirits
Apter to bite at such unhooked baits,[16]
Gain by our loss, that must we needs confess
Thy princely valour would have purchased us,
Which shall be fame eternal to thy name,
Though thy contentment in thy grave desires
Of our advancement fail deserved effect.
Oh how I fear thy glory which I love,
Lest it should dearly grow by our decrease!
Natures that stick in golden-graveled springs,
In muck-pits cannot 'scape their swallowings.
But we shall forth I know; gold is our fate,
Which all our acts doth fashion and create.

---

1 *tract* expansive space.

2 *kings of earth … creation* a reference to the absolute dominion God grants mankind over creation in Genesis 1:26-30.

3 *likely* that which looks as if it will happen or be realized; *drifts* schemes, plans.

4 *Eurus* an eastern wind in classical mythology (*Classical Dict.*, p. 263).

5 *possess* give possession to.

6 *general* commonly available; *store* sufficient supply; also, "treasure."

7 *spoil* damage, harm.

8 *sense* (1) i.e., the physical senses, considered (especially) as channels for gratifying the desire for pleasure and the lusts of the flesh; sensual pleasure; and (2) mental faculties or intellectual abilities.

9 *part* i.e., the soul.

10 *heroic author of this act* Ralegh.

11 *charge* load of trouble, expense, and/or responsibility, blame.

12 *surfeits* an excessive indulgence in food or drink that overloads the stomach and disorders the system.

13 *applications* medicines, remedies.

14 *ease-locked* made deaf through luxury and leisure.

15 *noblesse* nobleness, nobility.

16 I.e., baits that are innocent because they don't contain a hook.

Then in the Thespiads'[1] bright prophetic fount,
Methinks I see our Liege rise from her throne,
Her ears and thoughts in steep amaze erected
At the most rare endeavour of her power.
And now she blesseth with her wonted[2] graces
Th'industrious knight, the soul of this exploit,
Dismissing him to convoy of his stars.[3]
And now for love and honour of his worth,
Our twice-born nobles[4] bring him bridegroom-like,
That is espoused for virtue to his love
With feasts and music, ravishing the air,
To his Argolian fleet,[5] where round about
His bating colours[6] English valour swarms
In haste, as if Guianian Orenoque[7]
With his fell waters fell[8] upon our shore.
And now a wind as forward[9] as their spirits,
Sets their glad feet on smooth Guiana's breast,
Where (as if each man were an Orpheus)
A world of savages fall tame before them,[10]
Storing their theft-free treasuries with gold,
And there doth plenty crown their wealthy fields,
There Learning eats no more his thriftless[11] books,
Nor Valour estridge-like[12] his iron arms.
There Beauty is no strumpet for her wants,[13]
Nor Gallic humours[14] putrefy her blood;
But all our youth take Hymen's lights[15] in hand,
And fill each roof with honoured progeny.
There makes society adamantine[16] chains,
And joins their hearts with wealth, whom wealth disjoined.
There healthful recreations strow their meads,[17]
And make their mansions dance with neighbourhood,[18]
That here were drowned in churlish avarice.
And there do palaces and temples rise

[1] *Thespiads* the nine Muses, so-called because they were especially honoured in the city of Thespia, located near Mount Helicon, the traditional home of the Muses and their sacred fountain. Their priestesses were not only famed for their powers of prophecy, but for their vow of perpetual virginity; both make them appropriate agents for the rousing of Elizabeth.

[2] *wonted* accustomed, usual.

[3] *convoy of his stars* in terms of Renaissance astrology, the guidance of those stars which have shaped his life and character from birth.

[4] *twice-born nobles* In the classical tradition, "twice-born" describes those mortals who have obtained godhood. Bacchus and Hercules are the best-known examples. In Natale Conti's account of Bacchus' birth, "the God is called 'twice-mothered' ... because when [his mother] Semele died in the flame, he was snatched from the flame and sewn up in [his father's] Jove's thigh, which replaced the deceased mother's womb" (*Mythologies*, trans. A. DiMatteo [New York, 1994], p. 272). In the Christian tradition, "twice-born" refers to those who experience a spiritual rebirth through their belief in Jesus (John 3.1-6).

[5] *Argolian fleet* the fleet of Jason and the Argonauts, those heroes of Greek mythology whose most famous exploit is their quest for the Golden Fleece of Colchis (Apollodorus, *Library of Greek Mythology*, 1.9.16-28).

[6] *bating* either "baiting" in the sense of alluring or enticing, or perhaps a variant on "beating" in the sense of restless, impatient; fluttering; *colours* here, a flag or standard of a regiment or ship.

[7] *Orenoque* the Orinoco River, Guiana.

[8] *fell* fierce, terrible, dangerous.

[9] *forward* eager, zealous, ardent.

[10] *Where ... them* Orpheus was the son of the muse of music, Calliope, and the sun-god and god of music, Apollo. Orpheus was a singer and musician of such great power that (with a lyre given him by Apollo) he was said to be able to quiet and tame wild beasts and cause inanimate objects like trees and rocks to move. More specifically, Chapman refers to Orpheus' feat of taming the notoriously savage tribes of Thrace (*Classical Dict.*, pp. 466-67).

[11] *thriftless* unprofitable, worthless, useless. The sense is either that "learned men are no longer so impoverished that they have only their books to eat," or (more literally) that "learned men no longer have to sell their books in order to eat."

[12] *estridge-like* i.e., ostrich-like. Proverb: "To digest iron (To have a stomach) like an ostrich" (*Tilley* I97). In *Euphues: The Anatomy of Wit* (1578), Lyly remarks that "The Estrich digesteth hard iron to preserve his health."

[13] *strumpet* whore; prostitute; *wants* needs, desires.

[14] *Gallic humours* a reference to the popular notion that sexually-transmitted disease was a foreign, in particular, a French (i.e., Gallic) or continental disease, imported into England. For one popular aetiology of sexually-transmitted disease and its relationship to imperial expansion, see Robert Greene's *Disputation Between a He Cony-Catcher and a She Cony-Catcher* (p. 1012, note 1).

[15] *Hymen's lights* In the classical tradition, Hymen was the god of marriage. Athenian marriages concluded with an evening, torch-lit procession from the bride's house to the groom's.

[16] *adamantine* unbreakable.

[17] *strow* strew; *meads* meadows.

[18] Lines 163-78: for other Renaissance conceptions of utopia, see in this anthology More's *Utopia* (pp. 35-78). See also Shakespeare's *The Tempest*, 2.1.148-69; *mansions* place of abode or dwelling; large and stately residences; *neighbourhood* neighbourly feeling or conduct.

Out of the earth, and kiss th'enamored skies,
Where new Britannia,[1] humbly kneels to Heaven,
The world to her, and both at her blest feet,
In whom the circles of all empire meet.

—1596

from *Achilles' Shield.*

Translated as the Other Seven Books of Homer, out of His Eighteenth Book of *Iliades.*

By *George Chapman* Gent.[2]

[...]

To the Understander

You are not everybody; to you (as to one of my very few friends) I may be bold to utter my mind, nor is it more impair[3] to an honest and absolute man's sufficiency to have few friends, than to an Homerical poem to have few commenders, for neither do common dispositions keep fit or plausible consort with judicial and simple honesty, nor are idle capacities comprehensible of[4] an elaborate poem. My epistle dedicatory before my seven books is accounted dark[5] and too much laboured. For the darkness, there is nothing good or bad, hard or soft, dark or perspicuous but in respect,[6] and in respect of[7] men's light, slight, or envious perusals (to whose loose capacities any work worthily composed is knit with a riddle) and that the style is material flowing, and not rank, it may perhaps seem dark to rank riders[8] or readers that have no more souls than burbolts;[9] but to your comprehension and in itself, I know it is not. For the affected labour bestowed in it, I protest two mornings both ended it and the reader's epistle. But the truth is, my desire and strange disposition in all things I write is to set down uncommon and most profitable coherents for the time, yet further removed from abhorred affectation than from the most popular and cold digestion.[10] And I ever imagine that as Italian and French poems to our studious linguists win much of the discountreyed affection, as well because the understanding of foreign tongues is sweet to their apprehension as that the matter and invention is pleasing, so my far-fetched and, as it were, beyond-sea[11] manner of writing, if they would take as much pains for their poor countrymen as for a proud stranger when they once understand it, should be much more gracious to their choice conceits than a discourse that falls naked before them, and hath nothing but what mixeth itself with ordinary table talk. For my variety of new words, I have none inkpot,[12] I am sure you know, but such as I give passport with such authority, so significant and not ill-sounding, that if my country language were an usurer, or a man of this age speaking it, he would thank me for enriching him. Why alas will my young master, the reader, affect nothing common, and yet like nothing extraordinary? "Swaggering" is a new word amongst them, and round-headed[13] custom gives it privilege with much imitation, being created as it were by a natural prosopopeia without etymology or derivation; and why may not an elegancy authentically derived and (as I may say) of the upper house[14] be

---

1 *new Britannia* i.e., Guiana.

2 followed by an emblem, a clenched fist surrounded by the Latin words *Contrahit Avaritia Bellum* ("Greed causes war").

3 *impair* impairment.

4 *comprehensible of* i.e., able to understand.

5 *dark* obscure; difficult to be understood or comprehended.

6 *in respect* i.e., in comparison.

7 *in respect of* i.e., with reference to; as relates or regards; in view of.

8 *rank rider* a rapid or reckless rider.

9 *burbolt* obsolete form of "bird-bolt," a blunt-headed arrow used for shooting birds.

10 *popular and cold digestion* i.e. (suited to) the common and slow understanding.

11 *beyond-sea* outlandish, foreign.

12 *inkpot* bookish, pedantic.

13 *round-headed* Although clearly derogatory, the *OED* gives no meaning for the term at this early date.

14 *upper house* literally, a higher house of deliberation or legislation, especially the House of Lords of the British parliamentary system.

entertained[1] as well in their lower consultation with authority of art, as their own forgeries licked up by nature? All tongues have enriched themselves from their original (only the Hebrew and Greek which are not spoken amongst us) with good neighbourly borrowing, and as with infusion of fresh air, and nourishment of new blood in their still growing bodies, and why may not ours? Chaucer (by whom we will needs[2] authorize our true English) had more new words for his time than any man needs to devise now. And therefore for current wits to cry from standing brains,[3] like a brood of frogs from a ditch, to have the ceaseless flowing river of our tongue turned into their frog-pool, is a song far from their arrogation[4] of sweetness, and a sin would soon bring the plague of barbarism amongst us; which in faith needs not be hastened with defences of his ignorant furtherers,[5] since it comes with meal-mouthed toleration too savagely upon us. To be short: since I had the reward of my labours in their consummation[6] and the chief pleasure of them in mine own profit, no young prejudicate or castigatory brain[7] hath reason to think I stand trembling under the airy stroke of his fevery[8] censure, or that I did ever expect any flowing applause from his dry fingers; but the satisfaction and delight that might probably redound to[9] every true lover of virtue I set in the seat of mine own profit and contentment; and if there be anyone in whom this success is enflowered, a few sprigs of it shall be my garland.[10] Since then this never-equalled poet[11] is to be understood, and so full of government and direction to all estates: stern anger and the affrights of war bearing the main face of his subject, soldiers shall never spend their idle hours more profitably than with his studious and industrious perusal, in whose honours his deserts are infinite; counsellors have never better oracles than his lines; fathers have no morals so profitable for their children as his counsels, nor shall they ever give them more honoured injunctions than to learn Homer without book,[12] that being continually conversant with him his height may descend to their capacities and his substance prove[13] their worthiest riches; husbands, wives, lovers, friends, and allies, having in him mirrors for all their duties, all sorts of which concourse and society in other more happy ages have instead of sonnets and lascivious ballads sung his *Iliades*. Let the length of the verse never discourage your endeavours:[14] for talk our quidditicall Italianists of what proportion soever their strutting lips[15] affect, unless it be in these couplets, into which I have hastily translated this *Shield*, they shall never do Homer so much right, in any octaves, canzons, canzonets, or with whatsoever fustian epigraphs they shall entitle their measures.[16] Only the extreme false printing troubles my

[1] *entertained* considered.

[2] *will needs* are necessitated or obliged to.

[3] *standing brains* stagnant, sluggish, or dull intellects.

[4] *arrogation* the action of claiming and assuming without just reason; unwarrantable assumption.

[5] *furtherers* proponents, supporters.

[6] *their consummation* i.e., in the completion of these verses.

[7] *prejudicate or castigatory brain* biased or chastising/punitive intellect.

[8] *fevery* feverish.

[9] *redound to* result, attach, or accrue to (the lovers of virtue).

[10] *in whom this success is enflowered … garland* A laurel garland was the traditional reward or acknowledgement of poetic excellence in the classical world, and thus here Chapman makes the reaction of his elite readership that which guarantees the worth of his endeavours.

[11] *this never equalled poet* i.e., Homer.

[12] *to learn … without book* to memorize.

[13] *prove* turn out to be.

[14] *Let the length … endeavours* i.e., in fourteen syllable rhyming couplets.

[15] *quidditicall* an adjective invented by Chapman from the noun "quiddity"; thus, the Italianists (men who imitate the poetic genres, meters, and devices of Italian verse) are characterized as men who use subtleties or captious niceties in argument, who engage in arguments full of quibbles and trivial distinctions; *Italianist* one who "Italianizes" (*OED* cites first use as 1855, although the verb "Italianize" dates to 1611); *of what proportion soever* i.e., about whatever metrical or musical rhythm or harmony; *strutting lips* figuratively, those swelling with pride or importance; wrangling, contending.

[16] *octaves* a group of eight lines of verse; a poetic work in eight line stanzas; *canzons* songs; perhaps, more specifically, songs or lyrics, closely resembling the madrigal but less strict in style; *canzonets* a little or short song; *fustian* inflated, bombastic; using turgid or inappropriately lofty language; *epigraph* no appropriate *OED* definition which fits the context; perhaps, titles, labels, or names? *measure* poetical rhythms, as "measured" by quantity or accent; a kind of poetical rhythm; meter; also, an air, tune, melody.

conscience,[1] for fear of your deserved discouragement in the impair of our poet's sweetness; whose general divinity of spirit, clad in my willing labours (envious of none nor detracting any), I commit to your good nature and solid capacity.

Book 18 of Homer's *Iliad*

Bright-footed Thetis[2] did the sphere aspire
(Amongst th'Immortals) of the god of fire,
Starry, incorruptible, and had frame
Of ruddy brass, right shaped by the lame.
She found him at his swelling bellows sweating
And twenty tripods seriously[3] beating,
To stand and beautify his royal hall
For chairs of honour round about the wall;
And to the feet he fixed of every one
Wheels of man-making gold to run alone
To the gods' temples—to the which they were
Religious ornaments; when, standing there
Till sacrifice were done, they would retire
To Vulcan's house, which all eyes did admire.[4]
Yet the Daedalean[5] handles to hold by
Were unimposed, which straight he did apply.
These while he fashioned with miraculous art,
The fair white-footed dame appeared apart[6]
To Charis[7] with the rich-attired head,
Whose heavenly beauties strowed the nuptial bed
Of that illustrate smith. She took her hand
And entertained her with this kind demand:
"What makes the goddess with the ample train,
Reverent and friendly Thetis, entertain
Conceit to honour us with her repair,[8]
That never yet was kind in that affair?
But enter further, that so wished a guest
May be received with hospitable feast."
Thus led she Thetis to a chair of state,
Rich and exceedingly elaborate,
And set a footstool at her silver feet,
Then called her famous smith: "Vulcan, my sweet,
Thetis in some use needs thy fiery hand."
He answered: "Thetis hath a strong command
Of all my powers, who gave my life defence,
Cast by my mother's[9] wilful impudence
Out of Olympus, who would have obscured
My native lameness. Then had I endured
Unhelped griefs if on her shining breast
Hospitious Thetis had not let me rest,
And bright Eurynome,[10] my guardian,
Fair daughter of the labouring Ocean,
With whom nine years I wrought up divers things—
Buttons and bracelets, whistles, chains and rings—
In concluse[11] of a cave; and over us
The swelling waves of old Oceanus
With foamy murmur flowed, and not a god
Nor any mortal knew my close abode
But Thetis and divine Eurynome,
Who succoured me. And now from gulfy sea
To our steep house hath Thetis made ascent,

---

[1] *Only … conscience* J.C. Briggs argues that the work's printing errors and Chapman's apologies for them show the speed with which the work was produced, in order to capitalize on the popularity and ambitions of the earl of Essex, the nobleman to whom Chapman dedicates his translation; Chapman represents him as the "now living instance of Achileian virtues [...] whom by sacred prophecy Homer did but prefigure in his admirable object"—that is, in the Greek hero, Achilles ("Chapman's *Seaven Bookes of the Iliades*: Mirror for Essex," *SEL* 21 [1981]: p. 59; 65-66).

[2] *Thetis* a Nereid (sea deity), wife of King Peleus, mother of Achilles; by dipping Achilles in the River Styx in order to make him immortal, Thetis attempted to cheat the Fates who decreed that Achilles would die young.

[3] *tripods* three-legged stools or chairs; *seriously* one after another; in due sequence.

[4] *admire* wonder at.

[5] *Daedalean* after the manner of Daedalus, the classical inventor whose most famous accomplishments are the construction of the Minotaur's labyrinth, and the two pairs of wings with which he and his son Icarus escaped their imprisonment on Crete; thus, skilfully or ingeniously made.

[6] *apart* separately (i.e., before she appears to Vulcan).

[7] *Charis* one of the Graces, wife of Vulcan.

[8] *entertain / Conceit to honour us with her repair* i.e., consider or have the thought to honour us with her arrival.

[9] *my mother's* Vulcan (Greek, "Hephaestus") was the son of Jupiter (Zeus) and his wife, Juno (Hera). When Vulcan was born deformed, Juno cast him out of Olympus into the sea.

[10] *Eurynome* one of the Oceanides (sea nymphs, daughters of Oceanus and Tethys), mother of the Graces.

[11] *concluse* not in *OED*; from *Latin*, "concludo, -ere, -us," confines, enclosure.

To whom requital more than competent[1]
It fits me much my safety should repay.
Charis, do thou some sumptuous feast purvey
Whiles I my airy bellows may lay by
And all my tools of heavenly ferrary."[2]
Thus from his anvil the huge monster rose,
And with distorted knees he limping goes
To a bright chest of silver-ore composed,
Where all his wonder-working tools were closed,
And took his sighing bellows from the fire.
Then with a sponge his breast with hairs like wire,
His brawned neck, his hard hands and his face
He cleansed; put on his robe, assumed his mace,
And halted[3] forth; and on his steps attended
Handmaids of gold that with strong paces wended,
Like dames in flow'r of life, in whom were minds
Furnished with wisdom, knowing all the kinds
Of the god's powers; from whom did voices fly,
In whom were strengths and motions voluntary.
These at his elbow ever minist'red,
And these (drawing after him his legs) he led
To Thetis seated in a shining throne,
Whose hand he shook, and asked this question:
"What wished occasion brings the sea's bright queen
To Vulcan's house, that ever yet hath been
So great a stranger? Show thy reverent will,
Which mine of choice commands me to fulfil,
If in the reach of all mine art it lie
Or it be possible to satisfy?"
Thetis poured out this sad reply in tears:
"O Vulcan, is there any goddess bears
(Of all the deities that deck the sky)
So much of mortal wretchedness as I,
Whom Jove past all deprives of heavenly peace?
Myself of all the blue Nereides
He hath subjected to a mortal's bed,
Which I against my will have suffered
To Peleus, surnamed Aeacides,
Who in his court lies slain with the disease
Of woeful age; and now with new infortunes
He all my joys to discontents importunes
In giving me a son,[4] chief in renown
Of all heroes, who hath palm-like grown
Set in a fruitful soil; and, when my care
Had nursed him to a form so singulare,
I sent him in the Grecians' crook-sterned fleet
To Ilion, with the swiftness of his feet
And dreadful strength that his choice limbs indued,
To fight against the Troyan fortitude;
And him I never shall receive, retired
To Peleus' court, but while he lives inspired
With human breath and sees the sun's clear light,
He must live sad and moody as the night.
Nor can I cheer him, since his valour's prize,
Resigned by all the Grecians' compromise,
Atrides forced into his fortune's part,
For which, consumption tires upon his heart.
Yet, since the Troyans all the Greeks conclude[5]
Within their fort, the peers of Greece have sued
With worthiness of gifts and humble prayers
To win his hand to hearten their affairs;
Which he denied; but to appease their harms
He decked his dear Patroclus in his arms
And sent him with his bands to those debates.[6]
All day they fought before the Scaean gates
And well might have expugned,[7] by that black light,
The Ilian city,[8] if Apollo's spite,
Thirsting the blood of good Menaetius' son,[9]
Had not in face of all the fight foredone[10]
His faultless life and authored the renown
On Hector's prowess, making th'act his own.
Since, therefore, to revenge the timeless[11] death
Of his true friend my son determineth

---

1 *competent* merely adequate or satisfactory.
2 *ferrary* the smith's art; the art of iron-working.
3 *halted* walked lamely; limped.
4 *a son* Achilles.
5 *conclude* confine, shut up, enclose.
6 *debates* military conflicts.
7 *expugned* captured by fighting; taken by storm.
8 *The Ilian city* i.e., Troy.
9 *Menaetius' son* Patroclus, beloved friend of Achilles; putting on Achilles' armour, he was killed by the Trojan prince Hector.
10 *in face of* in defiance of; *foredone* killed.
11 *timeless* untimely; premature.

T'embrue[1] the field, for want whereof he lies
Buried in dust and drowned in miseries,
Here at thy knees I sue, that the short date[2]
Prefixed his life by power of envious[3] fate
Thou wilt with heavenly arms grace and maintain,
Since his are lost with his Patroclus slain."
He answered: "Be assured, nor let the care
Of these desires thy firmest hopes impair.
Would God as far from lamentable death,
When heavy fates shall see it with his breath,
I could reserve him, as unequalled arms
Shall be found near t'avert all instant harms,
Such arms as all worlds shall for art admire,
That by their eyes their excellence aspire."
This said, the smith did to his bellows go,
Set them to fire and made his Cyclops[4] blow.
Full twenty pair breathed through his furnace holes
All sorts of blasts t'enflame his tempered coals,
Now blustered hard and now did contrarise[5]
As Vulcan would, and, as his exercise
Might with perfection serve the dame's desire,
Hard brass and tin he cast into the fire,
High-prized gold and silver, and did set
Within the stock an anvil bright and great.
His massy hammer then his right hand held,
His other hand his gasping tongs compelled.

[...]

—1598

[1] *T'embrue* stain or soak with blood.

[2] *date* duration; length.

[3] *envious* full of ill-will; malicious.

[4] *Cyclops* a race of giants, sons of Coelus (Heaven) and Terra (Earth), each with one eye in the middle of his forehead. As Vulcan's workmen, they helped produce Jupiter's thunderbolts, Pluto's shield, and Neptune's trident.

[5] *contrarise* the opposite (see "contrariwise" in *OED*).

Appendix: Corinna's Garden— Ovid's Banquet of Sense, *Stanzas 9-10.*

The plants in stanzas 9-10 range from the innocuous to the dangerous and are directly related to the senses and passions of Corinna and the watching Ovid. Chapman includes some (it would seem) solely for their beauty, such as the aromatic jessamine (jasmine) and the crown-imperial, so-called after the shape of its bloom, in which one may find "six drops of the most clear shining water, in taste like sugar, resembling in show fair orient pearls" (Gerard, p. 48). Others are symbolic of various emotions, senses and physical states, many related to love, lust, and desire. Pansies and violets were both popular love tokens, with pansies traditionally representing thought or remembrance and violets faithfulness in love. The herbalist John Gerard notes that the beauty and sweet smell of the latter "stir up a man to that which is comely and honest," encouraging virtue generally (p. 198). Cupid's crimson shield is unidentified, but its name suggests another love token.

Naturally enough, many of these plants are related to the organs of sense: melanthy (melanthion, or black cumin), nightshade (black, sleepy or common nightshade), merry (black cherry), and white aphrodill (affodill [asphodel], also known as the white daffodil) were used to treat eye disorders; melanthy could also restore the sense of smell to those who had lost it, and nightshade and calaminth (calamint) were also useful in treating afflictions of the ear. Significantly, Venus' navel (pennywort, kidneywort or navelwort, [*hortus Veneris*: Venus' garden]), white aphrodill and violets, were also used for their cooling properties to cure inflammations, fevers, and burns. Many of Corinna's plants and herbs are purgatives, such as sya (perhaps sion or syon, the English water parsley) and melliphill (millefoil [millefolium], the English "yarrow"): these could help (for example) to break up kidney stones, cure urine retention, purify the blood, and dispel unnatural "heats." Given that love and desire were popularly believed

to "heat the blood," the predominance of purgative herbs and plants in Corinna's garden is significant; nepenthe, in particular, that powerful and ancient drug mentioned by Homer and Pliny, was credited by Ferrand specifically as an opiate [nepenthe of ladanum] that could help treat cases of lovesickness or erotomania.

An interesting number of the plants here were used to treat women's diseases and disorders: Diana's arrow (perhaps artemisia or parthenium, the English mugwort) calaminth, sya, white aphrodill, and amaranth were used to treat menstrual disorders; white aphrodill was thought useful for inflammations of the breasts, and Diana's arrow, sya, and amareus were used to ease difficult labour and delivery. Diana's arrow was also used to treat hysteria and inflammations of the womb, while white aphrodill could help in cases of inflammed testicles. More ominously, perhaps, amareus was also an effective abortifacient. In fact, one of these plants falls into the category of medicines that can cure or kill: nightshade can provoke sleep, but it can also trouble the mind and cause madness, and in larger doses, it can kill. In fact Gerard recommends rooting this plant out of gardens likely to be frequented by pregnant women, to protect them against consuming it during their cravings for "things most vile" (pp. 74-75).

Finally, two were used to treat syphilis: melanthy and amaranth. Culpeper calls the latter "a most gallant anti-venereal, and a singular remedy for the French pox" (p. 9). Diana's arrow (in its English character as mugwort) was believed an effective charm against witchcraft, sorcery, poison, venomous bites, and even "the hurtful and malign aspect of the Sun" (Pliny, *Natural History*, vol. 2, p. 222).

Several of the plants are explicitly named in Culpeper's *Herbal* as being under the astrological influence of Venus, the goddess of love: violets are "a fine pleasing plant of Venus, of a mild nature, no way harmful"; Venus' navel is a plant "governed by Venus"; merry is "a tree of Venus"; and the amaranth "is under the dominion of Saturn, and is an excellent qualifier of the unruly actions and passions of Venus, though Mars also should join with her" (pp. 188, 142-43, 63, 9).[1]

[1] Sources: N. Culpeper, *Culpeper's Complete Herbal and English Physician Enlarged, 1653* (Glenwood, IL, 1814); J. Ferrand, *Treatise on Lovesickness*, trans. and ed. D. Beecher and M. Ciavollela (Syracuse, NY, 1990); J. Gerard, *Gerard's Herbal, 1636* (London, 1985); C. Robinson, "A Nosegay Always Sweet," *Handful of Pleasant Delights* (London, 1584); W. Turner, *New Herball, 1562-1568*, ed. G.T.L. Chapman (Cambridge, 1995).

John Donne
1572-1631

Both the life and work of John Donne were deeply embedded in the social, religious, and political networks of late sixteenth- and early seventeenth-century England. Family history linked him to the worlds of letters and theatre, while his own aspiration to a career in civil service drove him to exploit connections to court life and patronage made available through the social milieu of the law schools in which he spent his early adult years. This world of court politics and patronage ultimately led Donne to a position of some eminence in the Church of England when he became Dean of St Paul's Cathedral in 1621. However, his path was torturous, blocked by religious politics and tactical errors like his marriage.

Donne's family was historically Roman Catholic, his father a successful London businessman who died when Donne was four years old and his mother the youngest daughter of playwright John Heywood and Joan Rastell, the niece of humanist and martyr Sir Thomas More.[1] His mother's remarriage was to a wealthy Roman Catholic doctor who was president of the Royal College of Physicians. To be Roman Catholic in the last quarter of the century was a dangerous business, for "on the one hand, as the careers of Donne's father and stepfather suggest, it was possible, if you were sufficiently circumspect or well-connected, to prosper. On the other hand, you might end up having your intestines torn out."[2] Legally, Roman Catholics could neither hold public office nor take degrees at the universities because graduates were required to swear the Oath of Supremacy. Furthermore, by a statute of 1585, refusal to attend Anglican services brought a fine of £20 per month—the equivalent of a village schoolmaster's annual salary—and those unable to pay were liable to have all of their goods and two thirds of their land confiscated.[3] Physical punishment accompanied fiscal, as it was high treason for priests to enter the country and a felony for lay people to receive them. Execution of recusants was gruesome and often followed a period of torture. Among the 100 priests and 53 lay people executed from 1585 to 1603[4] were Donne's great uncle, former monk Thomas Heywood, in 1574, and his uncle, Jesuit priest Jasper Heywood, in 1583. Donne is known to have accompanied his mother to visit his uncle in prison prior to execution,[5] so he was well aware of the dangers of his family's religious affiliation.

Donne and his brother Henry were sent to Hart Hall, Oxford, a college favoured by Roman Catholics because it had no chapel and thus made avoidance of Anglican services both easier and less noticeable. At their matriculation, the boys gave their ages as eleven and ten, although they were actually a year older.[6] Recusant families typically sent their sons to university slightly earlier than usual because the law required students at age sixteen to take the Oath of Supremacy, which acknowledged the Queen to be the head of the Church in England. It is thought that Donne may have studied at Cambridge as well, but no record of his attendance remains.[7] In 1592, he was admitted to the law school at Lincoln's Inn—another institution favoured by recusants. It was rumoured that the priests who frequented Lincoln's Inn Fields blew a special trumpet to call the Inns of Court men to mass.[8] During this period, Donne's brother Henry was caught with a priest in his room, with the result that the priest was executed and Henry charged (he died of plague while in prison awaiting trial).[9]

As a literary environment, Lincoln's Inn was rich, housing a large population of educated gentlemen interested in improving their social and economic status.[10] The Inns of Court system was originally designed to train civil servants

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1 J. Carey, *John Donne: Life, Mind and Art* (Oxford, 1981), p. 15.
2 Ibid., p. 15.
3 Ibid., pp. 15-16.
4 Ibid., p. 17.
5 Ibid., p. 20.
6 Ibid., pp. 21-22.
7 Ibid., p. 22.
8 Ibid., p. 24.
9 Ibid., p. 24.
10 A. Marotti, *John Donne, Coterie Poet* (Madison, 1986), p. 26.

for an expanding bureaucracy, but overproduction of educated young gentlemen made prospective employment tenuous. This potential for disappointed aspiration fuelled writing critical of the very establishment the students sought to enter.[1] Donne's first four satires belong to this anxious period before achieving a position in government service, and the first two address the various routes to success available to the men of the Inns. The speaker in "Satire 1" is a moralist positioned outside the world of courtly sycophants, while "Satire 2" attacks the greed of professional lawyers and their acquisition of land that more properly belongs to the gentry. Along with the lawyers' "theft" of land goes their appropriation of courtly literary forms. However, while Donne rejects the crass verse of the lawyer, he also refuses the polite conventions of Petrarchan love poetry in favour of more direct expressions of desire.[2] In "Satire 3," religious hypocrisy becomes the target for the speaker's vitriol. Donne comes close to sedition when his speaker indirectly rejects the Elizabethan Oath of Allegiance to give conscience and divine law an authority greater than custom and human law.[3]

The majority of Donne's elegies were probably also written in the environment of the Inns of Court. The term itself refers to the meter, i.e., alternating hexameter and pentameter lines, used in Latin and Greek poems not limited to lament for the death of a person. The classical elegy is typically a complaint about love made by a speaker who attempts to entrap his mistress but ends up tricked by her instead. Donne's elegies are modelled on Ovid's *Amores*, but replace references to Rome with details of London and mythological allusions with gestures toward social, political, and economic realities.[4] Overall, the elegies show skepticism toward conventions of love and wooing. It has been argued that this cynicism is partly the result of the uncertain class position of men at the Inns of Court who needed to establish themselves by looking to the wealthy urban middle classes for rich wives.[5] Donne's early lyrics are similarly influenced by the world of the Inns of Court. Likely written in the period from 1592 to 160l, they show the Inns' tradition of versifying as a social activity and appear in the commonplace books of various members of the Inns of Court. The poems display wit and daring. They also cross a number of poetic styles and vocabularies, combining as they do the subject matter, conventions, and styles of courtly forms like the sonnet with the epigram and classical love lyrics of Ovid and Catullus. In Donne's work the result is a mixture of registers of language and striking boldness about sexual matters, typically argued in the form of a syllogism that is systematically undone through hair-splitting logic, verbal tricks, and paradox. Also typical is an imperative tone as the speaker attempts to assert his authority over the love object. Some of these may have been used, apparently successfully, to woo Donne's future wife, Anne More. The verse epistles addressed to Inns of Court friends, including "The Storm" and "The Calm," reflect the next stage of Donne's life, when he sailed on naval expeditions to Cadiz in 1596-97. While not particularly committed to a military career, on these voyages Donne met Thomas Egerton, through whom he garnered employment as secretary to the elder Sir Thomas Egerton, lord keeper of the Great Seal, whose association with the Earl of Essex appeared to open the next door in Donne's path to advancement.[6]

The Egerton connection also helped Donne to realize the Inns of Court fantasy of marriage to a wife of a higher class. Anne More was the third daughter of Sir George More and Donne fell in love with her when she came, at age 14, to live with her aunt, Lady Egerton.[7] Despite the 12-year age difference, the couple married in 1601 and broke the news to Sir George in early 1602. The bride's father, highly displeased, insisted that Egerton dismiss Donne. Rather than preferment, then, came ostracism from the social circles Donne sought to enter, along with severe financial instability—a set of circumstances that Donne encapsulated in his famous epigram, "John Donne, Anne Donne, undone." Both were resolved to some extent when James I came to power, for Donne gained access to court through his most generous patron, Lucy Harington, countess of Bedford. However, the King determined that Donne's route to prefer-

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1 Ibid., p. 38.
2 Ibid., p. 41.
3 Ibid., pp. 42-43.
4 Ibid., p. 44.
5 Ibid., p. 52.
6 Carey, *John Donne*, pp. 67-69.
7 Marotti, *John Donne*, p. 133.

ment would come through the Church of England, a pressure that Donne resisted for a period of time, during which he found sporadic employment through his court connections. He finally yielded and took Anglican orders in 1615, after which he was almost immediately made King's chaplain. In 1617, Anne Donne died in childbirth and her husband then spent the rest of his life in various clerical positions, culminating in his tenure as dean of St Paul's Cathedral, during which Donne wrote his most famous religious verse.

EDITIONS: *Poems by J.D. With elegies on the authors death.* London: Printed by M[iles] F[lesher] for John Marriot, 1633. STC 7045; "Elegy: To His Mistress Going to Bed." *Poems &c by John Donne late dean of St. Pauls, with elegies on the authors death to which is added divers copies under his own hand, never before printed.* London: T.N. for Henry Herringman, 1669. Wing D1871.

Song

Go and catch a falling star,
  Get with child a mandrake root,[1]
Tell me, where all past years are,
  Or who cleft the Devil's foot,
Teach me to hear mermaids singing,[2]
  Or to keep off envy's stinging,
    And find
    What wind
Serves to advance an honest mind.

If thou be'st born to strange sights,
  Things invisible to see,
Ride ten thousand days and nights,
  Till age snow white hairs on thee,
Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell me
  All strange wonders that befell thee,
    And swear
    No where
Lives a woman true, and fair.

If thou find'st one, let me know,
  Such a pilgrimage were sweet,
Yet do not, I would not go,
  Though at next door we might meet,
Though she were true, when you met her,
  And last, till you write your letter,
    Yet she
    Will be
False, ere[3] I come, to two or three.

The Bait[4]

Come live with me and be my love,
And we will some new pleasures prove
Of golden sands, and crystal brooks,
With silken lines, and silver hooks.

There will the river whispering run
Warmed by thine eyes, more than the sun.
And there th'enamoured fish will stay,
Begging themselves they may betray.

When thou wilt swim in that live bath,
Each fish, which every channel hath,
Will amorously to thee swim,
Gladder to catch thee, than thou him.

[1] *mandrake root* The mandrake is poisonous, having emetic and narcotic properties, and was formerly used medicinally. The forked root is thought to resemble the human form, and was fabled to utter a deadly shriek when plucked up from the ground. The notion indicated in the narrative of Genesis, that the fruit when eaten by women promotes conception, is said still to survive in Palestine.

[2] *mermaids singing* Mermaids were said to attract men with their songs and then to devour them.

[3] *ere* before.

[4] "The Bait" is a response to Christopher Marlowe's "The Passionate Shepherd to his Love."

If thou, to be so seen, be'st loath,[1]
By sun, or moon, thou darkenest both,
And if myself have leave to see,
I need not their light, having thee.

Let others freeze with angling reeds,
And cut their legs, with shells and weeds,
Or treacherously poor fish beset,[2]
With strangling snare, or windowy net:

Let coarse bold hands, from slimy nest
The bedded fish in banks outwrest,[3]
Or curious traitors, sleave-silk flies[4]
Bewitch poor fishes' wandering eyes.

For thee, thou need'st no such deceit,
For thou thyself art thine own bait,
That fish, that is not catched thereby,[5]
Alas, is wiser far than I.

Woman's Constancy

Now thou hast loved me one whole day,
Tomorrow when thou leav'st, what wilt thou say?
Wilt thou then antedate[6] some new made vow?
Or say that now
We are not just those persons, which we were?
Or, that oaths made in reverential fear
Of Love, and his wrath, any may forswear?[7]
Or, as true deaths, true marriages untie,
So lovers' contracts, images of those,
Bind but till sleep, death's image, them unloose?
Or, your own end to justify,
For having purposed[8] change and falsehood; you
Can have no way but falsehood to be true?

Vain lunatic, against these 'scapes[9] I could
Dispute, and conquer, if I would,
Which I abstain to do,
For by tomorrow, I may think so too.

The Flea

Mark[10] but this flea, and mark in this,
How little that which thou deniest me is;
Me it sucked first, and now sucks thee,
And in this flea, our two bloods mingled be;
Thou know'st that this cannot be said
A sin, or shame, or loss of maidenhead,[11]
Yet this enjoys before it woo,
And pampered[12] swells with one blood made of two,
And this, alas, is more than we would do.

Oh stay,[13] three lives in one flea spare,
Where we almost yea more than married are.
This flea is you and I, and this
Our marriage bed, and marriage temple is;
Though parents grudge, and you, we are met,
And cloistered[14] in these living walls of jet.[15]
Though use[16] make you apt to kill me,
Let not to that, self-murder added be,
And sacrilege, three sins in killing three.

Cruel and sudden, hast thou since
Purpled thy nail in blood of innocence?
Wherein could this flea guilty be,
Except in that drop which it sucked from thee?
Yet thou triumph'st, and say'st that thou
Find not thyself nor me the weaker now;
'Tis true, then learn how false fears be:
Just so much honour, when thou yield'st to me,
Will waste, as this flea's death took life from thee.

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1 *loath* reluctant, unwilling.
2 *beset* surround, encircle, assail.
3 *outwrest* extract by superior force.
4 *sleave-silk flies* fishing lures made of fine silk thread.
5 *thereby* by that means.
6 *antedate* affix an earlier than true date.
7 *forswear* abandon, renounce.
8 *purposed* intended, planned.
9 *'scapes* transgressions, breaches of conduct.
10 *Mark* notice, observe.
11 *maidenhead* virginity.
12 *pampered* luxuriously fed, overindulged.
13 *stay* stop, halt.
14 *cloistered* enclosed, confined.
15 *jet* hard, shiny, black stone (i.e., black).
16 *use* habit.

The Relic[1]

When my grave is broke up again
Some second guest to entertain;
(For graves have learned that womanhead
To be to more than one a bed)
And he that digs it, spies
A bracelet of bright hair about the bone,
Will he not let us alone,
And think that there a loving couple lies,
Who thought that this device be might some way
To make their souls, at the last busy day,
Meet at this grave, and make a little stay?[2]

If this fall in a time, or land,
Where mis-devotion doth command,
Then, he that digs us up, will bring
Us to the bishop and the king,
To make us relics; then
Thou shalt be Mary Magadalen, and I
A something else thereby;
All women shall adore us, and some men;
And since at such time, miracles are sought,
I would have that age by this paper taught
What miracles we harmless lovers wrought.

First, we loved well and faithfully,
Yet knew not what we loved, nor why,
Difference of sex no more we knew,
Than our guardian angels do;
Coming and going, we
Perchance[3] might kiss, but not between those meals;
Our hands ne'er touched the seals,[4]
Which nature, injured by late law, sets free;
These miracles we did; but now alas,
All measure, and all language, I should pass,
Should I tell what a miracle she was.

[1] *Relic* object belonging to saint or martyr, carefully preserved and held in esteem or veneration.
[2] *stay* pause.
[3] *Perchance* by chance.
[4] *seals* pieces of wax fixed on a folded letter or on a closed door to prevent opening, here with sexual connotations.

Satire I

Away thou fondling motley humourist,[5]
Leave me, and in this standing wooden chest,[6]
Consorted[7] with these few books, let me lie
In prison, and here be coffined, when I die;
Here are God's conduits,[8] grave divines;[9] and here
Nature's secretary, the philosopher;
And jolly statesmen, which teach how to tie
The sinews of a city's mystic body;[10]
Here gathering chroniclers, and by them stand
Giddy[11] fantastic[12] poets of each land.
Shall I leave all this constant company,
And follow headlong, wild uncertain thee?
First swear by thy best love in earnest
(If thou which lov'st all, canst love any best)
Thou wilt not leave me in the middle street,
Though some more spruce[13] companion thou dost meet,
Not though a captain do come in thy way
Bright parcel gilt,[14] with forty dead men's pay,
Nor though a brisk perfumed pert courtier
Deign with a nod, thy courtesy to answer.
Nor come a velvet justice with a long
Great train of blue coats,[15] twelve, or fourteen strong,
Wilt thou grin or fawn on him, or prepare
A speech to court his beauteous son and heir?
For better or worse take me, or leave me:
To take, and leave me is adultery.
O monstrous, superstitious puritan,[16]
Of refined manners, yet ceremonial man,[17]

[5] *fondling motley humourist* foolish changeable person given to following fads.
[6] *standing wooden chest* study.
[7] *Consorted* accompanied, associated.
[8] *conduits* channels, pipes.
[9] *divines* theologians.
[10] *mystic body* spiritual or symbolic being, as opposed to physical fact.
[11] *Giddy* mad.
[12] *fantastic* fanciful, capricious.
[13] *spruce* dapper, smart.
[14] *parcel gilt* partly gilded.
[15] *Great train of blue coats* minor officials, who typically wore blue coats.
[16] *superstitious puritan* overscrupulous purist.
[17] *ceremonial man* formal person, attached to ritual while religious puritans abhorred it.

That when thou meet'st one, with enquiring eyes
Dost search, and like a needy broker prize
The silk, and gold he wears, and to that rate
So high or low, dost raise thy formal hat:
That wilt consort none, until thou have known
What lands he hath in hope,[1] or of his own,
As though all thy companions should make thee
Jointures[2] and marry thy dear company.
Why shouldst thou (that doth not only approve,
But in rank itchy lust, desire, and love
The nakedness and barrenness to enjoy,
Of thy plump muddy whore, or prostitute boy)
Hate virtue, though she be naked, and bare?
At birth, and death, our bodies naked are;
And till our souls be unappareled
Of bodies, they from bliss are banished.
Man's first blessed state was naked, when by sin
He lost that, yet he was clothed but in beast's skin,
And in this coarse attire, which I now wear
With God, and with the Muses I confer.
But since thou like a contrite penitent,
Charitably warned of thy sins, dost repent
These vanities, and giddinesses, lo
I shut my chamber door, and come, let's go.
But sooner may a cheap whore, that hath been
Worn by as many several men in sin,
As are black feathers or musk-colour hose,
Name her child's right true father, 'mongst all those:
Sooner may one guess, who shall bear away
The Infanta[3] of London, heir to an India,
And sooner may a gulling weather spy[4]
By drawing forth heaven's scheme tell certainly
What fashioned hats, or ruffs, or suits next year
Our subtle-witted antic[5] youths will wear;
Than thou, when thou depart'st from me, canst show
Whither, why, when or with whom thou wouldst go.
But how shall I be pardoned my offence
That thus have sinned against my conscience?
Now we are in the street; he first of all
Improvidently[6] proud, creeps to the wall,
And so imprisoned, and hemmed in by me
Sells for a little state his liberty;
Yet though he cannot skip forth now to greet
Every fine silken painted fool we meet,
He them to him with amorous smiles allures,
And grins, smacks, shrugs, and such an itch endures,
As 'prentices,[7] or schoolboys which do know
Of some gay sport abroad, yet dare not go.
And as fiddlers stop[8] lowest, at highest sound,
So to the most brave,[9] stoops he nigh'st the ground.
But to a grave man he doth move no more
Than the wise politic[10] horse would heretofore,[11]
Or thou, O elephant or ape, wilt do
When any names the King of Spain to you.
Now leaps he upright, jogs me, and cries, "Do you see,
Yonder well-favoured youth?" "Which?" "Oh, 'tis he
That dances so divinely." "Oh," said I,
"Stand still, must you dance here for company?"
He drooped, we went, till one (which did excel
Th'Indians in drinking[12] his tobacco well)
Met us; they talked; I whispered "Let us go,
'T may be you smell him not, truly I do."
He hears not me, but, on the other side
A many-coloured peacock having spied,
Leaves him and me; I for my lost sheep stay;
He follows, overtakes, goes on the way,
Saying, "Him whom I last left, s'all repute

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1 *in hope* in expectation, prospective.

2 *Jointures* property held jointly by husband and wife, usually in order to support the wife in widowhood.

3 *Infanta* Spanish princess (i.e., the daughter of a noble house who represents the best marriage prospect).

4 *gulling weather spy* cheating astrologer.

5 *antic* absurd, ludicrous.

6 *Improvidently* excessively.

7 *'prentices* apprentices.

8 *stop* press a string on a fret.

9 *brave* splendid, showy.

10 *politic* prudent, sagacious.

11 *heretofore* in time past, formerly.

12 *drinking* Tobacco was introduced to England by 1565, but not smoked until 1585.

For his device, in handsoming a suit,
To judge of lace, pink, panes, print, cut, and pleat,
Of all the Court, to have the best conceit."[1]
"Our dull comedians want him, let him go;
But oh, God strengthen thee, why stoop'st thou so?"
"Why? he hath travelled." "Long?" "No, but to me
(Which understand none), he doth seem to be
Perfect French and Italian"; I replied,
"So is the pox."[2] He answered not, but spied
More men of sort,[3] of parts, and qualities;
At last his love he in a window spies,
And like light dew exhaled, he flings from me
Violently ravished to his lechery.
Many were there, he could command no more;
He quarrelled, fought, bled; and turned out of door,
Directly came to me hanging the head,
And constantly a while must keep his bed.

Satire III

Kind pity chokes my spleen;[4] brave scorn forbids
Those tears to issue which swell my eyelids.
I must not laugh, nor weep sins, and be wise,
Can railing then cure these worn maladies?
Is not our mistress fair religion,
As worthy of all our soul's devotion,
As virtue was to the first blinded age?[5]
Are not Heaven's joys as valiant to assuage
Lusts as earth's honour was to them? Alas,
As we do them in means, shall they surpass
Us in the end, and shall thy father's spirit
Meet blind philosophers in Heaven, whose merit
Of strict life may be imputed faith, and hear
Thee, whom he taught so easy ways and near
To follow, damned? Or if thou dar'st, fear this;
This fear great courage, and high valour is.
Dar'st thou aid mutinous Dutch,[6] and dar'st thou lay
Thee in ships' wooden sepulchres, a prey
To leaders' rage, to storms, to shot, to dearth?
Dar'st thou dive seas, and dungeons of the earth?
Hast thou courageous fire to thaw the ice
Of frozen north discoveries?[7] and thrice
Colder than salamanders?[8] Like divine
Children in th'oven,[9] fires of Spain,[10] and the line,[11]
Whose countries limbecks[12] to our bodies be,
Canst thou for gain bear? And must every he
Which cries not, "Goddess!" to thy mistress, draw,
Or eat thy poisonous words? courage of straw!
O desperate coward, wilt thou seem bold, and
To thy foes and his (who made thee to stand
Sentinel in his world's garrison) thus yield,
And for forbidden wars, leave th'appointed field?
Know thy foe: the foul Devil he's, whom thou
Strivest to please, for hate, not love, would allow
Thee fain, his whole realm to be quit; and as
The world's all parts wither away and pass,
So the world's self, the other loved foe, is
In her decrepit wane, and thou loving this,
Dost love a withered and worn strumpet; last,
Flesh (itself's death) and joys which flesh can taste,
Thou lovest; and thy fair goodly soul, which doth
Give this flesh power to taste joy, thou dost loathe.

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1 *conceit* idea, conception.
2 *pox* syphilis, often referred to as the French or Italian pox.
3 *sort* rank.
4 *spleen* ill-humour, anger.
5 *the first blinded age* the age of early pagan philosophers.
6 *mutinous Dutch* Many mercenaries and Englishmen sympathetic to the Protestant cause helped the Dutch fight against the Spanish occupation of the Low Countries through the latter part of the sixteenth century.
7 *frozen north discoveries* the search for the northwest passage was a focus for exploration.
8 *salamanders* lizard-like creatures supposed to be able to endure, or even live in, fire.
9 *divine / Children in th'oven* Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, who refused to worship a golden statue erected by Nebuchadnezzar, were tossed into a furnace, but were seen walking in the flames and returned unscorched (Daniel 3:12-97).
10 *fires of Spain* The Inquisition consigned heretics to death by burning.
11 *line* the Equator.
12 *limbecks* alembics, apparatuses used for distilling and, in alchemy, for heating base metals in order to turn them to gold.

Seek true religion, Oh where? Mirreus,
Thinking her unhoused here, and fled from us,
Seeks her at Rome; there, because he doth know
That she was there a thousand years ago,
He loves the rags so, as we here obey
The statecloth[1] where the prince sat yesterday.
Crantz to such brave loves will not be enthralled,
But loves her only, who at Geneva is called
Religion plain, simple, sullen, young,
Contemptuous, yet unhandsome. As among
Lecherous humours, there is one that judges
No wenches wholesome but coarse country drudges:
Graius stays still at home here, and because
Some preachers, vile ambitious bawds, and laws
Still new, like fashions, bid him think that she
Which dwells with us is only perfect, he
Embraceth her, whom his godfathers will
Tender to him, being tender, as wards still
Take such wives, as their guardians offer, or
Pay values.[2] Careless Phrygius doth abhor
All, because all cannot be good, as one
Knowing some women whores, dares marry none.
Gracchus[3] loves all as one, and thinks that so
As women do in divers[4] countries go
In divers habits, yet are still one kind,
So doth, so is religion; and this blindness too much light breeds; but unmoved thou
Of force must one, and forced but one allow;
And the right; ask thy father which is she,
Let him ask his; though truth and falsehood be
Near twins, yet truth a little elder is;
Be busy to seek her, believe me this,
He's not of none, nor worst, that seeks the best.
To adore or scorn an image, or protest,
May all be bad; doubt wisely; in strange way
To stand inquiring right, is not to stray;
To sleep, or run wrong, is. On a huge hill,
Cragged and steep, Truth stands, and he that will
Reach her, about must, and about must go;
And what the hill's suddenness resists, win so;
Yet strive so, that before age, death's twilight,
Thy soul rest, for none can work in that night,
To will, implies delay, therefore now do
Hard deeds, the body's pains; hard knowledge too
The mind's endeavours reach, and mysteries
Are like the sun, dazzling, yet plain to all eyes.
Keep the truth which thou hast found; men do not stand
In so ill case here, that God hath with his hand
Signed kings' blank charters[5] to kill whom they hate,
Nor are they vicars,[6] but hangmen to Fate.
Fool and wretch, wilt thou let thy soul be tied
To man's laws, by which she shall not be tried
At the Last Day? Will it then boot[7] thee
To say a Philip,[8] or a Gregory,[9]
A Harry,[10] or a Martin[11] taught thee this?
Is not this excuse for mere contraries
Equally strong? Cannot both sides say so?
That thou mayest rightly obey power, her bounds know;
Those past, her nature and name is changed; to be
Then humble to her is idolatry;
As streams are, power is; those blessed flowers that dwell
At the rough stream's calm head thrive and prove well,
But having left their roots, and themselves given
To the stream's tyrannous rage, alas, are driven

[1] *statecloth* canopy over a throne or chair of state.

[2] *values* fines.

[3] *Mirreus* … *Gracchus* figures representing a variety of religious beliefs, from Roman Catholic through austere Genevan Protestant to relativistic acceptance of all religions as equal.

[4] *divers* various, sundry.

[5] *charters* permissions, pardons.

[6] *vicars* ones who take the place of, or act instead of others, typically in an ecclesiastical sense.

[7] *boot* profit.

[8] *Philip* Philip II of Spain (1527-98), a ruthless suppressor of Lutheranism.

[9] *Gregory* Pope Gregory XIV (1535-91), who assisted attempts to depose the Protestant king of France, Henry IV.

[10] *Harry* Henry VIII (1491-1547), who founded the English Church and declared himself its head.

[11] *Martin* Martin Luther (1483-1546), whose 95 Theses sparked debate that led to the development of Protestantism.

Through mills, and rocks, and woods and at last, almost
Consumed in going, in the sea are lost:
So perish souls, which more choose men's unjust
Power from God claimed, than God himself to trust.

Elegy 1: Jealousy

Fond woman, which wouldst have thy husband die,
And yet complain'st of his great jealousy;
If swollen with poison, he lay in his last bed,
His body with a sere-bark[1] covered,
Drawing his breath, as thick and short, as can
The nimblest crotcheting[2] musician,
Ready with loathsome vomiting to spew
His soul out of one hell, into a new,
Made deaf with his poor kindred's howling cries,
Begging with few feigned tears, great legacies,
Thou wouldst not weep, but jolly and frolic[3] be,
As a slave, which tomorrow should be free;
Yet weep'st thou, when thou see'st him hungrily
Swallow his own death, heart's-bane jealousy.
Oh give him many thanks, he is courteous,
That in suspecting kindly warneth us.
We must not, as we used, flout openly,
In scoffing riddles, his deformity;
Nor at his board together being sat,
With words, nor touch, scarce looks adulterate.
Nor when he swollen, and pampered with great fare,
Sits down, and snorts, caged in his basket chair,[4]
Must we usurp his own bed any more,
Nor kiss and play in his house, as before.
Now I see many dangers; for that is
His realm, his castle, and his diocese.
But if, as envious men which would revile
Their prince, or coin his gold, themselves exile
Into another country, and do it there,
We play in another house, what should we fear?
There we will scorn his household policies,
His silly plots, and pensionary[5] spies,
As the inhabitants of Thames' right side
Do London's mayor,[6] or Germans, the Pope's pride.[7]

Elegy 8: The Comparison[8]

As the sweet sweat of roses in a still,
As that which from chafed musk cat's pores[9] doth trill,
As the almighty balm of th'early east,
Such are the sweet drops of my mistress' breast.
And on her neck her skin such lustre sets,
They seem no sweat drops, but pearl carcanets.[10]
Rank sweaty froth thy mistress's brow defiles,
Like spermatic issue of ripe menstruous boils.
Or like the scum, which, by need's lawless law
Enforced, Sanserra's starved men[11] did draw
From parboiled shoes and boots, and all the rest
Which were with any sovereign fatness blessed,
And like vile stones lying in saffroned tin,[12]
Or warts, or weals, they hang upon her skin.
Round as the world's her head, on every side,

---

1 *sere-bark* dry, crusted skin.

2 *crotcheting* subdividing long notes into a series of shorter, quicker ones.

3 *frolic* merry, mirthful.

4 *basket chair* wicker chair.

5 *pensionary* hired, paid.

6 *inhabitants … London's mayor* Southwark, on the south side of the Thames and nominally under the control of the city of London, was notoriously unruly.

7 *Germans, the Pope's pride* Germany, as Luther's birthplace, staunchly resisted the Pope.

8 This elegy is variously numbered in standard editions of Donne's work. In J. Carey's 1990 edition for the Oxford Authors series it is "Elegy 14"; in D.R. Dickson's 2007 Norton Critical Edition it is "Elegy 2."

9 *musk cat's pores* The civet secretes a musky substance from its anal glands that is used to make perfume.

10 *carcanets* ornamental collar, necklace, or tiara.

11 *Sanserra's starved men* For seven months in 1573 Protestants at Sancerre resisted a siege by the army of Charles IX and were forced to eat rats, mice, skins of animals, and ultimately objects like shoes, harnesses, and book bindings in order to survive. Their stoic resistance became legendary.

12 *saffroned tin* settings for fake jewellery made of gold-coloured metal.

Like to the fatal ball which fell on Ide,[1]
Or that whereof God had such jealousy,[2]
As for the ravishing thereof we die.
Thy head is like a rough-hewn statue of jet,[3]
Where marks for eyes, nose, mouth, are yet scarce set;
Like the first Chaos, or flat seeming face
Of Cynthia,[4] when the earth shadows her embrace.
Like Proserpine's white beauty-keeping chest,[5]
Or Jove's best fortune's urn,[6] is her fair breast.
Thine's like worm-eaten trunks,[7] clothed in seal's skin,
Or grave, that's dust without, and stink within.
And like that slender stalk, at whose end stands
The woodbine[8] quivering, are her arms and hands,
Like rough-barked elmboughs or the russet[9] skin
Of men late scourged for madness, or for sin,
Like sun-parched quarters on the city gate,
Such is thy[10] tanned skin's lamentable state.
And like a bunch of ragged carrots stand
The short swoll'n fingers of her gouty hand.
Then like the chemic's masculine equal fire,
Which in the limbeck's warm womb[11] doth inspire
Into th'earth's worthless dirt a soul of gold,
Such cherishing heat her best loved part doth hold.

Thine's like the dread mouth of a fired gun,
Or like hot liquid metals newly run
Into clay moulds, or like to that Aetna,[12]
Where round about the grass is burnt away.
Are not your kisses then as filthy, and more,
As a worm sucking an envenomed sore
Doth not thy fearful hand in feeling quake,
As one which gathering flowers, still fears a snake?
Is not your last act harsh, and violent,
As where a plough a stony ground doth rent?
So kiss good turtles,[13] so devoutly nice
Are priests in handling reverent sacrifice,
And such in searching wounds the surgeon is
As we, when we embrace, or touch, or kiss.
Leave her, and I will leave comparing thus,
She, and comparisons, are odious.

Elegy 19: To His Mistress Going to Bed[14]

Come, Madam, come, all rest my powers defy,
Until I labour, I in labour lie.
The foe oft-times, having the foe in sight,
Is tired of standing, though he never fight.
Off with that girdle,[15] like heaven's zone glistering,
But a far fairer world encompassing.
Unpin that spangled breast-plate,[16] which you wear,
That th'eyes of busy fools may be stopped there.
Unlace yourself, for that harmonious chime
Tells me from you, that now it is your bed time.
Off with that happy busk,[17] which I envy
That still can be, and still can stand so nigh.
Your gown's going off such beauteous state reveals

[1] *Ide* Mount Ida, where Eris (discord) dropped a golden ball labelled "for the fairest." The resulting competition led to the Trojan war (*Dict. Gods and Mortals*).

[2] *that whereof ... jealousy* the apple from the Tree of Knowledge that brought about the fall of Adam and Eve.

[3] *jet* hard, shiny, black stone.

[4] *Cynthia* goddess of the moon (i.e., the moon).

[5] *Proserpine's white beauty-keeping chest* Psyche, in search of her lost lover Cupid, had to get a jar containing beauty from the goddess of the underworld (*Dict. Gods and Mortals*).

[6] *Jove's best fortune's urn* In Jove's palace stand two urns, one of good gifts and the other of bad. Their proportions in the mix Jove prepares determines a person's fortune (*Iliad*, Book 24).

[7] *worm-eaten trunks* i.e., coffins.

[8] *woodbine* a climbing plant.

[9] *russet* reddened.

[10] *thy* i.e., thy mistress's.

[11] *limbeck's warm womb* An alembic, a round-bodied flask, was used for distilling and, in alchemy, for heating base metals in order to turn them to gold.

[12] *Aetna* volcano in Sicily, whose first eruption in 475 BCE was recorded by Pliny and Aeschylus.

[13] *turtles* turtledoves, noted for their affection for their mates.

[14] This elegy is variously numbered in standard editions of Donne's work. In J. Carey's edition for the Oxford Authors series it is "Elegy 2"; in D.R. Dickson's Norton Critical Edition it is "Elegy 8."

[15] *girdle* sash, belt.

[16] *breast-plate* Also called a 'stomacher,' a breastplate was an ornamental breast covering, often decorated with jewels or embroidery, and worn just underneath the lacings of a gown's bodice.

[17] *busk* corset.

As when from flowery meads[1] th' hills shadow steals.
Off with that wiry coronet and show
The hairy diadem which on you doth grow.
Now off with those shoes, and then softly tread
In this love's hallowed temple, this soft bed.
In such white robes Heaven's angels used to be
Received by men; thou, angel, bring'st with thee
A heavenly Mahomet's Paradise;[2] and though
Ill spirits walk in white, we easily know
By this these angels from an evil sprite:
They set our hairs, but these our flesh upright.
Licence my roving hands, and let them go
Behind, before, above, between, below.
O my America, my new found land,
My kingdom, safeliest when with one man manned,
My mine of precious stones, my empery,[3]
How blest am I in this discovering thee.
To enter in these bonds, is to be free,
Then where my hand is set, my seal shall be.
Full nakedness, all joys are due to thee.
As souls unbodied, bodies unclothed must be
To taste whole joys. Gems which you women use
Are as Atalanta's balls,[4] cast in men's views,
That when a fool's eye lighteth on a gem
His earthly soul may covet theirs, not them.
Like pictures, or like books' gay coverings, made
For laymen, are all women thus arrayed;
Themselves are only mystic books, which we
Whom their imputed grace[5] will dignify
Must see revealed. Then, since I may know,
As liberally as to a midwife show
Thyself; cast all, yea, this white linen hence,
There is no penance, due to innocence.
To teach thee, I am naked first; why then
What need'st thou have more covering than a man?

The Storm[6]

TO MR. CHRISTOPHER BROOKE[7]

Thou which art I,[8] ('tis nothing to be so)
Thou which art still thyself, by this shalt know
Part of our passage; and, a hand, or eye
By Hilliard[9] drawn, is worth an history,
By a worse painter made, and (without pride)
When by thy judgment they are dignified,
My lines are such. 'Tis the pre-eminence
Of friendship only to impute[10] excellence.
England, to whom we owe what we be, and have,
Sad that her sons did seek a foreign grave
(For, Fate's, or Fortune's drifts none can sooth-say,
Honour and misery have one face and way)
From out her pregnant entrails sighed a wind
Which at the air's middle marble room[11] did find
Such strong resistance, that itself it threw
Downward again; and so when it did view
How in the port, our fleet dear time did leese,[12]
Withering like prisoners, which lie but for fees,[13]
Mildly it kissed our sails, and, fresh and sweet,

---

1 *meads* meadows.

2 *Mahomet's Paradise* sensual heaven.

3 *empery* territory ruled by an emperor.

4 *Atalanta's balls* Atalanta, a famous huntress, was promised in marriage to the man who could beat her in a footrace, while failure to win resulted in the man's death. She was finally beaten when a suitor, Hippomenes, rolled golden apples off the course and she stopped to pick them up (*Dict. Gods and Mortals*).

5 *imputed grace* Calvinist doctrine, in which grace is given to a few elect souls in order to save them. It emphasizes the idea that humans cannot, through their own actions, achieve grace.

6 *The Storm* In 1597, Donne took part in an expedition of the Earl of Essex and Sir Walter Ralegh against the Spaniards in the Azores. This verse letter describes incidents on the voyage, when ten ships left Plymouth, but were beaten back by a storm after only a few days.

7 *Mr. Chrisopher Brooke* (c. 1570-1628), one of Donne's closest friends from Lincoln's Inn.

8 *Thou which art I* a reference to the classical conviction, most powerfully expressed in Cicero's *Laelius: On Friendship*, that true friends are one soul in two bodies.

9 *Hilliard* Nicholas Hilliard (1547-1619), a notable miniaturist who painted portraits of many members of Elizabeth I's court.

10 *impute* attribute.

11 *air's middle marble room* The middle region of the air was thought to be intensely cold, possibly frozen solid.

12 *leese* lose.

13 *fees* jailor's fees, required for release of prisoners at the end of a term of incarceration.

As to a stomach, starved, whose insides meet,
Meat comes, it came, and swole[1] our sails, when we
So joyed, as Sarah[2] her swelling joyed to see.
But 'twas but so kind, as our countrymen,
Which bring friends one day's way and leave them then.
Then like two mighty kings, which dwelling far
Asunder, meet against a third to war,
The south and west winds joined and, as they blew,
Waves like a rolling trench before them threw.
Sooner than you read this line, did the gale,
Like shot, not feared till felt, our sails assail;
And what at first was called a gust, the same
Hath now a storm's, anon a tempest's name.
Jonas,[3] I pity thee and curse those men,
Who when the storm raged most, did wake thee then;
Sleep is pain's easiest salve, and doth fulfil
All offices of death, except to kill.
But when I awaked, I saw, that I saw not.
I, and the sun, which should teach me, had forgot
East, west, day, night, and I could only say,
If the world had lasted, yet it had been day.
Thousands our noises were, yet we 'mongst all
Could none by his right name, but thunder call.
Lightning was all our light, and it rained more
Than if the sun had drunk the sea before.
Some coffined in their cabins lie, equally
Grieved that they are not dead, and yet must die.
And as sin-burdened souls from grave will creep,
At the Last Day, some forth their cabins peep:
And trembling ask what news, and do hear so,
As jealous husbands, what they would not know.
Some sitting on the hatches, would seem there,
With hideous gazing to fear away fear.
Then note they the ship's sicknesses, the mast
Shaked with an ague,[4] and the hold and waist[5]
With a salt dropsy[6] clogged, and all our tacklings
Snapping, like too high stretched treble strings.[7]
And from our tottered sails, rags drop down so,
As from one hanged in chains, a year ago.
Even our ordnance[8] placed for our defence,
Strive to break loose, and 'scape away from thence.
Pumping hath tired our men, and what's the gain?
Seas into seas thrown, we suck in again;
Hearing hath deafed our sailors; and if they
Knew how to hear, there's none knows what to say.
Compared to these storms, death is but a qualm,
Hell somewhat lightsome, the Bermuda calm.[9]
Darkness, light's elder brother, his birth-right
Claims o'er this world, and to heaven hath chased light.
All things are one, and that one none can be,
Since all forms, uniform deformity
Doth cover, so that we, except God say
Another *Fiat*,[10] shall have no more day.
So violent, yet long these furies be,
That though thine absence starve me, I wish not thee.

The Calm[11]

Our storm is past, and that storm's tyrannous rage,
A stupid calm, but nothing it, doth 'suage.[12]
The fable is inverted, and far more

[1] *swole* swelled.

[2] *Sarah* wife of Abraham, who, ninety years old and childless, laughed when she found herself pregnant with Isaac (Genesis 18:12).

[3] *Jonas* Jonah, afraid of God's command that he was to go as a prophet to Nineveh, tried to escape by ship to Tarshish. God sent a huge storm, during which the terrified sailors woke Jonah in order to search for its cause (Jonah 1:4-6).

[4] *ague* violent fever or any fit of shaking.

[5] *waist* middle part of the upper deck of a ship.

[6] *dropsy* accumulation of water.

[7] *treble strings* thin, high strings on a stringed instrument.

[8] *ordnance* weapons, artillery.

[9] *Bermuda calm* The ocean around Bermuda was known for its storms and unpredictability.

[10] *Fiat* "Let there be light," God's words that speak the universe into existence in Genesis 1:3.

[11] *The Calm* The English fleet was split on the voyage to the Azores in 1597 and part of it was becalmed for several days, which prevented Ralegh's squadron from reconnecting with Essex's in an attack on the Spanish (Carey, *John Donne*, pp. 67-68).

[12] *'suage* assuage.

A block afflicts, now, than a stork[1] before.
Storms chafe, and soon wear out themselves, or us;
In calms, heaven laughs to see us languish thus.
As steady as I can wish, that my thoughts were,
Smooth as thy mistress' glass, or what shines there,
The sea is now, and as the isles which we
Seek, when we can move, our ships rooted be.
As water did in storms, now pitch runs out
As lead, when a fired church becomes one spout.
And all our beauty, and our trim, decays,
Like courts removing, or like ended plays.
The fighting place now seamen's rags supply;
And all the tackling is a frippery.[2]
No use of lanthorns;[3] and in one place lay
Feathers and dust, today and yesterday.
Earth's hollownesses, which the world's lungs are,
Have no more wind than the upper vault of air.
We can nor lost friends, nor[4] sought foes recover,
But meteorlike, save that we move not, hover.
Only the calenture[5] together draws
Dear friends which meet dead in great fishes' jaws.
And on the hatches as on altars lies
Each one, his own priest, and own sacrifice.
Who live, that miracle do multiply
Where walkers in hot ovens,[6] do not die.
If in despite of these, we swim, that hath
No more refreshing, than a brimstone[7] bath,
But from the sea, into the ship we turn,
Like parboiled wretches, on the coals to burn.
Like Bajazet encaged,[8] the shepherd's scoff,
Or like slack sinewed Samson,[9] his hair off,
Languish our ships. Now, as a myriad
Of ants, durst th'Emperor's loved snake[10] invade,
The crawling galleys, sea-gaols,[11] finny chips,
Might brave our pinnaces,[12] now bed-rid ships.
Whether a rotten state, and hope of gain,
Or to disuse me from the queasy pain
Of being beloved, and loving, or the thirst
Of honour, or fair death, out pushed me first,
I lose my end: for here as well as I
A desperate may live, and coward die.
Stag, dog and all which from, or towards, flies
Is paid with life, or prey, or doing dies.
Fate grudges us all, and doth subtly lay
A scourge,[13] 'gainst which we all forget to pray,
He that at sea prays for more wind, as well
Under the poles may beg cold, heat in hell.
What are we then? How little more, alas,
Is man now, than before he was? he was
Nothing; for us, we are for nothing fit;
Chance, or ourselves still disproportion it.
We have no power, no will, no sense; I lie,
I should not then thus feel this misery.

To Sir Henry Wotton

Sir, more than kisses, letters mingle souls;
For, thus friends absent speak. This ease controls
The tediousness of my life: but for these

[1] *fable … stork* In Aesop's fable of the frogs who desired a king, Jove grants the frogs their request by appointing a log to rule them. The frogs, frustrated by the log's inertia, repeated their request and were granted a stork as their new king. The stork immediately proceeded to eat them up.

[2] *frippery* shop of cast-off, tattered garments.

[3] *lanthorns* lanterns.

[4] *nor … nor* neither ... nor.

[5] *calenture* disease incident to sailors within the tropics, characterized by delirium in which the patient, it is said, fancies the sea to be green fields, and desires to leap into it.

[6] *walkers in hot ovens* See p. 1200, note 9.

[7] *brimstone* sulphur.

[8] *Bajazet encaged* Beyazid II (c. 1354-1403) was sultan of the Ottoman empire. When he was finally captured by a Mongol warlord, he was kept chained in a cage as a trophy. The allusion here is to Marlowe's version of the story, in which Tambourlaine, a Scythian shepherd, conquers the sultan.

[9] *Samson* Old Testament hero whose fantastic strength derived from his long hair, which was cut off by the treacherous Delilah in order to enable his capture by the Philistines (Judges 16).

[10] *th'Emperor's loved snake* Emperor Tiberius (42 BCE-37 CE) had a pet snake, whom he found half-eaten by ants one morning, an omen of his own fate if he failed to recognize the power of the people.

[11] *sea-gaols* galleys rowed by prisoners who were chained to their oars.

[12] *pinnaces* small sailing vessels often used as scouts or messengers for larger ships.

[13] *scourge* calamity.

I could ideate[1] nothing, which could please,
But I should wither in one day, and pass
To a bottle of hay,[2] that am a lock of grass.
Life is a voyage, and in our life's ways
Countries, courts, towns are rocks or remoras;[3]
They break or stop all ships, yet our state's such,
That though than pitch they stain worse, we must touch.
If in the furnace of the raging line,
Or under th'adverse icy pole thou pine,
Thou know'st two temperate regions girded in,
Dwell there: But oh what refuge canst thou win
Parched in the court, and in the country frozen?
Shall cities, built of both extremes, be chosen?
Can dung or garlic be perfume? or can
A scorpion, or torpedo[4] cure a man?
Cities are worst of all three; of all three
(O knotty riddle) each is worst equally.
Cities are sepulchres; they who dwell there
Are carcasses, as if none such they were.
And courts are theatres, where some men play
Princes, some slaves, all to one end, of one clay.
The country is a desert, where the good,
Gained (inhabits not) is understood.
There men become beasts, and prone to all evils;
In cities, blocks, and in a lewd court, devils.
As in the first chaos confusedly
Each element's qualities were in the other three;
So pride, lust, covetise, being several
To these three places, yet all are in all,
And mingled thus, their issue is incestuous.
Falsehood is denizened.[5] Virtue is barbarous.
Let no man say there, "Virtue's flinty wall
Shall lock vice in me, I'll do none, but know all."
Men are sponges, which to pour out, receive;
For in best understandings sin began,
Angels sinned first, then devils, and then man.
Only perchance beasts sin not; wretched we
Are beasts in all but white integrity.

I think if men, which in these places live,
Durst look for themselves, and themselves retrieve,
They would like strangers greet themselves, seeing then
Utopian youth, grown old Italian.[6]
Be then thine own home, and thyself dwell;
Inn[7] anywhere, continuance maketh hell.
And seeing the snail, which everywhere doth roam,
Carrying his own house still, still is at home,
Follow (for he is easy paced) this snail;
Be thine own palace, or the world's thy gaol.
And in the world's sea, do not like cork sleep
Upon the water's face; nor in the deep
Sink like a lead without a line; but as
Fishes glide, leaving no print where they pass,
Nor making sound; so closely thy course go,
Let men dispute, whether thou breathe, or no.
Only in this one thing be no Galenist.[8] To make
Courts' hot ambitions wholesome, do not take
A dram of country's dullness; do not add
Correctives, but, as chemics,[9] purge the bad.
But, sir, I advise not you; I rather do
Say o'er those lessons, which I learnt of you:
Whom, free from Germany's schisms, and lightness
Of France, and fair Italy's faithlessness,
Having from these sucked all they had of worth,
And brought home that faith which you carried forth,
I throughly[10] love. But if myself, I have won
To know my rules, I have, and you have

Donne.

---

1 *ideate* conceive, imagine.

2 *bottle of hay* bundle of hay or straw.

3 *remoras* sucking-fish, believed to have the power of staying the course of any ship to which it attached itself.

4 *torpedo* fish with the ability to emit a numbing electric charge.

5 *denizened* naturalized.

6 *old Italian* Italy was understood to be a place of vice and licence.

7 *Inn* a verb, meaning "stay or live temporarily," as in an inn or hostel.

8 *Galenist* pracititioner of medicine based on the correction of excess of one bodily humour with its opposite in order to restore balance.

9 *chemics* alchemists.

10 *throughly* thoroughly.

Sappho to Philaenis[1]

Where is that holy fire, which verse is said
To have? is that enchanting force decayed?
Verse that draws nature's works, from nature's law,
Thee, her best work, to her work cannot draw.
Have my tears quenched my old poetic fire?
Why quenched they not as well that of desire?
Thoughts, my mind's creatures, often are with thee,
But I, their maker, want their liberty.
Only thine image, in my heart, doth sit,
But that is wax, and fires environ[2] it.
My fires have driven, thine have drawn it hence;
And I am robbed of picture, heart, and sense.
Dwells with me still mine irksome memory,
Which, both to keep, and lose, grieves equally.
That tells me how fair thou art: thou art so fair,
As gods, when gods to thee I do compare,
Are graced thereby; and to make blind men see,
What things gods are, I say they are like to thee.
For, if we justly call each silly man
A little world, what shall we call thee then?
Thou are not soft, and clear, and straight, and fair,
As down, as stars, cedars, and lilies are,
But thy right hand, and cheek, and eye only
Are like thy other hand, and cheek, and eye.
Such was my Phao[3] awhile, but shall be never,
As thou wast, art, and, oh, mayst thou be ever.
Here lovers swear in their idolatry,
That I am such; but grief discolours me.
And yet I grieve the less, lest grief remove
My beauty, and make me unworthy of thy love.
Plays some soft boy with thee, oh there wants yet
A mutual feeling which should sweeten it.
His chin, a thorny hairy unevenness
Doth threaten, and some daily change possess.
Thy body is a natural paradise,
In whose self, unmanured, all pleasure lies,
Nor needs perfection; why should'st thou then
Admit the tillage[4] of a harsh rough man?
Men leave behind them that which their sin shows,
And are, as thieves traced, which rob when it snows.
But of our dalliance no more signs there are,
Than fishes live in streams, or birds in air.
And between us all sweetness may be had;
All, all that Nature yields, or Art can add.
My two lips, eyes, thighs, differ from thy two,
But so, as thine from one another do;
And, oh, no more, the likeness being such,
Why should they not alike in all parts touch?
Hand to strange hand, lip to lip, none denies;
Why should they breast to breast, or thighs to thighs?
Likeness begets such strange self flattery,
That touching myself, all seems done to thee.
Myself I embrace, and mine own hands I kiss,
And amorously thank myself for this.
Me, in my glass, I call thee; but, alas,
When I would kiss, tears dim mine eyes and glass.
Oh, cure this loving madness, and restore,
Me to me; thee, my half, my all, my more.
So may thy cheeks' red outwear scarlet dye,
And their white, whiteness of the galaxy,
So may thy mighty, amazing beauty move
Envy in all women, and in all men love,
And so be change, and sickness, far from thee,
As thou by coming near, keep'st them from me.

—composed, 1592-1601?; published 1633, 1669

[1] *Sappho to Philaenis* Sappho was a seventh-century BCE lyric love poet from Lesbos noted for her lesboerotic poetry. In *Heroides* XV (Sappho Phaoni), Ovid adopts the voice of Sappho in a witty erotic poem to her lover (*OCD*).

[2] *environ* surround.

[3] *Phao* an apocryphal story says that Sappho threw herself into the sea for love of Phaon (*OCD*).

[4] *tillage* cultivation, plowing.

John Marston
1576-1634

John Marston was one of many poets to write satirical verses and plays, and occasionally suffered the hostility of critics and other writers for his outspoken censure and his often blunt and bawdy language. He had a lengthy battle of wits with Joseph Hall, another satirist, and Marston and Ben Jonson pilloried each other in a number of plays. Despite this discord, Marston, Jonson, and George Chapman co-wrote *Eastward Ho!* (1605), a play whose offensive passages sent Jonson and Chapman, and possibly Marston, briefly to prison. A collection of verse satires, *The Scourge of Villany* appeared in 1598 and went through two further editions in 1599. The revised *Scourge* included eleven satires on various corruptions and hypocrisies. The final satire from the *Scourge*, "Humours" (excerpted below), addresses a number of self-righteous, self-seeking, and hollow characters. Marston's epilogue "To Him that hath Perused Me" states that he is writing general satire, not criticism of particular individuals, but a number of the fictional characters have been connected to specific writers. Despite the reforming spirit of Marston's satire, *Scourge* was one of many satirical writings burnt as a result of the Archbishop of Canterbury's 1599 edict against books of a satirical or indecent nature. In 1609, Marston was ordained a minister of the Church of England, a position which no doubt enabled him to continue his censure of human vices and follies.

EDITION: *The scourge of villanie corrected, with the addition of newe satyres.* London: Printed by J[ames] R[oberts], 1599. STC 17486.

from *The Scourge of Villainy*

Satyre X
Humours[1]

Sleep grim Reproof, my jocond Muse doth sing
In other keys, to nimbler fingering.
Dull sprighted Melancholy, leave my brain;
To hell Cimerian[2] night; in lively vein
I strive to paint; then hence all dark intent
And sullen frowns; come sporting merriment,
Cheek dimpling laughter, crown my very soul
With jouisance, whilst mirthful jests control
The gouty humours of these pride-swolne days,
Which I do long[3] until my pen displays.

Oh I am great with mirth, some midwifrey,
Or I shall break my sides[4] at vanity.

[...]

But room for Tuscus, that jest-mounging[5] youth,
Who ne're did ope his apish gerning[6] mouth
But to retail and broke[7] another's wit.
Discourse of what you will, he straight can fit
Your present talk, with, "Sir, I'll tell a jest,"
(Of some sweet lady, or grand lord at least)
Then on he goes. And ne're his tongue shall lie[8]
Till his engrossed[9] jests are all drawn dry;

[1] In ancient and medieval physiology, the humours were based on four chief fluids of the body: blood, phlegm, choler, and black choler or melancholy. The proportion of these influenced a person's physical and mental qualities; an imbalance of black choler could lead to a melancholic humour (line 3).

[2] *Cimerian* The Cimmerians were a people fabled to live in perpetual darkness.

[3] *Which I do long* i.e., long for.

[4] *break my sides* break his sides with laughter.

[5] *But room* The speaker calls out a number of times to "make room" for the characters he introduces, as if clearing a space in the crowd; *Tuscus* Marston gives classical, ancient names to a number of his fictional characters. Some may refer to specific individuals, but most appear to refer to "types"; *jest-mounging* jest-mongering, or selling jokes.

[6] *gerning* grinning or grumbling.

[7] *broke* bargain, sell.

[8] *lie* rest or stop.

[9] *engrossed* swollen, but "engrossed" is also a technical term for buying goods wholesale for the purpose of selling at a monopoly price.

But then as dumb as Maurus, when at play
H'ath lost his crowns, and pawned his trim array.
He doth naught but retail jests; break but one,
Out flies his table-book;[1] let him alone,
He'll have't i-faith. Lad, hast an epigram,
Wilt have it put into the chaps[2] of fame?
Give Tuscus copies: sooth as his own wit
His proper issue he will father it.
Oh that this echo, that doth speak, spet,[3] write
Naught but the excrements of others' spright,
This ill-stuffed trunk of jests, whose very soul
Is but a heap of jibes, should once enroll
His name mong creatures termed rational,
Whose chief repute, whose sense, whose soul and all
Are fed with offal scraps, that sometimes fall
From liberal wits, in their large festival.

[...]

"Hush, hush," cries honest Phylo, "peace, desist,
Doost thou not tremble, sour satirist,
Now judicial Musus[4] readeth thee?
He'll whip each line, he'll scourge thy balladry,
Good faith he will." Phylo, I prithee stay
Whilst I the humour of this dog display:
He's naught but censure, wilt thou credit me,
He never wrote one line in poesy,
But once at Athens in a theme did frame
A paradox in praise of Virtue's name,
Which still he hugs, and lulls as tenderly
As cuckold[5] Tisus his wife's bastardy.
Well, here's a challenge, I flatly say he lies
That heard him ought but censure poesies.
'Tis his discourse, first having knit the brow,
Stroke up his fore-top,[6] champing[7] every row,
Belcheth his slavering censure on each book
That dare presume even on Medusa[8] look.
I have no artist's skill in symphonies,
Yet when some pleasing Diapason[9] flies
From out the belly of a sweet touch'd lute,
My ears dare say 'tis good: or when they suit
Some harsher sevens[10] for variety,
My native skill discerns it presently.
What then? will any sottish dolt repute
Or ever think me Orpheus[11] absolute?
Shall all the world of fiddlers follow me,
Relying on my voice[12] in musickry?
Musus, here's Rhodes, let's see thy boasted leap,[13]
Or else avaunt,[14] lewd cur, presume not speak,
Or with thy venom-sputtering chaps to bark
Gainst well-penned poems, in the tongue-tied dark.
Oh for a humour, look who yon doth go,
The meager lecher, lewd Luxurio,
'Tis he that hath the sole monopoly
By patent, of the suburb[15] lechery.
No new edition of drabs[16] comes out,
But seen and allow'd[17] by Luxurio's snout.
Did ever any man e'er hear him talk
But of Pick-hatch, or of some Shoreditch balk,[18]
Aretine's filth,[19] or of his wandring whore,

---

1 *table-book* a commonplace-book or copybook.

2 *chaps* mouth, jaws.

3 *spet* spit.

4 *Musus* Musus may refer to satirist Joseph Hall, with whom Marston was at verbal war.

5 *cuckold* a derisive name for the husband of an unfaithful wife.

6 *fore-top* lock of hair at the front of the head.

7 *champing* chewing vigorously.

8 *Medusa* Medusa was a Gorgon who could turn to stone anyone who looked at her.

9 *Diapason* Diapason indicates consonance or harmony.

10 *sevens* A seventh in music is a note seven degrees above or below a given note; here it is dissonant.

11 *Orpheus* In Greek mythology, Orpheus was a quintessential singer, able to enchant even trees and stones with his musical skill; he is also associated with poetry.

12 *voice* perhaps, "singing voice," but also "critical judgement."

13 In Aesop's Fables, a traveller boasts he outleapt everyone while at Rhodes; he is asked to demonstrate it.

14 *avaunt* "boast," but also "begone!"

15 *suburb* The brothels were situated in the suburbs of London to circumvent the city laws.

16 *drabs* prostitutes.

17 *seen and allow'd* The phrase "seen and allowed" was used when giving permission to print.

18 *Pick-hatch* and *Shoreditch* were areas known as haunts for whores and thieves; *balk* a projection of either timber or land, here used for illicit liaisons.

19 *Aretine's filth* Pietro Aretino, an Italian writer of popular and obscene verse.

Of some Cynedian, or of Tacedore,
Of Ruscus' nasty loathsome brothel rime,
That stinks like Ajax[1] froth, or muck-pit slime.
The news he tells you is of some new flesh,
Lately broke up, span new,[2] hot piping fresh;
The courtesy he shows you, is some morn
To give you Venus[3] fore her smock be on.
His eyes, his tongue, his soul, his all is lust,
Which vengeance and confusion follow must.
Out on this salt humour, letchers' dropsy;
Fie, it doth soil my chaster poesy.
Oh spruce! How now, Piso, Aurelius ape,[4]
What strange disguise, what new deformed shape
Doth hold thy thoughts in contemplation?
Faith, say, what fashion art thou thinking on?
A stitch'd taffata cloak, a pair of slops[5]
Of Spanish leather? Oh who heard his chops
E're chew of ought, but of some strange disguise,
This fashion-monger, each morn fore he rise
Contemplates suit shapes, & once from out his bed,
He hath them straight full lively portrayed.
And then he chukes,[6] and is as proud of this,
As Taphus when he got his neighbour's bliss.
All fashions since the first year of this queen,
May in his study fairly drawn be seen,
And all that shall be to his day of doom,
You may peruse within that little room.
For not a fashion once dare show his face,
But from neat Piso first must take his grace.
The long fool's coat, the huge slop, the lugg'd[7] boot
From mimic Piso, all do claim their root.
Oh that the boundless power of the soul
Should be coop'd up in fashioning some roule![8]
But ô, Suffenus (that doth hug, embrace
His proper self, admires his own sweet face,
Praiseth his own fair limbs' proportion,
Kisseth his shade, recounteth all alone
His own good parts), who envies him? not I,
For well he may, without all rivalry.
Fie, whither's fled my spright's alacrity?
How dull I vent this humorous[9] poesy.
In faith I am sad, I am possessed with ruth,
To see the vainness of fair Albion's[10] youth;
To see their richest time even wholly spent
In that which is but gentry's ornament,
Which being meanly[11] done, becomes them well,
But when with dear time's loss they do excel,
How ill they do things well. To dance and sing,
To vault, to fence, and fairly trot a ring
With good grace, meanly done. Oh what repute
They do beget, but being absolute,
It argues too much time, too much regard
Employ'd in that which might be better spared,
Than substance should be lost. If one should sue
For Lesbia's[12] love, having two days to woo
And not one more, and should employ those twain
The favour of her waiting-wench to gain,
Were he not mad? Your apprehension,
Your wits are quick in application.

Gallants,
Me thinks your souls should grudge, and inly scorn
To be made slave to humours that are born
In slime of filthy sensuality.
That part not subject to mortality
(Boundless discursive apprehension
Giving it wings to act his function)[13]

[1] *Ajax* a pun on "jakes" (toilet).
[2] *span new* brand new.
[3] *Venus* the goddess of love and seduction; here, it is the name of a prostitute.
[4] *Aurelius ape* someone who "apes" the fashions of other countries. Aurelius may refer to Marcus Aurelius, a Roman emperor.
[5] *pair of slops* baggy breeches.
[6] *chukes* chuckles or alternatively chokes (which would follow the earlier reference to chewing chops).
[7] *lugg'd* A lug is a flap of material, so a "lugged boot" refers to fashionable high boots with large cuffs.
[8] *roule* This could refer to "roll" as in a roll of cloth, or "role" as in a persona.
[9] *humorous* i.e., about humours, or in a certain humour.
[10] *Albion* England.
[11] *meanly* i.e., in the mean, moderately.
[12] *Lesbia* The island of Lesbos was home to the poet Sappho, some of whose poetry celebrated love between women.
[13] The soul is both the spirit "not subject to mortality" and the rational being or "discursive apprehension" working together.

Methinks should murmur, when you stop his course
And soil his beauties in some beastly source
Of brutish pleasures. But it is so poor,
So weak, so hunger bitten, evermore
Kept from his food, meager for want of meat,
Scorn'd and rejected, thrust from out his seat,
Upbray'd[1] by capon's grease, consumed quite
By eating stews,[2] that waste the better spright.
Snib'd[3] by his baser parts, that now poor soul
(Thus peasanted to each lewd thought's control),
Hath lost all heart, bearing all injuries,
The utmost spite, and rank'st indignities
With forced willingness. Taking great joy
If you will deign his faculties employ
But in the mean'st ingenious quality.
(How proud he'll be of any dignity?)
Put it to music, dancing, fencing school,
Lord how I laugh to hear the pretty fool,
How it will prate, his tongue shall never lie,
But still discourse of his spruce quality;
Egging his master to proceed from this,
And get the substance of celestial bliss.
His lord straight calls his parliament of sense,
But still the sensual have preeminence.
The poor soul's better part so feeble is,
So cold and dead is his *Synderisis*,[4]
That shadows by odd chance sometimes are got,
But oh the substance is respected not.
Here ends my rage, though angry brow was bent
Yet I have sung in sporting merriment.[5]

Finis.

To Him that Hath Perused Me.

Gentle, or ungentle hand that holdest me, let not thine eye be cast upon privateness, for I protest I glance not on it. If thou hast perused me, what lesser favour canst thou grant than not to abuse me with unjust application? Yet I fear me, I shall be much, much, injured by two sorts of readers: the one being ignorant, not knowing the nature of a satire (which is under feigned private names, to note general vices), will needs wrest each feigned name to a private unfeigned person. The other too subtle, bearing a private malice to some greater personage than he dare in his own person seem to malign, will strive by a forced application of my general reproofs to broach his private hatred, than the which I know not a greater injury can be offered to a satirist. I durst presume, knew they how guiltless and how free I were from prying into privateness, they would blush to think, how much they wrong themselves in seeking to injure me. Let this protestation satisfy our curious searchers. So may I obtain my best hopes, as I am free from endeavouring to blast any private man's good name. If any one (forced with his own guilt) will turn it home and say *'Tis I*, I cannot hinder him. Neither do I injure him. For other faults of poesy, I crave no pardon, in that I scorn all penance the bitterest censurer can impose upon me. Thus (wishing each man to leave enquiring who I am, and learn to know himself), I take a solemn congee[6] of this fusty world.

—*Theriomastix*[7]

—1599

[1] *Upbray'd* reproached.

[2] *stews* refers to "brothels," as well as "food."

[3] *Snib'd* The noun "snib" means a petty thief and the verb "snib" means reprimand; both ideas could be alluded to here.

[4] *Synderisis* "remorse" or "the prick of conscience." The italics could represent the voice of conscience.

[5] Despite Marston's claim to a "sporting merriment" (see l.6 also), this satire is very coloured by a sense of "rage."

[6] *congee* farewell.

[7] *Theriomastix* "scourge of beasts."

Christopher Marlowe
1564-1593

Born to a shoemaker and his wife in Canterbury in February 1564, Christopher Marlowe earned a scholarship to attend the university of Cambridge and received his BA in 1584. He spent the next three years studying theology for his MA, but may also have been in the service of Queen Elizabeth's Privy Council as a secret agent in Rheims, home of a Jesuit seminary, perhaps helping in the 1586 discovery of the Babington plot against the Queen (which led to the execution of Mary Stuart, queen of Scots). In 1587, he travelled to London, and spent the next six years making a name for himself as a poet and playwright, frequently finding himself in trouble with the law. In 1589, he was sent to Newgate prison for his part in a homicide, but was released after two weeks, and in the spring of 1593 he was charged with heresy and blasphemy—an accusation which still influences scholarship on Marlowe. In May of 1593, the poet was involved in an argument over a "reckoning" or payment of a bill, and after stabbing one of the company, Marlowe was fatally injured by a dagger wound just above the right eye. Some moralists were quick to claim his death as punishment for atheism, but Marlowe was honoured by many fellow poets, and his plays—which include *Tamburlaine the Great I* and *II* (c. 1587-88), *The Jew of Malta* (c. 1589), *Edward II* (c. 1592-93), and *Dr. Faustus* (c. 1589/93)—remained popular after his death. Marlowe also translated Ovid's *Amores*, the influence of which can be seen in *Hero and Leander*. This poem, published in 1598, is a playful, comic rendition of part of a classical poem on the same subject by Musaeus, a Greek poet of the fourth or fifth century CE. Although the publisher believed the poem unfinished, and ended the work with *Desunt nonnulla*, or "Some things are missing," Marlowe's version is complete in itself, ending with a comic climax. George Chapman provided another "ending" to the poem, and the two sections were published together later in 1598.

EDITION: *Hero and Leander*. London: Printed by Adam Islip, for Edward Blunt, 1598. STC 17413. Lines 775-84 reordered as per Tucker Brooke, ed., *Works* (1910).

Hero and Leander

On Hellespont,[1] guilty of true love's blood,
In view and opposite, two cities stood,
Seaborders, disjoined by Neptune's[2] might:
The one Abydos, the other Sestos hight.[3]
At Sestos, Hero dwelt, Hero the fair,
Whom young Apollo[4] courted for her hair,
And offered as a dower[5] his burning throne,
Where she should sit for men to gaze upon.
The outside of her garments were of lawn,[6]
The lining, purple silk, with gilt stars drawn,
Her wide sleeves green, and bordered with a grove,
Where Venus in her naked glory strove
To please the careless and disdainful eyes
Of proud Adonis that before her lies.[7]
Her kirtle[8] blue, whereon was many a stain,
Made with the blood of wretched lovers slain.
Upon her head she wore a myrtle[9] wreath,
From whence her veil reached to the ground beneath.
Her veil was artificial flowers and leaves,
Whose workmanship both man and beast deceives.

[1] *Hellespont* the ancient name for the strait of the Dardanelles.
[2] *Seaborders* lands bordering on the sea; *Neptune* the Roman sea god.
[3] *Abydos ... Sestos* Greek colonies founded in the early seventh century; *hight* called.
[4] *Apollo* the god of light and youth, often associated with the sun, and the patron of music and poetry.
[5] *dower* dowry; given by a bride to her husband or husband to his bride's relatives: here, a gift.
[6] *lawn* fine linen.
[7] *Where Venus ... before her lies* Venus, the Roman goddess of love, fell in love with the beautiful, young Adonis, who refused her. See Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis* for one version of the story (pp. 1059-79).
[8] *kirtle* skirt or petticoat.
[9] *myrtle* Held sacred to Venus, myrtle was used as an emblem of love.

Many would praise the sweet smell as she passed,
When t'was the odour which her breath forth cast,
And there for honey, bees have sought in vain,
And beat from thence, have lighted there again.
About her neck hung chains of pebble stone,
Which, lightened by her neck, like diamonds shone.
She wore no gloves, for neither sun nor wind
Would burn or parch her hands, but to her mind,[1]
Or warm or[2] cool them, for they took delight
To play upon those hands, they were so white.
Buskins[3] of shells all silvered, used she,
And branched[4] with blushing coral to the knee,
Where sparrows perched, of hollow pearl and gold,
Such as the world would wonder to behold.
Those with sweet water oft her handmaid fills,
Which as she went would chirrup through the bills.[5]
Some say for her the fairest Cupid[6] pined,
And looking in her face, was stricken blind.
But this is true, so like was one the other,
As he imagined Hero was his mother,
And oftentimes into her bosom flew,
About her naked neck his bare arms threw,
And laid his childish head upon her breast,
And with still panting rocked, there took his rest.
So lovely fair was Hero, Venus' nun,
As nature wept, thinking she was undone,
Because she took more from her than she left,
And of such wondrous beauty her bereft.
Therefore in sign her treasure suffered wrack,
Since Hero's time, hath half the world been black.[7]

Amorous Leander, beautiful and young
(Whose tragedy divine Musaeus[8] sung),
Dwelt at Abydos; since him dwelt there none
For whom succeeding times make greater moan.
His dangling tresses that were never shorn,
Had they been cut and unto Colchis borne,
Would have allured the vent'rous youth of Greece,
To hazard more than for the Golden Fleece.[9]
Fair Cynthia[10] wished his arms might be her sphere,
Grief makes her pale, because she moves not there.
His body was as straight as Circe's wand;[11]
Jove[12] might have sipped out nectar from his hand.
Even as delicious meat is to the taste,
So was his neck in touching, and surpassed
The white of Pelops' shoulder;[13] I could tell ye
How smooth his breast was, and how white his belly,
And whose immortal fingers did imprint
That heavenly path with many a curious dint
That runs along his back, but my rude pen
Can hardly blazon[14] forth the loves of men,
Much less of powerful gods. Let it suffice,
That my slack[15] muse sings of Leander's eyes,
Those orient[16] cheeks and lips, exceeding his
That leapt into the water for a kiss
Of his own shadow, and despising many,

---

1 *but to her mind* but mind or attend to her.

2 *Or ... or* either ... or.

3 *Buskins* Boots reaching to the calf or knee.

4 *branched* adorned.

5 Mechanical birds sit on Hero's boots, and "chirrup" as the water moves through them when Hero walks.

6 *Cupid* the boy-god of love, son of Venus.

7 The pronouns and possessives become ambiguous here. Nature weeps because Hero took more from nature than she left; therefore, to show that nature's treasure suffers injury, the world is left in darkness half the time.

8 *Musaeus* a Greek poet of the fourth or fifth century CE who wrote a poem on Hero and Leander which survives. Nothing is known about the poet.

9 *the vent'rous youth of Greece ... Golden Fleece* Jason and the Argonauts sailed to Colchis to recover the Golden Fleece, a symbol of power.

10 *Cynthia* goddess of the moon, associated with chastity.

11 *Circe's wand* In the *Odyssey*, Circe uses her wand to turn Odysseus' companions into swine.

12 *Jove* Jupiter, the highest deity of the ancient Romans.

13 *Pelops' shoulder* When Tantalus killed his son Pelops and served his flesh to the gods at a banquet, Pelops' mother inadvertently ate some of his shoulder; when Pelops was brought back to life, this shoulder was replaced with ivory.

14 *blazon* to proclaim; to list the attributes or virtues.

15 *slack* slow or weak.

16 *orient* lustrous, radiant.

Died ere he could enjoy the love of any.[1]
Had wild Hippolytus[2] Leander seen,
Enamoured of his beauty had he been;
His presence made the rudest peasant melt,
That in the vast uplandish[3] country dwelt;
The barbarous Thracian soldier, moved with nought,
Was moved with him, and for his favour sought.
Some swore he was a maid in man's attire,
For in his looks were all that men desire,
A pleasant, smiling cheek, a speaking eye,
A brow for love to banquet royally,
And such as knew he was a man would say,
"Leander, thou art made for amorous play;
Why art thou not in love, and loved of all?
Though thou be fair, yet be not thine own thrall."[4]
The men of wealthy Sestos, every year
(For his sake whom their goddess[5] held so dear,
Rose-cheeked Adonis) kept a solemn feast.
Thither resorted many a wandering guest
To meet their loves; such as had none at all,
Came lovers home from this great festival.
For every street like to a firmament[6]
Glistered with breathing stars, who, where they went,
Frighted the melancholy earth, which deemed
Eternal heaven to burn, for so it seemed
As if another Phaeton had got
The guidance of the sun's rich chariot.[7]
But far above the loveliest, Hero shined,
And stole away th'enchanted gazer's mind,
For like sea-nymphs'[8] inveigling harmony,
So was her beauty to the standers-by.
Nor that night-wandering pale and watery star[9]
(When yawning dragons draw her thirling[10] car
From Latmos'[11] mount up to the gloomy sky,
Where crowned with blazing light and majesty,
She proudly sits) more over-rules the flood,
Than she the hearts of those that near her stood.
Even as, when gaudy nymphs pursue the chase,
Wretched Ixion's shaggy-footed race,[12]
Incensed with savage heat, gallop amain,
From steep pine-bearing mountains to the plain,
So ran the people forth to gaze upon her,
And all that viewed her were enamoured on her.
And as in fury of a dreadful fight,
Their fellows being slain or put to flight,
Poor soldiers stand with fear of death dead strooken,[13]
So at her presence all surprised and tooken[14]
Await the sentence of her scornful eyes;
He whom she favours lives, the other dies.
There might you see one sigh, another rage,
And some (their violent passions to assuage)
Compile sharp satires, but alas too late,
For faithful love will never turn to hate.
And many, seeing great princes were denied,
Pined as they went, and thinking on her, died.
On this feast day, O cursed day and hour,
Went Hero thorough[15] Sestos, from her tower
To Venus' temple, where unhappily,
As after chanced, they did each other spy.
So fair a church as this had Venus none:

---

1 *his / That leapt … love of any* Narcissus fell into the water attempting to kiss his own reflection.

2 *Hippolytus* a man devoted to chastity and the chase, and a worshipper of Artemis, the goddess of wildlife and a virgin huntress.

3 *uplandish* rustic, uncultivated.

4 *thrall* slave or captive.

5 *their goddess* Venus.

6 *firmament* the sky or heavens.

7 *Phaeton … chariot* The son of Helios or the sun, Phaeton attempted to drive his father's sun chariot, but was unequal to guiding the horses. To save the earth from being burnt up, Zeus hurled a thunderbolt at Phaeton, who fell into the river Eriadnus.

8 *sea-nymphs* Nymphs are a class of semi-divine beings, imagined as beautiful maidens inhabiting the sea, the hills, the woods, etc. Here the nymphs appear to be aligned with mermaids or sirens, whose song could draw men to destruction.

9 *night-wandering pale and watery star* The moon, or Cynthia, is pale because she is reflected light, and watery because she controls the tides.

10 *thirling* whirling, flying.

11 *Latmos* Cynthia's seat.

12 *Ixion's shaggy-footed race* Ixion's sons were Centaurs, shaped with the upper half of a man's body attached to the body of a horse.

13 *strooken* struck.

14 *tooken* taken.

15 *thorough* through.

The walls were of discoloured jasper stone,[1]
Wherein was Proteus[2] carved, and o'erhead,
A lively vine of green sea agate spread,
Where by one hand light-headed Bacchus[3] hung,
And with the other, wine from grapes out-wrung.
Of crystal shining fair the pavement was;
The town of Sestos called it Venus' glass.
There might you see the gods in sundry shapes
Committing heady riots, incest, rapes.
For know that underneath this radiant flower
Was Danae's statue in a brazen tower;[4]
Jove, slyly stealing from his sister's bed,
To dally with Idalian Ganymed;[5]
And for his love Europa,[6] bellowing loud,
And tumbling with the rainbow in a cloud;
Blood-quaffing Mars, heaving the iron net
Which limping Vulcan and his Cyclops set;[7]
Love kindling fire to burn such towns as Troy;[8]
Sylvanus[9] weeping for the lovely boy
That now is turned into a cypress tree,
Under whose shade the wood gods love to be.
And in the midst a silver altar stood,
There Hero, sacrificing turtles' blood,[10]

Veiled to the ground, veiling her eyelids close,
And modestly they opened as she rose;
Thence flew Love's arrow with the golden head,
And thus Leander was enamoured.
Stone still he stood, and evermore he gazed,
Till with the fire that from his count'nance blazed,
Relenting Hero's gentle heart was stroock,
Such force and virtue hath an amorous look.
It lies not in our power to love or hate,
For will in us is overruled by fate.
When two are stripped long ere the course begin,
We wish that one should lose, the other win.
And one especially do we affect,
Of two gold ingots[11] like in each respect.
The reason no man knows; let it suffice,
What we behold is censured by our eyes.
Where both deliberate, the love is slight;
Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?
He kneeled, but unto her devoutly prayed.
Chaste Hero to herself thus softly said,
"Were I the saint he worships, I would hear him,"
And as she spoke those words, came somewhat near him.
He started up, she blushed as one ashamed,
Wherewith Leander much more was inflamed.
He touched her hand; in touching it she trembled;
Love deeply grounded hardly[12] is dissembled.
These lovers parled[13] by the touch of hands;
True love is mute, and oft amazed stands.
Thus while dumb signs their yielding hearts entangled,
The air with sparks of living fire was spangled,
And Night, deep-drenched in misty Acheron,[14]
Heaved up her head, and half the world upon
Breathed darkness forth (dark night is Cupid's day),
And now begins Leander to display
Love's holy fire with words, with sighs and tears,
Which like sweet music entered Hero's ears,

[1] *jasper stone* a green coloured stone.

[2] *Proteus* an ancient god of the sea who had knowledge of all things and could assume different shapes in order to avoid answering questions.

[3] *Bacchus* Roman god of wine.

[4] *Danae's statue in a brazen tower* Fearing a prophecy which stated he would be killed by his daughter's son, Acrisius confined Danae in a brazen tower so that no suitors could approach her. Zeus fell in love with her and visited her in a shower of gold.

[5] *Jove … Idalian Ganymed* Ganymede, a young, beautiful Trojan prince, was Jove's cup bearer. The homoeroticism of the episode fits well with Marlowe's poem; *Idalian* Jove kidnapped Ganymede from Mount Ida.

[6] *Europa* Zeus took the form of a bull to woo Europa.

[7] *Blood-quaffing Mars … Cyclops set* Mars is primarily associated with war, but was also Venus's lover. Vulcan, Venus's husband and a fire god and god of smiths, captured Mars in an iron net. Vulcan was born lame. Cyclops were one-eyed giants and helpers of Vulcan.

[8] *Love … Troy* The Trojan war began as a fight over a woman, Helen.

[9] *Sylvanus* Sylvanus was a wood god whose lover, Cyparissus, was turned into a tree. The Cyprus (cypress) tree is known as a "mournful" tree.

[10] *turtles' blood* The turtle dove was noted for its affection for its mate.

[11] *gold ingots* gold pieces.

[12] *hardly* with difficulty.

[13] *parled* talked.

[14] *Acheron* river of the lower world; more generally, the infernal regions.

And yet at every word she turned aside,
And always cut him off as he replied.
At last, like to a bold, sharp sophister,[1]
With cheerful hope thus he accosted her.
"Fair creature, let me speak without offence;
I would my rude words had the influence
To lead thy thoughts, as thy fair looks do mine;
Then shouldst thou be his prisoner who is thine.
Be not unkind and fair; misshapen stuff
Are of behaviour boisterous and rough.
Oh shun me not, but hear me ere you go,
God knows I cannot force love, as you do.
My words shall be as spotless as my youth,
Full of simplicity and naked truth.
This sacrifice (whose sweet perfume descending
From Venus' altar to your footsteps bending)
Doth testify that you exceed her far,
To whom you offer, and whose nun you are.
Why should you worship her, her you surpass,
As much as sparkling diamonds flaring[2] glass.
A diamond set in lead his[3] worth retains;
A heavenly nymph, beloved of human swains,[4]
Receives no blemish, but oft times more grace,
Which makes me hope, although I am but base,
Base in respect of thee, divine and pure,
Dutiful service may thy love procure,
And I in duty will excel all other,
As thou in beauty dost exceed Love's mother.
Nor heaven, nor thou, were made to gaze upon,
As heaven preserves all things, so save thou one.[5]
A stately builded ship, well-rigged and tall,
The ocean maketh more majestical.
Why vowest thou then to live in Sestos here,
Who on Love's seas more glorious wouldst appear?
Like untuned golden strings all women are,
Which, long time lie untouched, will harshly jar.[6]
Vessels of brass oft handled brightly shine;
What difference betwixt the richest mine
And basest mould, but use? For both not used
Are of like worth. Then treasure is abused
When misers keep it; being put to loan,
In time it will return us two for one.
Rich robes themselves and others do adorn,
Neither themselves nor others, if not worn.
Who builds a palace and rams up the gate,
Shall see it ruinous and desolate.
Ah, simple Hero, learn thyself to cherish;
Lone women, like to empty houses, perish.
Less sins the poor rich man that starves himself,
In heaping up a mass of drossy pelf,[7]
Than such as you; his golden earth remains,
Which, after his decease, some other gains.
But this fair gem, sweet in the loss alone,
When you fleet hence, can be bequeathed to none.
Or if it could, down from th'enameled sky,
All heaven would come to claim this legacy,
And with intestine broils[8] the world destroy,
And quite confound nature's sweet harmony.
Well therefore by the gods decreed it is,
We human creatures should enjoy that bliss.
One is no number, maids are nothing then,
Without the sweet society of men.
Wilt thou live single still? One shalt thou be,
Though never-singling Hymen[9] couple thee.
Wild savages, that drink of running springs,
Think water far excels all earthly things,
But they that daily taste neat[10] wine, despise it.
Virginity, albeit some highly prize it,
Compared with marriage, had you tried them both,
Differs as much as wine and water doth.
Base bullion for the stamp's sake we allow,[11]
Even so for men's impression do we you,

[1] *sophister* originally a wise or learned man, though later used disparagingly to indicate a specious reasoner or one who prefers rhetoric to the substance of knowledge.
[2] *flaring* gaudy.
[3] *his* its.
[4] *swains* men, lovers.
[5] *one* i.e., Leander.
[6] *jar* make a harsh, grating sound; discord.
[7] *drossy pelf* impure or worthless riches.
[8] *intestine broils* internal or civil wars.
[9] *Hymen* Greek god of marriage.
[10] *neat* pure, undiluted.
[11] *Base bullion … allow* i.e., we value base metals because they are stamped with the monarch's head or an indication of monetary worth.

By which alone, our reverend fathers say,
Women receive perfection every way.
This idol which you term virginity
Is neither essence subject to the eye,
No, nor to any one exterior sense,
Nor hath it any place of residence,
Nor is't of earth or mould celestial,
Or capable of any form at all.
Of that which hath no being do not boast;
Things that are not at all are never lost.
Men foolishly do call it virtuous;
What virtue is it, that is born with us?
Much less can honour be ascribed thereto;
Honour is purchased by the deeds we do.
Believe me, Hero, honour is not won,
Until some honourable deed be done.
Seek you for chastity, immortal fame,
And know that some have wronged Diana's[1] name?
Whose name is it, if she be false or not,
So she be fair, but some vile tongues will blot?
But you are fair (aye me), so wondrous fair,
So young, so gentle, and so debonair,
As Greece will think if thus you live alone,
Some one or other keeps you as his own.
Then, Hero, hate me not, nor from me fly,
To follow swiftly blasting infamy.
Perhaps thy sacred priesthood makes thee loath;
Tell me, to whom mad'st thou that heedless oath?"
"To Venus," answered she, and as she spake,
Forth from those two translucent cisterns[2] brake
A stream of liquid pearl, which down her face
Made milk-white paths, whereon the gods might trace
To Jove's high court. He thus replied: "The rites
In which love's beauteous empress most delights
Are banquets, Doric music,[3] midnight revel,
Plays, masques, and all that stern age counteth evil.
Thee as a holy idiot[4] doth she scorn,
For thou, in vowing chastity, hast sworn
To rob her name and honour, and thereby
Commit'st a sin far worse than perjury,
Even sacrilege against her deity,
Through regular and formal purity.
To expiate which sin, kiss and shake hands,
Such sacrifice as this Venus demands."
Thereat she smiled, and did deny him so,
As put thereby, yet might he hope for mo.[5]
Which makes him quickly re-enforce his speech,
And her in humble manner thus beseech.
"Though neither gods nor men may thee deserve,
Yet for her sake whom you have vowed to serve,
Abandon fruitless, cold virginity,
The gentle Queen of Love's sole enemy.
Then shall you most resemble Venus' nun,
When Venus' sweet rites are performed and done.
Flint-breasted Pallas[6] joys in single life,
But Pallas and your mistress are at strife.
Love, Hero, then, and be not tyrannous,
But heal the heart that thou hast wounded thus,
Nor stain thy youthful years with avarice;
Fair fools delight to be accounted nice.[7]
The richest corn[8] dies if it be not reaped;
Beauty alone is lost, too warily kept."
These arguments he used, and many more,
Wherewith she yielded, that was won before;
Hero's looks yielded, but her words made war;
Women are won when they begin to jar.
Thus having swallowed Cupid's golden hook,
The more she strived, the deeper was she stroock.
Yet evilly feigning anger, strove she still,
And would be thought to grant against her will.
So having paused a while, at last she said:
"Who taught thee rhetoric to deceive a maid?
Aye me, such words as these should I abhor,
And yet I like them for the orator."

[1] *Diana* another name for Cynthia, the goddess of the moon, associated with chastity.
[2] *cisterns* vessels; here, her eyes.
[3] *Doric music* a stately, solemn mode—an odd choice for this list.
[4] *idiot* an unskilled, uneducated person; a layman.
[5] *mo* more.
[6] *Flint-breasted Pallas* Pallas Athene or Minerva, goddess of war, often represented in armour.
[7] *nice* reluctant, reserved.
[8] *corn* grain.

With that Leander stooped, to have embraced her,
But from his spreading arms away she cast her,
And thus bespake him: "Gentle youth, forbear
To touch the sacred garments which I wear.
Upon a rock, and underneath a hill,
Far from the town (where all is whist[1] and still,
Save that the sea playing on yellow sand
Sends forth a rattling murmur to the land,
Whose sound allures the golden Morpheus,[2]
In silence of the night to visit us)
My turret stands, and there God knows I play
With Venus' swans and sparrows all the day;
A dwarfish beldame[3] bears me company,
That hops about the chamber where I lie,
And spends the night (that might be better spent)
In vain discourse and apish merriment.
Come thither." As she spake this, her tongue tripped,
For unawares "Come thither" from her slipped,
And suddenly her former colour changed,
And here and there her eyes through anger ranged,
And like a planet, moving several ways,
At one self instant, she, poor soul, assays,[4]
Loving, not to love at all, and every part
Strove to resist the motions of her heart.
And hands so pure, so innocent, nay such
As might have made heaven stoop to have a touch,
Did she uphold to Venus, and again
Vowed spotless chastity, but all in vain.
Cupid beats down her prayers with his wings,
Her vows above the empty air he flings.
All deep enraged, his sinewy bow he bent,
And shot a shaft that burning from him went,
Wherewith she stroocken, looked so dolefully,
As made Love sigh to see his tyranny.
And as she wept, her tears to pearl he turned,
And wound them on his arm, and for her mourned.

Then towards the palace of the Destinies,[5]
Laden with languishment and grief, he flies,
And to those stern nymphs humbly made request,
Both might enjoy each other, and be blessed.
But with a ghastly dreadful countenance,
Threatening a thousand deaths at every glance,
They answered Love, nor would vouchsafe so much
As one poor word, their hate to him was such.
Harken a while, and I will tell you why:
Heaven's winged herald, Jove-born Mercury,[6]
The selfsame day that he asleep had laid
Enchanted Argus, spied a country maid,
Whose careless hair, instead of pearl t'adorn it,
Glistered with dew, as one that seemed to scorn it;
Her breath as fragrant as the morning rose,
Her mind pure and her tongue untaught to gloze.[7]
Yet proud she was (for lofty pride that dwells
In towered courts is oft in shepherd's cells),[8]
And too too well the fair vermillion knew
And silver tincture of her cheeks that drew
The love of every swain. On her, this god
Enamoured was, and with his snaky rod[9]
Did charm her nimble feet, and made her stay;
The while upon a hillock down he lay,
And sweetly on his pipe began to play,
And with smooth speech, her fancy to assay,
Till in his twining arms he locked her fast,
And then he wooed with kisses, and at last,
As shepherds do, her on the ground he laid,

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1 *whist* hushed, quiet.

2 *Morpheus* the Greek god of sleep or dreams.

3 *beldame* old woman.

4 *assays* tries, attempts.

5 *Destinies* the Fates. The three daughters of Night control fate, which is symbolically represented by Clotho holding the distaff, Lachesis drawing off the thread, and Atropos cutting it short.

6 *Mercury* messenger to the gods and known for his eloquence. Mercury enchanted Argus, the many-eyed herdsman whom Juno had ordered to guard Io from the advances of Jupiter. Io was a woman Jupiter had fallen in love with; he turned her into a cow to keep Juno from harming her.

7 *gloze* flatter.

8 *cells* small dwellings.

9 *snaky rod* Mercury is represented holding a staff on which serpents are twined.

And tumbling in the grass, he often strayed
Beyond the bounds of shame, in being bold
To eye those parts, which no eye should behold,
And like an insolent commanding lover,
Boasting his parentage, would needs discover
The way to new Elysium;[1] but she,
Whose only dower was her chastity,
Having striven in vain, was now about to cry,
And crave the help of shepherds that were nigh;
Herewith he stayed his fury, and began
To give her leave to rise; away she ran,
After went Mercury, who used such cunning,
As she to hear his tale, left off her running.
Maids are not won by brutish force and might,
But speeches full of pleasure and delight.
And knowing Hermes[2] courted her, was glad
That she such loveliness and beauty had
As could provoke his liking, yet was mute,
And neither would deny, nor grant his suit.
Still vowed he love, she wanting no excuse
To feed him with delays, as women use,
Or thirsting after immortality—
All women are ambitious naturally—
Imposed upon her lover such a task,
As he ought not perform, nor yet she ask.
A draught of flowing nectar, she requested,
Wherewith the king of gods and men is feasted.
He, ready to accomplish what she willed,
Stole some from Hebe[3] (Hebe, Jove's cup filled)
And gave it to his simple rustic love,
Which being known (as what is hid from Jove?)
He[4] inly stormed, and waxed more furious
Than for the fire filched by Prometheus,[5]
And thrusts him down from heaven; he
wandering here,
In mournful terms, with sad and heavy cheer
Complained to Cupid. Cupid, for his sake,
To be revenged on Jove did undertake,
And those on whom heaven, earth, and hell relies,
I mean the adamantine[6] Destinies,
He wounds with love, and forced them equally,
To dote upon deceitful Mercury.
They offered him the deadly, fatal knife,
That shears the slender threads of human life;
At his fair feathered feet,[7] the engines laid,
Which th'earth from ugly Chaos'[8] den
up-weighed:
These he regarded not, but did entreat
That Jove, usurper of his father's seat,
Might presently be banished into hell,
And aged Saturn in Olympus dwell.[9]
They granted what he craved, and once again,
Saturn and Ops[10] began their golden reign.
Murder, rape, war, lust, and treachery
Were, with Jove, closed in Stygian Empery.[11]
But long this blessed time continued not;
As soon as he his wished purpose got,
He, reckless of his promise, did despise
The love of th'everlasting Destinies.
They seeing it, both Love and him abhorred,
And Jupiter unto his place restored.
And but that Learning, in despite of Fate,
Will mount aloft and enter heaven's gate,
And to the seat of Jove itself advance,
Hermes[12] had slept in hell with ignorance.
Yet as a punishment they added this,
That he and Poverty should always kiss.
And to this day is every scholar poor;
Gross gold from them runs headlong to the
boor.[13]

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1 *Elysium* abode or state of the blessed after death.

2 *Hermes* another name for Mercury.

3 *Hebe* the handmaiden of the gods, associated with perpetual youth.

4 *He* Jove.

5 *filched* stolen; *Prometheus* He made humankind out of clay, and when Zeus deprived them of fire, he stole it from Heaven.

6 *adamantine* unyielding, invulnerable.

7 *feathered feet* Mercury is depicted with wings on his sandals.

8 *Chaos* the gaping or formless void, out of which the cosmos was evolved.

9 *Jove, usurper … Olympus dwell* Jove is Saturn's son; Saturn is an Italian god of agriculture (later identified with the Greek Cronus); in Greek mythology Olympus is a mountain whose summit is regarded as the residence of the gods.

10 *Ops* Saturn's wife, the goddess of the wealth of the harvest.

11 *Stygian Empery* the empire of hell; the Styx was the principal river in the underworld.

12 *Hermes* Hermes or Mercury is here represented as Learning.

13 *boor* peasant.

Likewise the angry sisters[1] thus deluded,
To venge themselves on Hermes have concluded
That Midas' brood[2] shall sit in Honour's chair,
To which the Muses' sons are only heir.
And fruitful wits that in aspiring are,
Shall, discontent, run into regions far,
And few great lords in virtuous deeds shall joy,
But be surprised with every garish toy,
And still enrich the lofty[3] servile clown,
Who with encroaching guile keeps learning down.
Then muse not Cupid's suit no better sped,[4]
Seeing in their loves the Fates were injured.
By this, sad Hero, with love unacquainted
Viewing Leander's face, fell down and fainted.
He kissed her and breathed life into her lips,
Wherewith as one displeased, away she trips.
Yet as she went full often looked behind,
And many poor excuses did she find
To linger by the way, and once she stayed,
And would have turned again, but was afraid
In offering parley,[5] to be counted light.
So on she goes, and in her idle flight,
Her painted fan of curled plumes let fall,
Thinking to train[6] Leander therewithal.
He, being a novice, knew not what she meant,
But stayed, and after her a letter sent,
Which joyful Hero answered in such sort,
As he had hope to scale the beauteous fort
Wherein the liberal Graces locked their wealth,
And therefore to her tower he got by stealth.
Wide open stood the door, he need not climb,
And she herself before the pointed[7] time,
Had spread the board,[8] with roses strewed the room,
And oft looked out and mused he did not come.
At last he came, Oh who can tell the greeting,
These greedy lovers had at their first meeting.

He asked, she gave, and nothing was denied,
Both to each other quickly were affied.[9]
Look how their hands, so were their hearts united,
And what he did, she willingly requited.
(Sweet are the kisses, the embracements sweet,
When like desires and affections meet,
For from the earth to heaven is Cupid raised,
Where fancy is in equal balance paised.)[10]
Yet she this rashness suddenly repented,
And turned aside and to herself lamented,
As if her name and honour had been wronged,
By being possessed of him for whom she longed.
I,[11] and she wished, albeit not from her heart,
That he would leave her turret and depart.
The mirthful god of amorous pleasure smiled,
To see how he this captive nymph beguiled,
For hitherto he did but fan the fire,
And kept it down that it might mount the higher.
Now waxed she jealous, lest his love abated,
Fearing, her own thoughts made her to be hated.[12]
Therefore unto him hastily she goes,
And like light Salmacis,[13] her body throws
Upon his bosom, where with yielding eyes,
She offers up herself a sacrifice
To slake his anger, if he were displeased;
Oh what god would not therewith be appeased?
Like Aesop's cock,[14] this jewel he enjoyed,
And as a brother with his sister toyed,
Supposing nothing else was to be done,
Now he her favour and good will had won.
But know you not that creatures wanting sense[15]

---

1 *angry sisters* the Destinies.

2 *Midas' brood* Everything Midas touched became gold; apparently this was passed on to his children.

3 *lofty* haughty.

4 *sped* prospered.

5 *parley* conversation.

6 *train* to draw on, entice.

7 *pointed* appointed.

8 *spread the board* placed food on the table.

9 *affied* affianced.

10 *paised* peised or weighed.

11 *I* either the narrator is including himself here, or this means "aye" or yes.

12 *Fearing, her ... hated* Her fear makes her imagine she is hated.

13 *Salmacis* the nymph of the fountain in which Hermaphroditus bathed; he rejected her entreaties, but she embraced him and their bodies joined. A hermaphrodite is a person combining both sexes in one body.

14 *Aesop's cock* Aesop was a composer of animal fables. His cock found a jewel in the barnyard, but spurned it because it was not barleycorn.

15 *wanting sense* lacking the senses, or common sense, or perhaps intellect.

By nature have a mutual appetence,[1]
And wanting organs[2] to advance a step,
Moved by Love's force, unto each other lep?[3]
Much more in subjects having intellect,
Some hidden influence breeds like effect.
Albeit Leander, rude in love and raw,
Long dallying with Hero, nothing saw
That might delight him more, yet he suspected
Some amorous rites or other were neglected.
Therefore unto his body, hers he clung;
She, fearing on the rushes[4] to be flung,
Strived with redoubled strength; the more she strived,
The more a gentle pleasing heat revived,
Which taught him all that elder lovers know,
And now the same 'gan so to scorch and glow,
As in plain terms (yet cunningly), he craved it.
Love always makes those eloquent that have it.
She, with a kind of granting, put him by it,
And ever as he thought himself most nigh it,
Like to the tree of Tantalus[5] she fled,
And seeming lavish, saved her maidenhead.
Ne'er king more sought to keep his diadem[6]
Than Hero this inestimable gem.
Above our life we love a steadfast friend,
Yet when a token of great worth we send,
We often kiss it, often look thereon,
And stay the messenger that would be gone;
No marvel then, though Hero would not yield
So soon to part from that she dearly held.
Jewels being lost are found again; this, never.
'Tis lost but once, and once lost, lost forever.
Now had the morn espied her lover's steeds,[7]
Whereat she starts, puts on her purple weeds,
And red for anger that he stayed so long,
All headlong throws herself the clouds among;
And now Leander, fearing to be missed,
Embraced her suddenly, took leave, and kissed,
Long was he taking leave, and loath to go,
And kissed again, as lovers use to do;
Sad Hero wrung him by the hand and wept,
Saying, "Let your vows and promises be kept."
Then standing at the door, she turned about,
As loath to see Leander going out.
And now the sun that through th'orizon[8] peeps,
As pitying these lovers, downward creeps,
So that in silence of the cloudy night,
Though it was morning, did he take his flight.
But what the secret trusty night concealed,
Leander's amorous habit soon revealed;
With Cupid's myrtle was his bonnet crowned,
About his arms the purple ribbon wound,
Wherewith she wreathed her largely spreading hair.
Nor could the youth abstain, but he must wear
The sacred ring wherewith she was endowed
When first religious chastity she vowed,
Which made his love through Sestos to be known,
And thence unto Abydos sooner blown
Than he could sail, for incorporeal Fame,[9]
Whose weight consists in nothing but her name,
Is swifter than the wind, whose tardy plumes
Are reeking[10] water and dull earthly fumes.
Home when he came, he seemed not to be there,
But like exiled air thrust from his sphere,
Set in a foreign place, and straight from thence,
Alcides-like,[11] by mighty violence,
He would have chased away the swelling main,[12]
That him from her unjustly did detain.
Like as the sun, in a diameter
Fires and enflames objects removed far,

---

1 *appetence* appetite, longing.
2 *organs* means, faculties.
3 *lep* leapt.
4 *rushes* a type of plant; green rushes were used as floor coverings.
5 *tree of Tantalus* For revealing the secrets of the gods (or for serving his son's flesh to the gods, or for stealing the gods' nectar),Tantalus was punished in the underworld with an extreme thirst and hunger; he was placed near a fruit tree whose branches were tossed aside by the wind every time Tantalus tried to grasp the fruit.
6 *diadem* crown.
7 *the morn* Aurora; *her lover's steeds* Apollo's horses drew the sun chariot across the sky.
8 *th'orizon* the horizon.
9 *incorporeal Fame* fame without substance; rumour.
10 *reeking* smoking or steaming.
11 *Alcides-like* like Hercules.
12 *main* an expanse of water; here the Hellespont, the body of water between Abydos and Sestos.

And heateth kindly, shining lat'rally,[1]
So beauty sweetly quickens when 'tis nigh,
But being separated and removed,
Burns where it cherished, murders where it loved.
Therefore even as an index to a book,
So to his mind was young Leander's look.[2]
Oh none but gods have power their love to hide,
Affection by the countenance is descried.
The light of hidden fire itself discovers,
And love that is concealed betrays poor lovers.
His secret flame apparently was seen,
Leander's father knew where he had been,
And for the same mildly rebuked his son,
Thinking to quench the sparkles new begun.
But love resisted once grows passionate,
And nothing more than counsel, lovers hate.
For as a hot, proud horse highly disdains
To have his head controlled, but breaks the reins,
Spits forth the ringled[3] bit and with his hooves
Checks the submissive ground, so he that loves,
The more he is restrained, the worse he fares;
What is it now but mad Leander dares?
"O Hero, Hero," thus he cried full oft,
And then he got him to a rock aloft,
Where having spied her tower, long stared he on't,
And prayed the narrow toiling Hellespont
To part in twain, that he might come and go,
But still the rising billows answered no.
With that he stripped him to the ivory skin,
And crying, "Love I come!" leapt lively in.
Whereat the sapphire-visaged god[4] grew proud,
And made his cap'ring triton[5] sound aloud,
Imagining that Ganymede, displeased,
Had left the heavens; therefore on him he seized.
Leander strived, the waves about him wound,
And pulled him to the bottom, where the ground
Was strewed with pearl, and in low coral groves
Sweet singing mermaids sported with their loves
On heaps of heavy gold, and took great pleasure
To spurn, in careless sort, the shipwrack treasure.
For here the stately azure palace stood,
Where kingly Neptune and his train abode;
The lusty god embraced him, called him love,
And swore he never should return to Jove.
But when he knew it was not Ganymed,
For underwater he was almost dead,
He heaved him up, and looking on his face,
Beat down the bold waves with his triple mace,
Which mounted up, intending to have kissed him,
And fell in drops like tears because they missed him.
Leander, being up, began to swim,
And looking back, saw Neptune follow him.
Whereat aghast, the poor soul 'gan to cry,
"Oh let me visit Hero ere I die!"
The god put Helle's bracelet[6] on his arm,
And swore the sea should never do him harm.
He clapped his plump cheeks, with his tresses played,
And smiling wantonly, his love bewrayed.[7]
He watched his arms, and as they opened wide,
At every stroke, betwixt them would he slide,
And steal a kiss, and then run out and dance,
And as he turned, cast many a lustful glance,
And threw him gaudy toys to please his eye,
And dive into the water, and there pry
Upon his breast, his thighs, and every limb,
And up again, and close beside him swim
And talk of love. Leander made reply,
"You are deceived, I am no woman I."
Thereat smiled Neptune, and then told a tale,
How that a shepherd sitting in a vale,
Played with a boy so fair and kind,
As for his love both earth and heaven pined,
That of the cooling river durst not drink,
Lest water nymphs should pull him from the brink.

[1] *a diameter … shining lat'rally* The sun shines in a diameter—directly and thus strongly—or it shines laterally—at an angle, and thus more moderately.

[2] *look* appearance.

[3] *ringled* ringed.

[4] *sapphire-visaged god* Neptune.

[5] *cap'ring* frolicsome; *triton* Triton is the son of Neptune, usually presented holding a trident and a shell trumpet. Here, the triton is the shell trumpet itself.

[6] *Helle's bracelet* Helle escaped her violent step-mother on the back of a winged and gold-fleeced ram (producer of the Golden Fleece). Helle fell off the ram's back over part of the sea called, in consequence, the Hellespont. Neptune is said to have rescued her. Helle's bracelet is meant to protect Leander, as the next line states.

[7] *bewrayed* revealed.

And when he sported in the fragrant lawns,
Goat-footed satyrs[1] and up-staring fawns,
Would steal him thence. Ere half this tale was done,
"Aye me," Leander cried, "th'enamoured sun,
That now should shine on Thetis'[2] glassy bower,
Descends upon my radiant Hero's tower.
Oh that these tardy arms of mine were wings,"
And as he spake, upon the waves he springs.
Neptune was angry that he gave no ear,
And in his heart, revenging malice bare.[3]
He flung at him his mace, but as it went,
He called it in, for love made him repent.
The mace, returning back, his own hand hit,
As meaning to be venged for darting it.
When this fresh-bleeding wound Leander viewed,
His colour went and came, as if he rued[4]
The grief which Neptune felt: in gentle breasts,
Relenting thoughts, remorse, and pity rests.
And who have hard hearts, and obdurate minds,
But vicious, harebrained, and illit'rate hinds?[5]
The god, seeing him with pity to be moved,
Thereon concluded that he was beloved.
(Love is too full of faith, too credulous,
With folly and false hope deluding us.)
Wherefore Leander's fancy to surprise,
To the rich ocean for gifts he flies.
'Tis wisdom to give much, a gift prevails,
When deep, persuading oratory fails.
By this, Leander, being near the land,
Cast down his weary feet and felt the sand.
Breathless albeit he were, he rested not,
Till to the solitary tower he got,
And knocked and called, at which celestial noise,
The longing heart of Hero much more joys
Than nymphs and shepherds when the timbrell[6] rings,
Or crooked dolphin when the sailor sings.[7]
She stayed not for her robes, but straight arose,
And drunk with gladness, to the door she goes,
Where seeing a naked man, she screeched for fear,
Such sights as this to tender maids are rare,
And ran into the dark herself to hide;
Rich jewels in the dark are soonest spied.
Unto her was he led, or rather drawn,
By those white limbs which sparkled through the lawn.
The nearer that he came, the more she fled,
And seeking refuge, slipped into her bed.
Whereon Leander sitting, thus began,
Though numbing cold, all feeble, faint, and wan:
"If not for love, yet love, for pity's sake,
Me in thy bed and maiden bosom take;
At least vouchsafe these arms some little room,
Who hoping to embrace thee cheerily swoom.[8]
This head was beat with many a churlish billow,
And therefore let it rest upon thy pillow."
Herewith, affrighted, Hero shrunk away,
And in her lukewarm place Leander lay,
Whose lively heat, like fire from heaven fet,[9]
Would animate gross clay, and higher set
The drooping thoughts of base declining souls
Than dreary[10] Mars, carousing nectar bowls.
His hands he cast upon her like a snare;
She, overcome with shame and sallow fear,
Like chaste Diana when Actaeon spied her,[11]
Being suddenly betrayed, dived down to hide her.
And as her silver body downward went,
With both her hands she made the bed a tent,
And in her own mind thought herself secure,
O'ercast with dim and darksome coverture.[12]
And now she lets him whisper in her ear,

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1 *satyrs* woodland gods, part human, part bestial (usually either goat or horse).

2 *Thetis* Thetis is a sea-nymph; her "glassy bower" is therefore the sea.

3 *bare* bore.

4 *rued* lamented or pitied.

5 *hinds* rustics.

6 *timbrell* tambourine.

7 *crooked … sings* The sailor is Arion, a semi-mythical poet whose song charmed a dolphin, who saved Arion when the poet was thrown into the sea. Dolphins' backs are crooked or curved.

8 *swoom* swam.

9 *fet* fetched.

10 *dreary* bloody.

11 *Like chaste Diana … spied her* To punish Actaeon for spying on her when she was bathing, Diana changed him into a stag, and he was torn to pieces by his own hounds.

12 *coverture* cover.

Flatter, entreat, promise, protest, and swear,
Yet ever as he greedily assayed
To touch those dainties, she the Harpy[1] played,
And every limb did as a soldier stout
Defend the fort, and keep the foe-man out.
For though the rising iv'ry mount he scaled,
Which is with azure circling lines empaled,
Much like a globe (a globe may I term this,
By which love sails to regions full of bliss),
Yet there with Sisyphus[2] he toiled in vain,
Till gentle parley did the truce obtain.
Wherein Leander on her quivering breast,
Breathless spoke some things and sighed out the rest,
Which so prevailed, as he with small ado,
Enclosed her in his arms and kissed her too.
And every kiss to her was as a charm,
And to Leander as a fresh alarm,
So that the truce was broke, and she alas,
(Poor silly maiden) at his mercy was.
Love is not full of pity (as men say),
But deaf and cruel, where he means to prey,
Even as a bird, which in our hands we wring,
Forth plungeth and oft flutters with her wing.
She trembling strove; this strife of hers (like that
Which made the world) another world begat,
Of unknown joy. Treason was in her thought,
And cunningly to yield herself she sought.
Seeming not won, yet won she was at length;
In such wars women use but half their strength.
Leander now like Theban Hercules,
Entered the orchard of th'esperides,[3]
Whose fruit none rightly can describe, but he
That pulls or shakes it from the golden tree.
And now she wished this night were never done,
And sighed to think upon th'approaching sun,
For much it grieved her that the bright daylight
Should know the pleasure of this blessed night.
And then like Mars and Ericine[4] displayed,
Both in each others' arms chained as they laid,
Again she knew not how to frame her look,
Or speak to him who in a moment took
That which so long, so charily[5] she kept,
And feign by stealth away she would have crept,
And to some corner secretly have gone,
Leaving Leander in the bed alone.
But as her naked feet were whipping out,
He on the sudden clinged her so about,
That mermaid-like unto the floor she slid,
And half appeared; the other half was hid.
Thus near the bed she blushing stood upright,
And from her countenance behold ye might
A kind of twilight break, which through the hair,
As from an orient cloud, glims[6] here and there.
And round about the chamber this false morn
Brought forth the day before the day was born;
So Hero's ruddy cheek, Hero betrayed,
And her all naked to his sight displayed,
Whence his admiring eyes more pleasure took
Than Dis[7] on heaps of gold fixing his look.
By this Apollo's golden harp[8] began
To sound forth music to the ocean,
Which watchful Hesperus[9] no sooner heard,
But he the day bright-bearing car[10] prepared
And ran before, as harbinger of light,
And with his flaring beams mocked ugly Night,
Till she, o'ercome with anguish, shame, and rage,
Danged[11] down to Hell her loathsome carriage.
Desunt nonnulla.[12]

—1598

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[1] *Harpy* a fabulous monster having a woman's face and body and a bird's wings and claws.

[2] *Sisyphus* For misdeeds on earth, Sisyphus was punished in Hades by eternally rolling a large stone to the top of a hill, only to have it roll down again.

[3] *like Theban … th'esperides* The eleventh labour of Hercules was to steal the golden apples of the Hesperides, the three daughters of Night.

[4] *Ericine* Venus.

[5] *charily* carefully or warily.

[6] *orient* radiant; *glims* glimmers.

[7] *Dis* Pluto, Roman god of the underworld.

[8] *Apollo's golden harp* Apollo is the god of music.

[9] *Hesperus* Hesperus is the evening star, though the morning star is meant here.

[10] *car* chariot.

[11] *Danged* past participle of "ding": dashed or, as in later editions, hurled.

[12] *Desunt nonnulla* "Some things are missing."

John Stow
1524/1525-1605

From the beginning of his life as the eldest of seven children born to Elizabeth and Thomas Stow to the publication of his final work, dedicated to the Lord Mayor and citizens of London, John Stow was a quintessential Londoner, deeply invested in the history and welfare of his city. His middle-class roots also ran deep: both his father and grandfather were chandlers and he himself was a member of the guild of Merchant Taylors. As an historian, Stow had interests ranging from grand-scale national chronicles to the narrower civic focus of his most famous work, *A Survey of London* (1598, 1603). The 21 editions of Stow's chronicles and *Survey* made him a dominant voice in the latter part of the century. Unusually for historians of this period, Stow was largely self-educated, although widely read and with some command of languages other than English. While both contemporaries and later critics have commented on his lack of facility with Latin expression, the hallmarks of this "citizen historian"[1] remain his critical reading of source material and penchant for accuracy.

These characteristics gradually drew him away from the medieval chronicle tradition that informed his earlier work. Indeed, Stow's entry into historical publication came as a response to Richard Grafton's *An Abridgement of the Chronicles of England* (1563). Grafton's work was published ostensibly to counterbalance the highly erroneous version of Thomas Lanquet and Thomas Cooper's *Epitome of Chronicles* published by Thomas Marsh in 1559. However, since Grafton's history was still littered with mistakes, Marsh called on Stow to produce a corrected edition of Lanquet and Cooper. The result was *A Summary of English Chronicles* (1565), a volume that Grafton used without acknowledgement as the principle source for his next chronicle history, while claiming that Stow had plagiarized his *Abridgement*.[2] Stow retaliated with an abridgement of his own *Summary* that included scathing references to Grafton's work. As part of the team engaged in producing the second edition of Holinshed's *Chronicles* in the 1580s and author of the *Chronicles of England* (1580) and the *Annals of England* (1592), Stow continued to work at least to some extent in the medieval chronicle tradition. In his own work he retained a "civic" format (i.e., organizing information chronologically under the names of mayors and sheriffs), and included only minor narrative connections between events. However, rather than seeing in the past a repeated pattern of the turning of Fortune's wheel and a source of moral exempla for the present, Stow understood history as causal and providing an explanation for current events.[3] This interest in the relationship between past and present is perhaps one of the reasons for Stow's unusually heavy emphasis on contemporary history, with his *Annals* the only Tudor chronicle to include the reign of Elizabeth I from beginning to end.[4]

In his quest for accuracy, Stow was one of the first historians to make systematic use of public documents, and he travelled widely to copy manuscripts and inscriptions from monuments.[5] Fame as an inveterate collector of documents garnered Stow attention, both welcome and otherwise. On the one hand, he was invited to join the newly formed Society of Antiquaries, whose founder was the archbishop of Canterbury, Matthew Parker, and whose membership included illustrious figures like John Leland, William Lambarde, and William Camden. On the other, however, in 1568 he attracted accusations of recusancy as a result of the Roman Catholic manuscripts and documents in his possession. It appears that the report was made by Stow's brother, Thomas, probably as a salvo in a long-running fraternal feud.[6] Indeed, a search for papist books turned up, among other literature of the Counter Reformation, a copy of a manifesto circulated by the Spanish ambassador on behalf of the Duke of Alba, who led troops against Protestant rebels in the Netherlands in the 1560s. In the same year, Spain attacked English privateers in the West Indies, while four Spanish

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1 B.L. Beer, *Tudor England Observed: The World of John Stow* (Phoenix Mill, 1998), p. 17.
2 W.K. Hall, "John Stow," *DLB 132*, pp. 282-83.
3 F.J. Levy, *Tudor Historical Thought* (San Marino, 1967), p. 186.
4 Beer, *Tudor England Observed*, p. 21.
5 Ibid., pp. 14-15.
6 P. Collinson, "John Stow and Nostalgic Antiquarianism," *Imagining Early Modern London*, ed. J.F. Merritt (Cambridge, 2001), p. 42.

ships carrying bullion to pay the troops in the Netherlands were detained by Elizabeth when they took refuge from English pirates. When the Duke of Alba retaliated against English merchants in the Netherlands, Elizabeth seized the bullion. Stow also kept a diary that shows a fascination with "religious weirdos"[1] and incidents of religious persecution. Both the diary and books in Stow's possession have been interpreted as evidence for a Catholicism about which he later grew more circumspect. However, Stow's religious interests were perhaps more indifferent and he makes "a better representative of the silent majority of lay people than clerical scholars whose historical writings reflect readily identifiable vested interest."[2]

Stow's *Survey of London*, begun in 1590 and published in 1598, typically combines tradition with a more critical historiography to produce a chorography, an historical, geographical, topographical, and cultural description of a particular place.[3] Arranged as a perambulation through the streets of London, this first scholarly history of an English town proceeds chronologically within a spatial framework based on the actual layout of the city. For each ward, Stow includes a brief account of its name and history, delineates its boundaries, and lists its principal inhabitants and notable events. From these descriptions emerges an ideal of the city as a natural hierarchy characterized by strong bonds of loyalty between top and bottom.[4] Throughout, Stow's criticism is typically directed at evidence for the decay of this stable tradition, as he frequently notes post-Reformation destruction of tomb monuments or decries encroachment on common lands and the destruction of old-style community through the abandonment of the great houses and development of more slums.[5] Missing from the *Survey* is systematic discussion of either the city's relationship to the central government of the country or its internal administrative structures.[6] Both Stow's lack of interest in city politics and his nostalgia for an ideal London of yesteryear are expressed by his verbatim use of William Fitzstephen's late twelfth-century *Descriptio Nobilissimae Civitatis Londoniae* ("A Description of the Most Noble City of London") for some of the more general descriptions of civic traditions and honours. However, while he includes Fitzstephen's work in its entirety, Stow casts a critical eye at others' sources, questioning, for example, the tradition that Julius Caesar founded the Tower of London. That neither the 1598 nor the 1603 edition of the *Survey* was issued with a formal introduction or maps indicates the degree to which it is a work by a Londoner for an audience of Londoners.[7] The authority of Stow's loveletter to England's capital was such that it was revised and enlarged, to the point of being unrecognizable, through the eighteenth century.

EDITION: *A survay of London contayning the originall, antiquity, increase, moderne estate, and description of that citie, written in the yeare 1598. by John Stow citizen of London.* London: Imprinted by [John Windet] for John Wolfe, 1598. STC 23341.

1 Collinson, "John Stow and Nostalgic Antiquarianism," p. 43.

2 Beer, *Tudor England Observed*, p. 18

3 B. Shapiro, *A Culture of Fact: England, 1550-1720* (Ithaca, 2000), p. 65.

4 I. Archer, "The Nostalgia of John Stow," *The Theatrical City: Culture, Theatre and Politics in London, 1576-1649*, ed. D.L. Smith, R. Strier, and D. Bevington (Cambridge, 1995), p. 19.

5 Ibid., pp. 21-22.

6 Beer, *Tudor England Observed*, p. 143.

7 Ibid., p. 129.

from *A Survey of London*

To the Right Honourable, the Lord Mayor of the City of London, to the Commonalty[1] and Citizens of the Same, John Stow, Citizen, Wisheth Long Health and Felicity.

Since the first publishing of the perambulation of Kent,[2] by that learned gentleman, Mr. William Lambert, esquire, I have heard of sundry other able persons to have, according to the desire of that author, assayed[3] to do somewhat for the particular shires and counties where they were born or dwelt, of which none that I know, saving Mr. Norden[4] for the counties of Middlesex and Hertford, have vouchsafed their labours to the common good in that behalf. And therefore concurring with the first in the same desire to have drawn together such special descriptions of each place, as might not only make up an whole body of the English chronography[5] amongst ourselves, but also might give occasion and courage to Mr. Camden[6] to increase and beautify his singular work of the whole to the view of the learned that be abroad, I have attempted the discovery of London, my native soil and country, at the desire and persuasion of some my good friends, as well because I have seen sundry antiquities myself touching that place, as also for that, through search of records to other purposes, diverse written helps are come to my hands, which few others have fortuned to meet withal,[7] it is a service that most agreeth with my professed travels. It is a duty that I willingly owe to my native mother and country and an office that of right I hold myself bound in love to bestow upon the politic body and members of the same; what London hath been of ancient time, men may here see, as what it is now, every man doth behold. I know that the argument, being of the chief and principal city of the land, required the pen of some excellent artisan, but fearing that none would attempt and finish it, as few have assayed any, I chose rather, amongst other my labours, to handle it after my plain manner than to leave it unperformed. Touching the dedication, I am not doubtful where to seek my patron, since you be a politic estate of the city as the walls and buildings be the material parts of the same. To you, therefore, do I address this my whole labour, as well that by your authority I may be protected as warranted by your own skill and understanding of that which I have written. I confess that I lacked my desire to the accomplishment of some special parts, but I trust hereafter that shall be supplied and I profess, if more touching this work come unto me, to afford it in all duty. In the meantime, I recommend this to your view, my labours to your consideration, and myself to your service, as I have professed during life, in this or any other.

The Antiquity of London

As Rome, the chief city of the world, to glorify itself drew her original from the gods, goddesses, and demi-gods, by the Trojan progeny,[8] so this famous city of London, for greater glory and in emulation of Rome, deriveth itself from the very same original. For, as Geoffrey of Monmouth,[9] the Welsh historian, reporteth, Brute, descended from the demi-god Aeneas, the son of Venus, daughter of Jupiter, about the year of the world 2855, the year before Christ's nativity 1108,

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1 *Commonalty* people of a nation, state, city, etc., collectively; a community, commonwealth.

2 *perambulation of Kent* William Lambert's survey of Kent (1576).

3 *assayed* attempted, endeavoured.

4 *Mr. Norden* John Norden (1548-?1625) produced a series of historical and geographical surveys of English counties, as well as the best maps of London and Westminster under the Tudors.

5 *chronography* description of past time (i.e., chronicle).

6 *Mr. Camden* William Camden (1551-1623) was a chronicler whose *Britannia* (1586) and *Annales Rerum Anglicarum et Hibernicarum Annales regnante Elizabetha* (1615 and 1625) were very popular.

7 *withal* in addition, as well.

8 *Trojan progeny* Aeneas, who ended his travels near the site on which Rome was founded, was a Trojan who escaped after the fall of Troy.

9 *Geoffrey of Monmouth* (c. 1100-54); his *History of the Kings of Britain* (1136-38) chronicles the period from 1100 BCE to 689 CE and traces the origins of the nation to Brutus, the great-grandson of Aeneas, who sailed to Albion, the island that became Britain.

builded a city near unto a river now called Thames and named it Troynovant or Trenovant.[1]

King Lud[2] afterward not only repaired this city, but also added fair buildings, towers, and walls, and called it after his owne name Cair-Lud or Lud's town, and the strong gate which he builded in the west part of the city he likewise for his own honour named it Ludgate.

This Lud had issue two sons, Androgeus and Themantius, who, being not of age to govern at the death of their father, their uncle Cassibilan[3] took upon him the crown, about the eighth year of whose reign Julius Caesar arrived in this land with a great power of Romans to conquer it, the manner of which conquest I will summarily set down out of his own *Commentaries*,[4] which are of far better credit than the relations of Geoffrey Monmouth.

The chief government of the Britons and ordering of the wars was then by common advice committed to Cassibilan, whose seigniory[5] was separated from the cities towards the sea coast by the river called Thames about fourscore miles from the sea. This Cassibilan in times past had made continual war upon the cities adjoining, but the Britons, being moved with the Romans' invasion, had resolved in that necessity to make him their sovereign and general of the wars, which continued hot between the Romans and them, but in the meanwhile, the Trinovantes,[6] which was then the strongest city well near of all those countries, and out of which city a young gentleman called Mandubrace,[7] upon confidence of Caesar's help, came unto him into the main land of Gallia, now called France, and thereby escaped death which he should have suffered at Cassibilan's hand, sent their ambassadors to Caesar, promising to yield unto him and to do what he should command them, instantly desiring him to protect Mandubrace from the furious tyranny of Cassibilan and to send him into their city with authority to take the government thereof upon him. Caesar accepted the offer and appointed them to give unto him 40 hostages and withal to find him grain for his army, and so sent he Mandubrace unto them.

When others saw that Caesar had not only defended the Trinovantes against Cassibilan, but had also saved them harmless from the pillage of his own soldiers, then did the Conimagues, Segontians, Ancalits, Bibrokes, and Cassians[8] likewise submit themselves unto him and by them he learned that not far from thence was Cassibilan's town, fortified with woods and marish[9] ground, into the which he had gathered a great number both of men and cattle.

For the Britons call that a town, sayeth Caesar, when they have fortified a cumbersome wood with a ditch and rampire, and there they resort to abide the approach of their enemies. To this place therefore marched Caesar with his legions. He found it excellently fortified both of nature and by man's advice; nevertheless he resolved to assault it in two several places at once, whereupon the Britons being not able to endure the force of the Romans, fled out at another part, and left the town unto him. A great number of cattle he found there and many of the Britons he slew, and other he took in the chase.

Whilst these things were a doing in these quarters, Cassibilan sent messengers into Kent, which lieth upon the sea, in which there reigned then

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1 *Troynovant or Trenovant* i.e., New Troy.

2 *King Lud* In 73 BCE, Lud fortified New Troy and annexed neighbouring lands to it.

3 *Cassibilan* Cassivelaunus led British resistance in a guerilla war against Julius Caesar during Caesar's second expedition (54 BCE) but was defeated.

4 *Commentaries* Julius Caesar's *Commentaries on the Gallic Wars* (50 BCE) give accounts of his invasions of Britain.

5 *seigniory* territory, dominion.

6 *Trinovantes* The Trinovantes were a tribe that neighboured Cassivelaunus' Catuvellauni.

7 *Mandubrace* Mandubracius, son of the former king of the Trinovantes killed by Cassivelaunus.

8 *Conimagues ... Cassians* These tribes are mentioned in Caesar's *Commentaries*. The Iceni ruled an area roughly consistent with modern-day Norfolk, while the Segonti occupied an area around modern-day Carnarvon in Wales. The Cassi may have been precursors of the Catuvellauni, but the others are unknown.

9 *marish* i.e., marsh.

four particular kings, named Cingetorix, Carvil, Faximagul, and Segonax,[1] whom he commanded to raise all their forces and suddenly to set upon and assault the Romans in their trenches by the seaside, the which when the Romans perceived, they sailed out upon them, slew a great sort of them, and, taking Cingetorix, their noble captain, prisoner, retired themselves to their camp in good safety.

When Cassibilan heard of this and had formerly taken many other losses and found his country sore wasted and himself left almost alone by the defection of the other cities, he sent ambassadors by Connius of Arras to Caesar to entreat with him concerning his won submission, the which Caesar did accept and, taking hostages, assessed the realm of Britain to a yearly tribute to be paid to the people of Rome, giving straight charge to Cassibilan that he should not seek any revenge upon Mandubrace or the Trinovantes, and so withdrew his army to the sea again. [...]

[...] the Britons, I know, had no skill of building with stone, as it may appear by that which followeth about year after Christ, 399, when Arcadius and Honorius, the sons of Theodosius Magnus,[2] governed the Empire, the one in the east, the other in the west, for Honorius having received Britain, the city of Rome was invaded and destroyed by the Goths,[3] after which time the Romans left to rule in Britain as being employed in defence of their territories nearer home, whereupon the Britons, not able to defend themselves against the invasions of their enemies, were many years together under the oppression of two most cruel nations, the Scots and Picts,[4] and at length were forced to send their ambassadors with letters and lamentable supplications to come, requiring aid and succour from thence, upon promise of their continual fealty,[5] so that the Romans would rescue them out of the hands of their enemies. Hereupon the Romans sent unto them a legion of armed soldiers, which coming into this island and encountering with the enemies, overthrew a great number of them, and drove the rest out of the frontiers of the country, and so setting the Britons at liberty, counselled them to make a wall, extending all along between the two seas, which might be of force to keep out their evil neighbours, and then returned home with great triumph, but the Britons, wanting masons, builded that wall not of stone as they were advised, but made it of turf, and that so slender that it served little or nothing at all for their defence and, the enemy perceiving that the Roman legion was returned home, forthwith[6] arrived out of their boats, invaded the borders, overcame the country, and, as it were, bore down all that was before them.

Whereupon ambassadors were eftsoons[7] dispatched to Rome, lamentably beseeching that they would not suffer their miserable country to be utterly destroyed. Then again another legion was sent, which, coming upon a sudden, made a great slaughter of the enemy, and chased him home, even unto his own country. These Romans at their departure told the Britons plainly that it was not for their ease or leisure to take upon them any more such long and laborious journeys for their defence, and therefore had them practice the use of armour and weapons and learn to withstand their enemies, whom nothing else did make so strong as their[8] faint heart and cowardice, and for so much as they thought that it would be no small

[1] *Cingetorix ... Segonax* Cingetorix, Carvilius, Taximagulus, and Segovax, the kings of the Cantiaci mentioned by Caesar, who ruled the southeast tip of Britain.

[2] *Arcadius ... Theodosius Magnus* Flavius Theodosius (c. 346-95) was made fellow-emperor with Gratian and controlled the eastern part of the empire, including eastern Europe and Asia. After the death of Gratian's half-brother, Valentinian II, his sons governed the two halves of the empire (*OCD*).

[3] *Goths* Germanic tribe from an area between Poland and the Ukraine, whose leader, Alaric, stormed and sacked the city of Rome in 410.

[4] *Scots and Picts* enemies of the southern Britons who conducted repeated invasions of Roman Britain that necessitated the construction of Hadrian's Wall and, later, the Antonine Wall.

[5] *fealty* obligation of fidelity.

[6] *forthwith* immediately, at once.

[7] *eftsoons* soon afterwards.

[8] *their* i.e., the Britons.

help and encouragement unto their tributary[1] friends whom they were now forced to forsake, they builded for them a wall of hard stone from the west sea to the east sea, right between those two cities which were there made to keep out the enemies, in the selfsame place where Severus[2] before had cast his trench, the Britons also putting to their helping hands as labourers.

This wall they builded eight foot thick in breadth and twelve foot in height, right as it were by a line, from east to west, as the ruins thereof remaining in many places till this day do make to appear. Which work thus perfected, they give the people straight charge to look well to themselves, they teach them to handle their weapons and they instruct them in warlike feats. And lest by the seaside southwards where their ships lay at harbour the enemies should come on land, they made up sundry bulwarks, each somewhat distant from the other, and so bid them farewell as minding no more to return. This happened in the days of the Emperor Theodosius the Younger,[3] almost 500 years after the first arrival of the Romans here, about the year after Christ's incarnation 434.

[...]

Houses of Students of the Common Law.

But besides all this there is in and about this city a whole university, as it were, of students, practicers or pleaders, and judges of the laws of this realm, not living of common stipends,[4] as in other universities it is for the most part done, but of their own private maintenance, as being altogether fed either by their places or practice or otherwise by their proper revenue or exhibition[5] of parents and friends, for that the younger sort are either gentlemen, or the sons of gentlemen, or of other most wealthy persons. Of these houses, there be at this day fourteen in all, whereof nine do stand within the liberties[6] of the city, and five in the suburbs thereof. [...] One other Inn of Chancery sometime there was, called Chester's Inn for the nearness to the Bishop of Chester's house, but more commonly termed Strand Inn, for that it stood near to the Strand Bridge without Temple Bar, the which and other dwelling houses near adjoining were pulled down in the reign of King Edward the Sixth, by Edward, duke of Somerset[7] and protector of the realm, who in place thereof raised that beautiful, but yet unperfect, house called Somerset House. There was moreover in the reign of King Henry the Sixth,[8] a tenth house of Chancery, mentioned by Justice Fortscue in his book of the *Laws of England*,[9] but where it stood or when it was abandoned I cannot find, and therefore I will leave it and return to the rest.

The houses of Court be replenished partly with young students and partly with graduates and practicers of the law, but the Inns of Chancery, being as it were, provinces, severally subjected to the Inns of Court,[10] be chiefly furnished with officers, attorneys, soliciters, and clerks that follow the courts of the King's Bench[11] or common

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1 *tributary* paying tax imposed by one prince or state on another in acknowledgement of submission or as the price of peace, security, and protection.

2 *Severus* Septimius Severus (193-211) was the founder of the African dynasty of Roman emperors who arrived in Britain in 208 in an attempt to quell the Scots by force. His effort was both brutal and unsuccessful, although his son forced the tribes into a peace treaty after Severus' death (*OCD*).

3 *Theodosius the Younger* Theodosius II (401-50), grandson of Flavius Theodosius (*OCD*).

4 *stipends* allowances.

5 *exhibition* allowance of money.

6 *liberties* districts, extending beyond the bounds of the city, which are subject to the control of the municipal authority.

7 *Edward, duke of Somerset* Edward Seymour (1506?-52), uncle of the young Edward VI and head of the council of regency that ruled in his place.

8 *reign of King Henry the Sixth* 1422-61 and 1470-71.

9 *Fortscue ... Laws of England* John Fortescue (c. 1395-c. 1477), chief justice of the King's Bench (1442), wrote *De laudibus legum Angliae* ("In Praise of the Laws of England") as an instructional work for Edward, Prince of Wales (1453-71). It was not printed until the sixteenth century, when it became very popular.

10 *Inns of Chancery ... Inns of Court* the system of legal education began with study in the Inns of Chancery, from which students progressed to the Inns of Court and being called to the bar.

11 *courts of the King's Bench* the highest court of law in Britain, originally the principal court for hearing criminal cases and disputes between citizens and the monarch.

place. And yet there want not some other being young students that come thither, sometimes from one of the universities, and sometimes immediately from grammar schools, and these having spent some time in studying upon the first elements and grounds of the law and having performed the exercises of their own houses, called bolts, moots,[1] and putting of cases, they proceed to be admitted and become students in some of these four houses or Inns of Court, where continuing by the space of seven years or thereabouts, they frequent readings, meetings, boltings, and other learned exercises, whereby growing ripe in the knowledge of the laws and approved withal to be of honest conversation, they are either by the general consent of the benchers,[2] or readers,[3] being of the most ancient, grave, and judicial men of every Inn of the Court, or by the special privilege of the present reader there, selected and called to the degree of utter barristers,[4] and so enabled to be common counsellors and to practise the law, both in their chambers and at the bars. Of these after that they be called to a further step of preferment, called the bench, there are twain[5] every year chosen among the benchers of every Inn of Court to be readers there, who do make their readings at two times in the year also, that is, one in Lent and the other at the beginning of August.

And for the help of young students in every of the Inns of Chancery, they do likewise choose out of every one Inn of Court a reader, being no bencher but an utter barrister there of ten or twelve years continuance and of good profit in study. Now from these of the said degree of counsellors, or utter barristers, having continued therein the space of fourteen or fifteen years at the least, the chiefest and best learned are by the benchers elected to increase the number, as I said, of the bench amongst them, and so in their time do become first single and then double readers to the students of those houses of Court, after which last reading they be named apprentices at the law and, in default of a sufficient number of sergeants at law,[6] these are, at the pleasure of the prince, to be advanced to the places of sergeants, out of which number of sergeants also the void places of judges are likewise ordinarily filled, albeit[7] now and then some be advanced by the special favour of the prince to the estate, dignity and place, both of sergeant and judge, as it were in one instant. But from thenceforth they hold not any room in those Inns of Court, being translated to one of the said two Inns, called Sergeants' Inns, where none but the sergeants and judges do converse.

Of Orders and Customs

Of orders and customs in this city of old time Fitzstephen[8] sayeth as followeth: "Men of all trades, sellers of all sorts of wares, labourers in every work every morning are in their distinct and several places. Furthermore, in London upon the riverside, between the wine in ships and the wine to be sold in taverns is a common cookery or cooks' row, there daily for the season of the year, men might have meat (roast, sod[9] or fried), fish, flesh, fowls fit for rich and poor. If any come suddenly to any citizen from afar, weary and not willing to tarry[10] till the meat be bought and dressed, while the servant bringeth water for his master's hands and fetcheth bread, he shall have immediately from the river's side all viands[11] whatsoever he desireth, what multitude soever, either of soldiers or strangers, do come to the city, what-

[1] *bolts, moots* cases put forward for discussion by students (i.e., moot court).

[2] *benchers* senior members of the Inns of Court.

[3] *readers* teachers, lecturers.

[4] *utter barristers* lawyers who argue cases at the bar.

[5] *twain* two.

[6] *sergeants at law* members of a superior order of barristers, from which, until 1873, the common law judges were always chosen.

[7] *albeit* although.

[8] *Fitzstephen* William Fitzstephen (d. c. 1190) wrote a *Life of Thomas Becket* prefaced by a description of the city of London.

[9] *sod* boiled.

[10] *tarry* delay, wait.

[11] *viands* food.

soever hour day or night according to their pleasures may refresh themselves, and they which delight in delicateness may be satisfied with as delicate dishes there as may be found elsewhere. And this cooks' row is very necessary to the city and, according to Plato in *Gorgias*,[1] next to physic[2] is the office of cooks as part of a city."

Without one of the gates is a plain field, both in name and deed, where every Friday, unless it be a solemn bidden[3] holy day, is a notable show of horses to be sold. Earls, barons, knights, and citizens repair thither to see or to buy. There may you with pleasure see amblers[4] pacing it delicately; there may ye see trotters[5] fit for men of arms sitting more hardly; there may you have notable young horse not yet broken; there may you have strong steeds, well-limbed geldings whom the buyers do especially regard for pace and swiftness. The boys which ride these horses, sometime two, sometime three, do run races for wagers, with a desire of praise or hope of victory. In another part of that field are to be sold all implements of husbandry,[6] as also fat swine, milch kine,[7] sheep, and oxen. There stand also mares and horses fit for ploughs and teams, with their young colts by them. At this city, merchant strangers of all nations had their quays and wharfs. The Arabians sent gold, the Sabians spice and frankincense, the Scythian armour, Babylon oil, Indian purple garments, Egypt precious stones, Norway and Russia ambergris[8] and sables,[9] and the French men wine. According to the truth of chronicles, this city is ancienter than Rome, built of the ancient Trojans and of Brute before that was built by Romulus and Remus[10] and therefore useth the ancient customs of Rome. This city, even as Rome, is divided into wards. It hath yearly sheriffs instead of consuls; it hath the dignity of senators in aldermen. It hath under-officers, common sewers, and conduits in streets; according to the quality of causes, it hath general courts and assemblies upon appointed days. I do not think that there is any city wherein are better customs in frequenting the churches, in serving God, in keeping holy days, in giving alms, in entertaining strangers, in solemnizing marriages, in furnishing banquets, celebrating funerals, and burying dead bodies.

The only plagues of London is immoderate quaffing[11] among the foolish sort and often casualties by fire. Most part of the bishops, abbots, and great lords of the land have houses there, whereunto they resort and bestow much when they are called to Parliament by the king, or to counsel by their metropolitan,[12] or otherwise by their private business.

Thus far, Fitzstephen of the estate of these things in his time, whereunto may be added the present, by conference whereof, the alteration will easily appear.

Men of trades and sellers of wares in this city have often times since changed their places as they have found their best advantage. For, whereas mercers and haberdashers used to keep their shops in Westcheap, of later time they held them on London Bridge, where partly they yet

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[1] *Plato … Gorgias* The dialogue, written c. 380 BCE, addresses the nature and function of rhetoric. Rhetoric is compared to cookery, which Socrates argues "simulates the disguise of medicine, and pretends to know what food is the best for the body; and if the physician and the cook had to enter into a competition in which children were the judges, or men who had no more sense than children, as to which of them best understands the goodness or badness of food, the physician would be starved to death" (Plato, *Gorgias*, trans. B. Jowett [New York, 1871], n.p.).

[2] *physic* medicine.

[3] *bidden* commanded, ordered.

[4] *amblers* slow horses.

[5] *trotters* horses trained to trot or move briskly.

[6] *husbandry* farming.

[7] *milch kine* milk cow.

[8] *ambergris* wax-like substance of marbled ashy colour, found floating in tropical seas, and as a morbid secretion in the intestines of the sperm-whale. It is odoriferous and used in perfumery.

[9] *sables* small soft-furred mammals found in the sub-arctic regions of Europe and Asia.

[10] *Romulus and Remus* mythological twin brothers, sons of Mars and the priestess Rhea Silvia, who were abandoned, suckled by a she-wolf, adopted by a shepherd, and later founded the city of Rome (*Dict. Gods and Mortals*).

[11] *quaffing* drinking.

[12] *metropolitan* archbishop.

remain. The goldsmiths of Gutherons Lane and Old Exchange are now for the most part removed into the south side of Westcheap; the pepperers and grocers of Sopers Lane are now in Bucklersbury and other places; the drapers[1] of Lombard Street and of Cornhill, are seated in Candlewick Street and Watling Street; the skinners[2] from St. Mary Pellipers or at the Axe into Budgerow and Walbrook; the stockfishmongers[3] in Thames Street; wet fishmongers in Knightriders Street and Bridge Street; the ironmongers[4] of Ironmongers Lane and old Jury into Thames Street; the vintners[5] from the Vinetree into diverse places. But the brewers for the more part remain near to the friendly water of Thames, the butchers in Eastcheap and St. Nicholas Shambles. The hosiers[6] of old time in Hosier Lane, near unto Smithfield, are since removed into Cordwainer Street, the upper part thereof by Bow Church, and last of all into Birchovers Lane by Cornhill; the shoemakers and curriers[7] of Cordwainer Street removed the one to St. Martin's Le Grand, the other to London Wall near unto Moorgate; the founders[8] remain by themselves in Lothbury; cooks or wastelers[9] for the more part in Thames Street, the other dispersed into diverse parts. Poulters of late removed out of the Poultry betwixt the Stocks and Great Conduit in Cheap into Grass Street and St. Nicholas Shambles; bowyers[10] from Bowyer Row by Ludgate into diverse places and almost worn out with the fletchers.[11] Pater Noster beadmakers and text writers[12] are gone out of Pater Noster Row into Stationers of Paul's Churchyard; patten makers[13] of St. Margaret Pattens Lane clean worn out. Labourers every workday are to be found in Cheap about Sopers Lane end; horse coursers and sellers of oxen, sheep, swine, and such like, remain in their old market of Smithfield, etc.

That merchants of all nations had their quays and wharfs at this city, whereunto they brought their merchandises before, and in the reign of Henry the Second mine author[14] wrote of his own knowledge to be true, though for the antiquity of the city he took the common opinion. Also that this city was in his time and afore divided into wards, had yearly sheriffs, aldermen, general courts, and assemblies, and such like notes by him set down in commendation of the citizens, whereof there is no question, he wrote likewise of his own experience, as being born and brought up amongst them.

Honour of Citizens and Worthiness of Men in the Same.

This city, sayeth Fitzstephen, is glorious in manhood, furnished with munitions, populous with inhabitants, insomuch that in the troublesome time of King Stephen,[15] it hath showed at a muster twenty thousand armed horsemen and threescore thousand footmen serviceable for the wars. Moreover, sayeth he, the citizens of London, wheresoever they become, are notable before all other citizens in civility of manners, attire, table, and talk. The matrons of this city are

[1] *drapers* cloth dealers.

[2] *skinners* ones whose work or business is concerned with the preparation of skins for commercial purposes.

[3] *stockfishmongers* dealers in fish cured by splitting open and drying hard in the air without salt.

[4] *ironmongers* dealers in ironware.

[5] *vintners* wine merchants.

[6] *hosiers* dealers in stockings and underclothes.

[7] *curriers* ones whose trade is the dressing and colouring of leather after it is tanned.

[8] *founders* ones who found or cast metal, or make articles of cast metal.

[9] *wastelers* bakers of fine breads and cakes.

[10] *bowyers* makers of bows.

[11] *fletchers* makers of arrows.

[12] *text writers* writers of legal documents.

[13] *patten makers* producers of clogs designed to raise regular shoes above the mud.

[14] *mine author* i.e., Fitzstephen.

[15] *troublesome time of King Stephen* Stephen (1097-1154) was the nephew of Henry I, who named his daughter, Empress Mathilda, as his heir. With the assent of the barons, Stephen took the throne and led the country into civil war with forces loyal to Mathilda.

the very modest Sabine ladies of Italy.[1] The Londoners, sometime called Trinovantes, repelled Caesar, which always made his passage by shedding blood, whereupon Lucan sung: "Territa quaesitis ostendit terga Britannis."[2] The city of London hath bred some which have subdued many kingdoms and also the Roman Empire. It hath also brought forth many others whom virtue and valour hath highly advanced, according to Apollo in his oracle to Brute, "sub occasu solis" etc.[3] In the time of Christianity, it brought forth that noble Emperor Constantine (which gave the city of Rome and all the imperial ensigns to God[4]), St. Peter, and Pope Sylvester,[5] choosing rather to be called a defender of the Church than an emperor and, lest peace might be violated and their eyes troubled by his presence, he retired from Rome and built the city of Constantinople. London also in late time hath brought forth famous kings: Maud the Empress,[6] King Henry,[7] son to Henry the Second[8] etc. Thus far Fitzstephen, whereunto may be added innumerable persons of honour, born in London, and actions done by worthy citizens, whereof I will only note a few best known to the commonalty.

[...]

The Singularities[9] of the City of London.

Whatsoever is said of cities generally maketh also for London, specially howbeit these things are particularly for our purpose to be considered in it: the situation; the former estimation that it hath had; the service that it hath done; the present estate and government of it; and such benefits as do grow to the realm by the maintenance thereof. This realm hath only three principal rivers whereon a royal city may well be situated: Trent in the north, Severn in the southwest, and Thames in the south east, of the which Thames, both for the straight course in length reacheth furthest into the belly of the land and for the breadth and stillness of the water, is most navigable up and down the stream, by reason whereof, London, standing almost in the middle of that course, is more commodiously[10] served with provision of necessaries than any town standing upon any of the other two rivers can be and both also more easily communicate to the rest of the realm the commodities of her own intercourse and traffic. This river openeth indifferently[11] upon France and Flanders, our mightiest neighbours, to whose doings we ought to have a bent eye and special regard, and this city standeth thereon in such convenient distance from the sea, as it is not only near enough for intelligence of the affairs of those princes and for the resistance of their attempts, but also sufficiently removed from the fear of any sudden dangers that may be offered by them, whereas for the prince of this realm to dwell upon Trent were to turn his back, or blind side, to his most dangerous borderers and for him to rest and dwell upon Severn were to be shut up in a cumbersome corner, which openeth but upon Ireland only, a place of much

[1] *Sabine ladies of Italy* Romulus populated his newly founded city with a large number of male fugitives and outlaws, which left a dearth of women as brides. As a solution, he invited the nearby Sabines to a festival, at which the Romans seized the women and drove the men away.

[2] *Territa quaesitis ostendit terga Britannis* Lucan's *Pharsalia* focusses on the civil wars between Caesar and Pompey and, of Caesar's attempt to conquer Britain, comments that he "unchallenged sought/ Britannia's cliffs; then turned his back in flight" (*Pharsalia* II, trans. Ridley, 1896).

[3] *sub occasu solis etc.* In Geoffrey of Monmouth's *History of the Kings of Britain* (1136), Brutus is instructed to go "beyond the setting of the sun" (i.e., west) to found his new Troy.

[4] *Emperor Constantine … God* Constantine the Great (c. 272/73-337) officially converted the Roman Empire to Christianity (*OCD*).

[5] *Pope Sylvester* bishop of Rome during the reign of Constantine.

[6] *Maud the Empress* Mathilda (1102-67), daughter of Henry I and Empress of Germany who was promised the throne. Her forces briefly deposed Stephen and she ruled for a year (1141-42). Strife continued until Stephen recognized Mathilda's son, later Henry II, as his heir.

[7] *King Henry* Henry II (1133-89), famous for his conflict with Thomas à Becket, who was finally overthrown by his son, Richard.

[8] *son to Henry the Second* Richard Lionheart (1157-99), renowned for leading crusades to the Holy Land.

[9] *Singularities* distinctive or noteworthy things.

[10] *commodiously* advantageously, profitably.

[11] *indifferently* equally, alike.

less importance. Neither could London be pitched so commodiously upon any other part of the same river of Thames as where it now standeth. For if it were removed more to the west, it should lose the benefit of the ebbing and flowing[1] and if it were seated more toward the east, it should be nearer to danger of the enemy and further both from the good air and from doing good to the inner parts of the realm. Neither may I omit that none other place is so plentifully watered with springs as London is.

And whereas, amongst other things, corn and cattle, hay and fuel be of great necessity, of the which cattle may be driven from afar and corn may easily be transported. But hay and fuel, being of greater bulk and burthen,[2] must be had at hand, only London, by the benefit of this situation and river, may be sufficiently served therewith. In which respect, an alderman of London reasonably, as me thought, affirmed that although London received great nourishment by the residence of the prince, the repair of the Parliament, and courts of justice, yet it stood principally by the advantage of the situation upon the river, for when, as on a time it was told him by a courtier, that Queen Mary, in her displeasure against London, had appointed to remove with the Parliament and term to Oxford, this plain man demanded whether she meant also to divert the river of Thames from London or no, and when the gentleman had answered no, then quoth the alderman, "By God's grace we shall do well enough at London, whatsoever become of the term and Parliament." I myself being then a young scholar at Oxford did see great preparation made towards that term and Parliament and do well remember that the common opinion and voice was that they were not holden there because provision of hay could not be made in all the country to serve for ten whole days together, and yet is that quarter plentifully stored with hay for the proportion of the shire itself.

[...] The quality of this city consisteth either in the law and government thereof or in the degrees and condition of the citizens, or in their strength and riches.

It is besides the purpose to dispute whether the estate of the government here be a democratic or aristocratic, for whatsoever it be, being considered in itself, certain it is that in respect of the whole realm, London is but a citizen and no city, a subject and no free estate, an obedientiary[3] and no place endowed with any distinct or absolute power, for it is governed by the same law that the rest of the realm is, both in causes criminal and civil, a few customs only excepted, which also are to be adjudged, or forejudged, by the common law. And in the assembly of the estates of our realm, which we call Parliament, they are but a member of the commonalty and send two burgesses for their city, as every poor borough doth, and two knights for their county as every other shire doth, and are as straitly[4] bound by such laws as any part of the realm is, for if contribution in subsidy of money to the prince be decreed, the Londoners have none exemption, no not so much as to assess themselves, for the prince doth appoint the commissioners. [...]

Thus much then of the estate of London, in the government thereof, in the condition of the citizens, and in their power and riches. Now follow the enumeration of such benefits as redound[5] to the prince and this realm by this city, in which doing I profess not to rehearse all, but only to recite and run over the chief and principal of them. Besides the commodities of the furtherance of religion and justice, the propagation of learning, the maintenance of arts, the increase of riches, and the defence of countries, all which are before showed to grow generally by cities and be common to London with them, London bringeth singularly these good things following.

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1 *ebbing and flowing* The Thames is a tidal river.

2 *burthen* i.e., burden.

3 *obedientiary* subject.

4 *straitly* narrowly, tightly.

5 *redound* abound, overflow.

By advantage of the situation it disperseth foreign wares, as the stomach doth meat, to all the members most commodiously.

By benefit of the river of Thames and great trade of merchandise, it is the chief maker of mariners and nurse of our navy, and ships, as men know, be the wooden walls for defence of our realm. [...]

It only of any place in this realm is able to furnish the sudden necessity with a strong army. It availeth the prince in tonnage, poundage,[1] and other her customs much more than all the rest of the realm. [...]

It only doth and is able to make the prince a ready prest or loan of money. It only is found fit and able to entertain strangers honourably and to receive the prince of the realm worthily.

Almighty God, *qui nisi custodiat civitatem, frustra vigilat custos*,[2] grant that her Majesty evermore rightly esteem and rule this city and he give grace that the citizens may answer duty, as well towards God and her Majesty as towards this whole realm and country. Amen.

—1598

[1] *tonnage, poundage* taxes levied on wine imported in casks.

[2] *qui nisi custodiat civitatem, frustra vigilat custos* Latin, "who, unless he guards the city, the watchman watches in vain."

Thomas Deloney
d. in or before 1600

Of Thomas Deloney's personal life very few facts are known: he was originally a silk-weaver by profession, but critics differ about his birthplace, some saying London and others Norwich. He seems to have been living in London in the 1580s, and was probably married sometime before 1586, since there is a baptismal record for his son, Richard, recorded at St Giles, London on 16 October 1586. Deloney "evidently received a grammar school education, given that he published translations from Latin," and may also have produced a translation of a French text (Bonaventure's *Les contes ou les nouvelles récréations et joyeux devis* [*The Mirror of Mirth and Pleasant Conceits*]).[1] Of his life as a professional writer equally little is known.

Deloney was one of the most popular English ballad-writers of the sixteenth-century, and the acknowledged successor to the great William Elderton, writing on such topics as contemporary murders and executions, the Spanish Armada, as well as other historical figures and events. It is largely as a ballad-writer that he enters contemporary literary discussion: Thomas Nashe remembers him as that "ballading silk-weaver, [who] hath rhyme enough for all miracles."[2] Clown and actor William Kemp treats Deloney as a member of the company of vulgar, ballad-writing "hacks," but also as a man to be praised for his personal honesty and relative respectability (see p. 1055, ll. 693-703). However, the writer Robert Greene mentions Deloney with scorn in *Groatsworth of Wit*, where his prose fictions are criticized for presuming to correct those historians and chroniclers who did not see fit to mention the middle-class artisans and merchants on which Deloney focuses. Likewise, Gabriel Harvey dismisses Deloney as one of "the common pamphleteers of London," pointedly suggesting that Nashe "boast less with Thomas Deloney" and "achieve more with Thomas More."[3]

Deloney seems to have worked simultaneously as a writer and a silk-weaver, but in the 1590s he became embroiled in a conflict between London's native weavers and those who had recently immigrated from France and the Netherlands, a conflict which saw him briefly imprisoned as one of the weavers who protested these immigrant workers' flouting of apprenticeship laws.[4] In 1596, the lord mayor of London received complaints about one of Deloney's ballads concerning the scarcity of corn in the kingdom, a ballad that aroused the authorities' ire by representing the Queen herself speaking to her people about the situation. The outcome of this complaint is unknown, although the lord mayor was unsuccessful in tracking Deloney down. Shortly thereafter, Deloney turned his hand to the prose fiction for which he was equally popular in the late-sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and most famous today. These prose narratives feature characters from the middle ranks of Elizabethan society: weavers in *Jack of Newbury* (entered in the Stationer's Register, 1596-97; earliest extant edition, 1619), shoemakers in *The Gentle Craft* (entered SR, 1597), and clothiers in *Thomas of Reading* (entered SR, 1602; earliest extant edition, 1612). These works were clearly popular: there are no existing first editions, nor are there first editions of his collections of ballads, *Strange Histories* (earliest extant edition, 1607) and *The Garland of Good Will* (earliest surviving copy [fragmentary], 1604), suggesting that early copies of Deloney's works were literally "read to pieces." Like the prose works of Thomas Nashe, Deloney's fictions represent and address the new urban reading public.

EDITIONS: "The Queenes visiting of the campe at Tilsburie with her entertainment there To the tune of Wilsons wilde." Imprinted at London: By John Wolfe for Edward White, 1588. STC 6565; *Thomas of Reading. Or, The sixe worthy yeomen of the west.* London: Printed [by R. Blower] for T[homas] P[avier], 1612. STC 6569.

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1 P. Salzman, *DNB online*, 2005.

2 *The Works of Thomas Nashe*, ed. R.B. McKerrow, rev. F.P. Wilson, 5 vols. (Oxford, 1966), vol. 3, p. 84.

3 *Pierce's Supererogation*, 1593 (London, 1970), pp. 183-84.

4 M.E. Lawliss, Introduction, *The Novels of Thomas Deloney*, 1961; ctd. in Salzman, *DNB online*, 2005.

ADDITIONAL ONLINE TEXTS: Thomas Deloney. From *Jack Newberry* (1596-97; 1626).

The Queen's Visiting of the Camp at Tilsbury with Her Entertainment There.[1]

To the Tune of "Wilsons Wilde."

Within the year of Christ our Lord
a thousand and five hundreth full:
And eighty-eight by just record
the which no man may disannul.
And in the thirtieth year remaining,
of good Queen Elizabeth's reigning,
A mighty power there was prepared
by Philip, then the King of Spain
Against the maiden Queen of England,
which in peace before did reign.

Her royal ships to sea she sent
to guard the coast on every side,
And seeing how her foes were bent,
her realm full well she did provide:
With many thousands so prepared
as like was never erst declared,
Of horsemen and of footmen plenty,
whose good hearts full well is seen:
In the safeguard of their country,
and the service of our Queen.

In Essex fair that fertill[2] soil,
upon the hill of Tilsbury:
To give our Spanish foes the foil,
in gallant camp they now do lie.
Where good orders is ordained,
and true justice eke maintained,
For the punishment of persons,
that are lewd or badly bent.
To see a sight so strange[3] in England,
'twas our gracious Queen's intent.

And on the eight of August she,
from fair St James[4] took her way:
With many lords of high degree,
in princely robes and rich array.
And to barge upon the water,
being King Henry's royal daughter,
She did go with trumpets sounding,
and with dubbing drums apace,[5]
Along the Thames that famous river,
for to view the camp a space.[6]

When she as far as Gravesend[7] came,
right over against that pretty town,
Her royal Grace with all her train,
was landed there with great renown.
The lords and captains of her forces,
mounted on their gallant horses,
Ready stood to entertain her,
like martial men of courage bold:
"Welcome to the camp, dread Sovereign."
thus they said both young and old.

The bulworks[8] strong that stood thereby,
well guarded with sufficient men:
Their flags were spread courageously,
their cannons were discharged then.

---

[1] Entered in Stationers' Register, 10 August 1588. The Queen visited the army, which had been stationed at Tilbury on August 8 and 9 of that year to await the expected arrival of a Spanish invasion force; her famous speech to the troops there took place on 9 August (see pp. 402-03). The remnants of the Spanish Armada, defeated through a combination of English naval skill and bad weather, returned home on 12 August.

[2] *fertill* fertile.

[3] *strange* unusual, uncommon, exceptional, singular.

[4] St James' Palace in London, built by Elizabeth's father, Henry VIII and located just across St James' Park from Whitehall Palace.

[5] *dubbing* an onomatopoeic word, conveying the beating or sound of a drum; *apace* immediately, quickly (an adverb modifying "go").

[6] *space* When used without an adjective, "space" usually means a period of short duration.

[7] *Gravesend* "a port in Kent on the S bank of the Thames, 30 miles below London" (*Topographical Dict.*, p. 231).

[8] *bulworks* bulwarks: defensive fortifications.

Each gunner did declare his cunning,[1]
for joy conceived of her coming.
All the way her Grace was riding,
on each side stood armed men:
With muskets, pikes, and good caleeveres,[2]
for her Grace's safeguard then.

The Lord General[3] of the field,
had there his bloody ancient[4] borne
The Lord Marshal's colours eke,[5]
were carried there all rent and torn.
The which with bullets was so burned,
when in Flanders he sojourned.
Thus in warlike wise they marched
even as soft as foot could fall:
Because her Grace was fully minded,
perfectly to view them all.

Her faithful soldiers great and small,
as each one stood within his place,
Upon their knees began to fall,
desiring God to save her Grace.
For joy whereof her eyes was filled,
that the water down distilled.
"Lord bless you all, my friends," she said,
"but do not kneel so much to me."
Then sent she warning to the rest,
they should not let such reverence be.

Then casting up her princely eyes,
unto the hill with perfect sight,
The ground all covered, she espies,
with feet of armed soldiers bright.

Whereat her royal heart so leaped,
on her feet upright she stepped;
Tossing up her plume of feathers,
to them all as they did stand,
Cheerfully her body bending,
waving of her royal hand.

Thus through the camp she passed quite,
in manner as I have declared.
At Master Rich's[6] for that night,
Her Grace's lodging was prepared.
The morrow after her abiding,
on a princely paulfrey[7] riding,
To the camp she came to dinner,
with her lords and ladies all:
The Lord General went to meet her,
with his guard of yeomen tall.

The sergeant trumpet[8] with his mace,
And nine with trumpets after him,
Bare-headed went before her Grace,
in coats of scarlet colour trim.
The king of heralds tall and comely,
was the next in order duly.
With the famous arms of England,[9]
wrought with rich embroidered gold
On finest velvet blue and crimson,
that for silver can be sold.

With maces of clean beaten gold,
the Queen's two sergeants then did ride,
Most comely men for to behold,
in velvet coats and chains beside.
The Lord General then came riding,
and Lord Marshal hard beside him.
Richly were they both attired,
in princely garments of great price,

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[1] *cunning* either, generally, "wit, wisdom, intelligence," or, more specifically, "knowledge how to do a thing; ability, skill."

[2] *caleeveres* calivers; a caliver was a kind of light musket, the lightest portable fire-arm available, excepting the pistol.

[3] *The Lord General* Robert Dudley, earl of Leicester (?1532-88) was the commander of the ground forces preparing to defend England against the Spanish.

[4] *ancient* ensign, standard, or flag.

[5] The Lord Marshal (the officer in charge of the camp at Tilbury) was Sir John Norris (c. 1547-97), who had fought in Flanders (the Netherlands) off and on between 1577 and 1587. Leicester had also fought in the Netherlands (1585-86); *eke* also.

[6] *Master Rich* Robert Rich, third Lord Rich, later first earl of Warwick (?1559-1619), nobleman and courtier, perhaps most famous as the husband of Penelope Devereux (immortalized by Sidney in *Astrophil and Stella*). Elizabeth stayed at his house (Little Leighs, Essex).

[7] *paulfrey* a saddle-horse, especially a small saddle-horse for ladies.

[8] *sergeant trumpet* sergeant-trumpeter.

[9] I.e., England's coat-of-arms.

Bearing still their hats and feathers
in their hands in comely wise.[1]

Then came the Queen on prancing steed
attired like an angel bright,
And eight brave footmen at her feet,
whose jerkins were most rich in sight.
Her ladies, likewise of great honour,
most sumptuously did wait upon her,
With pearls and diamonds brave adorned,
and in costly cales[2] of gold:
Her guard in scarlet then rode after,
with bows and arrows stout and bold.

The valiant captains of the field,
mean space[3] themselves in order set:
And each of them with spear and shield,
to join in battle did not let.[4]
With such a warlike skill extended,
as the same was much commended,
Such a battle pitched in England,
many a day hath not been seen.
Thus they stood in order waiting,
for the presence of our Queen.

At length her Grace most royally
received was and brought again,
Where she might see most loyally
this noble host and warlike train:
How they came marching all together,
like a wood in winter's weather,
With the strokes of drummers sounding,
and with trampling horses than.[5]
The earth and air did sound like thunder,
to the ears of every man.

The warlike army then stood still,
and drummers left their dubbing sound,
Because it was our Prince's will,
to ride about the army round.
Her ladies she did leave behind her,
and her guard which still did mind her.[6]
The Lord General and Lord Marshal,
did conduct her to each place;
The pikes, the colours, and the lances
at her approach fell down apace.

And then bespoke our noble Queen:
"My loving friends and countrymen,
I hope this day the worst is seen,
that in our wars ye shall sustain.
But if our enemies do assail you,
never let your stomachs[7] fail you.
For in the midst of all your troop,
we ourselves will be in place,
To be your joy, your guide and comfort,
even before your enemies' face."

This done the soldiers all at once,
a mighty shout or cry did give,
Which forced from the azure skies
an echo loud from thence to drive;
Which filled her Grace with joy and pleasure,
and riding then from them by leisure,
With trumpets' sound most loyally,
along the court of guard she went,
Who did conduct her Majesty,
unto the Lord Chief General's tent,

Where she was feasted royally,
with dainties of most costly price;
And when that night approached nigh,
Her Majesty with sage advice,
In gracious manner then returned,
from the camp where she sojourned.

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1 *comely wise* proper, decorous, seemly way.
2 *cales* cauls, netted caps, or head-dresses, often richly ornamented.
3 *mean space* in the meantime.
4 *let* hesitate, delay.
5 *than* then.
6 *which still did mind her* i.e., which always gave heed to (her wishes) with the intention of obeying (them).
7 *stomachs* The stomach was thought the seat of spirit, courage, valour, or bravery.

And when that she was safely set
within her barge, and passed away,
Her farewell then the trumpets sounded,
and the cannons fast did play,
T.D.

FINIS.

—1588

from *Thomas of Reading.* *or,* *The Six Worthy Yeomen of the West.*[1]

In the days of King Henry I,[2] who was the first king that instituted the High Court of Parliament,[3] there lived nine men, which for the trade of clothing were famous throughout all England; which art in those days was held in high reputation, both in respect of the great riches that thereby was gotten, as also of the benefit it brought to the whole commonwealth. The younger sons of knights and gentlemen, to whom their fathers would leave no lands, were most commonly preferred to learn this trade, to the end that thereby they might live in good estate, and drive forth their days in prosperity.

Among all crafts this was the only chief, for that it was the greatest merchandise by the which our country became famous through all nations. And it was verily thought that the one half of the people in the land lived in those days thereby, and in such good sort that in the commonwealth there was few or no beggars at all. Poor people, whom God lightly[4] blesseth with most children, did by means of this occupation so order them that by the time that they were come to be six or seven years of age, they were able to get their own bread. Idleness was then banished our coast, so that it was a rare thing to hear of a thief in those days. Therefore, it was not without cause that clothiers were then both honoured and loved, among whom these nine persons in this king's days were of great credit—*viz.* Thomas Cole of Reading, Gray of Gloucester, Sutton of Salisbury, Fitzalan of Worcester (commonly called William of Worcester), Tom Dove of Exeter, and Simon of Southampton, alias Sup-broth[5]—who were by the King called "The Six Worthy Husbands[6] of the West." Then were there three living in the North: that is to say, Cuthbert of Kendall, Hodgekins of Halifax, and Martin Byram of Manchester.[7] Every one of these kept a great number of servants at work—spinners, carders, weavers, fullers, dyers, shear-

[1] Jack of Newbury's dedication indicates that *Thomas of Reading* was written after *Newbury*, and so *TR* may perhaps be dated to 1598 or 1599. The present extract is based on the earliest extant edition (the fourth edition) of 1612; the title page notes that that edition has been "the fourth time corrected and enlarged."

[2] Henry I (1068-1135; reigned, 1100-35).

[3] *the High Court of Parliament* "... before this time, the kings of England used but seldom to call together the states of the realm after any certain manner of general kind of process, to have their consents in matters to be decreed. But as the lords of the Privy Council in our time do sit only when necessity requireth, so did they whensoever it pleased the King to have any conference with them. So that from this Henry it may be thought the first use of the Parliament to have proceeded, which sith that time hath remained in force, and is continued unto our times, insomuch that whatsoever is to be decreed touching the state of the commonwealth and conservation thereof, is now referred to that Council. And furthermore, if anything be appointed by the King or any other person to be used for the wealth of the realm, it shall not yet be received as law, till by authority of this assembly it be established" (Raphael Holinshed, *Chronicles of England, Scotland, and Ireland*, 1587, ed. H. Ellis, 6 vols. [London, 1807-08; rept. New York, 1965], 2.65). Holinshed goes on to give a lengthy description of who sits in Parliament, their functions and the extent of their authority (2.65-66).

[4] *lightly* slightly, in no great degree. Proverb: "Children are poor men's riches" (*Tilley* C331).

[5] *Sup-broth* perhaps in reference to his frugality and unpretentiousness, since broth was a relatively humble dish in the period.

[6] *Husband* master of a house, male head of a household.

[7] The names listed here differ (with the exception of Thomas of Reading) from those which Deloney gives in the dedication to *Jack of Newbury*, and critics agree they are almost certainly fictitious as opposed to historical individuals. Deloney, however, does give each character a believable context, since each of the places listed here was important in Tudor cloth production. The Fitzallens and the Byroms or Briams were real families involved in the sixteenth-century wool trade. See F.O. Mann, *Works of Thomas Deloney* (Oxford, 1912), pp. 548-49.

men, and rowers[1]—to the great admiration of all those that came into their houses to behold them.

Now you shall understand, these gallant clothiers, by reason of their dwelling places, separated themselves in three several[2] companies: Gray of Gloucester, William of Worcester, and Thomas of Reading, because their journey to London was all one way, they conversed commonly together. And Dove of Exeter, Sutton of Salisbury, and Simon of Southhampton, they in like sort kept company the one with the other, meeting ever all together at Basingstoke. And the three northern clothiers did the like, who commonly did not meet till they came to Bosom Inn in London.[3]

Moreover, for the love and delight that these western men had each in other's company, they did so provide that their wains[4] and themselves would ever meet upon one day in London at Jarrat's Hall, surnamed the Giant[5] for that he surpassed all other men of that age, both in stature and strength, whose merriments and memorable deeds, I will set down unto you in this following discourse.

CHAPTER 1

How King Henry Sought the Favour of All His Subjects, Especially of the Clothiers.

This King Henry, who for his great learning and wisdom was called "Beauclark," being the third son to the renowned Conqueror,[6] after the death of his brother William Rufus, took upon him the government of this land, in the absence of his second brother, Robert, duke of Normandy;[7] who at this time was at wars against the infidels, and was chosen King of Jerusalem, the which he, for the love he bore to his own country, refused, and with great honour returned from the Holy Land; of whose coming, when King Henry understood, knowing he would make claim to the crown, sought by all means possible to win the good will of his nobility and to get the favour of the commons by courtesy; for the obtaining whereof he did them many favours, thereby the better to strengthen himself against his brother.[8]

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[1] All of these occupations are involved in the making of cloth. Carders would prepare the wool for spinning, by using an iron-toothed instrument (the "card") to comb out impurities and part and straighten the fibres; then, the spinners would draw out and twist the fibres of the wool, so as to form a continuous thread; the weaver would then take the thread and using a loom transform it into cloth; the fullers would then tread or beat the cloth for the purpose of cleansing or thickening it; the rowers would then roughen the cloth by raising a nap on it by combing or teasing out a rough layer of projecting threads or fibres on the surface of the woolen fabric; the shearmen would then cut off the superfluous nap of the woolen cloth, smoothing the cloth; finally, the dyers would dye the cloth.

[2] *several* separate, distinct

[3] *Bosom Inn in London* Blossoms Inn, a tavern on the W side of Laurence Lane, in Cheapside, London (*Topographical Dict.*, p. 69)

[4] *wains* wagons, meant to carry heavy loads

[5] *Jarrat's Hall, surnamed the Giant* otherwise known as Gerald's Hall, "an ancient merchant's house in London, on the south side of Basing Lane off Bread St., Cheapside [...] There was a legend that it was the home of a giant called Gerard, and a fir-pole, 40 ft. long, was preserved in the Hall, which was said to have been his walking staff" (*Topographical Dict.*, p. 218). By 1603 it had become "a common ostrey [i.e., hostelry, inn] for receipt of travelers" (*Survey London*, 1.348).

[6] *the renowned Conqueror* William the Conqueror (1028-87; reigned, 1066-87). His third and favourite son inherited the kingdom and became William II (c. 1057-1100; reigned, 1087-1100).

[7] *Robert, duke of Normandy* (d. 1134), was the eldest son of William the Conqueror; he succeeded his father as duke of Normandy, but was usurped as king of England by his younger brother Henry.

[8] This paragraph is based on the account in Holinshed: "Henry the youngest son of William the first, brother to Rufus lately departed, the first of that name that ruled here in England, and for his knowledge in good literature surnamed Beauclerke, was admitted king by the whole assent of the lords and commons ... This prince had aforehand trained the people to his humor and vein, in bringing them to think well of him, and to conceive a marvelous evil opinion of his brother Duke Robert, persuading them moreover, that the said duke was likely to prove a sharp and rigorous governor, if he once obtained the crown and dominion of the land. Moreover, he caused to be reported for a certain truth, that the same Robert was already created king of Jerusalem. And therefore considering that the kingdom of Palestine (as the rumor ran) was of greater revenues than that of England, there was no cause why they should stay for him, who would not willingly leave the greater for the lesser. By which means the nobility and the commons were the sooner persuaded to decline from the election of the said Robert, and to receive his brother Henry for their lawful king, who on the other side ceased not to promise mountains, till his enterprise took effect; and then at leisure paid some of them with molehills [...] This Henry therefore coming thus to the crown, considered furthermore with (*continued*)

It chanced on a time, as he, with one of his sons and divers of his nobility, rode from London towards Wales to appease the fury of the Welshmen—which then began to raise themselves in arms against his authority[1]—that he met with a great number of wains loaden[2] with cloth coming to London, and seeing them still drive on one after another so many together, demanded whose they were:

The wainmen answered in this sort: "Cole's of Reading," quoth they.

Then by and by[3] the King asked another, saying: "Whose cloth is all this?"

"Old Cole's," quoth he.

And again anon after he asked the same question to others, and still they answered, "Old Cole's."

And it is to be remembered that the King met them in such a place, so narrow and strait,[4] that he with the rest of his train were fain[5] to stand up close to the hedge whilst the carts passed by; the which at that time being in number above two hundred, was near hand an hour ere the King could get room to be gone; so that by his long stay he began to be displeased, although the admiration of that sight did much qualify his fury. But breaking out in discontent, by reason of his stay, he said he thought Old Cole had got a commission for all the carts in the country to carry his cloth.

"And how if he have?" quoth one of the wainmen. "Doth that grieve you, good sir?"

"Yea, good sir," said our King. "What say you to that?"

The fellow seeing the King (in asking that question) to bend his brows, though he knew not what he was, yet being abashed he answered thus:

"Why, sir, if you be angry, nobody can hinder you; for possible,[6] sir, you have anger at commandment."

The King, seeing him in uttering of his words to quiver and quake, laughed heartily at him, as well in respect of his simple answer, as at his fear. And so soon after the last wain went by, which gave present passage unto him and his nobles, and thereupon entering into communication of the commodity of clothing, the King gave order at his home return to have Old Cole brought before his Majesty, to the intent he might have conference with him, noting him to be a subject of great ability. But by that time he came within a mile of Stanes, he met another company of wains in like sort laden with cloth, whereby the King was driven into a further admiration, and demanding whose they were, answer was made in this sort:

"They be Goodman Sutton's of Salisbury, good sir."

And by that time a score[7] of them were passed, he asked again, saying:

"Whose are these?"

"Sutton's of Salisbury," quoth they. And so still as often as the King asked that question, they answered, "Sutton's of Salisbury."

"God send me many such Suttons," said the King.

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himself, that hereafter, when his eldest brother Robert should return [...] he would think himself to have had much wrong, and been very evil dealt withal [...] wherefore yer [i.e., before] he should come home out of the holy land [...] the king studied by all possible means how to gratify all the states of his realm, and to plant in their hearts some good opinion of him." The favours included the remitting of some taxes, the reforming and strengthening of some abbeys, and the abolishment of laws made by his father and brother which threatened "the old ancient liberties of the realm of England" (*Chronicles*, 2.47-48).

" [...] when Christian princes had won Jerusalem, they met together in the temple to choose a king for the government of that city and country, in which convent Duke Robert was chosen before all the residue to be king there, by reason of a miracle (as some have left recorded) wrought by the quenching of a taper, and the sudden kindling thereof again, as he held the same in his hand, standing in the church before the altar amongst other on Easter even: so as thereby it should be thought he was appointed among all the residue to be king, and so was nominated. But he having his mind more inclined to England, refused to take the charge upon him: whereupon after that day he never greatly prospered in any business which he took in hand ..." (*Chronicles*, 2.49).

[1] Holinshed describes Henry's Welsh wars in 2.50-51. See also p. 1245, note 2.

[2] *loaden* heavy-laden.

[3] *by and by* shortly after.

[4] *strait* synonym for "narrow"; tight, confined.

[5] *fain* obliged, necessitated.

[6] *possible* possibly.

[7] *score* twenty.

And thus the farther he travelled westward, more wains and more he met continually. Upon which occasion he said to his nobles that it would never grieve a king to die for the defence of a fertile country and faithful subjects.

"I always thought," quoth he, "that England's valour was more than her wealth, yet now I see her wealth sufficient to maintain her valour, which I will seek to cherish in all I may, and with my sword keep myself in possession of that I have. Kings and lovers can brook no partners,[1] and therefore let my brother Robert think, that although he was heir to England by birth, yet I am king by possession. All his favourers I must account my foes, and will serve them as I did the ungrateful Earl of Shrewsbury, whose lands I have seized, and banished his body."[2]

But now we will leave the King to his journey into Wales, and, waiting his home return, in the meantime tell you the meeting of these jolly clothiers at London.

[...]

CHAPTER 4

How the King's Majesty Sent for the Clothiers, and of the Sundry Favours Which He Did Them.

King Henry, providing for his voyage into France against King Louis[3] and Robert, duke of Normandy (his own brother), committed the government of the realm in his absence to the Bishop of Salisbury, a man of great wisdom and learning, whom the King esteemed highly,[4] and afterward he thought good to send for the chief clothiers of England, who according to the King's appointment came to the Court, and having licence to come before his Majesty, he spoke to this effect:

"The strength of a king is the love and friendship of his people,[5] and he governs over his realm most surely that ruleth justice with mercy,[6] for he ought to fear[7] many, whom many do fear.[8] Therefore, the governors of the commonwealth ought to observe two special precepts: the one is, that they so maintain the profit of the commons, that whatsoever in their calling they do, they refer it thereunto; the other, that they be always as well careful over the whole commonwealth as over any part thereof, lest while they uphold the one, the other be brought to utter decay. And forasmuch as I do understand, and have partly seen, that you the clothiers of England are no small benefit to the wealth public,[9] I thought it good to know from your own mouths, if there be anything not yet granted that may benefit you, or any other thing to be removed that doth hurt you. The great desire I have to maintain you in your trades hath moved me hereunto. Therefore, boldly say what you would have in the one thing or the other, and I will grant it you."

With that, they all fell down upon their knees, and desired God to save his Majesty, and withal requested three days' respite to put in their answer, which was granted. And thereupon they departed.

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1 Proverb, "Love and lordship like no fellowship" (*Tilley* L495).

2 *Earl of Shrewsbury ... body* In Chapter 2, we learn that the banished Earl of Shrewsbury has been punished for siding with Robert and helping him raise an army against the King. Henry ejects Shrewsbury's wife and children from his estates, including the Earl's daughter Margaret with whom Robert later falls in love. They are all turned out to wander and beg for their subsistence. Deloney does not tell the reader why Shrewsbury was banished in the first place, although Holinshed details the Earl's attempts to foment rebellion in Wales (*Chronicles*, 2.50-51).

3 Louis VI (1081-1137; reigned 1108-37). There may be some confusion here, since Louis only came to the throne in 1108, a year after Henry had defeated and imprisoned his brother Robert (see *Chronicles*, 2.56; 59). However, in 1116, Henry invaded Normandy to prevent Louis from seizing the duchy and restoring it to Robert's son, William (2.67).

4 "He had in singular favor above all other of his council, Roger the bishop of Salisbury, a politic prelate, and one that knew how to order matters of great importance, unto whom he committed the government of the realm most commonly whilst he remained in Normandy" (*Chronicles*, 2.77).

5 *The strength ... people* Proverb, *Reuter*, no. 396 (O.R. Reuter, *Proverbs, Proverbial Sentences, and Phrases in Thomas Deloney's Works* [Helsinki, 1986]).

6 *he governs ... mercy* Proverb, "To mix justice with mercy" (*Reuter*, no. 199).

7 *fear* to be afraid of.

8 Proverb, "Whom many fear must needs fear many" (*Reuter*, no. 121).

9 *wealth public* common good, the good of the nation (here, the economic health of the nation).

When the clothiers had well considered of these matters, at length they thought mete[1] to request of his Majesty for their first benefit, that all the cloth-measures through the land might be of one length, whereas to their great disadvantage before, every good town had a several[2] measure; the difficulty thereof was such that they could not keep them in memory, nor know how to keep their reckonings.

The second thing whereof they found themselves grieved was this: that the people would not take cracked money, though it were never so good silver;[3] whereupon, it came to pass that the clothiers and divers other receiving great sums of money do take among it much cracked money. It served them to no use, because it would not go current,[4] but lay upon their hands without profit or benefit, whereof they prayed reformation. The third was a grief whereof Hodgekins of Halifax complained, and that was, that whereas the town of Halifax lived altogether upon clothing, and by the reason of false borderers[5] and other evil-minded persons, they were oft robbed, and had their cloths carried out of their fields, where they were drying, that it would please his Majesty to grant the town this privilege: that whosoever he was that was taken stealing their cloth might presently without any further trial be hanged up.

When the day of their appearance approached, the clothiers came before the King, and delivered up their petition in writing, which his Majesty most graciously perusing said he was ready to fulfill their request; and therefore for the first point of their petition, he called for a staff to be brought him, and measuring thereupon the just length of his own arm delivered it to the clothiers, saying:

"This measure shall be called a yard, and no other measure throughout all the realm of England shall be used for the same,[6] and by this shall men buy and sell, and we will so provide that whosoever he be that abuseth our subjects by any false measure, that he shall not only pay a fine for the same to the king, but also have his body punished by imprisonment. And as concerning the second point of your petition: because of my sudden departure out of the land, I know not better how to ease you of this grief (of cracked money), this decree I make: because they account cracked money not current, I say none shall be current but cracked money. And therefore I will give present charge that all the money through the land shall be slit,[7] and so you shall suffer no loss. But now for your last request for the town of Halifax: where by thieves your clothes are so often stolen from you, seeing the laws already provided in that case are not sufficient to keep men in awe, it is indeed high time to have sharper punishment for them."

With that, Hodgekins unmannerly interrupted the King, saying in broad Northern speech, "Yea, gude faith, mai Leidge, the faule eule[8] of mai saule, giff any thing will keepe them whiat, till the karles be hanged up by the cragge. What the dule care they for boaring their eyne, sea lang as they may gae groping up and downe the countrey like fause lizar lownes, begging and craking?"[9]

The King, smiling to hear this rough-hewn fellow, made this reply: "Content thee, Hodgekins,

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1 *thought mete* thought [it] fitting, appropriate.

2 *several* separate, different.

3 *though it were never so good silver* In conditional clauses, "never so" denotes an unlimited degree or amount; thus, "though the money was comprised of completely good silver."

4 *go current* i.e., be accepted as legal tender.

5 *borderers* those dwelling on the borders of England and Scotland.

6 This order concerning the standardization of cloth measurement is mentioned early in Holinshed's account as one of the favours Henry did for his people in an attempt to ingratiate himself with them and turn them against his brother Robert: "He ordained also that one length of measuring should be used through this realm, which was a yard, appointing it to be cut after the length of his own arm" (*Chronicles*, 2.48).

7 In his concluding evaluation of Henry's character and reign, Holinshed uses this incident to exemplify Henry's "reformation of certain naughty abuses": "When he heard that such pieces of money as were cracked would not be received amongst the people, although the same were good and fine silver, he caused all the coin in the realm to be either broken or slit" (*Chronicles*, 2.77).

8 *faule eule* foul evil, a disease.

9 In modern English: "Yea, good faith, my Liege, the foul evil of my soul if anything will keep them quiet [whiat], till the base fellows [carls] be hanged up by the neck [crag]. What the devil [dule] care

for we will have redress for all, and albeit that hanging of men was never seen in England, yet seeing the corrupt world is grown more bold in all wickedness, I think it not amiss to ordain this death for such malefactors; and peculiarly to the town of Halifax I give this privilege: that whosoever they find stealing their cloth, being taken with the goods, that without further judgement they shall be hanged up."[1]

"Thus," said our King, "have I granted what you request, and if hereafter you find any other thing that may be good for you, it shall be granted; for no longer would I desire to live among you, than I have care for the good of the commonwealth."

At which word ended, the King rose from his royal throne, while the clothiers on their knees prayed for both his health and happy success, and showed themselves most thankful for his Highness' favour. His Majesty, bending his body towards them, said that at his home return, he would (by the grace of God) visit them.

[...]

CHAPTER 6

How Simon's Wife of Southampton, Being Wholly Bent to Pride and Pleasure, Requested Her Husband to See London, Which Being Granted, How She Got Goodwife Sutton of Salisbury to Go with Her, Who Took Crab to Go along with Them, and How He Prophesied of Many Things.

The clothiers being all come from London, Simon's wife of Southampton, who was with her husband very merry and pleasant, broke her mind unto him in this sort:

"Good Lord, husband, will you never be so kind as let me go to London with you? Shall I be penned up in Southampton, like a parrot in a cage, or a capon in a coop? I would request no more of you in lieu of all my pains, cark, and care, but to have one week's time to see that fair city. What is this life if it be not mixed with some delight? And what delight is more pleasing than to see the fashions and manners of unknown places? Therefore, good husband, if thou lovest me, deny not this simple request. You know I am no common gadder,[2] nor have oft troubled you with travel. God knows, this may be the last thing that ever I shall request at your hands."

"Woman," quoth he, "I would willingly satisfy your desire, but you know it is not convenient for both of us to be abroad; our charge is so great, and therefore our care ought not to be small. If you will go yourself, one of my men shall go with you, and money enough you shall have in your purse; but to go with you myself, you see my business will not permit me."

"Husband," said she, "I accept your gentle offer, and it may be I shall entreat my gossip Sutton to go along with me."

"I shall be glad," quoth her husband. "Prepare yourself when you will."

When she had obtained this license, she sent her man Weasel to Salisbury, to know of Goodwife Sutton if she would keep her company to London. Sutton's wife, being as willing to go as she was to request, never rested till she had gotten leave of her husband; the which when she had obtained, casting in her mind their pleasure would be small being but they twain, thereupon the wily woman sent letters by choleric Crab (her man) both to Gray's wife and Fitzalan's wife that they would meet them at Reading; who liking well of the match consented, and did so provide that they met according to promise at Reading, and from thence with Cole's wife they went altogether, with

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they for piercing or blinding [boring] their eyes, so long as they may go groping up and down the country like worthless persons or rogues [false lazar loons], begging and blustering [craking]." While beggars did not actually physically blind themselves, pretending to be blind, mute, deaf, or afflicted with some serious disease was a popular ploy for gaining sympathy and alms. See Thomas Harman's *A Caveat for Common Cursitors* (1566) in *Rogues, Vagabonds and Sturdy Beggars*, ed. A.F. Kinney (Amherst, MA, 1990), pp. 109-53.

[1] "And (as one author hath written) he [Henry I] ordained that thieves should suffer death by hanging" (*Chronicles*, 2.77).

[2] *gadder* one who wanders about idly or in search of pleasure, amusement.

each of them a man, to London, each one taking up their lodging with a several[1] friend.

When the merchants of London understood they were in town, they invited them everyday home to their own houses, where they had delicate good cheer.[2] And when they went abroad to see the commodities of the city, the merchants' wives ever bore them company, being attired most dainty and fine, which when the clothiers' wives did see, it grieved their hearts they had not the like.

Now when they were brought into Cheapside,[3] there with great wonder they beheld the shops of the goldsmiths, and on the other side, the wealthy mercers, whose shops shined of all sorts of coloured silks.[4] In Watling street, they viewed the great number of drapers;[5] in Saint Martin's,[6] shoemakers; at Saint Nicholas Church, the flesh shambles;[7] at the end of the Old Change, the fishmongers;[8] in Candlewick street, the weavers;[9] then came into the Jews' street, where all the Jews did inhabit;[10] then went they to Blackwell Hall,[11] where the country clothiers did use to meet.

Afterward they proceeded, and came to St Paul's Church, whose steeple was so high that it seemed to pierce the clouds, on the top whereof was a great and mighty weathercock of clean silver, the which notwithstanding seemed as small as a sparrow to men's eyes, it stood so exceeding high, the which goodly weathercock was afterwards stolen away by a cunning cripple, who found means one night to climb up to the top of the steeple, and took it down; with the which, and a great sum of money which he had got together by begging in his lifetime, he builded a gate on the north-west side of the city, which to this day is called Cripplegate.[12]

From thence they went to the Tower of London, which was builded by Julius Caesar, who was emperor of Rome. And there they beheld salt and wine which had lain there ever since the Romans invaded this land, which was many years before our Saviour Christ was born. The wine was

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[1] *several* separate.

[2] *delicate* dainty, pleasing to the palate; *good cheer* excellent food and drink.

[3] *Cheapside* London's Old Marketplace, extending from the NE corner of St Paul's churchyard to the Poultry (*Topographical Dict.*, p. 111).

[4] According to Stow, Goldsmiths' Row in Cheapside contained "the most beautiful frame of fair houses and shops that be within the walls of London" (*Survey London*, 1.345). Although mercers and haberdashers used to have their shops in Westcheap, by the time Stow was writing they had begun their move to London Bridge (1.81).

[5] "At this present, the inhabitants [of Watling street] are wealthy drapers, retailers of woollen cloths both broad and narrow, of all sorts more than in any one street of this city" (*Survey London*, 1.346).

[6] *Saint Martin's* St Martin's-Le-Grand, an area in London named after its church, pulled down during the reign of Henry VIII. St Martin's Lane was home to shoemakers and other tradesmen (*Topographical Dict.*, pp. 334-35).

[7] *at Saint Nicholas Church, the flesh shambles* The church was located on the N side of Newgate street, and was sometimes called St Nicholas Shambles, after the "flesh shambles" (meat market) located nearby (*Topographical Dict.*, p. 366).

[8] *at the end of the Old Change, the fishmongers* The Old Exchange or King's Exchange was located at the W end of Cheapside, "near unto the Cathedral church of Saint Paul" (*Survey London*, 1.81), and "was established for the receipt of bullion, the changing of foreign coin, and the distribution of new coinage." It was so-called in order to distinguish it from the New Exchange or Royal Exchange, established in 1567 in Cornhill, London (*Topographical Dict.*, p. 185).

[9] Stow notes that in "old times weavers of woollen cloths, brought in by Edward the third" from Flanders and Brabant, dwelt in this street. However, "these weavers of Candlewright [Candlewick] street being in short time worn out, their place is now possessed by rich drapers, sellers of woollen cloth, etc." (*Survey London*, 1.218).

[10] *the Jews' street, where all the Jews did inhabit* Stow notes that in Aldgate ward, "of old time there were certain tenements called the poor Jewry, of Jews dwelling there" (*Survey London*, 1.149). More specifically, the reference is probably to Old Jewry St., "a street so called of Jews sometime dwelling there and near adjoining" (1.278). For a brief history of the persecution of the Jews in London and England generally, see *Survey London*, 1.278-82.

[11] *Blackwell Hall* i.e., Bakewell Hall, on the W side, near the S end of Basinghall St., a "very ancient building" which passed from the possession of the Bakewell family to that of the city during the reign of Richard II (1377-99); the city established it as "the Cloth Exchange of London" where both foreign and domestic cloth could be sold (*Topographical Dict.*, p. 65; *Survey London*, 1.288). Given that *Thomas of Reading* takes place during the reign of Henry I (1100-35), this statement is clearly anachronistic.

[12] *Cripplegate* One of the original gates of the walled city of London, Cripplegate was so-called after the cripples who begged there (*Survey London*, 1.33). The story of the cripple who stole the weathercock from the top of St Paul's steeple is also recounted in William Baldwin's *Beware the Cat* (1570); see p. 242. It does not appear in Stow.

grown so thick that it might have been cut like a jelly. And in that place also they saw the money that was made of leather, which in ancient time went current amongst the people.[1]

When they had to their great contentation[2] beheld all this, they repaired to their lodgings, having also a sumptuous supper ordained for them with all delight that might be. And you shall understand that when the country weavers, which came up with their dames, saw the weavers of Candlewick street, they had great desire presently to have some conference with them; and thus one began to challenge the other for workmanship:

Quoth Weasel, "I'll work with any of you all for a crown—take it if you dare—and he that makes his yard of cloth soonest shall have it."

"You shall be wrought withal," said the other, "and if it were for ten crowns! But we will make this bargain: that each of us shall wind their own quills."[3]

"Content," quoth Weasel. And so to work they went, but Weasel lost.

Whereupon another of them took the matter in hand, who lost likewise, so that the London weavers triumphed against the country, casting forth divers frumps.[4]

"Alas, poor fellows," quoth they, "your hearts are good, but your hands are ill."

"Tush, the fault was in their legs,"[5] quoth another. "Pray you, friend, were you not born at home?"

"Why do you ask?" quoth Weasel.

"Because," said he, "the biggest place of your leg is next to your shoe."[6]

Crab, hearing this, being choleric of nature, chafed like a man of law at the bar,[7] and he wagers with them four crowns to twain. The others agreed; to work they go. But Crab conquered them all. Whereupon, the London weavers were nipped in the head[8] like birds, and had not a word to say.

"Now," sayeth Crab, "as we have lost nothing, so you have won nothing; and because I know you cannot be right weavers except you be good fellows, therefore if you will go with us, we will bestow the ale upon you."

"That is spoken like a good fellow and like a weaver," quoth the other.

So along they went, as it were, to the sign of the Red Cross.

When they were set down and had drunk well, they began merrily to prattle, and to extol Crab to the skies. Whereupon Crab protested that he would come and dwell among them.

"Nay, that must not be," said a London weaver. "The King hath given us privilege that none shall live among us but such as serve seven years in London."

With that, Crab, according to his old manner of prophesying, said thus:

The day is very near at hand,
Whenas[9] a king of this fair land
Shall privilege you more than so:
Then weavers shall in scarlet go,[10]

And to one brotherhood be brought;
The first is in London wrought,

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[1] That Julius Caesar was responsible for the construction of the Tower of London was a much-debated claim in the period. Stow expresses some scepticism (1.44), while many contemporary historians (such as Polydore Vergil and Raphael Holinshed) flatly reject the notion. However, it remained a popular one in the works of "poets [Shakespeare mentions the tradition twice, once in *RII* and once in *RIII*], antiquaries and the popularizers of history" (H. Nearing, Jr., "Julius Caesar and the Tower of London," *MLN* 63.4 [April 1948]: pp. 228-29). Although it is possible that the leather coins and solidified wine were early archaeological finds, Stow makes no reference to these objects in his discussion of the Tower.

[2] *contentation* contentment, satisfaction.

[3] *wind their own quills* usually wound by boys or women.

[4] *divers frumps* various mocking speeches or jeers.

[5] Looms were operated by means of treadles, levers worked with the foot.

[6] This exchange is very obscure.

[7] Cf. *Tilley* A279: "chafe like an apothecary."

[8] *nipped in the head* reduced to a state of helplessness. Proverb: *Reuter*, no. 172.

[9] *Whenas* when.

[10] *shall in scarlet go* i.e., shall be dressed in scarlet, a fine worsted cloth (sometimes, but not always red) reserved for those of higher rank than mere clothiers; a reference, perhaps, to the revelation later that Fitzalan's son, Henry, will be the first lord mayor of London.

When other tradesmen by your fame,
Shall covet all to do the same.

Then shall you all live wondrous well,
But this one thing I shall you tell:
The day will come before the doom,[1]
In Candlewick street shall stand no loom,

Nor any weaver dwelling there,[2]
But men that shall more credit bear.
For clothing shall be sore decayed,
And men undone that use that trade.

And yet the day some men shall see,
This trade again shall raised be.
Whenas bailiff of Sarum town[3]
Shall buy and purchase Bishops' Down.[4]

When there never man did sow,
Great store of goodly corn shall grow;
And woad,[5] that makes all colours sound,
Shall spring upon that barren ground.

At that same day I tell you plain,
Who so alive doth then remain
A proper maiden there shall see,
Within the town of Salisbury.

Of favour sweet, of nature kind,
With goodly eyes and yet stark blind,
This poor blind maiden I do say
In age shall go in rich array.

And he that takes her to his wife
Shall lead a joyful happy life,
The wealthiest clothier shall he be,
That ever was in that country.

But clothing kept as it hath been,
In London never shall be seen:
For weavers then the most shall win
That work for clothing next the skin,

Till pride the commonwealth doth peel,
And causeth huswives leave their wheel.[6]
Then poverty upon each side,
Unto those workmen shall betide.[7]

At that time, from an Eagle's nest,
That proudly builded in the West,
A sort shall come with cunning hand,
To bring strange weaving in this land,

And by their gains that great will fall;
They shall maintain the Weavers' Hall.
But long they shall not flourish so,
But folly will them overthrow.

And men shall count it mickle[8] shame,
To bear that kind of weaver's name,
And this as sure shall come to pass,
As here is ale within this glass.

When the silly souls that sat about him heard him speak in this sort, they admired and honoured Crab for the same.

"Why, my masters!" said Weasel. "Do you wonder at these words? He will tell you twenty of these tales, for which cause we call him our canvas prophet."[9]

"His attire fits his title," said they, "and we never heard the like in our lives, and if this should be true, it would be strange."

"Doubt not but it will be true," quoth Weasel, "for I'll tell you what: he did but once see our Nick kiss Nell, and presently he poured out this rhyme:

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1 *the doom* the day of the Last Judgement (at the end of the world).

2 See p. 1248, note 9.

3 *Sarum town* now Salisbury in Wiltshire; the original site of the city was at Old Sarum, 1½ miles N of the present city (*Topographical Dict.*, p. 446).

4 Bishops' Down was E of Old Sarum.

5 Woad is a herb used in the dying process as a method of colour-fasting cloth (*Pliny, Natural History*, 2.484).

6 *wheel* spinning wheel.

7 *betide* befall.

8 *mickle* great.

9 *canvas prophet* Since canvas was a strong or coarse unbleached cloth used for various useful purposes (sails, tents, and clothes, for example), Crab is being claimed as a homely or lowly, but still useful and dependable, prophet.

That kiss, O Nell, God give thee joy,
Will nine months hence breed thee a boy.

And I'll tell you what, you shall hear: we kept reckoning, and it fell out as just as Jones' buttocks on a close stool,[1] for which cause our maids durst never kiss a man in his sight."

Upon this they broke company, and went everyone about his business: the London weavers to their frames, and the country fellows to their dames; who, after their great banqueting and merriment, went every one home to their own houses, though with less money than they brought out, yet with more pride; especially Simon's wife of Southampton, who told the rest of her gossips that she saw no reason but that their husbands should maintain them as well as the merchants did their wives:

"For I tell you what," quoth she, "we are as proper women (in my conceit) as the proudest of them all: as handsome of body, as fair of face, our legs as well made, and our feet as fine. Then what reason is there (seeing our husbands are of as good wealth) but we should be as well maintained?"

"You say true, gossip," said Sutton's wife. "Trust me, it made me blush to see them brave it out so gallantly, and we to go so homely."

"But before God," said the other, "I will have my husband to buy me a London gown, or in faith he shall have little quiet."

"So shall mine," said another.

"And mine too," quoth the third.

And all of them sung the same note,[2] so that when they came home, their husbands had no little to do,[3] especially Simon, whose wife daily lay at him for London apparel, to whom he said:

"Good woman, be content! Let us go according to our place and ability. What will the bailiffs think if I should prank thee up like a peacock, and thou in thy attire surpass their wives? They would either think I were mad, or else that I had more money than I could well use. Consider, I pray thee, good wife, that such as are in their youth masters do prove in their age stark beggars.[4]

"Beside that, it is enough to raise me up in the King's books,[5] for many times men's coffers are judged by their garments. Why, we are country folks, and must keep ourselves in good compass. Gray russet and good homespun cloth doth best become us. I tell thee, wife, it were as indecent for us to go like Londoners, as it is for Londoners to go like courtiers."

"What a coil keep you?"[6] quoth she. "Are not we God's creatures as well as Londoners? And the King's subjects as well as they? Then finding our wealth to be as good as theirs, why should we not go as gay as Londoners? No, husband, no, here is the fault: we are kept without it only because our husbands are not so kind as Londoners! Why, man, a cobbler there keeps his wife better than the best clothier in this country! Nay, I will affirm it that the London oyster-wives and the very kitchen-stuff criers[7] do exceed us in their Sunday's attire. Nay, more than that, I did see the water-bearer's wife, which belongs to one of our merchants, come in with a tankard of water on her shoulder and yet half a dozen gold rings on her fingers!"

"You may then think, wife," quoth he, "she got them not with idleness. But, wife, you must consider what London is: the chief and capital city of all the land, a place on the which all strangers cast their eyes. It is, wife, the King's chamber and his Majesty's royal seat. To that city repairs of all nations under heaven. Therefore, it is most mete and convenient that the citizens of such a city

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1 *it fell out* it happened; *just as Jones' buttocks on a close stool* A close stool is an early type of chamber pot, enclosed in a stool or box. The origin of the simile is obscure.

2 Proverb, "to sing the same song" (*Tilley* S638).

3 *to do* trouble, commotion.

4 Proverb, "Early master long knave [i.e., servant]," meaning "when a Youth is too soon his own Master, he will squander his Patrimony, and so must turn servant" (*Tilley* M712). See also S740: "Who spends before he thrives, will beg before he thinks."

5 *the King's books* i.e., the taxation lists.

6 Proverb, "to keep a foul coil" (*Tilley* C505); *coil* fuss.

7 *oyster-wives* women who sell oysters and other shellfish; *kitchen-stuff criers* sellers of the grease or fat which drips from roasting meat, sometimes used to make candles.

should not go in their apparel like peasants, but for the credit of our country wear such seemly habits as do carry gravity and comeliness in the eyes of all beholders."

"But if we of the country went so," quoth she, "were it not as great credit for the land as the other?"

"Woman," quoth her husband, "it is altogether needless, and in divers respects it may not be."

"Why, then, I pray you," quoth she, "let us go dwell at London."

"A word soon spoken," said her husband, "but not so easy to be performed. Therefore, wife, I pray thee hold thy prating, for thy talk is foolish."

"Yea, yea, husband, your old, churlish conditions will never be left! You keep me here like a drudge and a droil![1] And so you may keep your money in your purse, you care not for your credit. But before I will go so like a shepherdess, I will first go naked! And I tell you plain, I scorn it greatly that you should clap a grey gown on my back, as if I had not brought you two pence. Before I was married, you swore I should have anything that I requested, but now all is forgotten."

And in saying this, she went in, and soon after she was so sick that needs she must go to bed. And when she was laid, she drove out that night with many grievous groans, sighing and sobbing, and no rest she could take, God wot.[2] And in the morning when she should rise, the good soul fell down in a swoon, which put her maidens in a great fright, who running down to their master, cried out:

"Alas, alas, our dame is dead, our dame is dead!"

The goodman hearing this ran up in all haste, and there fell to rubbing and chafing of her temples, sending for *aqua vitae*,[3] and saying, "Ah, my sweetheart! Speak to me, good wife! Alack, alack, call in the neighbours, you queans!"[4] quoth he.

With that she lift up her head, fetching a great groan, and presently swooned again, and much ado iwis[5] he had to keep life in her.

But when she was come to herself, "How dost thou wife?" quoth he. "What wilt thou have? For God's sake, tell me! If thou hast a mind to anything, thou shalt have it."

"Away, dissembler!" quoth she. "How can I believe thee? Thou hast said as much to me a hundred times and deceived me. It is thy churlishness that hath killed my heart. Never was woman matched to so unkind a man."

"Nay, good wife, blame me not without cause. God knoweth how dearly I love thee."

"Love me! No, no, thou didst never carry my love but on the tip of thy tongue," quoth she. "I dare swear thou desirest nothing so much as my death, and for my part I would to God thou hadst thy desire! But be content: I shall not trouble thee long." And with that, fetching a sigh, she swooned and gave a great groan.

The man seeing her in this case was wondrous woe. But so soon as they had recovered her, he said, "O my dear wife, if any bad conceit hath engendered this sickness, let me know it; or if thou knowest anything that may procure thy health, let me understand thereof, and I protest thou shalt have it, if it cost me all that ever I have."

"O husband," quoth she, "how may I credit your words, when for a paltry suit of apparel you denied me?"

"Well, wife," quoth he, "thou shalt have apparel or anything else thou wilt request, if God send thee once health."

"O husband, if I may find you so kind, I shall think myself the happiest woman in the world. Thy words have greatly comforted my heart. Methinketh, if I had it, I could drink a good draught of Rhenish wine."

Well, wine was sent for.

"Oh, Lord," said she, "that I had a piece of a chicken! I feel my stomach desirous of some meat."

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[1] *droil* a lowly servant of all work, a drudge.

[2] *wot* knows.

[3] *aqua vitae* Latin, "water of life"; here, refined alcohol such as brandy or whiskey.

[4] *queans* bold, impudent women; hussies.

[5] *iwis* indeed, surely, certainly.

"Glad am I of that," said her husband; and so the woman within a few days after was very well.

But you shall understand that her husband was fain[1] to dress her London-like ere he could get her quiet; neither would it please her except the stuff were bought in Cheapside, for out of Cheapside nothing would content her, were it never so good; insomuch that if she thought a tailor of Cheapside made not her gown, she would swear it was quite spoiled.

And having thus won her husband to her will, when the rest of the clothiers' wives heard thereof, they would be suited in the like sort too; so that ever since, the wives of Southampton, Salisbury, of Gloucester, Worcester, and Reading went all as gallant and as brave as any Londoners' wives.

CHAPTER 7

How the Clothiers Sent the King Aid into France, and How He Overcame His Brother Robert, and Brought Him into England, and How the Clothiers Feasted His Majesty and His Son at Reading.

The King's Majesty being at the wars in France, against Louis the French king, and Duke Robert of Normandy, sending for divers supplies of soldiers out of England, the clothiers at their own proper cost set out a great number, and sent them over to the King; which Roger, bishop of Salisbury, who governed the realm in the King's absence, did certify the King thereof, with his letters written in their commendations.

And afterward it came to pass that God sent his Highness victory over his enemies, and having taken his brother prisoner brought him most joyfully with him into England, and appointed him to be kept in Cardiff Castle prisoner, yet with this favour: that he might hunt and hawk where he would, up and down the country,[2] and in this sort he lived a good while, of whom we will speak more at large hereafter.

The King being thus come home, after his winter's rest, he made his summer's progress[3] into the West Country[4] to take a view of all the chief towns. Whereof, the clothiers being advertised,[5] they made great preparation against[6] his coming, because he had promised to visit them all.

And when his Grace came to Reading,[7] he was entertained and received with great joy and triumph. Thomas Cole, being the chief man of regard in all the town, the King honoured his house with his princely presence, where during the King's abode, he, and his son, and nobles were highly feasted; where the King beheld the great number of people that was by that one man maintained in work, whose hearty affection and love toward his Majesty did well appear, as well by their outward countenances as their gifts presented unto him. But of Cole himself the King was so well persuaded that he committed much trust to him, and put him in great authority in the town. Furthermore, the King said that for the love which those people bore to him living, that he would lay his bones among them when he was dead.

"For I know not," said he, "where they may be better bestowed, till the blessed day of resurrection, than among these my friends which are like to be happy partakers of the same."

Whereupon his Majesty caused there to be builded a most goodly and famous abbey, in which he might show his devotion to God by increasing his service, and leave example to other his successors to do the like. Likewise, within the town he after builded a fair and goodly castle, in the which

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[1] *fain* obligated, necessitated.

[2] "Duke Robert ... found no such favour [i.e., in his banishment] save only liberty to walk abroad in the King's forests, parks, and chases near the place where he was appointed to remain" (*Chronicles*, 2.57).

[3] *progress* a state journey made by a royal or noble personage.

[4] *the West Country* those counties in the southwest of England, esp. Devonshire, Somerset, Cornwall, Wiltshire, and Berkshire.

[5] *advertised* notified, informed.

[6] *against* in preparation for.

[7] *Reading* in Berkshire, 39 miles W of London.

he often kept his court, which was a place of his chief residence during his life, saying to the clothiers that seeing he found them such faithful subjects, he would be their neighbour and dwell among them.

After his Majesty's royal feasting at Reading, he proceeded in progress till he had visited the whole west countries, being wondrously delighted to see those people so diligent to apply their business; and coming to Salisbury,[1] the Bishop received his Majesty with great joy, and with triumph attended on his Grace to his palace,[2] where his Highness lodged.

There, Sutton the Clothier presented his Highness with a broadcloth of so fine a thread and exceeding good workmanship, and therewithal of so fair a colour, as his Grace gave commendation thereof, and—as it is said—he held it in such high estimation that thereof he made his Parliament robes. And the first Parliament that ever was in England was graced with the King's person in those robes, in requital whereof his Highness afterward yielded Sutton many princely favours.

And it is to be remembered that Simon of Southampton (seeing the King had overpassed the place where he dwelt) came with his wife and servants to Salisbury, and, against[3] the King going forth of that city, he caused a most pleasant arbour to be made upon the top of the hill leading to Salisbury, beset all with red and white roses, in such sort that not any part of the timber could be seen, within the which sat a maiden attired like a queen, attended on by a fair train of maidens, who at the King's approach presented him with a garland of sweet flowers, yielding him such honour as the ladies of Rome were wont to do to their princes after their victories; which the King took in gracious part, and for his farewell from that country they bore him company over part of the plain, with the sound of divers sweet instruments of music. All which when his Grace understood was done at the cost of a clothier, he said he was the most honoured by those men, above all the mean subjects in his land. And so his Highness passed on to Exeter, having given great rewards to these maidens.

Thomas Dove and the residue of the clothiers, against his Grace's coming thither, had ordained divers sumptuous shows: first, there was one that presented the person of Augustus Caesar, the emperor, who commanded after the Roman invasion that their city should be called Augustus, after his own name, which before time was called Isca, and of later years, Exeter.[4]

There, his Majesty was royally feasted seven days together, at the only[5] cost of clothiers, but the divers delights and sundry pastimes which they made there before the King and his nobles is too long here to be rehearsed, and therefore I will overpass them to avoid tediousness.

His Grace then coasting along the country at last came to Gloucester, an ancient city, which was builded by Glove, a British king, who named it after his own name, Gloucester.[6] Here was his Majesty entertained by Gray the Clothier, who professed himself to be of that ancient family of Grays, whose first original issued out of the ancient and honourable castle and town of Rithin.[7]

Here was the King most bountifully feasted, having in his company his brother Robert (although his prisoner the same time). And his Grace being desirous to see the maidens card and

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[1] I.e., the King coming to Salisbury in Wiltshire, its most important town.

[2] I.e., the Bishop's palace.

[3] *against* in preparation for.

[4] Exeter, the county seat of Devonshire, earlier known as Isca Dumnoniorum, was a fortress for the Second Augustan Legion (from c. 55-75 CE), which perhaps gave rise to the legend of Augustus' renaming of the town after himself ("Exeter," *A Dictionary of British History*, ed. J. Cannon [Oxford, 2001]). This history is not in Holinshed's *Chronicles*.

[5] *only* sole.

[6] Gloucester, the county seat of Gloucestershire, "on the left bank of the Severn, 107 miles W of London. It is the ancient British Caer-Gloui, the Roman Glevum" (*Topographical Dict.*, p. 224). Although Deloney's source has not been identified, the name of the legendary Glove clearly derives from the Latin name for the town.

[7] *Rithin* Ruthyn or Ruthin, Welsh for "red fort" (*A Dictionary of British Place-Names*, online). Roger Grey (d. 1353) was the first Baron Grey of Ruthin.

spin, they were of purpose set to their work, among whom was fair Margaret with her white hand, whose excellent beauty having pierced the eyes of the amorous Duke,[1] it made such an impression in his heart that afterward he could never forget her; and so vehemently was his affection kindled that he could take no rest, till by writing he had bewrayed[2] his mind. But of this we will speak more in another place. And the King at his departure said that to gratify them he would make his son Robert their earl, who was the first earl that ever was in Gloucester.[3]

Now when his Grace was come from thence, he went to Worcester, where William Fitzalan made preparation in all honourable sort to receive him, which man being born of great parentage was not to learn how to entertain his Majesty, being descended of that famous family whose patrimony lay about the town of Oswestry,[4] which town his predecessors had enclosed with stately walls of stone. Although adverse fortune had so grievously frowned on some of them that their children were fain[5] to become tradesmen, whose hands were to them in stead of[6] lands, notwithstanding God raised again the fame of this man, both by his great wealth and also in his posterity, whose eldest son Henry, the King's godson, became afterward the mayor of London, who was the first mayor that ever was in that city, who governed the same twenty-three years; and then his son, Roger Fitzalan, was the second mayor.[7]

The princely pleasures that in Worcester were shown the King were many and marvellous, and in no place had his Majesty received more delight than here; for the which, at his departure, he did show himself very thankful. Now when his Grace had thus taken view of all his good towns westward and in that progress had visited these clothiers, he returned to London, with great joy of his commons.

CHAPTER 8

How Hodgekins of Halifax Came to the Court, and Complained to the King, That His Privilege Was Nothing Worth, Because When They Found Any Offender They Could Not Get a Hangman to Execute Him; and How by a Friar a Gin Was Devised to Chop Off Men's Heads of Itself.[8]

After that Hodgekins had got the privilege for the town of Halifax—to hang up such thieves as stole their cloth in the night, presently[9] without any further judgement—all the clothiers of the town were exceeding glad, and persuaded themselves that now their goods would be safe all night without watching them at all, so that whereas before the town maintained certain watchmen to keep their cloth by night, they were hereupon dismissed as a thing needless to be done, supposing with themselves that seeing they should be straight hanged that were found faulty in this point, that no man would be so desperate to enterprise any such act. And indeed the matter being noised through the whole country, that they were straight to be hanged that did use such thievery, it made many lewd livers to refrain such thievery.

Nevertheless, there was at that same time living a notable thief named Wallis, whom in the north they called Mighty Wallis, in regard of his valour and manhood.[10] This man, being most subtle in

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[1] *the amorous Duke* i.e., Robert, duke of Normandy, the king's brother. See p. 1243, note 7.

[2] *bewrayed* revealed, disclosed.

[3] "About this season the King married Robert his base [i.e., bastard] son to the Lady Maude, daughter and heir of Robert Fitzham, and withal made his said son Earl of Gloucester ..." (*Chronicles*, 2.63).

[4] *Oswestry* in Shropshire in NW England, very near the border with Wales.

[5] *fain* obliged, forced.

[6] *in stead of* in the place of.

[7] See *Survey London*, 2.149 and 150.

[8] See William Harrison's *Description of England*, where he describes this device and the kind of summary justice meted out in Halifax (Holinshed, *Chronicles*, 1.312).

[9] *presently* immediately, at once.

[10] *Wallis ... manhood* William Wallace (1270-1305), Scottish warrior-hero and patriot, "a young gentleman of so huge stature and notable strength of body, with such skill and knowledge in warlike enterprises, and hereto of such hardiness of stomach in attempting all manner of dangerous exploits that his match was not anywhere lightly to be found" (*Chronicles*, 1.209).

such kind of knavery, having heard of this late privilege and therewithal of the town's security, said that once he would venture his neck for a pack of northern cloth. And, therefore, coming to one or two of his companions, he asked if they would be partners in his adventure:

"And if," quoth he, "you will herein hazard your bodies, you shall be sharers in all our booties."[1]

At length by many persuasions, the men consented. Whereupon, late in the night, they got them all to a farrier's[2] shop, and called up the folks of the house.

"What the foule ill wald[3] you have," quoth they, "at this time of the night?"

Wallis answered, saying, "Good fellows, we would have you to remove the shoes of our horses' feet, and set them on again, and for your pains you shall be well pleased."

The smith at length was persuaded, and when he had plucked off all the shoes from their horses' feet, they would needs have them all set on again quite contrary with the calkins[4] forward, that should stand backward.

"How? Fay, fay man!" quoth the smith. "Are you sicke fules? What the deel! Do you mean to break your crags? Gud faith, I tro the men be wood."[5]

"Not so, smith," quoth they. "Do thou as we bid thee, and thou shalt have thy money, for it is an old proverb,

Be it better, or be it worse.

Please you the man that bears the purse.[6]

"Gud faith and see I sall!"[7] quoth the smith. And so did as he was willed. When Wallis had thus caused their horses to be shod, to Halifax they went, where they without any let loaded their horses with cloth, and so departed a contrary way.

In the morning, so soon as the clothiers came to the field, they found that they were robbed, whereupon one ran to another to tell these tidings. Now when Hodgekins heard thereof, rising up in haste, he willed his neighbours to mark and see if they could not descry either the footsteps of men or horses. Which being done, they perceived that horses had been there, and seeking to pursue them by their footsteps, they went a clean contrary way, by reason that the horses were shod backward. And when in vain they had long pursued them, they returned, being never the near.

Now Wallis used his feat[8] so long, that at length he was taken and two more with him; whereupon, according to the privilege of the town, they put halters about the thieves' necks presently to hang them up.

When they were come to the place appointed, Wallis and the rest, being out of all hope to escape death, prepared themselves patiently to suffer the rigor of the law. And there with the rest, laying open the lewdness of his life, grievously lamenting for his sins, at length commending their souls to God, they yielded their bodies to the grave, with which sight the people were greatly moved with pity, because they had never seen men come to hanging before. But when they should have been tied up, Hodgekins willed one of his neighbours to play the hangman's part, who would not by any means do it, although he was a very poor man, who for his pains should have been possessed of all their apparel.

When he would not yield to the office, one of those which had his cloth stolen was commanded to do the deed, but he in like manner would not, saying, "When I have the skill to make a man, I will hang a man, if it chance my workmanship do not like me."

And thus from one to another, the office of the hangman was posted off. At last a rogue came by

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1 *booty* plunder, stolen goods.

2 *farrier* one who shoes horses.

3 *foule ill wald* i.e., foul ill would.

4 *calkin* either, the turned down ends of a horse shoe which raise the horse's heels from the ground, or, a turned edge under the front of the shoe.

5 Translation: "Fie, fie [an exclamation expressing indignant reproach], man!" said the smith. "Are you weak-headed fools? What the devil! Do you mean to break your necks? Good, faith, I believe the men be mad!"

6 Proverb, "Be it better, be it worse, do after him that bears the purse" (*Tilley* P646).

7 *sall* shall.

8 *feat* clever trick.

whom they would have compelled to have done that deed.

"Nay, my masters," quoth he, "not so. But as you have got a privilege for the town, so you were best to procure a commission to make a hangman, or else you are like to be without for me."

"Neighbour Hodgekins," quoth one, "I pray you do this office yourself. You have had most loss, and therefore you should be the most readiest to hang them yourself."

"No, not I," quoth Hodgekins, "though my loss were ten times greater than it is! Notwithstanding, look which of these thieves will take upon him to hang the other shall have his life saved; otherwise they shall all to prison till I can provide a hangman."

When Wallis saw the matter brought to this pass, he began stoutly to reply, saying, "My masters of the town of Halifax, though your privilege stretch to hang men up presently that are found stealing your goods, yet it gives you no warrant to imprison them till you provide them a hangman. Myself with these my fellows have here yielded ourselves to satisfy the law, and if it be not performed, the fault is yours and not ours, and therefore we humbly take our leave from the gallows, the 18th of August." And with that he leapt from the ladder, and cast the halter at Hodgekins' face.

When the clothiers saw this, they knew not what to say, but taking them by the sleeves, entreated to have their own again.

"Not so," quod Wallis. "You get not the value of a plack or a bawbee.[1] We have stolen your cloth; then why do you not hang us? Here we have made ourselves ready, and if you will not hang us, choose.[2] A plague on you! (quoth he). You have hindered me God knows what! I made account to dine this day in Heaven, and you keep me here on earth where there is not a quarter of that good cheer. The foul evil take you all! I was fully provided to give the gallows a box on the ear,[3] and now God knows when I shall be in so good a mind again!" And so he with the rest of his companions departed.

When Hodgekins saw, that notwithstanding their thievery, how they flouted at their lenity, he was much moved in mind. And as he stood in his dumps, chewing his cud,[4] making his dinner with a dish of melancholy, a Grey friar[5] reverently saluted him in this sort: "All hail, Goodman Hodgekins! Happiness and health be ever with you; and to all suppressors of lewd livers, God send everlasting joys!

"I am sorry, Goodman Hodgekins, that the great privilege which our King gave to this town comes to no greater purpose; better far had it been that it had never been granted, than so lightly regarded. The town hath suffered through their own peevishness an everlasting reproach this day, only because foolish pity hath hindered justice.

"Consider, that compassion is not to be had upon thieves and robbers; pity only appertaineth to the virtuous sort,[6] who are overwhelmed with the waves of misery and mischance. What great cause of boldness have you given to bad livers by letting these fellows thus to escape, and how shall you now keep your goods in safety, seeing you fulfill not the law which should be your defence? Never think that thieves will make any conscience to carry away your goods, when they find themselves in no danger of death, who have more cause to praise your pity, than to commend your wisdom. Wherefore, in time seek to prevent the ensuing evil."

"For my own part, I have that care of your good that I would work all good means for your benefit, and yet not so much in respect of your profit, as for the desire I have to uphold justice, and seeing I find you and the rest so womanish

[1] A plack and a bawbee were both Scottish coins of little value, the plack worth about four and the bawbee about three pennies.

[2] *choose* do as you like, take your own way (here, especially as an alternative to something suggested and rejected).

[3] *a box on the ear* a contemptuous slap or cuff.

[4] Proverb, "to be in the dumps" (*Tilley* D640); "to chew the cud" (*Tilley* C896).

[5] *Grey friar* a member of the Franciscan religious order, one of those Roman Catholic orders that lived on alms.

[6] Proverb, "Pity only belongs to the virtuous" (*Reuter*, no. 318).

that you could not find in your hearts to hang a thief, I have devised how to make a gin[1] that shall cut off their heads without man's help, and if the King will allow thereof."

When Hodgekins heard this, he was somewhat comforted in mind, and said to the friar that if by his cunning he would perform it, he would once again make suit to the King to have his grant for the same. The friar willed him to have no doubt in him; and so when he had devised it, he got a carpenter to frame it out of hand.

Hodgekins in the meantime posted up to the court, and told his Majesty that the privilege of Halifax was not worth a pudding.[2]

"Why so?" said our King.

"Because," quoth Hodgekins, "we can get never a hangman to truss our thieves. But if it shall like your good Grace (quoth he), there is a feat[3] friar that will make us a device, which shall without the hand of man cut off the crags of all such carls,[4] if your Majesty will please to allow thereof."

The King, understanding the full effect of the matter, at length granted his petition. Whereupon, till this day, it is observed in Halifax that such as are taken stealing of their cloth have their heads chopped off with the same gin.

[...]

CHAPTER 11

How Thomas of Reading Was Murdered at His Host's House of Colebrook, Who Also Had Murdered Many before Him; How Their Wickedness Was at Length Revealed.

Thomas of Reading, having many occasions to come to London, as well about his own affairs as also the King's business, being in a great office under his Majesty, it chanced on a time that his host and hostess of Colebrook, who through covetousness had murdered many of their guests, and having every time he came thither great store of his money to lay up, appointed him to be the next fat pig that should be killed. For it is to be understood that when they plotted the murder of any man this was always their term, the man to his wife, and the woman to her husband: "Wife, there is now a fat pig to be had, if you want one."

Whereupon she would answer thus: "I pray you, put him in the hogsty[5] till tomorrow."

This was when any man came thither alone without others in his company, and they saw he had great store of money.

This man should be then laid in the chamber right over the kitchen, which was a fair chamber and better set out than any other in the house: the best bedstead therein, though it were little and low, yet was it most cunningly carved, and fair to the eye; the feet whereof were fast[6] nailed to the chamber floor, in such sort that it could not in any wise[7] fall; the bed that lay therein was fast sowed to the sides of the bedstead. Moreover, that part of the chamber whereupon this bed and bedstead stood was made in such sort that, by the pulling out of two iron pins below in the kitchen, it was to be let down and taken up by a draw bridge, or in manner of a trap door. Moreover, in the kitchen, directly under the place where this should fall, was a mighty great cauldron, wherein they used to seethe[8] their liquor when they went to brewing. Now, the men appointed for the slaughter were laid into this bed, and in the dead time of the night, when they were sound asleep, by plucking out the foresaid iron pins, down would the man fall out of his bed into the boiling cauldron, and all the clothes[9] that were upon him. Where being suddenly scalded and drowned, he was never able to cry or speak one word.

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1 *gin* machine.

2 Proverb, "not worth a pudding" (*Tilley* P626).

3 *feat* clever, smart.

4 *crags* necks; *carls* base fellows, knaves.

5 *hogsty* i.e., pigsty.

6 *fast* securely.

7 *wise* way.

8 *seethe* boil.

9 *clothes* bed-clothes (sheets and blankets).

Then had they a little ladder ever standing ready in the kitchen, by the which they presently mounted into the said chamber, and there closely[1] took away the man's apparel, as also his money, in his mail or capcase;[2] and then, lifting up the said falling floor which hung by hinges, they made it fast as before.

The dead body would they take presently out of the caldron and throw it down the river, which ran near unto their house, whereby they escaped all danger.

Now if in the morning any of the rest of the guests that had talked with the murdered man ore eve[3] chanced to ask for him, as having occasion to ride the same way that he should have done, the goodman would answer that he took horse a good while before day, and that he himself did set him forward. The horse the goodman would also take out of the stable and convey him by a hay-barn of his that stood from his house a mile or two, whereof himself did always keep the keys full charily, and when any hay was to be brought from thence, with his own hands he would deliver it; then, before the horse should go from thence, he would dismark him—as, if he wore a long tail, he would make him curtail,[4] or else crop his ears, or cut his mane, or put out one of his eyes—and by this means he kept himself a long time unknown.

Now Thomas of Reading, as I said before, being marked and kept for a fat pig, he was laid in the same chamber of death, but by reason Gray of Gloucester chanced also to come that night, he escaped scalding.

The next time he came, he was laid there again, but before he fell asleep or was warm in his bed, one came riding through the town and cried piteously that London was all on a fire, and that it had burned down Thomas Becket's house in Westcheap[5] and a great number more in the same street:

"And yet," quoth he, "the fire is not quenched!"

Which tidings when Thomas of Reading heard, he was very sorrowful, for of the same Becket that day had he received a great piece of money, and had left in his house many of his writings, and some that appertained to the King also. Therefore, there was no nay but he would ride back again to London presently to see how the matter stood; thereupon making himself ready, departed. This cross fortune caused his host to frown:

"Nevertheless, the next time," quoth he, "will pay for all."

Notwithstanding, God so wrought that they were prevented then likewise, by reason of a great fray that happened in the house betwixt a couple that fell out at dice, insomuch as the murderers themselves were enforced to call him up, being a man in great authority, that he might set the house in quietness, out of the which, by means of this quarrel, they doubted[6] to lose many things.

Another time when he should have been laid in the same place, he fell so sick that he requested to have somebody to watch with him, whereby also they could not bring their vile purpose to pass. But hard it is to escape the ill fortunes whereunto a man is allotted.[7] For albeit that the next time that he came to London his horse stumbled and broke one of his legs as he should ride homeward, yet hired he another to hasten his own death; for there was no remedy but he should go to Colebrook that night. But by the way he was heavy asleep that he could scant keep himself in the saddle; and

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1 *closely* secretly.

2 *mail* bag, pack, or wallet; a travelling bag; *capcase* travelling case or bag.

3 *ore eve* "o'er eve" or "over night."

4 *curtail* closely cropped.

5 *Thomas Becket's house in Westcheap* Thomas à Becket (?1120-70), archbishop of Canterbury, martyr, and saint, was certainly born in London; Stow says in Cheapward (*Survey London*, 1.269). However, Thomas Becket held his office under Henry II (reigned 1154-89), not Henry I (reigned 1100-35), and so Thomas of Reading can hardly have received money or lodged his sensitive political papers at Becket's house (see below, ll. 1037-38).

6 *doubted* feared, suspected.

7 Proverb, "It is impossible to avoid (undo) fate (destiny)" (*Tilley* F83).

when he came near unto the town, his nose burst out suddenly a-bleeding.[1]

Well, to his inn he came, and so heavy was his heart that he could eat no meat. His host and hostess, hearing he was so melancholy, came up to cheer him, saying, "Jesus, Master Cole, what ails you tonight? Never did we see you thus sad before. Will it please you to have a quart of burnt sack?"[2]

"With a good will," quoth he, "and would to God Thomas Dove were here: he would surely make me merry, and we should lack no music. But I am sorry for the man with all my heart that he is come so far behind hand.[3] But, alas, so much can every man say, but what good doth it him? No, no, it is not words can help a man in this case; the man had need of other relief than so. Let me see: I have but one child in the world and that is my daughter, and half that I have is hers; the other half my wife's. What then? Shall I be good to nobody but them? In conscience, my wealth is too much for a couple to possess, and what is our religion without charity? And to whom is charity more to be shown than to decayed householders?

"Good my host, lend me a pen and ink, and some paper, for I will write a letter unto the poor man straight, and something I will give him. That alms which a man bestows with his own hands he shall be sure to have delivered, and God knows how long I shall live."

With that, his hostess dissemblingly answered, saying, "Doubt not, Master Cole, you are like enough by the course of nature to live many years."

"God knows," quoth he, "I never found my heart so heavy before."

By this time, pen, ink, and paper was brought, setting himself to writing, as followeth:

In the name of God, Amen. I bequeath my soul to God and my body to the ground, my goods equally between my wife Eleanor and Isabel, my daughter. Item: I give to Thomas Dove of Exeter one hundred pounds. Nay, that is too little. I give to Thomas Dove two hundred pounds in money to be paid unto him presently upon his demand thereof by my said wife and daughter.

"Ha, how say you, my host?" quoth he. "Is not this well? I pray you read it."

His host looking thereon, said, "Why, Master Cole, what have you written here? You said you would write a letter, but methinks you have made a will. What need have you to do thus? Thanks be to God, you may live many fair years."

"'Tis true," quoth Cole, "if it please God. And I trust this writing cannot shorten my days. But let me see: have I made a will? Now, I promise you, I did verily purpose to write a letter. Notwithstanding, I have written that that God put into my mind. But look once again, my host: is it not written there that Dove shall have two hundred pounds, to be paid when he comes to demand it?"

"Yes, indeed," said his host.

"Well then, all is well," said Cole. "And it shall go as it is for me. I will not bestow the new writing thereof any more."

Then, folding it up, he sealed it, desiring that his host would send it to Exeter. He promised that he would. Notwithstanding, Cole was not satisfied, but after some pause he would needs hire one to carry it. And so sitting down sadly in his chair again, upon a sudden he burst forth a-weeping; they demanding the cause thereof, he spoke as followeth:

"No cause of these tears I know. But it comes now into my mind," said Cole, "when I set toward this my last journey to London, how my daughter took on, what a coil she kept[4] to have me stay, and I could not be rid of the little baggage[5] a long time, she did so hang about me. When her mother by violence took her away, she cried out most

[1] Nose-bleeds have a long history as omens of misfortune. In Lodge's *Rosalind*, Rosader's nose bleeds as he watches a lion approach a sleeping man whom he does not yet know is his brother; in *The Terrors of the Night*, Nashe comments, "[I]f his nose bleed, some of his kinfolks is dead."

[2] *burnt sack* heated wine.

[3] For the outcome of Dove's business reversals, see chapter 14, below.

[4] *a coil she kept* See p. 1251, note 6.

[5] *baggage* a term of affectionate abuse.

mainly,[1] 'O my father, my father, I shall never see him again!'"

"Alas, pretty soul," said his hostess. "This was but mere kindness in the girl, and it seemeth she is very fond of you. But, alas, why should you grieve at this? You must consider that it was but childishness."

"Aye, it is indeed," said Cole, and with that he began to nod.

Then they asked him if he would go to bed.

"No," said he. "Although I am heavy, I have no mind to go to bed at all."

With that, certain musicians of the town came to the chamber, and knowing Master Cole was there drew out their instruments and very solemnly began to play.

"This music comes very well," said Cole. And when he had listened awhile thereunto, he said, "Methinks these instruments sound like the ring of St Mary Overies' bells,[2] but the bass drowns all the rest, and in my ear it goes like a bell that rings a forenoon's knell.[3] For God's sake, let them leave off, and bear them this simple reward."

The musicians being gone, his host asked if now it would please him to go to bed: "For," quoth he, "it is well near eleven of the clock."

With that Cole, beholding his host and hostess earnestly, began to start back, saying, "What ail you to look so like pale death? Good Lord, what have you done that your hands are thus bloody?"

"What, my hands?" said his host. "Why, you may see they are neither bloody nor foul. Either your eyes do greatly dazzle, or else fancies of a troubled mind do delude you."

"Alas, my host, you may see," said he, "how weak my wits are. I never had my head so idle[4] before. Come, let me drink once more, and then I will to bed, and trouble you no longer."

With that, he made himself unready,[5] and his hostess very diligent to warm a kerchief, and put it about his head.

"Good Lord," said he, "I am not sick—I praise God—but such an alteration I find in myself as I never did before."

With that the scritch-owl cried piteously, and anon after[6] the night raven sat croaking hard by his window.[7]

"Jesu, have mercy upon me!" quoth he. "What an ill-favoured cry do yonder carrion birds make!" And therewithal he laid him down in his bed, from whence he never rose again.

His host and hostess, that all this while noted his troubled mind, began to commune betwixt themselves thereof. And the man said, he knew not what were best to be done.

"By my consent," quoth he, "the matter should pass, for I think it is not best to meddle on him."

"What, man," quoth she, "faint you now? Have you done so many and do you shrink at this?"

Then, showing him a great deal of gold which Cole had left with her, she said, "Would it not grieve a body's heart to lose this? Hang the old churl! What should he do living any longer? He hath too much, and we have too little. Tut, husband, let the thing be done, and then this is our own."

Her wicked counsel was followed, and when they had listened at his chamber door, they heard the man sound asleep.

"All is safe," quoth they; and down into the kitchen they go, their servants being all in bed, and pulling out the iron pins down fell the bed, and the man dropped out into the boiling cauldron. He being dead, they betwixt them cast his body into the river, his clothes they hid away, and made all things as it should be. But when he came to the stable to convey thence Cole's horse, the stable

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[1] *mainly* loudly, vehemently.

[2] *St Mary Overies' bells* St Mary Overy or Overies (so-called probably because it was situated just 'over' the river from London) was an ancient church in Southwark, just over London Bridge (*Topographical Dict.*, p. 335).

[3] Proverb, "When you hear a toll or knell then think upon your passing bell" (i.e., the bell that will toll at your death) (*Tilley* T375).

[4] *idle* light-headed, incoherent, delirious.

[5] *he made himself unready* i.e., he undressed himself.

[6] *anon after* directly or immediately after.

[7] The scritch-owl or screech-owl and the raven are both birds of ill-omen and harbingers of death and grief; they figure regularly in popular accounts of murders. Cf. *Tilley* R33: "The croaking raven bodes death."

door being open, the horse had got loose, and with a part of the halter about his neck, and straw trussed under his belly, as the ostlers[1] had dressed him over eve, he was gone out at the back side, which led into a great field adjoining to the house, and so leaping divers hedges, being a lusty, stout horse, had got into a ground where a mare was grazing, with whom he kept such a coil that they got into the highway, where one of the town meeting them knew the mare, and brought her and the horse to the man that owned her.

In the mean space, the musicians had been at the inn, and in requital of their evening's gift, they intended to give Cole some music in the morning. The goodman told them he took horse before day. Likewise, there was a guest in the house that would have borne him company to Reading, unto whom the host also answered that he himself set him upon horseback, and that he went long ago. Anon, came the man that owned the mare, inquiring up and down to know and if none of them missed a horse, who said, "No." At last he came to the sign of the Crane where Cole lay, and calling the ostlers he demanded of them if they lacked none, they said, "No."

"Why then," said the man, "I perceive my mare is good for something: for if I send her to field single, she will come home double." Thus it passed on all that day and the night following.

But the next day after, Cole's wife, musing that her husband came not home, sent one of her men on horseback to see if he could meet him:

"And if," quoth she, "you meet him not betwixt this and Colebrook, ask for him at the Crane, but if you find him not there, then ride to London; for I doubt[2] he is either sick, or else some mischance hath fallen unto him."

The fellow did so, and asking for him at Colebrook, they answered, he went homeward from thence such a day. The servant, musing what should be become of his master, and making much inquiry in the town for him, at length one told him of a horse that was found on the highway, and no man knew whence he came. He going to see the horse knew him presently, and to the Crane he goes with him. The host of the house perceiving this was blank,[3] and that night fled secretly away. The fellow going unto the justice desired his help. Presently, after word was brought that Jarman of the Crane was gone, then all men said, he had sure made Cole away,[4] and the musicians told what Jarman said to them, when they would have given Cole music. Then the woman, being apprehended and examined, confessed the truth. Jarman soon after was taken in Windsor Forest.[5] He and his wife were both hanged, after they had laid open all these things before expressed. Also, he confessed that he, being a carpenter, made that false falling floor, and how his wife devised it, and how they had murdered by that means sixty persons. And yet notwithstanding all the money they had gotten thereby, they prospered not, but at their death were found very far in debt.

When the King heard of this murder, he was for the space of seven days so sorrowful and heavy as he would not hear any suit, giving also commandment that the house should quite be consumed with fire wherein Cole was murdered, and that no man should ever build upon that cursed ground.

Cole's substance at his death was exceeding great. He had daily in his house a hundred men servants and forty maids; he maintained beside above two or three hundred people, spinners and carders, and a great many other householders. His wife after never married, and at her death she bestowed a mighty sum of money toward the maintaining of the new-builded monastery. Her daughter was most richly married to a gentleman of great worship, by whom she had many children. And some say that the river wherein Cole was cast did ever since carry the name of Cole, being called the river of Cole, and the town of Colebrook.

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[1] *ostler* stableman, groom.

[2] *doubt* suspect, fear.

[3] *blank* utterly disconcerted, discomfited.

[4] *made Cole away* i.e., killed him.

[5] *Windsor Forest* near the town in Berkshire, on the S bank of the Thames, 21 miles SW of London (*Topographical Dict.*, p. 567).

CHAPTER 13

How Duke Robert Deceived His Keepers and Got from Them: How He Met Fair Margaret, and in Carrying Her away Was Taken, for the Which He Had His Eyes Put Out.[1]

[...]

But when the King understood of his brother's escape, he was marvellous wroth,[2] giving great charge and commandment, when he was taken that both his eyes should be put out and he kept in prison till his dying day; appointing also that the maid should lose her life for presumption in loving him.[3]

This matter being rumoured over all England, it came to the ears of Gray and his wife, who hearing that Margaret also was there in prison appointed to die, the good aged woman never rested till she came to the Court, where kneeling before the King with many tears she besought his Majesty to spare the maiden's life, saying, "Most royal King, consider, I humbly beseech you, that the Duke your brother was able to entice any woman to his love, much more a silly[4] maiden, especially promising her marriage, to make her a lady, a duchess, or a queen. Who would refuse such an offer, when at the instant they might get both a princely husband and a high dignity? If death be a lover's guerdon,[5] then what is due to hatred? I am in my heart persuaded that had my poor Margaret thought it would have bred your Highness' displeasure, she would never have bought his love so dear. Had your Grace made it known to your commons that it was unlawful for any to marry the Duke your brother, who would have attempted such an action? If she had wilfully disobeyed your Grace's commandment, she might have been thought worthy of death. But seeing ignorantly she offended, I beseech your Grace to recall the sentence, and let me still enjoy my servant, for never will I rise till your Majesty have granted my petition."

His Highness, who was of nature merciful, beholding the woman's abundant tears, took pity on her and granted her suit; which being obtained, she went home with all haste possible. And from thence, she with her husband taking their journey to Cardiff castle, they came at that very instant when the maiden was led toward her death, who went in most joyful sort to the same, saying that they were not worthy to be accounted true lovers that were not willing to die for love. And so, with a smiling countenance she passed on, as if she had eaten *apium risus*, which causeth a man to die laughing.[6]

But her dame Gray, seeing her, fell about her neck and with many kisses embraced her, saying, "Thou shalt not die, my wench, but go home with me; and for thy delivery, behold here the King's letters."

And with that, she delivered them up to the governor of the castle, who reading them found these words written:

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[1] The narrative's romance plot involves a fictitious relationship between Robert and Margaret, the daughter of the banished Earl of Shrewsbury. Earlier in the story, concealing her identity, Margaret has sought and found service in the household of the clothier, Gray of Gloucester. When Gray of Gloucester feasts King Henry after Henry's victory over his brother Richard, now his prisoner, Richard lays eyes on Margaret and immediately falls in love. He woos Margaret, wins her love, and they attempt to flee together; however, they are captured and condemned to death. There are pages missing from our available 1612 edition, and so the chapter's title is taken from the 1623 edition.

[2] *wroth* furious, wrathful.

[3] Holinshed mentions this act three times: "But because he was perceived to practice somewhat against the King, he was eftsoons taken again, and having his eyes put out, committed to prison, where finally worn through age and grief of mind, he ended his miserable life" (*Chronicles*, 2.57); "Then being brought back, his keepers kept him in close prison, advertising the King of his demeanour; whereupon he commanded that the sight of his eyes should be put out, but so, as the balls of them should remain unbroken, for the avoiding of a noisome deformity that otherwise would ensue, if the glass tunicles [i.e., membranes enclosing the eye] should take hurt" (2.57). In a summary of Henry's virtues ("wisdom, eloquence and valiancy") and vices ("covetousness, cruelty and fleshy lust of body"), Holinshed offers this mutilation as an example of Henry's cruelty, and adds: "... which act was kept secret till the King's death revealed it" (2.77).

[4] *silly* innocent, naive.

[5] *guerdon* prize, reward.

[6] *as if ... apium risus ... die laughing* according to Gerard's *Herbal* (1636), "the Passe Flower or anemone."

We pardon the maid's life and grant her liberty, but let her not pass till she see her lover's eyes put out, which we will have you do in such sort that not only the sight may perish, but the eye continue fair, for which cause I have sent down Doctor Piero,[1] *that he may execute the same.*

The governor of the castle having read the King's letter said thus to the maiden: "The King's Majesty hath pardoned thy life and allowed thy liberty, but you must not pass before you see your lover's eyes put out."

"O sir," said the maiden, "mistake not yourself. They are my eyes that must be put out and not the Duke's; as his offence grew by my means, so I being guilty ought to receive the punishment."

"The King's commandment must be fulfilled," said the governor.

And therewithal Duke Robert was brought forth, who hearing that he must lose his eyes, said thus: "Noble mind is never conquered by grief, nor overcome by mischance,[2] but as the hart reneweth his age by eating the serpent,[3] so doth a man lengthen his life with devouring sorrow. My eyes have offended the King, and they must be punished; my heart is in as great fault: why is not that killed?"

"The King's Majesty," said the governor, "spares your life of mere love, and only is content to satisfy the law with the loss of your eyes, wherefore take in good part this punishment, and think you have deserved greater than is granted."

With this Margaret cried out, saying, "O dear love, most gentle prince! Well may you wish that I had never been born, who by seeing of me must lose your sight. But happy should I count myself, if it so please the King that I might redeem thy eyes to myself, or else that being an equal offender I might receive equal punishment. Hadst thou sustained this smart for some queen or princess of high blood, it might with the more ease be borne, but to endure it for such a one as I, it must needs cause a treble grief to be increased."

"Content thee, fair Margaret," said the Duke, "for honour ought to be given to virtue[4] and not riches: for glory, honour, nobility, and riches without virtue are but cloaks of maliciousness. And now let me take my leave of thy beauty, for never must I behold thy face. Notwithstanding, I account my eyes well lost in that I do forgo them for so peerless a paragon. Now, fair heavens, farewell! The sun, moon, and stars shall I in this world never behold again; and farewell also the fruitful earth: well may I feel thee, but those poor windows of my body[5] are now denied to view thee anymore. And though the world hath never[6] been my foe, yet will I bid it farewell too, and farewell all my friends. Whiles I live here in this world, I must suppose to sleep, and wake when I come in Heaven, where I hope to see you all again. Yet, had it pleased the King, I had rather lost my life than my eyes. Life? Why, what is it but a flower, a bubble in the water, a span long and full of misery?[7] Of such small account is life that every soldier will sell it for sixpence. And trust me, I do now detest life, worse than a goat doth hate basil."[8]

With that, the doctor prepared his instrument, and being ready to set to the Duke's eyes, he said, "Oh stay, Master Doctor, till I have conveyed my love's countenance down into my heart! Come hither, my sweet, and let me give thee my last kiss, while my eyes may direct me to thy cherry lips."

Then embracing her in his arms, he said, "Oh, that I might give thee a kiss of twenty years long, and to satisfy my greedy eyes with thy fair sight; yet it doth somewhat content me, because thou art

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1 *Doctor Piero* The physician is not named in Holinshed.

2 Cf. *Tilley* M973: "The resolved mind has no cares."

3 Pliny notes the stag's hatred of serpents, and that it will dig them out of their holes and eat them; however, he says nothing about this action giving the stag renewed vigour (*Pliny, Natural History*, 2.321).

4 Proverb, "Honour is the reward of virtue" (*Tilley* H571).

5 Cf. *Tilley* E231: "The eye is the window of the mind."

6 The 1623 edition reads "ever," which, given Robert's consistent bad luck throughout the tale, makes better sense.

7 Proverb, "Life is but a span (bubble)" (*Tilley* L251).

8 *worse than a goat doth hate basil* See *Pliny, Natural History*, 2.54, where Pliny cites Chrysippius on the harmful effects of basil, "being hurtful to the stomach, suppressing urine, and an enemy to clear sight," all of which goats intuit "by a secret in Nature" and thus eschew it.

present at my punishment, that I may hold thee by the hand to comfort my heart at the sudden prick of my eye."

This being said, the doctor performed his duty and so put out the crystal sight. At what time, Duke Robert started up and with a most manly courage said, "I must thank his Majesty that though he depriveth me of my sight, yet he leaveth me eyes to weep for my sins."

But so soon as Margaret beheld the deed, she fell down in a swoon, and much ado her dame had to recover her life; which, when the Duke understood, he was wondrous woe, groping for her with his bleeding eyes, saying, "Oh, where is my love? For God's sake, have regard to her! And I pray you most heartily, Goodwife Gray, let her have this favour for my sake, that she may be used kindly."

And with that the keepers led him into the castle, and Margaret was carried away wondrous sick and ill; but her dame was most tender over her, and would suffer her to lack nothing. When she was somewhat well recovered, her dame Gray set her on horseback, and at her coming to Gloucester there was no small joy.

CHAPTER 14

How Thomas Dove, Being Fallen to Decay, Was Forsaken of His Friends, and Despised of His Servants; and How in the End He Was Raised Again through the Liberality of the Clothiers.

Such as seek the pleasure of this world follow a shadow wherein is no substance;[1] and as the adder aspis tickleth a man to death, so doth vain pleasure flatter us till it makes us forget God and consume our substance, as by Tom Dove it is apparent, who had through a free heart and a liberal mind wasted his wealth. And look how his goods consumed, so his friends fled from him. And albeit he had been of great ability and thereby done good unto many, yet no man regarded him in his poverty, but, casting a scornful countenance upon him, they passed by him with slender salutation. Neither would any of his old acquaintance do him good, or pleasure him the value of a farthing; his former friendship done to them was quite forgot, and he made of as much account as Job when he sat on the dunghill.[2]

Now when his wicked servants saw him in this disgrace with the world, they on the other side began to disdain him. Notwithstanding that he (to his great cost) had long time brought them up, yet did they nothing regard it, but behind his back in most scornful sort derided him, and both in their words and actions greatly abused him; reverence they would do none unto him, but when they spoke it was in such malapert[3] sort as would grieve an honest mind to hear it.

At last it came to pass that, breaking out into mere contempt, they said they would stay no longer with him, and that it was a great discredit to them to serve a person so beggarly; whereupon they thought it convenient to seek for their benefits elsewhere. When the distressed man found the matter so plain, being in great grief, he spoke thus unto them:

"Now do I find, to my sorrow, the small trust that is in this false world. Why, my masters, (quoth he) have you so much forgotten my former prosperity that you nothing regard my present necessity? In your wants, I forsook you not; in your sickness, I left you not, nor despised you in your great poverty. It is not unknown, though you do not consider it, that I took some of you up in the highway, othersome[4] from your needy parents, and brought the rest from mere beggary to a house of bounty, where from paltry boys, I brought you up to man's estate, and have, to my great cost, taught you a trade whereby you may live like men. And in requital of all my courtesy, cost

[1] Cf. *Tilley* L479: "Follow pleasure and it will flee."

[2] *he made of as much account* i.e., he is as much celebrated, respected, or appreciated as; *Job when he sat on the dunghill* In the Old Testament, Job, a wealthy, respected, and pious man, is reduced by God to abject poverty as a test of his faith; Job is scorned by those who previously respected him.

[3] *malapert* presumptuous, impudent.

[4] *othersome* some others.

and good will, will you now on a sudden forsake me? Is this the best recompense that you can find your hearts to yield me?

"This is far from the minds of honest servants. The fierce lion is kind to those that do him good: pluck but one thorn out of his foot, and for the same he will show manifold favours. The wild bull will not overthrow his dam, and the very dragons are dutiful to their nourishers. Be better advised, and call to mind, I beseech you, that I have not plucked a thorn out of your feet,[1] but drawn your whole bodies out of perils, and when you had no means to help yourselves, I only was your support, and he that when all other forsook you did comfort you in all your extremities."

"And what of all this?" quoth one of them. "Because you took us up poor, doth it therefore follow that we must be your slaves? We are young men, and for our parts we are no further to regard your profit than it may stand with our preferment. Why should we lose our benefit to pleasure you? If you taught us our trade, and brought us up from boys to men, you had our service for it, whereby you made no small benefit, if you had as well used it as we got it. But if you be poor, you may thank yourself, being a just scourge for your prodigality, and is my opinion plain that to stay with you is the next way to make us like you, neither able to help ourselves nor our friends. Therefore, in brief, come pay me my wages, for I will not stay; let the rest do as they will, for I am resolved."

"Well," said his master, "if needs thou wilt be gone, here is part of thy wages in hand, and the rest, as soon as God sends it, thou shalt have it."

And with that, turning to the rest, he said, "Let me yet entreat you to stay, and leave me not altogether destitute of help. By your labours must I live, and without you I know not what to do. Consider, therefore, my need, and regard my great charge. And if, for my sake, you will do nothing, take compassion on my poor children; stay my sliding foot, and let me not utterly fall through your flying from me."

"Tush," quoth they, "what do you talk to us? We can have better wages, and serve a man of credit, where our fare shall be far better and our gains greater. Therefore, the world might count us right coxcombs[2] if we should forsake our profit to pleasure you. Therefore, adieu! God send you more money, for you are like to have no more men." And thus they departed.

When they were gone, within awhile after they met one with another, saying, "What cheer? Are you all come away?"

"In faith, aye. What should we do else?" quoth they. "But hearest thou, sirrah: hast thou got thy wages?"

"Not yet," sayeth the other, "but I shall have it, and that is as good. 'Tis but ten shillings."

"Sayest thou so?" said he. "Now I see thou art one of God Almighty's idiots!"

"Why so?" said the other.

"Because," quoth he, "thou wilt be fed with shales.[3] But I'll tell thee one thing: 'twere best for thee quickly to arrest him, lest some other doing it before, there be nothing left to pay thy debt. Hold thy peace—fair words make fools fain;[4] and it is an old saying, 'One bird in hand is worth two in bush.'[5] If thou dost not arrest him presently, I will not give thee two pence for thy ten shillings."

"How shall I come by him?" quoth the other.

"Give me but two pots of ale, and I'll betray him," sayeth he.

So they being agreed, this smooth-faced Judas comes to his late master and told him that a friend of his at the door would speak with him. The unmistrusting man, thinking no evil, went to the door, where presently an officer arrested him at his man's suit.

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[1] *I have not plucked a thorn out of your feet* a reference to the fable attributed to Aesop, "Androcles and the Lion." Androcles helps a wounded lion by removing a thorn from its paw; in return, when the lion and Androcles find themselves in the same Roman arena, the lion refuses to harm him. The Emperor has them both released.

[2] *coxcombs* fools, dolts.

[3] *shales* shells or husks.

[4] Proverb, "Fair words (promises) make fools fain" (i.e., glad, well-pleased) (*Tilley* W794).

[5] *'One … bush' Tilley* B363.

The poor man seeing this, being stricken into a sudden sorrow, in the grief of his heart spoke to this effect: "Ah, thou lewd fellow! Art thou the first man that seeks to augment my misery? Have I thus long given thee bread to breed my overthrow? And nourished thee in thy need to work my destruction? Full little did I think, when thou so often didst dip thy false fingers in my dish,[1] that I gave food to my chiefest foe! But what booteth[2] complaints in these extremes? Go wife (quoth he) unto my neighbours, and see if thou canst get any of them to be my bail."

But in vain was her pains spent. Then he sent her to his kinsfolks, and they denied him; to his brother, and he would not come at him. So that there was no shift,[3] but to prison he must. But as he was going, a messenger met him with a letter from Master Cole, wherein (as you heard) he had promised him £200, which when the poor man read he greatly rejoiced, and showing the same to the officer, he was content to take his own word. Whereupon Tom Dove went presently to Reading, where, at his coming, he found all the rest of the clothiers lamenting Cole's untimely death; where the woeful widow paid him the money, by which deed all the rest of the clothiers were induced to do something for Dove. And thereupon one gave him ten pounds, another twenty, another thirty pounds, to begin the world anew. And by this means (together with the blessing of God) he grew into greater credit than ever he was before. And riches being thus come upon him, his former friends came fawning unto him, and when he had no need of them, then every one was ready to proffer him kindness. His wicked servants also that disdained him in his distress were after glad to come creeping unto him, entreating with cap and knee for his favour and friendship. And albeit he seemed to forgive their trespasses done against him, yet he would often say, he would never trust them for a straw.[4]

And thus he ever after lived in great wealth and prosperity, doing much good to the poor, and at his death left to his children great lands.

CHAPTER 15

How Fair Margaret Made Her Estate and High Birth Known to Her Master and Dame: And for the Entire Love She Bore to Duke Robert, Made a Vow Never to Marry, but Became a Nun in the Abbey at Gloucester.

After fair Margaret was come again to Gloucester, never did she behold the clear day but with a weeping eye. And so great was the sorrow which she conceived for the loss of Duke Robert, her faithful lover, that she utterly despised all the pleasures of this life, and at last bewrayed herself in this sort unto her dame:

"O my good master and dame! Too long have I dissembled my parentage from you, whom the froward destinies do pursue to deserved punishment. The woeful daughter am I of the unhappy Earl of Shrewsbury, who ever since his banishment have done nothing but drawn mischance after me; wherefore, let me entreat you (dear master and dame) to have your good wills to spend the remnant of my life in some blessed monastery."

When Gray and his wife heard this, they wondered greatly, as well at her birth as at her strange demand. Whereupon her dame knew not how to call her, whether maiden or madam, but said, "Oh, good Lord, are you a lady, and I knew it not? I am sorry that I knew it not before."

But when the folks of the house heard that Margaret was a lady, there was no small alteration, and moreover her dame said that she had thought to have had a match between her and her son, and by many persuasions did seek to withdraw her from being a nun, saying in this manner:

"What, Margaret, thou art young and fair. The world (no doubt) hath better fortune for thee, whereby thou mayest leave an honourable issue behind thee, in whom thou mayest live after death."

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[1] Christ dips a morsel of food into a dish and gives it to Judas Iscariot, signalling that Judas will betray him (John 14:21-27).

[2] *booteth* avails, profits (i.e., what does it help to complain?).

[3] *shift* alternative.

[4] Cf. *Tilley* S917: "not to care (give) a straw."

These and many other reasons did they allege unto her, but all in vain, she making this reply:

"Who knoweth not that this world giveth the pleasure of an hour, but the sorrow of many days?[1] For it payeth ever that which it promiseth, which is nothing else but continual trouble and vexation of the mind. Do you think if I had the offer and choice of the mightiest princes of Christendom that I could match myself better than to my Lord Jesus? No, no, he is my husband, to whom I yield myself both body and soul, giving to him my heart, my love and most firm affection. I have overlong loved this vile world; therefore, I beseech you, farther dissuade me not."

When her friends by no means could alter her opinion, the matter was made known to his Majesty, who against the time that she should be received into the monastery came to Gloucester, with most part of his nobility, to honour her action with his princely presence.

All things being therefore prepared, the young lady was in most princely wise[2] attired in a gown of pure white satin, her kirtle of the same, embroidered with gold about the skirts; in most curious[3] sort, her head was garnished with gold, pearls, and precious stones, having her hair like threads of burnished gold hanging down behind her, in manner of a princely bride; about her ivory neck jewels of inestimable price were hung, and her hand-wrists were compassed about with bracelets of bright-shining diamonds.

The streets through the which she should pass were pleasantly decked with green oaken boughs. Then came the young lady, most like a heavenly angel, out of her master's house, at what time all the bells in Gloucester were solemnly rung, she being led betwixt the King's Majesty, having on his royal robes and imperial crown, and the chief bishop, wearing his mitre, in a cope of cloth of gold, over her head a canopy of white silk, fringed about in princely manner. Before her went a hundred priests singing, and after her all the chief ladies of the land, then all the wives and maidens of Gloucester followed, with an innumerable sort of people on every side standing to behold her. In this sort she passed on to the cathedral church, where she was brought to the nunnery gate.

The lady abbess received her, where the beautiful maiden kneeling down made her prayer in sight of all the people. Then with her own hands she undid her virgin's fair gown, and took it off, and gave it away to the poor; after that, her kirtle, then her jewels, bracelets and rings, saying, "Farewell the pride and vanity of this world." The ornaments of her head were the next she gave away, and then was she led on one side, where she was stripped, and instead of her smock of soft silk, had a smock of rough hair put upon her.

Then came one with a pair of shears, and cut off her golden-coloured locks, and with dust and ashes all bestrewed her head and face. Which being done, she was brought again into the people's sight barefoot and barelegged, to whom she said:

"Now, farewell the world; farewell the pleasures of this life; farewell my lord the King; and to the Duke's sweet love farewell. Now shall my eyes weep for my former transgressions, and no more shall my tongue talk of vanity. Farewell my good master and dame, and farewell all good people."

With which words she was taken away, and never after seen abroad. When Duke Robert heard thereof, he desired that at his death his body might be buried in Gloucester: "In that town," quoth he, "where first my clear eyes beheld the heavenly beauty of my love, and where for my sake she forsook the world;" which was performed accordingly.[4]

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[1] Proverb, "After pleasure comes pain (sorrow)" (*Tilley* P408).

[2] *wise* manner.

[3] *curious* excellent; elaborate.

[4] *When Duke Robert heard thereof … accordingly* In contrast, Holinshed comments: "Duke Robert being also spoiled of his dominions, lands, and liberties, was shortly committed to prison within the castle of Cardiff in Wales, where he remained about the space of 26 years, and then died" (*Chronicles*, 2.56); and "In the 34th year of his reign, his brother Robert Curthose departed this life in the castle of Cardiff. It is said that on a festival day King Henry put on a robe of scarlet, the cape whereof being streict [i.e., strait: tight-fitting, narrow], he rent it in striving to put it over his head: and perceiving it would not serve him, he laid it aside, and said: 'Let my brother Robert have this robe,

The King also at his death requested to be buried at Reading, for the great love he bore to that place, among those clothiers, who living were his heart's comfort.[1] Gray, dying wondrous wealthy, gave land to the monastery whereinto Margaret was taken. William Fitzalan also died a most rich man, having builded many houses for the poor, whose son Henry after was the first mayor that ever was ever in London.

Sutton of Salisbury did also at his death much good, and gave a £100 to be yearly lent to poor weavers of the town to the world's end.[2] Simon of Southampton gave a most bounteous gift towards the building of a monastery at Winchester. Hodgekins of Halifax did also great good, and so did Cuthbert of Kendall, who had married twenty-three couples out of his own house, giving each of them £10 to begin the world withal.[3] Martin Byram of Manchester gave toward the building of a free-school in Manchester a great mass of money.

And thus, gentle reader, have I finished my story of these worthy men, desiring thee to take my pains in good part, which will encourage me to greater matters, perceiving this courteously accepted.

FINIS.

—1st edition, ?1598-?1600; 1st extant print edition, 1612

who hath a sharper head than I have.' Which when it was brought to Duke Robert, and the rent place not sewed up, he perceived it, and asked whether any man had worn it before. The messenger told the whole matter how it happened. Wherewith Duke Robert took such a grief for the scornful mock of his brother, that he waxed weary of his life, and said: 'Now I perceive I have lived too long, that my brother shall clothe me like his almsman with his cast and rent garments.' Thus cursing the time of his nativity, he refused from thenceforth to eat or drink, and so pined away, and was buried at Gloucester" (2.76).

[1] The King expresses this desire earlier in the fiction (p. 1253, ll. 620-25). He died in Normandy, as a result of an ague caused by consuming a lamprey against the advice of his physician, and "his body was conveyed into England, and buried at Reading within the abbey church which he had founded, and endowed in his lifetime with great and large possessions. It is written, that his body, to avoid the stench which had infected many men, was enclosed in a bull's hide, and how he that cleansed his head died of the savour which issued out of the brain. Thus we see that even princes come to the like end by as base means as other inferior persons" (*Chronicles*, 2.76).

[2] Stow's *Survey London*, 1.113 records the bequest of Thomas White, "the founder of St John's College, Oxford, [who] left money to be lent out to poor clothiers in twenty-one towns."

[3] In Elizabethan England poor, newly-engaged, or married couples would sometimes receive charity in the form of money to outfit their new household.

Thomas Campion
1567-1620

Over the course of the sixteenth century, both the variety of printed materials and the markets for them expanded dramatically. Music printing was one of these areas, although most of its growth occurred at the end of the period. Up to and including 1600, 200 items of music had been printed. Of these, the bulk were collections of psalms, in multiple editions, that could be sung to well-known tunes, along with a few editions of Continental songs, and even fewer of English. In 1575, Thomas Tallis and William Byrd—both notable composers of church music—were granted the privilege, good for 21 years, to be sole printers and sellers of music books and papers.[1] Neither they nor the printer who owned the type for printing music actually made use of the monopoly and, in 1588, Byrd passed it on to Thomas East, a printer who published two items in that year.[2] That the music was intended for performance is shown by its layout: the vocal parts are displayed in several directions on the page so that singers could read it while standing around a table with the musical score in the middle. In their search for material to supply the growing demand for songs, East and others looked to the Italian madrigal tradition, and produced collections of both Italian songs and English translations or adaptations. While this anglicized material supplied immediate demand, it impeded the development of English song by reversing the relationship between text and music. In Italian madrigals, the text was traditionally preeminent and highly poetic. However, when English words, with their very different configurations of vowels and syllables, were forced to fit the Italian tunes, the poetry became, at best, stilted, and at worst, silly.[3] By the 1590s, anthologies of English poetry provided more sophisticated texts that were paired with the native English musical traditions of carol and ayre (i.e., solo song with lute accompaniment). The two arts were mutually influential, as the verse began to reflect natural speech rhythms while composers created tunes that emphasized elements of the typically pastoral poetry.[4]

As a poet with significant musical interests, Campion's position in this pattern of development, as both practitioner and theorist, is key. Born in 1567, Campion was sent to Cambridge in 1581 and, although he left Peterhouse in 1584 without a degree, his contemporaries included figures like Abraham Fraunce, Gabriel Harvey, and Thomas Nashe, all of whom were keenly interested in the state of English letters.[5] In 1586, Campion entered Gray's Inn, a London law school that produced a disproportionate number of poets, and eight years later left to move to St. Dunstan's-in-the-West, an area of London populated by musicians. Like many of the poets of the latter half of the century, Campion's literary education was rooted in Latin. Indeed, his first collection of poems, *Thomae Campioni Poemata* (1595), consisted of Latin epigrams and by the end of his career a third of his published work was in Latin.[6] The epigram's tight focus on character and topic created a vivid concision in Campion's English writing that was well-suited to song. Campion's combined interests in Latin, English, poetry, and music found expression by 1597 when he contributed a dedicatory poem to John Dowland's *First Book of Songs or Ayres*, which was the first collection of its type.[7] By 1601, Campion's songs made up the first 21 of Philip Rosseter's *Book of Ayres*, a volume in which connections between words and music developed significantly.[8]

A question that dogged English poets was how to bring the quantitative meter typical of verse in Latin and Italian to bear on poetry written in English. Quantitative meter uses syllable length to determine the pattern of the line. However, English operates on the basis of stresses rather than length of syllable, with the result that experiments with

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1 W. Maynard, *Elizabethan Lyric Poetry and its Music* (Oxford, 1986), p. 39.
2 Ibid., p. 40.
3 Ibid., p. 42.
4 Ibid., pp. 63-68.
5 Biographical details are drawn from E.B. Jorgens, "Thomas Campion," *DLB 172*.
6 Maynard, *Elizabethan Lyric Poetry*, p. 40.
7 Ibid., p. 40.
8 Ibid., p. 41.

the imposition of quantitative meter produced jolting results. Campion, steeped in both Latin and music, approached the problem from two angles. One was to use the note values in the music to produce long and short syllables in the verse he set. The other, articulated in his *Observations on the Art of English Poetry* (1598), was to align classical quantities with the natural stress patterns in English. Thus, long syllables find their equivalents in stressed syllables and short in unstressed syllables. For example, iambic pentameter, consisting in Latin of a short syllable followed by a long one, becomes an unstressed syllable followed by a stressed one. This solution proved to be the more functional. Another issue raised by Campion was the place of rhyme in English verse and his contention that rhyme was nothing more than a superficial verbal trick was rebutted by Samuel Daniel in his 1603 *Defense of Rhyme*.[1]

For Campion, the yoking of poetry and music brought him into contact with the court of James I, for which he provided libretti for three masques in 1607 and 1613. This activity inadvertently involved him in one of the most sensational murder trials of the early seventeenth century. Campion wrote *The Squire's Masque* for the 1613 marriage of Robert Carr, Viscount Rochester and later earl of Somerset, and Frances Howard, countess of Essex, who divorced her husband in favour of Carr. This event was opposed by Carr's friend, Sir Thomas Overbury, on the grounds of the Countess's reputation for immodesty and the fact that the relationship commenced well before Howard's divorce. Carr and Howard managed to have Overbury imprisoned and poisoned until he died in September of that year. The marriage took place a couple of months later. Suspicion of the plot was not raised until 1615, and an investigation followed. Campion was linked to these events through both his court connections and his other occupation as a physician, for which he entered training at the university in Caen in 1602. His friend and patient, Thomas Monson, was involved in the sale of the office of lieutenant of the Tower to a conspirator in the murder and Campion unwittingly transported money for the transaction. Campion and Monson were both acquitted at the 1617 trial because of their apparent lack of awareness of the plot, although Monson languished in prison from 1615. The stress of this period appears to have taken its toll, for Campion withdrew from the royal Court and its intrigues and died in 1620.

EDITIONS: *Book of Ayres*. Comp. and ed., Philip Rosseter. London: Peter Short, 1601. STC 21332; *Observations in the Art of English Poesie*. London: Richard Field for Andrew Wise, 1602. STC 4543.

from *A Book of Ayres*

III

I care not for these ladies
That must be wooed and prayed.
Give me kind Amaryllis,[2]
The wanton country maid,
Nature art disdaineth;
Her beauty is her own,
  Her when we court and kiss,
  She cries, "Forsooth[3] let go!"
  But when we come where comfort is
  She never will say no.

If I love Amaryllis,
She gives me fruit and flowers,
But if we love these ladies,
We must give golden showers,
Give them gold that sell love,
Give me the Nutbrown Lass,[4]
  Who when we court, etc.

These ladies must have pillows,
And beds by strangers wrought,
Give me a bower of willows,
Of moss and leaves unbought.

[1] Jorgens, "Thomas Campion," p. 43.

[2] *Amaryllis* common name for a female lover in pastoral poetry.

[3] *Forsooth* truly.

[4] *Nutbrown Lass* i.e., Amaryllis.

And fresh Amaryllis
With milk and honey fed,
  Who when we court, etc.

V

My love hath vowed he will forsake me
And I am already sped.
Far other promise he did make me
When he had my maidenhead.[1]
If such danger be in playing,
And sport must to earnest turn,
I will go no more a-Maying.[2]

Had I foreseen what is ensued,[3]
And what now with pain I prove,
Unhappy then I had eschewed[4]
This unkind event of love,
Maids foreknow their own undoing,
But fear naught[5] till all is done,
When a man alone is wooing.

Dissembling[6] wretch to gain thy pleasure,
What didst thou not vow and swear?
So didst thou rob me of the treasure,
Which so long I held so dear,
Now thou prov'st to me a stranger,
Such is the vile guise of men,
When a woman is in danger.

That heart is nearest to misfortune,
That will trust a feigned[7] tongue,
When flattering men our loves importune,[8]
They intend us deepest wrong.
If this shame of love's betraying
But this once I cleanly[9] shun,
I will go no more a-Maying.

VI

When to her lute Corinna[10] sings,
Her voice revives the leaden strings,
And doth in highest notes appear
As any challeng'd[11] echo clear,
But when she doth of mourning speak,
Ev'n with her sighs the strings do break.

And as her lute doth live and die,
Led by her passion, so must I,
For when of pleasure she doth sing,
My thoughts enjoy a sudden spring,
But if she doth of sorrow speak,
Ev'n from my heart the strings do break.

VIII

It fell on a summer's day
While sweet Bessie sleeping lay
In her bower, on her bed,
Light with curtains shadowed,
Jamy came, she him spies
Op'ning half her heavy eyes.

Jamy stole in through the door,
She lay slumb'ring as before,
Softly to her he drew near,
She heard him, yet would not hear,
Bessie vow'd not to speak,
He resolv'd that dump[12] to break.

First a soft kiss he doth take,
She lay still, and would not wake,
Then his hands learn'd to woo,
She dreamt not what he would do,
But still slept, while he smiled
To see love by sleep beguiled.

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1 *maidenhead* virginity.
2 *a-Maying* celebration of or participation in the festivities of May-day.
3 *is ensued* has resulted.
4 *eschewed* shunned, escaped.
5 *naught* nothing.
6 *Dissembling* deceiving.
7 *feigned* false.
8 *importune* pester, solicit pressingly.
9 *cleanly* entirely, wholly.
10 *Corinna* popular name for female lover in Latin pastoral poetry.
11 *challeng'd* challenging.
12 *dump* daze, reverie.

Jamy then began to play,
Bessie as one buried lay,
Gladly still through this sleight,[1]
Deceiv'd in her own deceit,
And since this trance begun,
She sleeps ev'rie afternoon.

—1601

from *Observations in the Art of English Poesy*

Wherein it is demonstratively proved, and by example confirmed, that the English tongue will receive eight several[2] *kinds of numbers,*[3] *proper to itself, which are all in this book set forth, and were never before this time by any man attempted.*

To the Right Noble and Worthily Honoured, the Lord Buckhurst,[4] Lord High Treasurer of England.

In two things (Right Honourable) it is generally agreed that man excels all other creatures, in reason and speech, and in them by how much one man surpasseth another, by so much the nearer he aspires to a celestial essence.

Poesy in all kind of speaking is the chief beginner and maintainer of eloquence, not only helping the ear with acquaintance of sweet numbers, but also raising the mind to a more high and lofty conceit.[5] For this end have I studied to induce[6] a true form of versifying into our language, for the vulgar and unartificial[7] custom of rhyming hath I know deterred many excellent wits from the exercise of English poesy. The observations which I have gathered for this purpose, I humbly present to your lordship, as to the noblest judge of poesy, and the most honourable protector of all industrious learning, which if your Honour shall vouchsafe[8] to receive, who both in your public and private poems have so divinely crowned your fame, what man will dare to repine?[9] or not strive to imitate them? Wherefore with all humility I subject myself and them to your gracious favour, beseeching you in the nobleness of your mind to take in worth so simple a present, which by some work drawn from my more serious studies, I will hereafter endeavour to excuse.

Your lordship's humbly devoted
Thomas Campion

The First Chapter, Entreating[10] of Numbers in General

There is no writing too brief, that without obscurity comprehends the intent of the writer. These my late observations in English poesy I have thus briefly gathered, that they might prove the less troublesome in perusing, and the more apt to be retained in memory. And I will first generally handle the nature of numbers.[11] Number is *discreta quantitas*,[12] so that when we speak simply of number, we intend only the dissevered[13] quantity; but when we speak of a poem written in number, we consider not only the distinct number of the syllables, but also their value, which is contained in the length or shortness of their sound. As in music we do not say a strain of so many notes, but so many sem'briefs[14] (though sometimes there are no more notes than sem'briefs), so in a verse the numeration of the syllables is not so much to be observed, as their weight and due proportion. In joining of words to harmony there is nothing

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1 *sleight* craft, trick.
2 *several* separate.
3 *numbers* metrical feet.
4 *Lord Buckhurst* Thomas Sackville (1536-1608) was a courtier, ambassador, lord treasurer, and accomplished poet. See *Mirror for Magistrates*, p. 290, note 2.
5 *conceit* thought, idea.
6 *induce* introduce, bring in.
7 *unartificial* not artful.
8 *vouchsafe* deign, grant.
9 *repine* complain, regard with dissatisfaction.
10 *Entreating* treating.
11 *numbers* metrical feet determined by syllable length.
12 *discreta quantitas* Latin, "separate value."
13 *dissevered* separated.
14 *sem'briefs* i.e, semibreves, the equivalent of the modern whole note.

more offensive to the ear than to place a long syllable with a short note, or a short syllable with a long note, though in the last the vowel often bears it out. The world is made by symmetry and proportion, and is in that respect compared to music, and music to poetry, for Terence saith, speaking of poets, *artem qui tractant musicam*,[1] confounding music and poesy together. What music can there be where there is no proportion observed? Learning first flourished in Greece; from thence it was derived unto the Romans, both diligent observers of the number and quantity of syllables, not in their verses only, but likewise in their prose. Learning, after the declining of the Roman Empire and the pollution of their language through the conquest of the barbarians, lay most pitifully deformed, till the time of Erasmus, Reuchlin, Sir Thomas More,[2] and other learned men of that age, who brought the Latin tongue again to light, redeeming it with much labour out of the hands of the illiterate monks and friars, as a scoffing[3] book entitled *Epistolae obscurorum virorum*[4] may sufficiently testify. In those lack-learning times, and in barbarized Italy, began that vulgar and easy kind of poesy which is now in use throughout most parts of Christendom, which we abusively call rhyme and meter, of *rithmus* and *metrum*, of which I will now discourse.

The Second Chapter, Declaring the Unaptness of Rhyme in Poesy.

I am not ignorant that whosoever shall, by way of reprehension,[5] examine the imperfections of rhyme must encounter with many glorious enemies, and those very expert, and ready at their weapon, that can if need be extempore[6] (as they say) rhyme a man to death. Besides there is grown a kind of prescription in the use of rhyme, to forstall the right of true numbers, as also the consent of many nations, against all which it may seem a thing almost impossible and vain to contend. All this and more cannot yet deter me from a lawful defence of perfection, or make me any whit the sooner adhere to that which is lame and unbeseeming.[7] For custom I allege[8] that ill uses are to be abolished, and that things naturally imperfect cannot be perfected by use. Old customs, if they be better, why should they not be recalled, as the yet flourishing custom of numerous poesy used among the Romans and Grecians. But the unaptness of our tongues and the difficulty of imitation disheartens us; again the facility and popularity of rhyme creates as many poets as a hot summer flies. But let me now examine the nature of that which we call rhyme. By rhyme is understood that which ends in the like sound, so that verses in such manner composed yield but a continual repetition of that rhetorical figure which we term *similiter desinentia*,[9] and that being but *figura verbi*[10] ought (as Tully[11] and all other rhetoricians have judicially observed) sparingly to be used, lest it should offend the care with tedious affectation. Such was that absurd following of the letter amongst our English so much of late affected, but now hissed out of Paul's Churchyard, which foolish figurative repetition crept also into the Latin tongue, as it is manifest in the book of P[s] called *Praelia Porcorum*, and another pamphlet all of F[s],[12] which I have seen imprinted, but I will leave these follies to their own

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1 *artem ... musicam* Latin, "those who practice the art of music."

2 *Erasmus ... More* Desiderius Erasmus (c. 1466-1536), Johannes Reuchlin (1455-1522), and Thomas More (1478-1535) were leading northern European humanists, who emphasized the revival of Latin as an international language of scholarship.

3 *scoffing* satirical, ridiculing.

4 *Epistolae obscurorum virorum* "Letters of Obscure Men," a 1515 defense of Reuchlin by satirist Crotus Rubianus (c. 1480-c. 1539) and Ulrich von Hutten (1488-1523) that scorned scholasticism and monasticism.

5 *reprehension* refutation, rebuke.

6 *extempore* impromptu.

7 *unbeseeming* unbecoming, unbefitting.

8 *allege* affirm.

9 *similiter desinentia* Latin, "similar ending" (i.e., rhyming).

10 *figura verbi* Latin, "figure of words" (i.e., verbal ornament).

11 *Tully* Marcus Tullius Cicero (106-43 BCE) was a famous orator and rhetorician who served as a model for humanist writings in Latin.

12 *book of P[s] ... pamphlet all of F[s] Pugna Porcorum per P. Porcium Poetam*—"Battle of the Pigs by P. Porcius, poet"—was a burlesque in which each word begins with "p," published in 1530. The pamphlet all of "f"s is unidentified (W.R. Davis, *The Works of Thomas Campion*, New York, 1970, p. 294).

ruin and return to the matter intended. The ear is a rational sense, and a chief judge of proportion, but in our kind of rhyming what proportion is there kept, where there remains such a confused inequality of syllables? Iambic[1] and trochaic[2] feet which are opposed by nature, are by all rhymers confounded. Nay, oftentimes they place instead of an iambic the foot pyrrychius, consisting of two short syllables, curtailing their verse,[3] which they supply in reading with a ridiculous, and unapt, drawing of their speech. As for example:

Was it my destiny, or dismal chance?

In this verse the two last syllables of the word, "destiny," being both short, and standing for a whole foot in the verse, cause the line to fall out shorter than it ought by nature. The like impure errors have in time of rudeness been used in the Latin tongue, as the *Carmina Proverbialia*[4] can witness, and many other such reverend babbles. But the noble Grecians and Romans whose skillful monuments outlive barbarism, tied themselves to the strict observation of poetical numbers, so abandoning the childish titillation of rhyming, that it was imputed a great error to Ovid[5] for setting forth this one rhyming verse,

Quot coelum stellas tot habet tua Roma puellas.[6]

For the establishing of this argument, what better confirmation can be had, than that of Sir Thomas More in his book of epigrams,[7] where he makes two sundry epitaphs upon the death of a singing man at Westminster, the one in learned number and disliked, the other in rude rhyme and highly extolled, so that he concludes, *tales lactucas talia labri petunt*, "like lips, like lettuce."[8] But there is yet another fault in rhyme altogether intolerable, which is that it enforceth a man oftentimes to abjure[9] his matter, and extend a short conceit beyond all bounds of art, for in quatorzeens[10] methinks the poet handles his subject as tyrannically as Procrustes[11] the thief his prisoners, whom when he had taken, he used to cast upon a bed, which if they were too short to fill, he would stretch them longer; if too long, he would cut them shorter. Bring before me now any the most self-loved rhymer, and let me see if without blushing he be able to read his lame halting rhymes. Is there not a curse of nature laid upon such rude poesy, when the writer is himself ashamed of it, and the hearers in contempt call it rhyming and ballating?[12] What divine in his sermon, or grave counseller in his oration will allege the testimony of a rhyme? But the divinity of the Romans and Grecians was all written in verse and Aristotle, Galen,[13] and the books of all the excellent philosophers are full of the testimonies of the old poets. By them was laid the foundation of all human wisdom, and from them the knowledge of

[1] *Iambic* metrical foot made up of an unaccented syllable followed by an accented syllable. In quantitative meter, this pattern is expressed by a short syllable followed by a long syllable.

[2] *trochaic* metrical foot made up of an accented syllable followed by an unaccented syllable. In quantitative meter, this pattern is expressed by a long syllable followed by a short syllable.

[3] *pyrrychius … curtailing their verse* shortening the time value of the line so that, while the line contains the correct number of syllables, its time value is thrown off by the substitution of a short syllable for a long one (Davis, p. 295).

[4] *Carmina Proverbialia* anthology of contemporary Latin poetry published in 1576.

[5] *Ovid* Roman poet, Publius Ovidius Naso (43 BCE-c. 17 CE).

[6] *Quot coelum stellas tot habet tua Roma puellas* Latin, "The sky has as many stars as your Rome girls."

[7] *Thomas More … epigrams* More's *Epigrammata* (1518).

[8] Proverb, "Like (such) lips like (such) lettuce" (*Tilley* L326), meaning that ill-natured people are usually matched with equally ill-natured ones (like a bad servant with an evil master, or a dull pupil with an ignorant teacher).

[9] *abjure* abandon, abnegate.

[10] *quatorzeens* i.e., quatorzains, fourteen-line rhymed stanzas.

[11] *Procrustes* Procrustes kept a house by the side of the road where he offered hospitality to passing strangers, who were invited in for a pleasant meal and a night's rest in a bed described as having the unique property that its length exactly matched whomsoever lay down upon it. This adjustment was achieved by stretching or compressing the occupant, rather than the bed itself.

[12] *ballating* composing ballads, which typically employ a galloping meter.

[13] *Aristotle, Galen* Greek writers on philosophy, science, and medicine.

all antiquity is derived. I will propound but one question, and so conclude this point: if the Italians, Frenchmen, and Spaniards, that with commendation have written in rhyme, were demanded whether they had rather the books they have published (if their tongue would bear it) should remain as they are in rhyme or be translated into the ancient numbers of the Greeks and Romans, would they not answer "into numbers"? What honour were it then for our English language to be the first that, after so many years of barbarism, could second the perfection of the industrious Greeks and Romans? Which how it may be effected I will now proceed to demonstrate.

—1602

Elizabeth Grymeston

b. in or before 1563-d. 1601/1604

Elizabeth Grymeston's collection of advice for her only surviving son is the first in a series of five mother's advice books written by women in the first quarter of the seventeenth century. Grymeston's *Miscellanea. Meditations. Memoratives* went through four editions in two versions. The first, published in 1604, contained fourteen chapters, with that number increasing to twenty in subsequent editions.[1] The book is of interest not just because of its seminal position in the history of women's advice-writing, but also because it gives voice to the Roman Catholic minority during Elizabeth I's reign and subtly transgresses legal limits on the articulation of recusant views.[2]

Many details of Grymeston's life are unclear. She was born in or before 1563 to Martin and Margaret Bernye, of Norfolk, and by 1584 had married Christopher Grymeston, who came from a Yorkshire family.[3] The marriage was a curious affair, insofar as Christopher Grymeston appears to have been in the midst of his education at Caius College, Cambridge, at the time and was a fellow of the college until 1592. Since, according to university statutes, fellowships could not be retained after marriage, the Grymestons must have concealed theirs until 1592 when Christopher entered Gray's Inn, one of the London law schools.[4] After this time, he appears to have been able to gain title to some of the Bernye property for his wife, albeit not without an acrimonious dispute with her mother. Of the couple's nine children, only the addressee of the volume, Bernye, survived. The date of Elizabeth Grymeston's death is as unclear as that of her birth. Critics have usually posited 1602 or 1603, as the text quotes some poems that were not in print until 1601 and Grymeston was dead by the time the first edition was published in 1604.[5]

From the evidence of her work, Grymeston appears to have had an education that included Latin, Greek, and Italian. This fairly typical humanist education is reflected in Grymeston's textual practice, for the wisdom she presents to her son is quoted or adapted from a variety of sources in all of the languages with which she was familiar. Grymeston is frank about the book's composition from textual fragments and while her prose borrowings are worked smoothly into a consistent style, the fragments of verse are easily recognizable and drawn largely from a printed poetic miscellany, *England's Parnassus or Flowers of Our Modern Poets* (1600).[6] Grymeston selects her sources in clusters that address the issues she wishes to raise for her son, a process aided by the organization of poetic extracts in *England's Parnassus* according to the categories of doctrine they represent, such as Soul, Pleasure, and Death. Advice offered to sons by fathers is part of a humanist tradition stretching from Erasmus to figures like William Cecil and Walter Ralegh. Humanist tradition provides a basis for advice books by women as well, for in both humanist and Protestant writing on the family the mother was supposed to take an active role in the academic and spiritual education of her children. Nicholas Breton set the immediate stage for advice-writing by mothers with his *The Mother's Blessing* (1602), in which he adopts a female voice for his speaker.[7]

While Grymeston's work, like that of the women who followed her, is ostensibly directed at her son as its sole audience, she engages, both directly and indirectly, issues of authority and recusancy. Legislation against Roman Catholics grew increasingly draconian in the latter part of Elizabeth's reign. A 1585 statute made Roman Catholics who refused to attend Church of England services liable to a fine of £20 a month, which was equal to the annual salary of an average parish schoolmaster.[8] In the event that an offender could not pay the fine, the state could confiscate all of their goods and two thirds of their land, even to the point of taking a household's only remaining cow and stripping the house of its

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1 R. Hughey and P. Hereford, "Elizabeth Grymeston and her *Miscellanea*," *The Library*, 4th Series, 15 (1934): p. 61.

2 See M. Matchinske, "Gendering Catholic Conformity: The Politics of Equivocation in Elizabeth Grymeston's *Miscelanea*," *Journal of English and Germanic Philology* 101 (2002): pp. 329-57.

3 Hughey and Hereford, "Elizabeth Grymeston," p. 71.

4 Ibid., pp. 72-74.

5 Ibid., p. 75.

6 Ibid., pp. 83-84.

7 K. Poole, "'The Fittest Closet for all Goodness': Authorial Strategies of Jacobean Mothers' Manuals," *Studies in English Literature* 35 (1995): p. 70.

8 J. Carey, *John Donne: Life, Mind, and Art* (Oxford, 1981), p. 15.

linens, provisions, and window glass. By declaring it high treason for any Jesuit or seminary priest to be within the boundaries of the Queen's possessions, and a felony for any lay person to assist or harbour him, legislation effectively made practicing Roman Catholicism illegal. Investigations, raids, and persecution were active and prisons, in which offenders were kept under appalling conditions and subject to horrific torture, were established and filled with Catholics. As a result, it was common for the male heads of families to conform outwardly, which left Roman Catholic practice as a covert female activity and made the mother very significant in the shaping of the spiritual life of a family's children.[1]

A combination of family connections and allusions within her work provide evidence for Grymeston's Roman Catholic sympathies. The north tended to be a recusant stronghold and Christopher Grymeston's Yorkshire family had at least one branch known to be actively Roman Catholic, while he himself was at Caius College under Dr. Legge who, in 1582, was accused of encouraging "popery."[2] Robert Southwell, possibly the best-known recusant poet at the end of the century, was a kinsman of Elizabeth Grymeston and she herself appeared on the 1592-93 recusancy rolls, which indicates that her attendance at Church of England services was sparse enough to be noticed.[3] Grymeston's book opens with verses by Simon Grahame, a Franciscan priest,[4] and along with classical material from Seneca, Virgil, Terence, and Pindar, many of her prose borrowings are drawn from the Church Fathers, including thinkers like Gregory, Jerome, John Chrysostom, Ambrose, and Augustine. Consistent with this tendency is that all of her biblical quotations come from the Vulgate. Her motto, *En Ma Foy Je Suffre Tout* ("for my faith I suffer all"), is suggestive, in that it indicates submission while invoking the idea of martyrdom and resolute loyalty at the same time. In organizing the volume, Grymeston selects and groups her quotations in such a way as to articulate covertly a position on the questions of authority and loyalty. While her initial emphasis seems to be on questions of behaviour and self-discipline, she also concerns herself with the ephemerality of temporal power in the face of spiritual commitment, even when tyrants torture martyrs. In making these arguments, Grymeston exploits the ambiguous position offered by motherhood. On the one hand, she acknowledges her own female weakness and impotence, but on the other uses the spectre of her own death, along with her role as teacher to her children, to grant authority to her statements.

EDITION: *Miscelanea. Meditations. Memoratives.* London: Printed by Melchior Bradwood for Felix Norton, 1604. STC 12407.

from *Miscellanea. Meditations. Memoratives*

Non est rectum, quod a Deo non est directum.[5]

To Her Loving Son, Bernye Grymeston

The Epistle

My dearest son, there is nothing so strong as the force of love; there is no love so forcible as the love of an affectionate mother to her natural child: there is no mother can either more affectionately show her nature, or more naturally manifest her affection, than in advising her children out of her own experience to eschew[6] evil, and incline them to do that which is good. Out of these resolutions, finding the liberty of this age to be such as that *quicquid libet licet*,[7] so men keep themselves from criminal offences; and my mother's undeserved wrath so virulent as that I have neither power to resist it, nor patience to endure it, but must yield to this languishing consumption to which it hath brought me, I resolved to break the barren soil of my fruitless brain to dictate something for thy

1 Matchinske, "Gendering Catholic Conformity," p. 345.
2 Hughey and Hereford, "Elizabeth Grymeston," p. 81.
3 Matchinske, "Gendering Catholic Conformity," p. 337.
4 Ibid., p. 337.
5 *Non est rectum ... non est directum* Latin, "That which is not guided by God is not righteous."
6 *eschew* shun, avoid.
7 *quicquid libet licet* Latin, "Whatever is willed is law" (i.e., individuals are governed by their desires).

direction, the rather for that as I am now a dead woman among the living, so stand I doubtful of thy father's life, which, albeit[1] God hath preserved from eight several sinister assaults by which it hath been sought, yet for that I see that *Quem saepe transit casus, aliquando invenit*,[2] I leave thee this portable *veni mecum*[3] for thy counsellor, in which thou mayest see the true portraiture of thy mother's mind and find something either to resolve thee in thy doubts or comfort thee in thy distress, hoping that being my last speeches, they will be better kept in the conservance of thy memory, which I desire thou wilt make a register of heavenly meditations. For, albeit, if thou provest learned (as my trust is thou wilt, for that without learning man is but as an immortal beast) thou mayest happily think that if every philosopher fetched his sentence, these leaves would be left without lines, yet remember withal[4] that as it is the best coin that is of greatest value in fewest pieces, so is it not the worst book that hath most matter in least words.

The gravest wits, that most grave works expect,
The quality, not quantity, respect.

And the spider's web is neither the better because woven out of his own breast, nor the bee's honey the worse for that gathered out of many flowers; neither could I ever brook[5] to set down that haltingly in my broken style, which I found better expressed by a graver author.

God send thee, too, to be a wit's chameleon,
That any author's colour can put on.

I have prayed for thee that thou mightest be fortunate in two hours of thy lifetime: in the hour of thy marriage and at the hour of thy death. Marry in thine own rank and seek especially in it thy contentment and preferment.[6] Let her neither be so beautiful as that every liking eye shall level at her, nor yet so brown[7] as to bring thee to a loathed bed. Defer not thy marriage till thou comest to be saluted with a "God speed you, sir," as a man going out of the world after forty; neither yet to the time of "God keep you, sir," whilst thou art in thy best strength after thirty; but marry in the time of "You are welcome, sir," when thou art coming into the world, for seldom shalt thou see a woman out of her own love to pull a rose that is full blown, deeming them always sweetest at the first opening of the bud. It was Phaedra her confession to Hippolytus,[8] and it holds for truth with the most: *Thesei vultus amo illos priores quos tulit quondam iuvenis.*[9] Let thy life be formal that thy death may be fortunate, for he seldom dies well that liveth ill. To this purpose, as thou hast within thee reason as thy counsellor to persuade or dissuade thee and thy will as an absolute prince with a *fiat vel evitetur*, with a "let it be done or neglected," yet make thy conscience thy *censor morum*[10] and chief commander in thy little world. Let it call reason to account whether she have subjected herself against reason to sensual appetites. Let thy will be censured, whether her desires have been chaste or as a harlot she have lusted after her own delights. Let thy thoughts be examined. If they be good, they are of the Spirit (quench not the Spirit); if bad, forbid them entrance, for once admitted they straightways fortify and are expelled with more difficulty than not admitted.

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1 *albeit* even though, although.

2 *Quem saepe transit casus, aliquando invenit* Latin, "Whom calamity passes over frequently, it lights upon finally" (Seneca *Hercules Furens* l. 325).

3 *veni mecum* come with me (i.e., an easy reference).

4 *withal* besides, in addition.

5 *brook* tolerate, bear.

6 *preferment* advancement, promotion in condition.

7 *brown* A swarthy complexion was considered less desirable than a fair one.

8 *Phaedra ... Hippolytus* Phaedra was the daughter of King Minos of Crete who fell in love with Hippolytus, the son of Theseus and Hippolyta. Even though Phaedra, who in her youth had been a lover of Theseus, was Hippolytus' mother-in-law, this did not prevent her from desiring the young man, who did not return her ardour (*Dict. Gods and Mortals*).

9 *Thesei vultus ... quodam iuvenis* Latin, "I love those former looks of Theseus, which at one time the young man offered me" (Seneca, *Phaedra* l.646-47).

10 *censor morum* judge of moral order and decency.

Crush the serpent in the head,
Break ill eggs ere they be hatched.
Kill bad chickens in the tread,
Fledge, they hardly can be catched.
In the rising, stifle ill,
Lest it grow against thy will.[1]

For evil thoughts are the devil's harbingers;[2] he never resteth, but where they provide his entertainment. These are those little ones whose brains thou must dash out against the rock of true judgement, for

As a false lover that thick snares hath laid
T'entrap the honour of a fair young maid,
When she (though little) listening ear affords
To his sweet, courting, deep-affected[3] words,
Feels some assuaging of his freezing flame,
And soothes himself with hope to gain his game,
And rapt with joy, upon this point persists:
That parleying[4] city never long resists.
Even so the serpent that doth counterfeit
A guilefull call t'allure us to his net,
Perceiving us his flattering gloze[5] digest,
He prosecutes and jocund[6] doth not rest,
Till he have tried foot, hand, and head, and all,
Upon the breach[7] of this new-battered wall.[8]

I could be content to dwell with thee in this argument, but I must confine myself to the limits of an epistle, *quae non debet implere sinistram manum.*[9] To which rule I do the more willingly submit myself, for that the discourses following are motives to the same effect, which I pray thee use to peruse, even in that my affectionate love, which diffused amongst nine children which God did lend me, is now united in thee, whom God hath only left for my comfort and because God hath endued[10] thee with so violent a spirit, as that *quicquid vis valde vis*,[11] therefore by so much the more it behoveth[12] thee to deliberate what thou undertakest. To which purpose my desire is that thou mightest be seasoned with these precepts in thy youth, that the practice of thy age may have a taste of them. And because that it is incident[13] to quick spirits to commit rash attempts, as ever the love of a mother may challenge the performance of her demand of a dutiful child, be a bridle to thyself to restrain thee from doing that which indeed thou mayest do, that thou mayest the better forebear that which in truth thou oughtest not to do. For *haud cito progreditur ad maiora peccata, qui parva reformidat*; he seldomest commits deadly sin that makes a conscience of a venial[14] scandal.

Thou seest my love hath carried me beyond the list I resolved on and my aching head and trembling hand have rather a will to offer than ability to afford further discourse. Wherefore[15] with as many good wishes to thee as good will can measure, I abruptly end, desiring God to bless thee with sorrow for thy sins, thankfulness for his benefits, fear of his judgements, love of his mercies, mindfulness of his presence, that living in his fear thou mayest die in his favour, rest in his peace, rise in his power, remain in his glory, for ever and ever.

Thine assured loving mother
Elizabeth Grymeston

En Ma Foy Je Suffre Tout.[16]

[1] *Crush the serpent ... against thy will* from "Loss in Delays" by Robert Southwell.

[2] *harbingers* forerunners.

[3] *affected* both favourably inclined and pretended.

[4] *parleying* discussing terms (for surrender).

[5] *gloze* deceit, pretense.

[6] *jocund* merry, joyful.

[7] *breach* break.

[8] *As a false lover ... this new-battered wall* from *The Second Weeke or Childhood of the World, of the Noble, Learned and Diuine Salustius, Lord of Bartas*, trans. Joshua Sylvester. London: P. Short, 1598. STC 21661.5.

[9] *quae non debet ... manum* Latin, "Which ought not to employ the left hand" (i.e., should be brief). See Seneca *Epistulae Morales ad Lucilium* [Moral Letters to Lucilius], Epistle XLV.

[10] *endued* granted, endowed.

[11] *quicquid vis valde vis* Latin, "Whatever you wish, you wish vehemently."

[12] *behoveth* is necessary, is incumbent upon.

[13] *incident* liable, natural.

[14] *venial* pardonable, excusable.

[15] *Wherefore* in consequence, on account of.

[16] *En Ma Foy Je Suffre Tout* French, "For my faith I suffer all."

MISCELLANEA

Tota vita dies unus.[1]

Chapter I
A Short Line How to Level Your Life.

When thou risest, let thy thoughts ascend, that grace may descend, and if thou canst not weep for thy sins, then weep because thou canst not weep.

Remember that prayer is the wing wherewith thy soul flyeth to heaven and meditation the eye wherewith we see God and repentance the *supersedeas*[2] that dischargeth all bond of sin.

Let thy sacrifice be an innocent heart. Offer it daily at set hours, with that devotion that well it may show, thou both knowest and acknowledgest his greatness before whom thou art. So carry thyself as worthy of his presence.

Where thou owest, pay duty; where thou findest, return courtesies; where thou art known, deserve love. Desire the best; disdain none but evil company. Grieve but be not angry at discourtesies. Redress but revenge no wrongs. Yet so remember pity, as you forget not decency.

Let your attire be such as may satisfy a curious eye, and yet bear witness of a sober mind.

Arm yourself with that modesty that may silence that untemperate[3] tongue, and control that unchaste eye, that shall aim at passion.

Be mindful of things past, careful of things present, provident of things to come. Go as you would be met. Sit as you would be found. Speak as you would be heard. And when you go to bed, read over the carriage of yourself that day. Reform that is amiss and give God thanks for that which is orderly, and so commit thyself to him that keeps thee.

Teach me, O Lord, to number my ways, and to order my life after this thy direction.

[1] *Tota vita dies unus* Latin, "a whole life in a single day."

[2] *supersedeas* Latin, a writ commanding the stay of legal proceedings which ought otherwise to have proceeded.

[3] *untemperate* unbridled, immoderate.

Chapter III
A Pathetical Speech of the Person of Dives[4] in the Torments of Hell.

O Death, how sudden was thy arrest unto me? How unexpected while my body was strong, while my entrails were full of fat, and my bones were watered with marrow,[5] while I had rest in my substance and peace in my riches; in one night my soul was taken from me, and all my joy was turned into mourning:

Like as the sacred ox that careless stands,
With gilded horns and flowery garlands crowned,
Proud of his dying honour and dear bands,
Whilst theatres fume with frankincense around,
All suddenly with mortal blow astound
Doth grovelling fall and with his steaming gore
Distain[6] the pillars and the holy ground,
And the fair flowers that decked him afore,
So down I fell on wordless precious shore.[7]

I saw my friends forsake me in a moment. I felt how hard a thing it was to sever two such old acquaintances as my soul and body. I wanted no view of the vanities wherein I had delighted. On the one side hung a register of my sins committed; on the other side lay a catalogue of good deeds omitted. Within me boiled my conscience confessing and accusing me; before me stood the judgements of God denounced against sin so mustered[8] in rank, as I might well perceive my dangers were certain, and destruction imminent. In this ecstasy, while I desired but one hour's delay, I was carried with a motion *torrenti simili*, as swift as the torrent before the tribunal seat of God:

[4] *Dives* In Luke 16:19-31, a beggar named Lazarus dies and goes to Abraham's bosom (i.e., Heaven), while an unnamed wealthy man ("dives" is Latin for "riches") is consigned to Hell.

[5] *O Death … marrow* paraphrase of Job 21:23-24.

[6] *Distain* stain, discolour.

[7] *Like as the sacred ox … shore* slightly adapted from Spenser's *Faerie Queene* III.iv.17.

[8] *mustered* collected, assembled.

Under whose feet, subjected to his grace,
Sat Nature, Fortune, Motion, Time and Place.[1]

To this tribunal seat attended me my evil works, where Christ showing himself had laid open unto me the benefits he had bestowed upon me, the rewards he promised me, the torments he suffered for me, all which, the Devil confessing, concluded me to be his. For that though he never loved me, yet I served him; though he never gratified me, yet I obeyed him; without wooing he won me, performing what he suggested, embracing what he preferred, affecting everything he cast in my way, all which my conscience acknowledging, censured me to this bottomless depth, to this profound lake, to this sink[2] of the world, whither all the afflictions and unpleasant things in the world drain and unite themselves to take revenge of sin:

A deadly gulf, where nought but rubbish grows,
Which up in th' air such stinking vapour throws
That over there may fly no bird but dies,
Choked with the pestilent savours that arise.[3]

To this chaos of confusion, to this well of perdition wherein I am coarcted,[4] to this burning lake of fire and brimstone, wherein I lie burning but not consuming, lamenting but not pitied; where I vomit out the riches which I devoured, in pain without ease, in torture without intermission; where my lascivious eyes are afflicted with most ugly and fearful sights of grisly[5] devils. My ears that once were delicate, are laden now with the hideous noise of damned spirits; my nose that once was dainty is cloyed with the stink of unsupportable filth; my taste that sometimes was curious and forfeited with plenty is now tormented with want; my imagination is vexed with apprehension of pains present; my memory grieved with the loss of pleasures past; my understanding affected with the consideration of felicity[6] lost and misery found. Thus comparing senses' pleasure with incumbent[7] joys, I find my joys abortive, perished ere they bud, my pains everlasting, during[8] beyond eternity.

Your fond preferments are but children's toys,
And as a shadow all your pleasures pass.
As years increase, so waning are your joys:
Your bless[9] is brittle, like a broken glass,
Or as a tale of that which never was.[10]

Wherefore as one past cure, dejected beyond hope of redemption into endless perdition, rather condoling my misfortune, than expostulating my mishap whereof myself was author, I call to you, the glory of your age, the meat of time, who proud in your errors tread the path of worldly pleasures wherein I was impathed:[11] *Frustra, O frustra haec alio properanti.*

What in this life we have or can desire,
Hath time of growth and moment of retire.
So feeble is man's state as sure it will not stand,
Till it disordered be from earthly band.[12]

It was a condition annexed to our creation: *Intrasti ut exires*, thou wert born to die. Nothing more sure than thy dissolution, no time more uncertain than thy time of separation. Be always ready to prevent that enemy that is always in readiness to take advantage: *Qui non vult in vita praevidere mortem, non potest in morte videre vitam*: "Who while he lives will not prevent eternal death, shall never after death inherit eternal life."

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[1] *Under … Place* quoted from Tasso, *Gerusalemme Liberata*, trans. Edward Fairfax (1600), and found in *England's Parnassus*, p. 115.

[2] *sink* cesspool.

[3] *A deadly gulf … arise* quotation from Thomas Sackville's "Induction" to *A Mirror for Magistrates* (1563), found in *England's Parnassus*, p. 133. For "The Induction," see pp. 291-98.

[4] *coarcted* restricted, confined.

[5] *grisly* horrible, terrifying.

[6] *felicity* happiness.

[7] *incumbent* approaching.

[8] *during* enduring, lasting.

[9] *bless* i.e., bliss.

[10] *Your fond preferments … which never was* attributed to Michael Drayton in *England's Parnassus* (p. 230).

[11] *impathed* put into to pursue a course (neologism not in *OED*).

[12] *What in this life … from earthly band* conflation of lines by Thomas Lodge and Edmund Spenser (*The Faerie Queene* II.xi.30), found in *England's Parnassus*, pp. 168-69.

Let every one do all the good he can:
For never cometh ill of doing well.
Though just reward it wants here now and then,
Yet shame and evil death it doth expel ...
Wretched is he that thinks by doing ill,
His evil deeds long to conceal and hide:
For though the voice and tongues of men be still,
By fowls and beasts his sin shall be descried.
And God oft worketh by his secret will,
That sin itself the sinner so doth guide,
That of his own accord without request,
He makes his wicked doings manifest.
Shame follows sin never so closely done;
Shame always ends what wickedness begun.[1]

Hoc est momentum temporis unde pendet aeternitas: "The carriage of thyself in this life is the beam whereof[2] thy welfare forever dependeth."[3] Defer not thy amendment:

Good is best when soonest wrought,
Lingering thoughts do come to nought.
O suffer not delay to steal the treasure of that day,
Whose smallest minute lost, no riches render may.[4]

Turpe est eo statu vivere in quo non statuas mori: "In vain thou livest in that estate of life, in which thou meanest not to die." Make, oh make, your salvation sure unto you by good works. Incline your heart to do good, for the reward thereof is infinite, for he is coming and cometh quickly, and brings his reward with him to distribute to every one as he hath deserved even according to his works. Omission and commission brought my confusion.

Cautior exemplo tu: "let my example provoke you" to detest that wherein I took delight, lest you also to come hither to be tormented not only with oppression of eternal punishment, but with omission of everlasting joys, which I admire now, *carendo non fruendo*,[5] which if I might redeem by suffering all the torments that either tyrants have invented or martyrs suffered; if with my tongue I might lick out the print of my feet out of the way of sinners; if with tears of blood and water I might purge my uncleanness to work my redemption. *Ecce Domine paratum aegrum haberes in omnem medicinam*: "Behold, O Lord, thou shouldest have a patient fit for any cure." I would wring my drained eyes, *ut facile sentires paratum ad omne supplicium ipsum habitum orantis Christiani*.[6] But since my glass is run, and my sun set; since death hath overshadowed me, and that there is no pleading after sentence; since that *sero ducit suspiria, qui non expectat remedium*;[7] since my affecting what I should have desired is turned into a feeling of that I lost, *quia ex inferno nulla redemptio quia poenarum nullus finis, suppliciorum nulla defectio*, "because there is no end for my hell nor satisfaction for my punishment"; therefore to you I call, to you that careless live, that feel not with what sense I speak. Consider, whence you came, where you are, and whither you go. You are parts of that God that created all things for you and you for himself. You live on the stage of the earth, *ubi spectaculum facti estis Deo, angelis et hominibus*, "where you are in the view of God, angels and men." And you are going, oh look to your going. *Non est vitae momentum sine motu ad mortem*: "There is no moving of life without a motion to death." You go and are always going to make your appearance before the tribunal seat of

[1] *Let every one … wickedness begun* from Sir John Harington's translation of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso* (1591), with the final two lines coming from Samuel Daniel (*England's Parnassus*, p. 265).

[2] *whereof* whence.

[3] *dependeth* hangs, is suspended.

[4] *God is best … no riches render may* conflation of lines from Robert Southwell's "Loss in Delays" with a paraphrase of Spenser's *Faerie Queene* IV.ix.14.

[5] *carendo non fruendo* Latin, "in deprivation, not enjoyment."

[6] *ut facile … orantis Christiani* Latin, "so that you may more easily discern, prepared for any supplication, the character of a praying Christian."

[7] *sero ducit … non expectat remedium* Latin, "he draws breath too late who does not expect remedy."

God, where every man shall receive according to his works. *Qualis vita, finis ita: ut cecideris, ita eris*,[1] as you fall, so he finds you; as he finds you, so he censures you; as he censures you, so he leaves you for ever and ever. Wherefore *quia arbor ad eam partem moriens cadit, ad quam partem vivens ramos extenderat*, "because as a tree falls that way it sways while it is in growing," if you desire to fall right, learn while you are in your growth to sway the right way. Judge yourselves, that you be not judged: *ut sementem feceris, ita metes*, "what you sow that you reap," either a crown of glory, *quam nemo scit nisi qui accepit*, or a chaos of confusion, *in qua sempiternus horror habitat*, "whose worth cannot be expressed, but of him that enjoys it," or a mass of confusion "in which eternal horror doth inhabit."

Chapter V
A Sinner's Glass.

What is the life of man but a continual battle and defiance with God? What have our eyes and ears been, but open gates to send in loads of sin into our mind? What have our powers and senses been, but tinder to take and fuel to feed the flame of concupiscence?[2] What hath the body been but a stews[3] of an adulteress, but a forge of Satan, where the fire of our affections, kindled with wicked suggestions, have enflamed the passions of our heart and made it the anvil[4] to turn us to most ugly shapes of deformed sensuality? What hath our soul, which is the receipt[5] of the blessed Trinity, betrothed to Christ in Baptism, beautified with grace, ordained with the fellowship of angels to eternal bliss, what hath it been, but a most vile broker, presenting to the will allurements of sin? What hath our will been, but a common harlot lusting after every delight, wherein she took liking? What is our memory, but a register of most detestable and abominable facts committed by us? What hath our reason been, but a captived vagabond, subdued by every passion?

> The sin that conquers grace by wicked ure,[6]
> So soils our souls as they can have no cure.[7]

So that by this metamorphosis we are become more odious to God than the Devil himself, for the Devil by creation was more beautiful than we. It was sin that deformed him, and that sin that made him odious makes us detestable, for our sins are worse than his and we not so good as he, for his sin was one and ours are infinite. He sinned before the stipend of sin was known, ours after notice and experience of it. He sinned created in innocency; we sin restored unto it. He persisted in malice, being of God rejected; we continue in hatred against him that recalled us. His heart was hardened against him that punished him, ours obdurate[8] against him that allureth us, so that our case is now such as infinite goodness detesteth and infinite love cannot condole.[9] The earth was created for a place of pleasure, the air was created temperate, creatures were made to be obedient to man, all things framed to his best content. But see how sin hath transformed pleasure into plagues, famine and murders many in number, grievous in quality, and ordinary in experience, which indeed are but *initia doloris*,[10] for the damned suffer death without death, decay without decay, envy without envy, for their death ever liveth, their end ever beginneth, and their decay never ceaseth, but are always healed to be new wounded, dying but never dead, repaired only to be anew decayed.

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[1] *Qualis vita, finis ita* Latin proverb, "As is the life, so is the end"; *ut cecideris, ita eris* Latin, "as you fall, so you will be [found]."

[2] *concupiscence* (sexual) desire, appetite.

[3] *stews* brothel.

[4] *anvil* block (usually of iron) on which the smith hammers and shapes the metal which he is working.

[5] *receipt* receptacle.

[6] *ure* use.

[7] *The sin that conquers grace … have no cure* paraphrase of John Higgins, ed. *A Mirror for Magistrates* (1574), found in *England's Parnassus* (p. 265).

[8] *obdurate* hardened, unyielding.

[9] *condole* sympathize.

[10] *initia doloris* Latin, "the beginnings of afflictions."

Chapter XIII
Evening Meditation

Odes in Imitation of the Seven Penitential Psalms, in Seven Several Kind of Verse.

Domine exaudi orationem meam[1]

Vouchsafe[2] admit thy gracious ears
With mild regard for to attend
The prayers that a plaining heart
With sorrowing sighs to thee doth send.
  And let thereto, O loving Lord,
  Thy justice and thy truth accord.

In rigour of thy righteous doom,
Oh, do not scan thy servant's cause,
For there is none on earth alive,
Through faultless life freed from thy laws:
  Then how may I in sinful plight
  Seem just in thy all-seeing sight?

The friend of sin, the foe of souls,
Down to the earth my soul hath brought,
Which to the Heaven should aspire,
Since from the Heaven it was wrought.
  Oh, raise it up again to bliss,
  From earth and all that earthly is.

Amidst the dark misled am I,
Where lack of light sin's view denies.
I live a life more like to death,
While dead from grace my body lies,
  And whereas care through secret smart
  Sends anguish to afflict my heart.

But I (O Lord) recall to mind
What thou hast done in time before,
And how thy justice hath been great,
But how thy mercy hath been more.
  Thus hope of help still comfort gives,
  While mercy still with justice lives.

My stretched hands to thee display
The ensigns of my yielding heart:
My soul, as earth that water wants,
Of virtue's fruit can bear no part.
  I faint, send some relief of rain,
  Lest else unfruitful I remain.

Thy face of pity, not of wrath,
Turn not, O loving Lord, from me,
And let not, Lord, mine own misdeeds
Have lasting force to anger thee:
  For so might I compare my case
  To theirs that furthest fall from grace.

But since my hope is firm in thee,
Let me betimes thy mercy have,
The way of health make known to me,
My feet from erring paths to save.
  Only to thee my soul retires;
  Only thy mercy it desires.

Oh, free me from my sinful foes,
To thee I fly to be secure,
Teach me the lesson of thy will,
And let me put it well in ure.[3]
  Thou art my God, and God of all
  That for thy aid and comfort call.

Thou wilt vouchsafe to me, O Lord,
Thy holy spirit to be my guide,
My faith and hope in thee is such,
And such it ever shall abide.
  Revive thou wilt me for thy name;
  Goodness in thee requires the same.

So that at last by thee, O God,
My soul from bale[4] to bliss be brought;
And that in mercy thou subvert

[1] *Domine exaudi orationem meam* Latin, "Lord, hear my prayer" (Psalm 102). The seven penitential psalms are 6, 32, 38, 51, 102, 130, and 143.

[2] *Vouchsafe* grant, promise.

[3] *ure* use.

[4] *bale* woe.

All those my soul's destruction sought;
And force of foes destroyed may be
And I made safe for serving thee.

All glory be to thee, O God,
The Father of eternal might,
And to the Son and Holy Ghost,
Three in an undivided plight,[1]
As now it is and was of yore,
And shall endure for evermore.

—1604

[1] *plight* condition, state.

Online Resources: Additional Texts and Suggested Reading

Like probably all editors of sixteenth-century literature anthologies, we found that the rich variety of this period's writing could not be contained even within the generous length of this volume. The reader will find at the end of the list of textual selections a second list of additional online texts, which can be found at the following site hosted by Broadview Press:

<http://sites.broadviewpress.com/16cpoetryprose>.

Some of these online texts provide readers with additional examples of genres that are of particular significance to sixteenth-century England's cultural, religious, and literary milieus: the sonnet sequence (George Chapman's "A Coronet for His Mistress Philosophy" [1595]), the translation (selections from Arthur Golding's translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* [1567] and John Florio's translation of Montaigne's *Essays* [1603], along with Florio's "Preface" discussing the reputation, nature, and process of translation), the popular murder narrative (*Sundry Strange and Inhuman Murders* [1591]), the sermon ("An Exhortation Concerning Good Order and Obedience to Rulers and Magistrates" in *Certain Sermons or Homilies* [1547]), as well as the broadside and ballad. Other online texts offer additional selections from works already excerpted in the print anthology, such as Spenser's *Faerie Queene* (1590, 1596) and William Harrison's *Historical Description of the Island of Britain* (1587).

The print anthology's online component also allows us to include some of the less-readily-available texts of both canonical and non-canonical figures. The print anthology, for example, contains selections from Thomas Lodge's relatively well-known pastoral romance *Rosalind* (1590), a source for Shakespeare's *As You Like It*, but readers can turn to the online texts and find selections from Lodge's historical romance *Robin the Devil* (1591), his fictionalized biography of William fitz Osbert (d. 1196) in *The Life and Death of William Longbeard* (1593), and his Ovidian verse narrative *Scylla's Metamorphosis* (1589); the print anthology contains selections from Sir Walter Ralegh's poetry, while the online texts contain selections from his account of the destruction of the *Revenge* during a battle with the Spanish (1591); and the print edition contains selections from the epigrams and philosophical poetry of John Davies, while the online texts offer excerpts from his *Orchestra, or, a Poem of Dancing* (1596).

Some online texts are provided specifically to help complicate or counter a particular writer's present reputation: thus, the online selections include dedicatory letters by the strident reformist polemicist John Bale, urging the King to protect what remains of England's textual heritage; although Bale had fully supported the dissolution of the monasteries as part of the destruction of the English Roman Catholic Church, his dedicatory letters to John Leyland's *Laborious Journey* (1549) battle one of the unforeseen results of this act: the scattering and sometimes wholesale destruction of the books and manuscripts in monastery libraries. Likewise, the online text "The Mathematical Preface" (in Euclid's *Elements* [1570]) by John Dee shows Dee's systematic knowledge of mathematics in both its abstract and practical guises. Recommending the translation of classical works of science as a method of encouraging scientific and mathematical literacy in England, Dee shows himself a more complex figure than his continued popular reputation as magician and conjuror would suggest.

The "Suggested Reading" contains both critical works on sixteenth-century literature, as well as a list of modern editions of the works selected in our anthology.

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